

Poetry Series

Margaret Alice Second
- poems -

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Margaret Alice Second(24 January 1961)

I'm a translator who loves languages for the music in it and suffer the grammar and other rules for the joy of hearing the cascading sounds rhythmically spilling over me. I live in South Africa and work in Pretoria as an undercover poet cum government official, still dreaming of 007 status - and who doesn't...

Friday night 11 July 2014

Oh for to dance all night long, to swirl on the song, to twirl in my dreams where everything is how I want it to be...

Saturday night 21 September 2013:

As an Astrogenetic Cancerian Alice (with apologies to Linda Goodman and Lewis Carrol) I dutifully called my Leonine mom, the Queen of Hearts, who was happily ensconced in a Seance with her Myrmidons, and then I inadvertently tread on the toes of my Scorpion Beloved whose uncontrollable urge to sting all touching him, made him retaliate...

To add insult to injury, when I withdrew into my shell, he accused me of hurting him with no concern for the way he stung me; so when my Aquarian daughter called me to task for leaving my plastic cushion in her bathroom, I threw the cushion out of the window, causing general upheaval...

Such is the joys of domestic life - let it be known that I am leaving the reincarnational cycle and will move on to non-physical existence after this stint in the solar system; I find it a most ridiculous and self-defeating situation and do not plan to ever engage in Astrogenetic life again - ever...

It is time to concentrate on making communication between dimensions possible and to that end I wish to move between as many dimensions as possible. Aha, at least and finally, I have formulated the purpose of my existence in my biography, how's that, Nietzsche, Goethe et al?

Friday 14 November 2011: Continuing life as Margaret Alice (Second) to show where my scribblings continue, is confusing – but I could not find my way in the chaos of my first posting site. Ah, and today, the air-con is off, my head is sore, fanatics held me enthralled when I should have been working to reach higher production numbers to earn my salary honestly –though that is impossible given that I failed to turn into a machine- in spite of all my attempts

to die unto myself – I am sorry, being dead is just not possible while my spirit is so much alive – but the next batch of soul-destroying documents might just bring it to pass - hope never dies!

Wednesday 9 November 2011: Two arrest warrants to translate, two nightmares - so I confide my overflowing feelings to paper - without impossible projects, with nothing to do; I stop writing also - so I suppose translation is the terrible inspiration that forces me to counter my inadequacy by writing words who are free - without the constrictions of a source text and the terrible limitations of an even worse target text!

Sunday 16 October 2011 – I am a public servant who translates documents from the unpoetic original into prosaic terms in a target language while my soul is singing its own song inside...

Monday 8 August 2011 - Let it be chronicled that I lost today, the headache did not go away, and tonight I am bored with my thoughts. I have lost the ability to transcend horrible times with pictures and thoughts, time to practice again...

Since my previous Margaret Alice spot on Poemhunter got so clogged, people complained they could not access and read my poems, so I am continuing in a new spot - let's hope this will enable others to read Margaret Alice again...see my pictures and ideas at

where I am Agent Snowflake, writing as Peanuts.

Gurgling Stream [revised]

Knowing the little alien in my head was filled
with discontent went to French class prepared
full well with a treat for it, Offenbach played on
an earphone in only the left ear

Heavenly music accompanied Christophe
discussing Greece and its woes, a lack of
working tax system, no economic acumen,
credit obtained on false pretexts

Music filling the large, empty spaces opening
in my head; taking copious notes with Olympia*
singing vocal Olympics on my left, the right side
following a stentorous lecture on NATO

Its origin and members, the Euro and Schengen,
Italy, Berlusconi – Italians are so much better at
opera than politics – Swiss discipline – they are
not romantic at all, to their credit

All runs like clockwork, Swiss life resembles a
regulated spell in hell, Lady Jane Digby ran from
the life of a Hausfrau, abandoning kids rather
than stay in the land of Wilhelm Tell

Benelux, OTAN, Monténégro, reasons why La Turki
cannot join the UE if La Serbie is a member also – what
fun, how nice - Clic-clac, cric-crac, voilà Klein-Zack! –
the little alien in my head heard on the left

Followed every word said as the choir sang lustily,
keeping brain waves on an even keel, creating
inner peace on which the French class flowed like
a gurgling stream....

Margaret Alice Second

' Enneagram (Revised)

But no, nothing helped when I tried to be myself
reading old books, even a new one on sixth sense
said I should take heed of every single pain my
body produced to determine what I think

I feel a stranger in my own skin after a day
doing Big Five & Enneagram questionnaires
– which classify me the most selfish, unhelpful,
self-centred human alive;

even fairy pictures in my Treasury of Children's
Poetry failed to restore me; according to the
questionnaires, I am detrimental to people
I meet in social contexts - I am devastated

cannot believe I am the MEAN uncaring person
Jung's questionnaire says; I shall explain to
those I love HOW MUCH I love them, but if it
is true, I wanted to MUCH be better than that –

am still trying as a matter of fact...

Margaret Alice Second

' Continue To Live (Revised)

A sweet grey car replaced my noble Jeep,
it is utterly alien to me; oh, I always knew
this day would come, the Jeep's upkeep
was an extra expense we did not need
and now it's gone, I feel terrible for
letting it go so easily

Rejoiced in the ease of transaction, just left
my Jeep - battery suddenly flat when we
went to the garage to make the exchange,
heart of a brave vehicle broken, I pray its
spirit will come to live in the car we
received in its place

It held me safe, even when I sped in front
of oncoming traffic it kept other cars from
bumping into me, alive like Herbie in The
Love Bug, a car holding a spirit, I hope the
Jeep's magical presence will return to me
and be content to live in a Suzuki

which has taken its place...

[ORIGINAL:]

My noble Jeep gone, feel terrible to
let go so easily, always knew this day
would come, we could not afford the
Jeep's expensive upkeep, sweet grey
car in its place, but utterly alien to me

We rejoiced in the ease of transaction,
I never wept, just left my Jeep - though
its battery suddenly flat the first time we
went to the garage where the exchange
would take place, its bonnet nearly

Injured those beneath, the heart of the

brave vehicle broken - I pray its spirit will
come to live in the car we received in its
place - the Jeep held me safe, even when
I sped right in front of oncoming traffic

Always kept other cars from bumping into
me, alive just like Herbie in The Love Bug,
though the car itself held the spirit, I pray
that the spirit inhabiting the Jeep will return
to me and continue to live in the Suzuki

That has taken its place...

Margaret Alice Second

* Torturous

In April - quite some time ago - her mother died in a sea of flames, but the wound is still raw, she cannot forget how little time they spent together

In April last year her partner died in an accident that left her knee injured for life; this April brought the death of his mother also - my child, the only thing left is trying to

Load the dice on your behalf, impossible to know the cause of your torturous route through a tragic life - by visualising future happiness in meditation, I'm trying to enlist the help

Of universal forces and love - to attract more prosperity and joy for you; take shelter with us as a safe refuge - start to focus on visions that will lead to fulfilment of dreams...

Carine's partner Nico died on 29 April 2011 and we have received word that his mother, Katinka, died this morning 4 April 2012 - and Carine's own mother Leonie also died in April quite a few years ago - April has become such a scary month for her; the only recourse left for her stepmother is to pray for her future happiness...

Margaret Alice Second

10 000 Entities [revised]

10,000+ political entities in Africa were amalgamated into 40 colonies by colonialism; this created artificial borders through 190+ cultural groups, a one-man-one vote model ignored challenges of ethnic difference, ensured majority oppression through annexure of political might, and with the assurance of Western support, economic advantage

Minorities prefer a European model - with rights & power for ALL groups, protecting interests & preventing majority tyranny which leads to bloody revolts - because minorities cannot win through elections; destructive coups and wars are followed by ENFORCEMENT of the SAME inapplicable system on the SAME countries

Leading to more wars - the wrong political model is forced on Africa WITHOUT providing for minorities' freedom; we can save Africa by insisting Minority Right Protection is REQUIRED for ALL States in Africa!

7 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

A 9-Month Scam

“People claiming I married for money - I'd hardly call settling balance of 2nd hand car worthwhile”
[ice-cold parasite, R 200 000 spent when her maintenance and debt taken into account, not bad for a 9-month scam]

“Don't take marriage seriously - treat as business”
[she married for financial gain, if not agreed upon by both parties in writing as part of marriage contract, if she did not honour conventions, it was all false pretences - marriage is null and void]

“Parent 1st, all else 2nd” [if this was not a specific part of marriage vows or pre-nuptial contract that husband has no marital privileges, it's a cop-out, made up after she pawned off ALL her debt onto you]

“Can't bring commitment I expect, the deal is off” [marriage agreed as business deal? What commitment, agreed upon by both parties in writing, was not honoured?]

“Lack of emotional intelligence and personal growth” [What behaviour constitutes lack of above? Vague accusation has to be specified, what previous agreement was broken here?]

A constipated face in a confection of a wedding dress, lack of talent to play role of happy bride, no inner light – false pretences means she is a parasite, out to suck you dry!

1 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

A Ballet On My Way

A ballet on my way to work today, the sun brightly shining in perfect décor lighting, cars in 2 phalanxes circling every obstacle it was beautiful, left the highway to enter town with robots red, slowing down to a quiet dance in perfect unison like dancers highly trained and choreographed, wanted to bow my head to all in acknowledgement of a job well done, it was the greatest fun!

Margaret Alice Second

A Base-Line Neanderthal (Revised)

Being government officials reporting to a base-line Neanderthal is strange indeed, so while Kaspersky makes our life hell Mdm Pompadour struts her stuff, insulting all and sundry showing no love or regard, disgracing her victims to vague feelings of chaos mangled by fear

Today I'm sitting in the dark, a government servant who is too unimportant to merit light, forced to work in dimness where the too-bright computer screen hurts sensitive eyes, all while Mdm Pompadour, after slaughtering everyone and causing mayhem on board while sinking the Terminology ship with her

Piratical attacks, decides as only our Neanderthal captain can and must to fake illness for another happy holiday thus leaving us front-line soldiers to fend for ourselves yet again..

11 September 2013

Margaret Alice Second

A Belligerent Insistence [rev.]

It's not WHAT the dear child says -
but HOW she says it - belligerently,
with insistence, demanding listeners
differ so she can proclaim her vastly
superior opinions - she sounds just
like Doctor-Know-It-All, who knows
nothing whatsoever; her taunting

voice rising in offensiveness until I
need run away to stop detonating
my explosive telepathic messages;
her demeanour & attitude can't fail
to alienate listeners - substantiating
her claim everyone rejects her and
life is awful: at least she sees to it

That its insufferable for everyone in
her vicinity; I don't have the spiritual
power to withstand such negatively
wilful spite, she throws the gauntlet
down in remarks intent on goading
listeners to negative reply; I refuse
to take the bait, bite my tongue

Feel an inevitable mental explosion
corroding my soul - & thus need to
leave; one day someone is bound to
tell her why people depart so quickly
when she's around spitting her spite,
squelching all the little pleasures that
makes life so beautifully worthwhile....

[ORIGINAL:]

It's not WHAT the dear child says, it's HOW
she says it, with a belligerent insistence inviting
her audience to differ so she can argue how vastly
superior her opinions - she sounds just like Doctor-

Know-It-All who knows nothing whatsoever

Her voice and laughter grow offensive until I have to run away to stop the transference of my explosive telepathic messages, her demeanour and attitude can't fail to alienate her listeners and thus substantiate her claim that everyone rejects her and life is awful

At least, she sees to it that it becomes insufferable for all in her vicinity, I don't have the spiritual power to withstand such negativity and wilful spitefulness, she throws the gauntlet down with every remark intended to goad the listener into a negative response; since

I refuse to take the bait, I bite my tongue and feel the inevitable mental explosion corroding my soul so I have to leave - one day someone is bound to tell her why people leave when she's around spitting spite, quenching all the little pleasures that make life

So beautifully worthwhile...

[29 December 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

A Benchmark Shock

Today a benchmark shock in self-discovery
a colleague explained she read everything
on a subject she does not understand when
she has to translate a new text on it - feeling
terribly guilty I realised I cannot force myself
to do that, trying to overcome violent distaste
in anything that holds no appeal simply ends
in me being ill

I should have become a nun with my interest
in spiritual matters, by this time I would have
been feeling totally sinful, dead or locked up
in a hospital for the mentally ill, thus the world
would have been spared my presence and I
would have been enjoying my justly earned
suffering for multiple shortcomings - now I
am an anchor, a provider

Sending kids to college, gathering for pension
funds, I may not admit how much I detest trying
to do things in which I cannot excel - lacking the
emotional stability to do things for financial in-
crease - only able to survive in between texts
by reading fairytales and enacting them in my
life - if it were possible to volunteer for early
death due to guilt feelings

I would have been the first one on the list

Margaret Alice Second

A Bit Over The Top

Returned with transparent silver container to
symbolise ego within crystal consciousness,
a silver and white bag for a bottle of white wine,
her favourite, a blue umbrella cover for food to
be practical too, a beautiful rose shimmering
with pink glitter on the soft petal edges

This symbolises love and all things beautiful,
these small souvenirs will appeal to my sis -
tomorrow I'll add neon strings to complement
the crystal feel - must remember to wear my
goblin suit for fun when we meet and add the
pristine white hat that frames my face

Like a round rosy cherub with wrinkles - what
fun it is to have these pretty things - must write
her a letter on my beautiful paper to add to the
festive feeling - maybe purple wings like I have
in my work station? - or maybe not, it is a bit
over the top...

[2 February 2015]

[Continuing the events described in "Her Special Gift;]

Margaret Alice Second

A Blackguard At Heart

Finally found where I am at home, among the recreational drug users who use any and every drug they discover to get high, knowing they are growing immune to the dose and prescriptions for continuous use is the greatest fraud there is

Laughing at medical establishment Pharisees - tough people who don't give a damn for anyone's opinion and never try to impress, who don't play the game of snobbery & never wear a mask; with these self-assured people I am myself and admit

I like red-necks, the salt of the earth, feeling bored and out of place amongst the refined who quietly sob while refusing to vent their anger on criminal doctors who destroy the health of people who ask for their help - give me an honest person who has

NO reverence for pretenders trying to be better than we are; I'm a blackguard at heart & feel safe amongst cynics who don't trust anyone: everything on earth is done for selfish reasons where religion is the highest player in the stakes of robbing the disadvantaged

in order to enrich the already wealthy. Self-confidence is surging within me as I contemplate the hypocrisy of a self-congratulating society where unselfish means the selfish overpowering the innocent...

Margaret Alice Second

A Boyish Rogue [r]

When switching from one language to another I become a different person, in my mother tongue a boyish rogue like my irrepressible dad - as for English I'm restrained like my mama, in French an ebullient, outgoing extrovert feeling helpful & righteous, in German a boisterous, noisy singer of

Quatschlieder, while Latin hymns makes me into a devout seeker of the symbolism of the Divine - actually I'm multi-dimensional in Afrikaans since the lullabies mama sang, the stories dad told and my childhood dreams of becoming all-knowing & wise, were formed in the tongue of my birth...

Margaret Alice Second

A Brain-Dead Child (Revised)

Bloody hell, is this what love is? Must one accept an endeared's allowed to cut you off when you want to discuss something close to your heart - and then is entitled to even get his own way afterwards?

No way! Not now! I'll fight for my rights, each night I'll exercise when I come home like Mandela did each morning of his life, I shall stand up for myself like he did, 28 years in jail for that freedom to live

In the land of his birth - so cut me off, go on please, you'll make me strong, eventually I'll also decide upon no more transgression, you cannot provide while you treat me like a brain-dead child...

Margaret Alice Second

A Brave Cavalcade [rev]

There is a brave cavalcade in my head
the waves hissing and buzzing, flashing
blue lights entertaining electrical currents
hiding electrical signals in my brain until
a dark hole is left, and I, river-deep and
dark-current propelled, go forth dancing
with Portuguese regulations of which
nothing makes sense - endless cups of
tea to give me strength - but I sink

and all I can think of is hot chocolate - to
make my somersaulting, cavalcading
head rejoice by weaving golden wires,
silver cables & bright colours together &
calibrate my twisting day and calm the
spiralling orbits in my brain and balance
my mental gyroscope - stabilising a
smouldering flow of prayer-beads

the Tibetan prayer wheels are controlled
by the Thief of Time - the son of Wen in
Seth's Eternal Moment of NOW recreate
the past as a new memory of wonderful
times, playing Bocherini's minuet & James
Last's Radetski Mars with folk singer Chris
Blignaut as counterpoint: "And the baboon
came with a crooked tail, boggom General"
and Langenhoven's Brolloks & Bittergal

Debussy's Clair de Lune while the Queen
of Hearts played her sorrows sweet within
the melodies flowing to her inner sanctuary,
dreaming of Kyrie Eleison ...

Margaret Alice Second

A Bubble Above Reality

Can't live in black and white – I've tried
and failed, fixed up the room with silver
the only intruding colour, impossible to
live this way, had to add pink, can't live
in blue and white also, regardless of all

Delft porcelain loveliness I need yellow
to bring in the light, wanted to describe
the why, wherefore and what-for to my-
self but my mind is scrambled by some
mysterious food allergy – could be the

noodles with cheese yesterday, it was
the illegal treat I sneaked into Sunday
and today lights in my head are going
mad flickering on and off, every now &
then I touch the earth and feel reality

as real - just to lose it and float about
anchorless, rudderless; a psychopath
in the making, my sensitive eardrums
stopped from driving me crazy by inter-
spersing music between me and my

chatting colleagues: point is, not one
feeling is left, all ideas are gone, and
this is how I felt growing up - only by
living in a bubble above reality could
life be lived; and here I'm falling into

the same pit BUT without the fear of
no return which used to haunt me in
the long ago, today I'm content to be
a budding psychopath, dreaming of
the day when consciousness will be

freed from the authoritarian control
of my allergic system messing up
life with too much adrenaline...

Margaret Alice Second

A Caramel Centre (Redone)

My weekend sins - eating chocolate-fudge ice-cream,
cupcakes with a caramel centre and marinated chicken
wings - reduced me to a catatonic robot, just a perfect
match for Marvin the paranoid android - while so many
words replay in my head - such as malapropism and

Mixed metaphors, upper or lower case for Achilles heel
and Herculean tasks, so hair-splitting is the right way to
describe editing, proof-reading a more normal job when
two people compare a finished text with its original -
still, it's strange work since there is no metaphysical

Result, only joy in the process - I doubt whether my
restive mind would allow such a static life - yet I'm
older now - might be able to ignore the inner voice,
today more rational I see my beloved did not call me
ugly when he took me task for spending money on

Non-essentials, I projected my own dissatisfaction
with the last course day on him - I missed my black
camouflage so much, my undercover persona would
not remain in the background like my favourite Disc
World character, Granny Weatherwax

[4 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

A Change Of Attitude [revised]

A Change Of Attitude

Felt guilty reading how to meditate, quieten the mind and focus on that calm place inside where we are free to be happy. Falling asleep is my only quietening success, when my mind is awake its bored by chores, needs challenges to awaken creativity and joyous involvement in current events

Without excitement of overcoming difficult obstacles my mind tunes to Station Doldrums Radio Moping, at bedtime I try to focus on spiritual ideas, yet no calm inner peace presents, only fissures of worry increase about my inability to meet daily life's requirements; it is so difficult to calm the little alien in my head

My brain stem base reptilian consciousness shouts 'Run away from being as it is'; yet fortified with new internet information I shall try again tonight – though it's worrying to read some spiritual entities say non-physical life is pure joy evermore. I'm sure attitude and mood change is required to keep interest alive –

One-dimensional awareness without the changing colours of various emotions sounds so boring; oh, boredom, once again...

Margaret Alice Second

A Chastened Me [1st Revision]

It's not for keeping yet, the alternative consciousness
I've lost, it was on loan to see how grand life can be
when we are free to be happy, a promise of things to
come; in its wonderful mood I was flying and dancing
in circles with delight in my heart, and with great

Self-control carried out mundane tasks having no
purpose other than requiring we learn how to bring
joy to life's routine, not just exceptional moments -
I switched back from overdrive to everyday cruising
mode and looked up words - when the feeling

Of loss grew too strong - it was so wonderful to have
fun - the contrast with everyday grey was too much; I
ran from the office, looked for a new place to rest my
thoughts, slid into a novel then returned to the same
space I had left just to find a mess I made when my

Rose-coloured thoughts carried me high; it's a much
chastened me, back in a reality I don't understand

2. [ORIGINAL:]

I lost it - the alternative consciousness, it's not for
keeping yet, it's just on loan to see how grand life
can be when we are free to be happy, a promise of
things to come; in that wonderful mood I was flying
while dancing in circles with delight in my heart

Then with great self-control carried out the mundane
tasks which have no purpose other than learning how
to bring joy to everything in life, not just to exceptional
moments - I switched back from overdrive to everyday
cruising mode and looked up words - when a feeling

Of loss grew too strong - it was so wonderful to have
fun - the contrast with everyday grey was too much; I

ran from the office, looking for a new place to rest my thoughts, dived into a novel then returned to the same space where I left just to find I made a mess while my

Rose-coloured thoughts carried me high, this is a very much chastened me, back in a reality I can't understand

[9 July 2014]

3. [ALTERNATIVE FORM:]

I lost it
the alternative consciousness,

it's not for keeping yet,
just on loan to see how grand life can be
when we are free to be happy,
a promise of things to come;

in that wonderful mood I was flying
while dancing in circles
with delight in my heart

then with great self-control
carried out mundane tasks which have
no purpose other than learning how
to bring joy to everything in life,
not just to exceptional moments -

I switched back from overdrive to
everyday cruising mode and looked up words -
when a feeling of loss grew too strong
it was so wonderful to have fun -

the contrast with everyday grey was too much;
I ran from the office,
looking for a new place to rest my thoughts,
dived into a novel

then returned to the same
space I had left
just to find I made a mess
while my

Rose-coloured thoughts carried me high,
this is a very much chastened me,
back in a reality I can't understand

Margaret Alice Second

A Delightful Gift [r]

With no positive expectations for the weekend
I was feeling miserable - no swimming until my
wound has healed - swollen feet, headache, a
bloodshot eye and uncurbed anxiety, reaching
new depths of despair watching reruns of old
shows, America's Got Talent where jumping
up and down's considered a gift - just as I

Felt like sanity's lost my son walks in and I tell
him my pain in absurd melodrama, he laughed
it away and blithely diagnosed I had one foot in
the grave while stomping around in caricature
of my clumping about calling for help; he kindly
offered to accompany me to the dread license
office and joked about all these anxieties

When he went to bed happiness filled my heart,
- though more laughter is needed to complete
the healing process, my perspective started to
change bringing freedom from irrational fears
to go it alone to a strange place & I realised
my son is a delightful gift...

Margaret Alice Second

A Different Future [r]

One possible solution to Israel's plight is to embrace the present within Heideggerian Phenomenological Zen-Buddhist optimism - leaving the past behind & where it belongs; love the old stories, but they must let go of old paradigms and re-craft new ones

Surely after six thousand years they can create new books extending the Bible instead of trying to relive every past event; by clinging to an old paradigm they relive it transposing all detail to today's events - but don't they realise there is only one kind of prophecy:

The self-fulfilling kind? So why not read how quantum physics explains consciousness affects malleable reality such it can be directed differently simply by changing theory & story in our heads? Don't they understand that setting expectations is the way humans create -

Ergo we can create a different future by setting new expectations and doing things in a new way? Do they see Judah's God, who obviously is a Foreigner to all Gentile Christians, as existing in a time capsule where He eschews novelty, wears ancient sacred robes and

Requires a troop of priests to blow on horns - and don ancient symbolical clothing while humanity's fashions have changed - is the Godhead caught in a vacuum where old history is repeated ad infinitum, given that Judah can't recognise anybody as Messiah because

Laws forbid them to see godliness in humans - thus they couldn't recognise Jesus Christ as such, therefore they'll be waiting forever - right into infinity? Why not let go of history and live in the love they give in medical aid to all their enemies, stop hostility against

Righteous Gentiles and create a New Chapter where everyone who lives with Integrity will be welcomed & made safe instead of these policies against foreigners

seen as blasphemous in their attempt to adhere to any religion, ALL weak imitations of their great creation

Through Moses' revelation regarding the Ten Commandments as Immutable?

Margaret Alice Second

A Different Kind Of Life [rev.]

My text's a menacing threat - each time I
open it my head shrinks & my brain flees,
yet I've researched everything, looked up
every term, analysing synonyms - even
searched identical lines on the Internet

When reading sentences arrhythmically
phrased to convey fact, my heart stops;
seeking a guru's help: "Be spontaneous,
use old words in new ways to free them
from their frozen and limiting effects

Weave sentences another way to open
hearts, don't cater for the mind" -What
is to be done, I've got it all wrong given
my phrasing like iced lead - after trying
to follow rules I feel like a rotten fool

Although my text isn't spiritual, neither
is it a ringing success of the intellect, to
me everything sounds wrong - all of it,
how can I switch off feeling, bury ME
to see whether these terms are true?

I wasted my youth wearying my eyes
by looking at words in books instead
of contemplating the joyous aspects
of creation, how to carry on - we all
grow old in the new Millennium

MORE intellectual work is required -
but I dream of a different kind of life...

[6 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

A Doldrums-State [rev]

The shaving-of-my-head-ideal came to naught,
I rather need pink burkas to hide behind - clad
from head to toe nothing showing, eyes behind
a mesh of fabric or a religious mask - I'll not be
criticised again, never stand before my loved
ones in all my lack of splendour while my bad
imitation of a pompadour drives them nuts

All they'll see that day would be a pall of pink - &
by the way, today I suffered the heartache of work
badly done since kind Mother Superior sent me the
wrong templates in the absence of Mother Abbess;
thus I lost all courage and trust, no hope on the
power of Wisdom left, wallowing in self-pity -
but ins spite of all that, here I am

Creating terrifying heartburn by eating chips, it's
almost as good as self-flagellation - though my
allergic reaction is worse since I lose my mind,
remaining in a doldrums-state until the more
rational faculty - or part of it - returns...

Margaret Alice Second

A Dreaming Crocodile (Rev)

My chocolatey desiring led to my obtaining
chocolate deluxe - a powdered delight that
I can't stop eating - adding to my confusion;
last night I danced about in a damp sheet
covering me from top to toe to keep cool
in the heat, couldn't sleep, but slumbered

finally; lurched into the open-plan office
this morning quite bewildered, studying
my legal stats text without comprehension,
received a call from my Duchess imperiously
commanding me muster my troops - and
send her details of our tickets and arrival

Little does she know of the battle with Scorpio
which this visit necessitates; then dentist calling,
pre-approval for extracting wisdom teeth, my kids
to be relieved of theirs - there's no fun in it; why
was this a heavenly weekend - feeling content
soaking in the pool and lying in the sun, contact

With the four forces of elemental nature - earth,
water, wind (air) and sun, exquisite sensation of
sun and wind on my skin, diving into pool-cool
water like velvet and satin - and today naturally
gluten-free chocolate deluxe takes me in - so
I dream of vats of melted chocolate with

Brandy centres; goodness, the stuff is addictive
and with my heroine Dianthus attending a ball,
regarding all through her wise grandfather's
eyes & thus not open to vain flattery & empty
compliments, following the dialogue between
my protagonist and the other characters who

Are rejected on sight if she doesn't like them;
I find it very difficult to remain tethered to the
earth, Mme La Pompadour seems to have the
same problem - and she simply stayed home,

the best place for a dreaming crocodile like me...

Margaret Alice Second

A Dying Victim

A beautiful new white hat to represent
the crystal consciousness I would love
to have, trimmed it with a glistening white
mask, white flowers and shiny pearls

A silver shiny ribbon to round it off, my
colleague scoffs and another snorts but
this is not for them or to win anybody's
good opinion - it's just to make me glad

In the growing heat - feels as if the warm
Cape wind is blowing over me changing
my work station into a desert and I'm a
dying victim lost in scalding dunes...

[29 january 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

A False Promise

The Times of Israel as well as the Catholic site use religious connotations for the purpose of selling, requesting contributions as if the immediate environment of readers does not count at all - must be neglected in favour of their HIGHER religious causes

Payment demanded to learn Hebrew - I could not even if you paid me, much less paying YOU for unwanted lessons - and the Catholic selling books & beauty products, the sale video takes hours on brainwashing readers into believing they

Must buy secret cures for an Alzheimer's patient with starving brain cells - sounds like some more fraudulent Scientology - after listening till I was going mad with irritation, the selling point is that the ICT protocol must be bought, no sharing

The secret with sufferers who already lost their money by forgetting, this technique is followed by all marketing strategists and leaves the reader in a murderous mood - peppered by nonsensical fictitious case studies just to be told BUY THE BOOK

It's cheap - hah! - accompanied by the wonder cure in 2 different bottles - pay a king's ransom for a false promise life will be better - and it will - dying earlier from financial distress after throwing all money away like this will lead to earlier

Passing over to the other side to become consciousness in a new form, safe from this world's quacks and charlatans; what an improvement, freedom from marketing

makes life after death heaven indeed! -
but where salespeople go, they will keep

Forcing false products on each other and
exist in marketing hell until deciding they
had enough, time to move, do something
else - hopefully repenting in sackcloth &
ashes for all the pain they caused the still
innocent and the already suffering...

Margaret Alice Second

A Fir Tree Cathedral (Revised)

Home after work, License To Kill on TV, daily James Bond showing eases my feelings – 007 always in the background; I made a mess of today, after watching fishes in the sea, staying in a log cabin under fir trees sighing, walking in sacred silence to the beach under this tall green canopy – living in a tree cathedral for the weekend

Tried to forget the beauty, concentrate on routines, heartbroken - returning to intolerable documents after glimpsing heaven beyond my ability, suffering upon leaving perfect marvels, returning to boredom, impossible to remain calm; if only I could be a secret agent like Bond and bureaucracy a façade to simply hide my true ability - but I had to be impassively

Ensnared behind my desk helpfully doing my best, yet except for making a list I accomplished nothing because the wonderful visit to a wild-life sanctuary bordering the seaside still holds my heart in thrall; I cannot see anything around me...

Margaret Alice Second

A Firing Squad

A spiritual master's words of upliftment
about love for self, inner sanctuary, true
love as goodwill towards all men, eternal
bliss; are not helping as I sit here with my
digestion disrupted, white as a sheet

Feeling overpowering fatigue - spiritual
education does not work for a sick body,
I am the most unevolved human being,
only one concept makes sense: life is
a degenerative disease - I cannot

withdraw into my inner citadel while my
body is in hell, my safe fortress against
a tempestuous world is going to pieces
in the heat, I am nauseous and wish I
were dead already - if I am a creator

As the wise guru says, then I am one of
the worst, creating subhuman conditions
in an overheated building and destroying
my life by ingesting germs in my stomach
- if I were really capable of creation

I would have created a firing squad to take
me out of this life, tackling the problem of
being my own companion for all eternity
as and when it arises; even without the
perfect love for self as recommended

I prefer rest in the grave to the pain in
my digestive system...

Margaret Alice Second

A Fool He Was

It does not matter that leech claims she's free of guilt because the fact is she used hysterics and tantrums to blackmail Gerhard into settling her debts, she swindled him, changed marriage

Into a farce, playing Delilah to catch Simson and make him her slave until he served his purpose, then accused him like Potiphar's wife accused an innocent Joseph when he refused to be seduced

That he was the source of the strife, leech acted like a parasite - sucking Gerhard dry - when she felt free to move onto more exciting victims, she simply informed him he was weighed and

Found lacking, she gives 'mothers' a bad name with her games, using a child to defraud strange men, makes sacrosanct marriage disreputable by using it as a pretence to defraud a victim

After blackmailing him into emotional commitment falsely agreeing to privileges then withholding them pleading emotional upset about money - and when money was given, leaving for greener grass

Rejoicing on Facebook "I'll leave - debtless, the reason for this escape, after accusing him of lack of intelligence and personal growth since he could not see that I openly disliked him from the start

Used a farcical accord to proof him a fool for thinking love was mutual" what a fool he was, how could she stay married to someone too blind to see when he is taken for a ride, he cannot earn respect if he cannot

See when he is defrauded and swindled by a sour and hysterical woman with only her own selfish ends in mind - what a fool he is, how can any respectable criminal honour such an easy victim, there is not challenge

Enough to satisfy her need for surf and sun - she
joyously claims on Facebook!

Margaret Alice Second

A Frozen Brain [rev]

The cause of all my heart-ache asked me what's wrong mom, I quoted my litany of woes - oh, she said, pacified, and told me of a nightmare which indicated she was stressed and worried - then it struck me: I can't get over the fact that she'll be leaving ALL ALONE to go to Mexico - the list of dangers awaiting her growing longer in my mind, she's so small cheating traders will mistake her for a child & in the end she gives up arguing

She might be lonely - evil strangers could take advantage of her with no-one there to protect her, her leaving is traumatic - yet this is such a great opportunity I can't stand in her way so I pay the dues of motherhood: a frozen brain that stopped working as anxiety's overriding everything, I can't think with unseeing eyes - cook vegetables then forget to eat - sit and stare as pain of imminent loss destroys the physical world: she's going

Away all alone, she dreamed the devil drove her demon-possessed car - another scar on my heart filled with fear for her safety, freezing my mind - no firing synapses left in my brain due to heartache - I wish to keep her where we can protect her - an impossibility, my heart's frozen too, my whole life's freezing in the fear of one frantic thought: she's going away all alone and I can't stop her....

Margaret Alice Second

A Frozen Heart [revised]

Tried something new for breakfast, now I'm
allergy depressed, the world I could barely
see now moved away completely, stomach
burning, nose constricting and ears zinging

Head starting to stretch and I can't count or
say the alphabet, the thin silver line between
me & reality is growing thinner and soon my
feet won't touch the ground, not because I'm

Floating but being in Dungeon Dimensions
where the sands of time stretch out eternally
and Lady Time haunting glass castle corridors
seeking her missing son, my emotions freeze

Being fragile, break on the glass of my blue
porcelain doll I'm frozen here, the black hole
in my head imploding until nothing is left -all
is gone, encased in frozen lead I cannot

Move, rooted to the spot - everywhere is
nowhere and nowhere is nothing, there's
no world any more - sounds and forms
without meaning, a frozen heart dies

Margaret Alice Second

A Frozen Mummy [rev]

I can't sleep in this heat - can't sleep draped
with washcloths & wet towels & face-cloths -
even graced with spritz bottles galore I'm still
unable to sleep; my pillow is made of hot tar
& sheets of heating elements - my emotions
are all used up, my head ready to burst -

Outside a hot wind blows ceaselessly with its
unrelenting temperature; my mattress's made
of unbearable concrete & stone and sleeping
tablets are useless - waste of money to take;
at work I fall apart, break up from fatigue; I do
love to sleep, to dream and have adventures

Wandering the astral dimensions - if it's what
I need to be doing - staying awake like this is
unfair, tomorrow will be difficult if sleep stays
away, if only the world would cool down so my
mind can switch off, but I'm catching fire and
burning with fever - a frozen towel will help -

This will be tried immediately, maybe swathed
like a frozen mummy I can go to dreamland, to
sleep, to doze - lose consciousness, & what a
privilege sleep is, what a joy to slumber; falling
asleep is one of the best experiences there is

Margaret Alice Second

A Full, Emotional, Enthusiastic Life (Cor.)

Composure and peace, inner calm, restful, Lobsang Rampa says laying down & repeating the words "peace, peace" will bring about a feeling of quiet and ease – but he obviously did not address these to me

When my system reacts to allergens, no amount of breathing & repeating mantras takes the discomfort away, it's a sad fact that telepathy is rather inaccessible to me since my brain is the generator of explosive waves

Rampa's ideas are already calming me - but he doesn't know the joy of speeding in traffic, dodging taxis and communicating with broad grins, it's true that equanimity makes life flow smoother, yet passionate reactions

Add spice to an otherwise insipid life, sending the astral body out at night gadding about does not seem essential to me, leaving the physical body to fly around like fairies, would lead to such shocked reactions

Seeing auras and auric lights around people while having to keep quiet for fear of generating hostility, would be such a burden to me, I would rather like to be a typical dreamer without great metaphysical powers which

Would land me in bad confrontations; it's interesting to read what Lobsang thinks of Western civilization - and I agree, city life is uncivilized, but it's

great if we have a sense of humour;
living a life of Eastern deprivation

For an afterlife is superfluous since it
is inevitable, we only get one chance
at physical life in an incarnation, never
again will there be an identical you or
me - even if the mind returns, it's the
same as a unique snowflake - only

ONCE in all eternity will our persona
live in this situation, let's concentrate
on living passionately, delighted with
all the challenges life offers us - we
shall soon enough end up in a new
dimension - until then, let's live

A full, emotional, enthusiastic life!

Margaret Alice Second

A Funny Human Being

Taking my little concerns and miniature plans too seriously instead of laughing at myself, telling all with shiny eyes of my new ideals, taking new medication enabling me to eat less and sitting still for longer periods

The sitting still is happening, but without a large dose of interest, is quite useless, mind growing bored tries to veer off, yet discipline keeps me at my desk without accomplishment, boredom grows as I fail to find islands

Of glorious escapism to give my feelings a break from cold emptiness, floundering I cast about, the world shrinking to fit into my aching head changing me into a useless robot without interest, passion or ideal - immobile

Without feeling and emotion - without conscience to power movement of my head and eyes, reading words without understanding anything, unable to set priorities - I have become a useless robot - at least

I used to be a funny human being

Margaret Alice Second

A Gorgeous Ice Palace [rev.]

Snowflakes hung in the window of my imitation
ice palace, viewing "Frozen" again, wishing for
Snow Queen power to create wonders in ice,
completely alone & content to live in freedom
without fear, inventing new snowflake crystal
designs through strings of melodious words

Creating a new crystal-based language while
communicating in elegant geometrical shapes
of turquoise, azure & sapphire blue - lightened
by pure yellow nasturtiums and soft pink roses,
delighting the eye with snow crystals like these
in my snow sitting room - the fireplace adorned

With silver strings, snow-white roses in rainbow
glitter taking centre stage, my Delft-blue figurine
standing next to the new angel in her own snow-
flake bubble, a gift from my kids; it's cold enough
in sad grey weather caused by December's end
to fold a warm blue blanket around me

January will put a sparkle in everybody's eyes as
challenges will lead us to discover our character -
while consequences of our deeds will teach us to
become accountable for our decisions, ideals and
dreams - or at least to enjoy being devilish - like
a Snow Queen running away to create

A gorgeous ice palace...

[2 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

A Gothic Horror

Thank you for representing life as a Gothic horror with the nerve-wrecking shocks of demented men, dad as Heathcliff, mom as Mr Rochester's mad first wife and you a strange mixture between Jane Eyre and the rebellious Catherine

Thank you for recreating 'Great Expectations' in which you are Pip, for describing your life in Sherwood with Robin Hood among the criminal poor, adding scenes of the Phantom's life in his nightmare underworld lair, yet, I cannot share the stage with you

I am following the narrative imperative of Pratchett's Discworld series, applying Mary Poppins' advice in a wild dance through the mutable universe depicted in Bedknobs and Broomsticks - balancing this edifice with ideals and visions; therefore

Thank you for adding Edgar Allan Poe and Artemis Fowl to the pastoral scenes of my slow-moving life, I shall remember you believe that intrigue is the staple of life as I am sitting quietly, waiting for the White Rabbit to pass by again...

Margaret Alice Second

A Great Lament [rev.]

I talk to the trees - the Jacaranda's blooming again,
and that's far better than being ignored by my clan
where what I've said is rebuked, brushed away by a
surly colleague, when I'd turned a merry-go-round
hands moving up & down like the horses, she took
command snorting: Imagine, becoming a carousel

Like the sea-witch Ursula my colleague thinks we're
unfortunate souls because we are not as meticulous
as she - it's sad, even the far-off stars ignoring me's
better company than talking to someone who can't
fathom the beauty of a dream & the magic imbued
in a carousel illustrating the Sagittarius arm stars

Spirals gambolling around a dark-hole vortex shining
with electrical power within darkness of non-existent
matter & invisible dark energy as electricity flows via
power lines so as to not electrocute living things; but
to come back to my lament, & a great lament this is:
I talk to the trees because the wind answers me by

Rustling the leaves, which is more a reply than I'd
receive from my over-zealous, dependable, noble,
brilliantly logical silent colleague - she can format
everything on screen - yet the carousel in my brain
remains untouched as if deemed bereft of sense...

Margaret Alice Second

A Great Option

Terrorists have nothing to do with religion, only with loneliness and overcoming this by joining an exciting gang which promotes the expression of fury at suffering in a world full of cold strangers, what better way to get their attention than killing for any reason whatever

If Muslim extremists did not offer the solution, bland terrorism against materialism inspired by Marxism, would do - thus the solution lies in extending love to all by letting kids develop self-esteem and enjoy mutual respect - this is impossible it seems: their parents are scarred

Also and will continue the life cycle of violence and aggression; only in a world where all people are already loving - welcoming their babies with delight, engendering self-respect and affection - harmony will come into being: Only a totalitarian civilisation, in which all the unloved and unloving

People have been eliminated, can realise such an ideal - the only thing each of us can do is to love the person next to you - I tried - but when brushed off like an irritating fly, I fully understand why shooting and bombing these oblivious, self-congratulating types, is such a great option...

[13 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

A Heavenly Respite [rev]

A Heavenly Respite [Rev]

Chilled drink artificially sweetened, a diabolical headache - wish I were dead - my brain turned into mush I lurch around, bumping into people & plants, Winston reads his poetry & with eyes glazed I stare - my new fairy eyeglasses being the prettiest I've ever seen in my life don't help much - two library books waiting to enfold my aching consciousness within blue fantasies

A previous book - a nasty heroine who got lost in a painting, didn't create a safe new universe in mental landscapes-soon as time permits, I'll construct a magic portal to my inner cathedral, using dreams as my doorway to th' enchanted visions where my own young-girl heroine lives a Cinderella-life to save her wards as she's an angel sent to help people on earth - so she

Doesn't go to a ball - when she returns to the celestial realms she adds unique experience to the Eternal Pensieve releasing memories into Absolute Awareness and her being turns into joyous alto melodies thus enhancing the sopranos singing vibrato, floating above soft velvet bass voice accompaniment within this heavenly respite where everyone becomes

Anything they want: thereafter she changes into a fragrant rose, soft pink, which used to bring tears of delight to her eyes where she was a maid serving & saving the confused people in the house of drudge: Never shall her shining countenance be the blackened slave of anyone again!

Margaret Alice Second

A Higher Purpose (Rev)

Getting up after nightmares made staying in bed impossible, facing Thursday's imperative to give meaning to life, cleaning the house and endless rounds of tea & coffee, and being at home where no-one requires me to accomplish a thing

Yesterday's victory meant Tiaan didn't complain after he found I'd cleaned and covered his desk with clear plastic to protect against layers of dust covering everything in our house - wishing I knew how to sew without getting confused and lost -

Then I'd buy the beautiful fabrics I love and make something, sew pink tops with wide tulle skirts to be as bohemian as I felt since birth - not wearing boring clothes, decorating the study's my only fun and since this is done I need new challenges; ah,

Being down-to-earth I'm going to bathe endlessly hoping inspiration fills me - & that the bright new sun with all-blue and cloudless sky can be used by me for more than hedonism - can be made to serve a higher purpose...

Margaret Alice Second

A Hostile World [revised]

The Duchess lives light-years away in another universe,
a different world where crooks abound & criminals take
each other for a ride - its impossible for anyone to bend
them into account; so she scolds me a-plenty but fails
to dent any of her escorts hardened minds

The Duchess's world is a topsy-turvy place, one where
she cannot understand why all the nasty types treat her
without respect, though her attitude affronts I suspect;
she won't listen to me, takes umbrage when I dare raise
the subject, so I bite my tongue, look straight ahead

With her leading when tackling this world, she showers
me with gifts, spending money in a way that would make
Queen Elizabeth blanche, she's nice until someone gets
in her way or says a critical word; then she explodes and
scoffing she turns on her heel, me in tow like a satellite

Circling the sun of Her Majesty making her way to a place
I couldn't find on my own; the Duchess took the Queen of
Hearts away from her throne in the Old Age Home, both
delighted about challenges they face in a hostile world
inhabited by the Duchess and her scary opponents...

Margaret Alice Second

A Human Being [rev]

At 3 am I still felt uncomfortable - eyes refused to stay sealed - flying open, mind unfocused; I'm alienated & alone, unable to read or watch TV, disgruntled, thirsty, hungry, restless, confused - only new thing I tried was chick peas in brine to stabilise blood sugar - WELL!

It destabilised my inner gyroscope causing thoughts to go hay-wire, making me self-righteously mad at life like Granny Weatherwax - at 8 am I already apologise for flying into a mad red-hot rage when Scorpio asked why I sealed up house and porch - I went overboard

I'll leave Scorpio to enjoy a nuclear-furnace backyard with mirages while I'm smiling satisfied with a frozen-towel turban from the freezer to keep my head cool - my kids kind to me because I leave everything else untouched; now I know new things like chick peas

And rice have been tested in a hit-and-run accident & I crashed and burned - Saturday was swallowed by a Black Hole - today I pay attention - though a backlash is to be expected; I'll stick with boring foodstuffs which make me - almost - resemble a human being...

[The Internet's my confessional where I'm alone in my inner sanctuary ordering thoughts with some framed in words to remember forever what I've learned about the world and relationships...]

Margaret Alice Second

A Hundred Spells

Turandot, Puccini's opera, told by stylised illustrations in a book
the heart of an Ice Princess frozen by the Moon Goddess, three
riddles posed to every Prince who wished to be her suitor on pain
of death if he could not get the answers right, beheaded by
imperial gesture of the shimmering beauty

Another Prince intrigued by the Princess, the first riddle: Every
night it soars anew, every day it dies - Hope, he replied; Illusion
said the Princess cold - the second riddle: Dream and the flame
flares anew - It is my blood that burns within with love for you,
answered the Prince - the third riddle: What is ice

that gives you fire - You cast a hundred spells - he sighed, The
answer is Turandot; he won the challenge, but would not marry
her against her will, set her one riddle - Say my name, made
her a gift of it to doom them both if she named him, then she
declared LOVE to be the stranger's name

Chose to marry the strange Prince who by being brave and
generous won her respect; she despised all others but
feared him, cried her first tears - Conquer you or be
conquered - an enchanting Persian tale from A
Thousand and One Nights

Margaret Alice Second

A Joyful Sorrow [rev]

When doing meaningless monthly reports with numbers and figures - I literally lose my mind; it seems my working off two stat-docs at once is impossible: as the 2nd appears, I forget the 1st's content - only by keeping a commentary running in my head could I keep a tiny part of mind almost focused on columns of numbers, brackets and sums

When calculating - I forget what every number stands for, struggling on without enough data to come to conclusions on what happened in the Section in July - then my translation's returned from a dear colleague with far too much time - redoing the letter on 10 occasions - with each one better than the last; more documents with such wide possibility of interpretation are ready

To teach me patience & perseverance - all the nonsensical words written by automatons with nothing to say and excelling in saying it; these words I am to study and cherish and translate, watching bored colleagues demolish structures & all my choices of nouns and verbs - but with a Fa-là- Fa-là-Id-la I bury the glorious docs to be kept as my *raison d'être*, a confirmation of my

Being - without the requisite Work-on-Hand I'm bereft, a waif without meaning; work affords me joyful sorrow to treasure - and an excuse to cry to my heart's delight - now I'm becoming one of the Sylphides all dancing to death - without the work I would be challenged to find a sad cause worthy of my great powers of lamentation, clad in sackcloth and ashes as befits one who feels such need for self-flagellation...

Margaret Alice Second

A Legacy

Brunch, fourth transgression after Sunday's dangerous pepper sauce, Monday's magnificent pizza, yesterday's venison pie: toasted chicken mayonnaise - the allergy has me in its clutches: brain swelling, head shrinking, mind dissolving; leaving only anxiety & work undone

Chemical depression, impatience and frustration, a nasty mess, all because a bland diet of fruit & plain vegetables is so boring that I always hope my spirit will be soaring once I eat something extraordinary like Alice in Wonderland – but in the end my flight

Is always stopped by the allergy which shoots me down prematurely; there MUST be a better way to be consciousness than being incarcerated within a physical body beset with allergies - I never want to reincarnate again, I'll try to leave a legacy of insights

Garnered over a lifetime of reading and discoveries; making sure nothing is undone and that my spirit is ready to deal with an infinity of planes beyond our universe as a physical dimension.....

Margaret Alice Second

A Legacy [rev]

Brunch, a 4th transgression after Sunday's dangerous pepper sauce, Monday's magnificent pizza, yesterday's venison pie: toasted chicken mayonnaise - the allergy has me in its clutches: brain swelling, head shrinking, mind dissolving; leaving only anxiety & work undone

Chemical depression - impatience and frustration - a nasty mess, all because a plain vegetable and bland fruit diet is so boring; I've always wished my spirit to go soaring after eating something amazing, like Alice in Wonderland, but flight's stopped prematurely in

The end by the allergy's penchant to shoot me down; there MUST be a much better way to consciousness than being incarcerated within a physical body beset with allergies - I never want to reincarnate again, I'll try to leave a legacy of insights garnered over a

Lifetime of reading & discoveries; one that's making sure nothing is undone and that my spirit's ready to deal with an infinity of planes beyond our universe as a physical dimension ...

Margaret Alice Second

A Life Of Perfection (Revised)

A Life Of Perfection

Seeing my twin sis like this, happy, shining and smiling;
she ascribes it to the show she has seen but I know it is
her wonderful new relationship with an understanding
man who loves her the way we never could. So she tells
me gory details of things I never wanted to know; he's

Unfazed, loving & caring for her and equally she cares
for him. I see my beloved with a fresh understanding,
enjoy my son, feel for my daughter coughing a month
now – and my translation colleague helping me solve
a riddle about an airport runway military zone

I am as privileged as my Sis; we captured our dreams,
have happiness today that beckoned when we were
small, forlorn, confused – our dreams ripening into
reality. Additionally I've found a teacher and friends
on the Internet all sharing my love of poetry

This is a life of perfection to me!

Margaret Alice Second

A Little Unhappy (Revised)

Now understanding dawns, not behind
a glass wall but enclosed in a capsule;
even talking with a colleague a glass
encasement stays, my head aches,
possibly a psychological problem:

We learn acceptance of things we
cannot change - this must be like
that, if only I knew exactly, when
depression occurs in the lovely
surrounds of my office

It's easier dealt with, anywhere
else I would feel despondent
and lost - but here I just feel
a little unhappy

Margaret Alice Second

A Living Sundial

Man, the living sundial, blood changing just
before sunrise and living life within three
rhythmic cycles - earth's daily turning on
an axis, the moon monthly orbiting earth,
the yearly earth journey around the sun

Pulse, temperature, hormones, blood pressure
and breathing rise and fall in tandem with the
world's spin - since ability, temper and resis-
tance to infection are controlled by all these
rhythms and sunlight spurs hypothalamus
action which stimulates hormones -

It explains why date of conception has such
a huge influence on temperament
and attitude!

Margaret Alice Second

A Love That Never Ends [rev.]

And how shall I sing the joy that you feel; do you have champagne spritzers livening your veins, subtle flavours of freshly made coffee swelling in your heart - all this conveyed in a wave of delight, or does a restful calm place you in soft peace of our age; whatever it is

Let me be the first to congratulate you - let me tell you how glad I am for you; we shall now make merry, all those you love will be there, his clan too will attend in full force & you'll be gayly abandoned; we shall laugh about nothing at all, delighted that finally

You aim to be together to share the future for better or worse, just sealing a deal you both made ages ago, and which proved to be a success as your dreams are coming true - this is the event to crown it all - my sister the Duchess and Peter the Rock

bound in an absolute life-sharing contract, a ceremony at her new home; her affection for a friend became love that never ends - how wonderful it is - I'll be witness to the beginning of a new chapter of life, and to the joy in your eyes...

[4 September 2014]

[ORIGINAL:]

And how shall I sing the joy that you feel, do you feel bubbles of champagne stirring your blood or the warmth of freshly made coffee welling up in your heart - inspired by joyous delight - or is it the soft, restful calm of our age filling you with peace; whatever it is

Let my congratulations be the first to reach
your ears, let me tell you how glad I am for
you, we shall make merry and everyone you
love will be there, his clan will rock up in full
force and you'll be gay and we shall laugh
about nothing at all, delighted that finally

You aim to be together and share the future
for better or worse - just sealing a deal you
both made a long time ago which is proving
to be a success as your dreams are coming
true and this is the event crowning it all - my
sister the Duchess and Peter the Rock

To sign a contract to share life no matter what,
a ceremony at her new home, her affection for
a friend becomes a love that never ends- how
wonderful it is - I shall be there to witness the
beginning of a new chapter of life and see the
joy in your eyes...

[3 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

A Magical Task

Pure magic, this is pure magic, the Arabic keyboard on the Net is alive; letters writhe, change, dance and sing, evoking feelings of pure beauty, type one letter and it is all alone, type the next to see the first letter changing form as it accepts a friendly mate -

But if the first letter is an introvert, refusing friendship, it remains unchanged with no magic on screen - I'm delighted by my task: retype pictures of Arabic letters from a document, the fun never stops as this carousel keeps on turning - can't decipher meaning as yet -

Aesthetic appeal not marred by reality as connotation remains purely emotional, this is a joyous play for me: freedom to enjoy terms free from ice-cold meaning & unleashing feeling unrelated to external events; pure imagination provides everything - a magical task...

[Letters with dots or a hamsa on their heads resemble the flowers in Walt Disney's Fantasia - floating & dancing to the Waltz of the Flowers from the Nutcracker Suite]

????? and ???????

Margaret Alice Second

A Magnificent Day

How wonderful when the office cooled down,
a heavenly cold front, I could breathe, spared
the shame of passing out while trying to work,
how marvellous when June told me to leave be-
fore getting caught in congested traffic - when
I left motorists were already aggressive

High on adrenaline after a magnificent day I
drove with reckless abandon, joyously over-
taking all obstacles and competing with taxis,
speeding in every possible lane - Friday was
simply the best day in a million years - cool
weather spells pure happiness...

21 September 2013

Margaret Alice Second

A Meal To Sleep

Good-feeling thoughts mean I must find
a reason to be happy while warm air blows
through the new building's air-con, at least
it is a new building for us & the heat assails
us in a new way, and as I could not sleep
last night, I watched Weird Animals while
lying on the floor as the cat had the couch

Thus I dozed a few minutes every hour, and
I have a spray-can with water to keep cool
while walking to the pick-up point in the heat
and I printed 2 translations; so some things
are going right, let me be thankful for going
home within an hour and planning a meal
that would allow me to sleep...

Margaret Alice Second

A Melodious Carousel [rev.]

I only wanted a bag camouflaged in black to stash
the illegal trash I drag to work: water, a book, extra
shoes, my fan, a DVD - but it was way too small an
amount for a credit card transaction so I had to buy
chocolate, spoons and vampire nail polish

Dark like old printer's ink; already into a mint crisp
while looking at my translation - heart sinking, it is
an import permit with every term to be researched,
mint is changing my mouth into a sticky cave and
no sucking effort can lift mint of teeth

Such is life - resigned to boredom of official texts,
bureaucracy at its modern best as Terry Pratchett
said, true modern hell lacking stimulation - yet the
background music is heavenly, Mozart making the
stars sing, then Dames Kiri Te Kanawa

And Joan Sutherland mesmerise with satin voices,
each note a musical masterpiece, a vibrating pearl
of infinite delight bound to the next celestial note by
the sweet, clear sound recreating Indra's net where
every note reflects every other in a

Melodious carousel of notes holistically attached to
form a perfect illusion of lighted sound spiralling in
an eternal roundabout in which the song becomes
a horizontal explosion of vertical chords creating a
melody moving on inexorably, unstoppable

The total explains everything about quantum physics
and holograms I ever struggled to understand - and
still the melody sings...

[8 July 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

A Melodious Chime [rev.]

I felt restless and reflected whether a secluded life is a good thing: should I be somewhere else doing other things, reasoning my Beloved could be much more accommodating - restive I reread the words of my favourite guru - He said

We are as happy at this moment as we were ever going to be - as happiness comes from the inside no matter what is happening - being unhappy now meant we would always return to this emotional template again and again

This morning I noticed the beauty of secluded trees & that view through the kitchen window, rearranged my crystal ornaments, cleaned the kitchen against a background of music - a mezzo-soprano's voice like a melodious chime

Filled in the holes dug by the dogs - & realised that I was happy, that life was perfect as it is - and nothing could make it more happy or peaceful than my own choices have made my little life...

Margaret Alice Second

A Melody In Soft Gilded Brown (Revised)

There's always a heroine playing the ivories in my heart,
she plays Schubert's Impromptu in A-flat major beautifully
tonight - light-flashing notes, rolling whirlpools encircling
a melody in soft gilded brown

I follow in dance, turning whorls twirling, move to and
fro, up and down, weave musical lines in my heart until
circles heave in emotion, reach a peak and melody gilded
in soft velvet brown breathes tranquil serenity

My heart's secret place engulfs everyday life, revels in
memory of every great love, assigns delight to everyone,
each ray of sunshine, all moonbeams safe in a place
where no blight of being can touch - a Platonic world

Perfect of ideas where beauty remains an ideal
calling the dreamer forth - briefly adorning the
face of every smiling human being...

No.4 in A-flat major

The fourth Impromptu, in A-flat major, actually begins in
A-flat minor, though this is written as A-flat major with accidentals. The opening
theme consists of cascading
arpeggios followed by murmuring chordal responses.
These are repeated and developed, going through C-flat
major and B minor before finally reaching A-flat major.
A subordinate theme is accompanied by the arpeggio figure,
varied with triplets. In the central section, in C-sharp
minor, the arpeggios are replaced by a chordal accompaniment venturing into
the major mode towards its conclusion, but
reverts to the minor. The opening section is repeated and
the work ends in A-flat major. The tempo marking is
Allegretto.

Margaret Alice Second

A Melted Heart [rev]

We can't find ready-made love, camaraderie and friendship, we must create it - polishing, grooming ourselves and our life-partner until all sharp edges are filed away - snugly fitting together; these soul-mate feelings only grow from long gestation of devotion & integrity, in determination & honesty true to our contracts & promises: I've endured the painful smelting

Process, its like being immolated, parts of me burnt away - but the end product is that we're comfortable with each other, each feeling as a fused-together entity merging tears & failures; of getting up & trying again to reach heavenly feelings, kindness, comfort and consideration, peace, trust and safety - even if its like being designed by your own shortcomings - and

Your mate's requirements - empathy created by whorls of spiralling transformations; then in old age we enjoy it like our favourite pyjamas or shoes, snug, cosy - happy to breathe: once you find a special one, share knowing that, if willing to fuse hearts and minds, together you can make a new life and risk forgiving each other everything and remain true to each

Other for as long as it takes to melt in the fires of your emotions - to be polished in the floods of your feelings - then the joy of togetherness comes into being as a new Soul Gestalt which never existed before in this or every other life: just like the devoted "Little Tin Soldier" losing his life in fire to hold his beloved one-legged twirling ballerina - all that remained was a

Melted Tin Heart - and that's when I cry...

A Mermaid So Recently

Wading into the sea I turned into a mermaid, shot torpedo style through bubbly breakers and turned somersaults as light as a feather, the sky a perfect sphere filled with impressive cloud formations, and 2 years standing at my desk instead of sitting have made me strong enough to brave the biggest waves

Beach activities led by a loud young man thundering into his holiday audience, a pink flamingo in the waves with a fair damsel and her beau keeping her safe, then my heroic young son asked his dad to collect me in his sedate estate car as carrying things tired me walking down to the beach, and like a flaming fury Scorpio

Descended upon me: Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle with a frown burning happiness to a tinder, how dare we, his minions, ask him to move from his happy spot in front of some heavenly sevens rugby game & fuming he explains this is NOT how this holiday will be, we're on our own - my son and I should know, so

The beautiful mermaid turned into a hag, a witch, an evil apparition, a banshee; lost for words, besieged by the Queen of Hearts and brother Attila the Hun who demands a formal visit and my Twin Sis the Duchess also wants to show her refurbished home, yet the menacing danger of Scorpio exploding is so real, stopping future

Holidays, the hag stomps to a screen to write the things she has seen, yet can't interpret, being a dumb witch who imposes on Scorpios, takes getting used to after having been a mermaid so recently...

[10 December 2016]

Margaret Alice Second

A Million Echoes (Revised)

The top was not the industrial grey it was bought in anymore but faded into a sickly yellowish-green - like moss on an old tree, tried everything to give it new life - wearing pearls with macabre effect, trying the silver anchor symbol of my poet brother - nope; added a novelty necklace – bad to worse

Wandered into a cheap clothes shop just for a look at old stock, voilà, black top with sailor-like white stripes to go with the anchor, left fitting room with it on before legally bought; explained to a friendly cashier and it felt as if the universe had conspired to lead me away from

The old towards the new which proves co-creation with loving, intelligent forces leads us towards our dreams, heart singing, dreaming of sending love to everything and feel it bouncing back like a million echoes from a very deep valley

[22 September 2013]

Margaret Alice Second

A Million Pieces [rev]

The day was a beaut, everything bad turned into something good, even the text on my desk was interesting as I tackled each subject carefully; I even had good rapport with Scorpio - and then

an inevitable sting in the tail - that rebuke for my interfering and telling the most dependable, loyal person on earth to slack off and relax - it earned her a demerit mark; oh, the hurt look in her eyes

as Scorpio called her integrity into question - but it was all MY fault for telling her to not overwork - I had betrayed her trust, injured her honour and now this scintillating day has turned into ashes

as my face's burned and my heavy heart laden with self-reproach; I'd held the finest porcelain day in my hands, a most fragile joy - and it fell to break into a million pieces...

Margaret Alice Second

A Mirror [rev.]

Why is it some try to pull the wool over our eyes,
abuse people to the face expecting them to buy
into the game, acting less respect, consideration,
claiming the term 'love' used accords freedom to
insult - adding they believe once it is bespoke -
people then forfeit right to privacy, but no right to
withhold privilege to whoever uses it?

It's good to know that the world contains all sorts,
everyone's free to decide where they will fit and
what is thus described is fun; the speaker made
what he means easy to understand as he loudly
proclaimed himself simpleton, demanded people
accept him when the word love is used even if
he has such bad manners, breaches etiquette,
destroys all possible rules of protocol

Rational people will turn away, find others they
can relate to, it's a clever test helping observers
decide who they are seeing in this mirror held
up to them - when I saw the distortions I had to
laugh, turn away; the speaker claimed affection
for people calling them fools & spitting on 'em,
surely a spoof unless the speaker's deranged,
in which case I'll not wait to see the tragic end...

Margaret Alice Second

A Myriad Heroines

Tonight sheer ecstasy and bliss, first discovered Strictly
Come Dancing, I lose myself in those dancing heroines,
Vin Diesel in the movie XXX stole the show encouraging
the individual to make a difference, Wizards of Waverley
Place had Alex experience romance in a magical journal

I have many brilliant stories also, never featuring me, there
is a myriad heroines - based on the stories I loved when I
was a kid, books I like get assimilated into it - every noble
thought integrated in a kaleidoscope that encompasses
more than this universe, after this great Sunday night

I am convinced whatever sacrifice or endurance tomorrow
requires, I am safe in an inner bauble of wonderful dreams,
need not send my own self anywhere as an infinite number
of heroines can go all over the world to do the magnificent
things suggested by myths, parables and legends

Margaret Alice Second

A Mystique [rev.]

What am I, completely daft? Why talk about
Tanzania when Nigeria has 500+ tongues,
Hausa, Yoruba, Igbo - sounds like a song -
Fulan; bravely spoken by 250 ethnic groups
with names more exotic than those before:
Kanuri, Ibibio, Tiv, Ijaw, still the music sings

Words rolling sweetly over foreign lips and
conjuring images of smiling faces chanting
phrases - could be a list of magic formulae
to bring about changes in the fabric of reality
with the same power ascribed to the ancient
languages such as Hebrew and Holy Sanskrit

A mystique not to be discovered in reality as
it is - not even revealed by the 'Net' - things
I shall research in Akashic Records claimed
to exist by spiritualists, when my soul is free
to investigate all the mysteries posed by the
clique of mystique who wants us to believe

Sound resonance has magical power which
we don't use on earth - though we could if
only we understood language principles; oh,
after this life I shall become a melody - able
to sing the languages of men and angels while
learning everything kept from human beings

Margaret Alice Second

A New Ice Age

Three brilliant women, close colleagues,
language fundi's & architectural pundits
in their own estimation; solved the air-con
problem of the 10-storey building in which

We face temperatures of 31 degrees C on
a daily basis: install three industrial mobile
air-con units with outlets bored through the
windows on every side of the building -

Just as their enthusiasm waxes and sets them
aflame, thunder sounds in the distance, the op-
pressive heat is leading to the inevitable storm
and much-needed rain, I want to run outside -

But co-architectural expert Annette says thunder
should be treated with respect and refers to a
someone recently struck dead, thus for fear of
pain let me remain in my chair as I stare

At my desk which seems to bubble and steam
in the terrible heat, Alet runs in to complain her
African colleagues refuse to let the working air-
con in the passage remain as they love it

To be hot and fear the cold with a passion, may-
be their forbears suffered in the ice age that
killed the dinosaurs, I wish for a new ice age
so this heat will be a thing of the past -

Including us...

[9 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

A New Journey [rev]

Was met with scathing comment from my kids in an attempt at creating beautiful spaces; - daughter said I created childish landscapes wherever I went - and pointed to the pink edging I applied to the turquoise curtains in the once-white living room, it might have passed muster if I hadn't used shiny crystal strings; my son said the study resembled the local material shop - and this inspired me to rearrange things

But when I stood on my chair he was shocked at my daring to balance on a revolving unstable object - & I sighed - I've been standing on cupboards balanced on tables which were placed on desks in my office - through the years; balancing is about knowing where the pivotal point is and never overextending; yet how can he know his mother as an acrobat; rearranging is fun and joys of decorating change it frequently

One long uninterrupted pattern of ornaments & décor ideas is not fun - I change things as a process is the best part of anything, a journey of joy, arrival at any destination only means a new journey is planned...

Margaret Alice Second

A Parallel Reality

Nothing wrong with reality, yet living in the perspective of a pre-defined inter-subjective world-view is boring and lonely and empty, nothing fills the enormous gaps in-between objects and events, realism does not work for me, I dug up a book introduced by Ram Dass and written by Stanton and Rodegast

Started weaving the unreal strands of a very personal subjective world behind the smoke screen of the one we share and enjoyed the scene created by my characters who never lived or existed, looked at the population of imaginary people found in books who all fit in perfectly and sighed in the happiness of

Familiarity, the emptiness in between the solid blocks of general awareness is filling in and the unreal strands of fantasy creates a parallel universe sanctified by quantum physics which states that whatever we can imagine - has the right to exist!

29 January 2014

Margaret Alice Second

A Peaceful Future [c]

Douglas Altabef says the two-state solution is dead, viva the quest for peace - Israel is freed from living Einstein's definition of insanity: to do the same things over and over still expecting different results as the Palestinian leadership will forever refuse to accept a sovereign Jewish state

Let's pursue peace & improve economic conditions for Palestinians, enhancing their quality of life - trampled by a corrupt Palestine leadership maintaining fiefdoms as people want better jobs, housing & future prospects - to be granted under the auspices of Israeli sovereignty; just look at

The progress in Palestine literacy & lower infant mortality in Judea & Samaria under Israeli control where Arab citizens enjoy benefits & autonomy - the benign sovereign offers peace as Palestinian Authority rejects autonomy in order to exploit their subjects for political advantage in their fiefdoms

Israeli control over Civilian Administration of Judea & Samaria will bring housing & industry: the Emirate Model's limited autonomy might also be debated by a large number of Palestinian voices - free; though the fascist Left might demonise in anti-Israel hostility, - let us rejoice in our freedom to create a better and

Peaceful future for everyone: Israeli & Palestinian!

Margaret Alice Second

A Perfect Background

Inspirational ideas strengthen me while the enactment of people's scary fantasies saps my strength leaving emptiness & a sense of futility as tragic realism causes depression; though art distilling wisdom and presenting it in the right terms, creates a safe place

Where the mind can rest; we should control thought a mystic guru says: If a brick fell on my head every time I imagined negatively - I would learn positive thinking really fast - at least I've learned true affection brings joy and beauty expresses love uniquely

Though context & situation, time and place determine the perception of timeless form & dimension; the iridescence of fine glass and crystals, pure white lace & cascading waves, white flowers and stars shining in a dark velvet sky; emotions affect ability

To discern love in beauty and love is seen as a bright light against the cold darkness of realism - which serves a very important purpose: to provide a perfect background for the shine I love so much...

[ORIGINAL:]

I prefer inspirational ideas to descriptions of gruesome realities created by people for sheer boredom or to play out their exciting fantasies, reading newspapers emphasises emptiness, a sense of futility that makes life meaningless

Reading literature written by the above people who created the newspaper events with so

much relish, causes the same experience, but authors who distil life events and present their experience and insight gained in such a way

That their wisdom is framed and shines through their beautiful use of words to create a warm place where I can rest my mind and forget the bad things done and said in the lives we lead; makes me read an Internet guru instead of

Looking at the pain some like so much, I wish a brick would fall on my head every time I think a negative thought to clean up my thinking fast, in spite of my many blessings I focus on the few things I want to improve - yet all these problems

Are caused by a negative attitude to these issues, been unhappy with my appearance and thus everything I feared was wrong is worsening, the 1 thing that really improved is my fear of being forced into stiff unhappiness - at present I expect happiness

And joy from all sources, a child reared in hate who never loved - I learned true affection heals everything and for me beauty expresses love uniquely so I built a temple to crystal consciousness in my sitting room with crystals and shiny material -

Beauty is determined by context & situation being related to Einstein's relativity - the place and time determine a subject's impression - yet certain things are abstractly beautiful beyond changing factors - like form and classical dimensions

Crystals and fine glass, lace blindingly white and white foam on cascading waves, a pristine white flower against a sheer black background, stars in the dark of night - all these are always beautiful, yet mood will determine what beauty we seek

I seek the beauty of transparency and iridescent shine against the velvet darkness behind, the 99%

black matter quantum physicists think makes up
the universe has a purpose, like the stories I don't
read - to be a perfect background for the shine

I love so much...

Margaret Alice Second

A Persona (C)

Bubbled out of the office like the Phantom's
Christine, sang a request to be remembered
Think of me... waking silent and resigned...
walked through the exit gate: You were once
my one companion, you were all that mattered...
then into the dazzling sunlight, pink Fedora and
gangster sunglasses against the heat -

Took only 10 steps before turning back, at 31
degrees Celsius it's much too hot, struggled
upstairs like the Little Mermaid after the witch
took her voice in payment for painful legs, so
arrived out of breath & informed Hanlie of my
aborted trip outside - realising I was without
suitable identity making the announcement -

Instead of a dignified official, becoming my
station, I was more an overexcited toddler:
wish I could adopt a persona befitting my
age yet when I try it feels so fake...

Margaret Alice Second

A Piece Of Net [r2]

A blue top with a thin silver stripe and a white net
"coverlet"; softening my outline and creating a halo
effect, this is exquisite and I fly a few feet above the
ground; with a silver shiny watch, genie-silhouette &
an updated cell-phone I'm a different person, dainty
like a fairy, doing work for Bioko Island where every-
body speaks Pichi, all this in a letter to our President

A sixteen-year old ghost-sleuth from my book fills me
with confidence as I read about her adventures in the
first person, feels like I entered her mind and feel and
think like her - it's lovely to be so confident, it would be
super to lead other people & take them to new heights
threatening those in need of discipline; yet my mind
doesn't function there, all I want to do is lose myself

In this heroine - feeling confident in a piece of net...

Margaret Alice Second

A Pirate Elf (Cor)

I can work because I'm a piratical elf from the sun, red blouse denoting sun elf, black pirate pants speak for themselves; my work station is a thundercloud - navy-blue bell-shaped mug, azure paper stand, sapphire and sky-blue dish-cloths, bright yellow & lime-green mugs for sunshine in spring leaves sprouting flowers with

Mountains in shades of pink representing the setting sun – more dish-cloths draped over boxes, also one black and white pirate box to indicate the pirate ship, in the left corner at the back is my cabin-cum-boudoir with white net umbrella cover and pink hat hanging debonair on the hat-stand, pink lace covering part of it

And purple fairy wings – after all, I'm Dewdrop masquerading as a pirate elf with a mission to fulfil, checking terms for consistency drinking a million mugs of tea to keep going - keeping time with Mozart-and-Tchaikovsky's classical clan intimately playing in my ears; with these entertaining things keeping the little alien in my

Head occupied, I'm in heaven today...

Margaret Alice Second

A Place In Infinity

A king's ransom for a new swimsuit, layers of black folds to disguise I am growing old - but paying a few thousand rand when other people go hungry, jobless and homeless; how justify wanton expenditure while others have nothing to do, nowhere to go, nothing to live for? I have so much, yet it feels as if the plight of

The suffering masses is pulling me down - though no amount of suffering and deprivation on my part could give anything to them - I must give them my time and love - not cold cash that feeds a few for a day - I must teach them to fish - instead of giving them fishes until I'm bankrupt myself - I must invest in them as people

Not as strangers I fear to meet - yet whenever my parents helped the homeless or lost little people on the street, these people turned out to be parasites who made bad use of the help they received; I'm so confused - how can I help in a loving way - when it's so dangerous to allow strangers into one's world

My duchess is working with the underprivileged, she's a qualified social worker who knows how to protect herself and her loved ones from clients' dire straits, even condescendingly asking me why a stick with a Phoenix who does not understand nor support my emotional life, I replied that he loves our kids enough to give his life

For them - and what would I gain if he were as fizzling and dreaming and otherworldly as I am: our kids would have been lost and alone - my Phoenix provides the knotted tree trunk and roots that bind us to safety and having enough; he's perfect for me as his long silences force me to write - to escape overpowering emotions

And so I leave my legacy: whether others find it, whether It'll just be lost - doesn't matter, only the small opening in the moment is enough to capture a place in infinity, only the feelings of delight or sadness suffice to show these

feelings to posterity - my name isn't important - only my
dreams and visions merit future acknowledgement...

Margaret Alice Second

A Prima Donna

Madame La Pompadour cannot come to work,
the world is spinning out of control, her dog
needs medical attention, her car cannot start in
the morning, her dog needs another vet, now
Madame Pompadour's newly built office is
empty - it was given as a compelling condition
for her return to work, yet it seems something
is lacking still, can we guess what it is

Maybe a chauffeur to drive her to work every
morning, a special kennel next to her office so
she can bring her dogs to be with her all day,
maybe a built-in a humidifier so she can breathe
freely without germs, maybe a Jacuzzi so she can
get rid of the tension right here at work, maybe
her own cook and kitchenette so she can order
the right meals with the same aplomb as

A Lady Gaga, surely Madame La Pompadour has
already dethroned both Madonna and Lady Gaga
for being a prima donna who gets her own way!

Margaret Alice Second

A Primitive Reptile

I've just been told off for being an uncouth beast
in conversation, interrupting everyone in the most
overbearing manner, since my family is used to me
as a fading wall-flower quiet in the corner I was in-
formed in a most charming, condescending way

That I was required to hold my tongue, I'm as ire-
levant as my dear Conan the Barbarian dad, just as
egoistic as the Queen of Hearts; as overpowering as
Attila the Hun, my eldest brother - the family connec-
tion surfaces again, denoting me a pest in society

With what little dignity I had left I withdrew to my
laptop and looked up child prodigies concluding
that early demise is the only solution to lives like
mine, without talent, courage or meaning, a life
in which I pester my own little family so that

The kids run when they see me come - my superior
better half explains - and I cringe, so this is the end
of my life which held such dreams when I was young,
now the roses past are all forgotten, I shall not leave
anything for others, only laments about my life as

A stupid little crocodile who can't wait to tackle the
afterlife as physical life is not conducive to making
any spiritual progress - the Lord and Master of the
Crocodile Castle - Scorpio with an untamed sting in
his tail, burns up and emerges like a Phoenix

Leaving this crocodile behind - I can only progress
when my mind is freed from my crocodilian head
which seems to be anchored to a lonely existence
as a primitive reptile who once walked the earth
with dinosaurs - and can't adapt to modern life

[13 January 2015]

A Private Wonder-World

Tonight in the fine company of my porcelain figurines brought to the study and ranged around my computer amongst fine crystal containers, the music of Nodame Cantabile playing through my earphones, rosy flowers and pink scarves for ambiance

Two miniature mermaids carrying urns, another pair slightly larger, one mermaid playing violin - she's a symbol of my sis, the other mermaid seated next to a light-house - a symbol of me, all indolence - fairy folk on the window-sill, I'm wearing a pink top to blend in while staring

At the windows hung with crystal strings, sea-shells, small pearls; my favourite porcelain doll with fairy wings wearing a white flower wreath draped in shiny pink silk - I feel like a small creature in a secret underwater cave, a private wonder-world of music, colour and words...

[3 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

A Privilege To Be Here [revised]

While researching terms and turns of phrase chewing everything within reach I'm suddenly amazed how privileged I am to have problems as part of my life; yesterday enjoying the hilarity of my spouse and son, today my colleagues as they smile with me at life

Realising they help me stay afloat in ice-floe streams, each problem tamed as they boost me to the top and translation done – find delight in heat by spraying my face, the water keeps my skin clean with the problem cementing our friendship as a topic for conversation

At home I couldn't sit alone wishing for someone to talk to while suffering a translation – administration here is even fun: agreement, assessment, evaluation; I don't regard it hardship, it fills me with elation when I consider it a great privilege to be here!

[EARLIER THE DAY:]

I'm Left Behind

Staring at the mess in front of me, changes requested on assessment document, senior's explanations making no sense, finished translation to be checked, assessment calculator an inexplicable mystery

Headache already in place, overheating in the autumn sun, feeling misery and no escape, I didn't prepare for the driver's seat thus I'm left behind by this speeding blue Monday – galloping like a wild horse

I'm not ready for all this, Monday preparation fell foul – scalp shrinking and brain swelling, a brilliant sensation but not conducive to good performance in the office, which is steadily growing warmer

Depressed by overwhelming odds I cannot get into my

stride, sitting here staring at the mess

6 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

A Public Carousel [r]

To Mantovani's sweetly played Elizabethan Serenade
my day quietly fades away with 2 documents pending:
an irate man claiming poverty though he still has a car
sadly an older model - furiously denouncing a security
guard terrorising his wife and he at a clinic they attend
because they are gravely ill - and can only survive due
to the medicine - and a letter by a local Mad Hatter

Who professes to be The President thinking he has a
World-wide Empire and everybody is ready to fulfil all
his wishes; not that I mind - the mental gyrations may
be good for keeping the grey stuff in shape, but after-
wards some over-zealous colleagues dig in & change
everything to pass official time & returning everything
to sound like original, literal, home-made Afrikaans

This Secret Spy disguised as plain government agent
isn't inspired at all as it leads to naught as the Biblical
Ecclesiastes says; assembly-line work lacks all charm
this Spy needs an assignment with violin case holding machine guns to take out
ALL messing with my words;
changing my the flow of my sentences then destroying
my interpretation, nullifying my work & relegating me

To the plane of the damned - this will be a wasteland
when I'm revenged on these mine enemies who'd kill
melodies & strangle free-floating terms simply to earn
their bureaucratic salary while turning in these public
carousels of repetitive administrative activity...

Margaret Alice Second

A Push-Pull Dance

The sun pulls planets towards it then pushes them away again, a constant push-pull dance outward and inward which holds all the planets in their positions – this is the Force of Gravity, the electric attraction and repulsion

Used by John Ernst Worrel Keely to produce his own electromagnetic gravity effects - - theories explaining everything are freely available on the Internet, forever enlarging the scope of my imagination in a joyous romance

Seeking, finding, then playing with each theory, hoping fellow seekers enjoying the fun of discovery, share the joy with me!

4 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

A Question Of Style [revised]

One suitably bland, self-congratulatory, negative man says sensuality is forbidden to followers of Christ, so no delight in sensual perception; colour, texture, taste, feeling and sound – that is a description of hell

True believers shudder as Mr Non-life Deadpan-face passes by – reincarnation of Spanish Inquisition leader Torquemada: “All delighting in sensuous experience of the visual-tactile will be summarily burnt at the stake,

Those who hate being here and persecute others loving this world gain entry into ‘still’ heaven, one purged of everything, black as night, quiet as space - any finding joy in this world burn in fire and brimstone - bodiless

Mark you, it is a question of style - for all eternity” only complete idiots can follow such a religious leader, after spending days on their knees wearing blinkers and earplugs to keep out the evidence of five senses -

They’ll suicide en masse, purging the gene pool, we hope; on arriving in the after-death dimension, they’ll set fire to Mr Deadpan-Face, bodiless - a question of style remember; and all will repeat the incantation:

What a fitting end for that evil gentleman!

Margaret Alice Second

A Redneck At Heart (Revised)

Channel-hopping to chase interesting things, found
Season Ten of So You Think You Can Dance, then
The Dragons Den and an episode of America's Got
Talent - thunder rolling softly outside sounding like
lions satisfied and lightning wounding down

Idly wasting time as dishes wait in the kitchen, the
thunder is rolling again, those lions are not sleeping
as yet; a stuntman on TV, precocious kids dancing
and singing, a former soldier hiccupping as song
shows that rednecks really have more fun

Than the rest of us, his girlfriend wearing a pink cow-
girl hat, a group of rednecks on Nat GeoWild drinking
beer while sailing on rafts to catch jumping fish in nets
just loosely held and putting up banners to gaily inform
the world 'Here Be Rednecks At Play'

I'm a redneck at heart, create my own fun by singing
and talking loudly - but never in the open-plan office
where I do research in a depressed trance of quiet
resignation suppressing feeling and imagination...

13 November 2013

Margaret Alice Second

A Reverse Racist

I'm so thankful to have a good mate who takes pains to kindly inform me that everything I say is wrong, every feeling I cherish is beside the point and I have no right to criticize anyone as my faults are bigger than theirs, that I'm being self-righteous every time I complain about the

Self-righteous like he himself, since he is the kindest, most honest, righteous person around I must keep my evil thoughts to myself: yes dear, I'm just working with racists but what the heck, whatever faults I think I see mean I have these faults myself, strange that I always prefer other

Culture groups to the one I was born into - I'm probably a reverse racist, only targeting my own idiotic culture, not able to appreciate those who want to gun all others down...

Margaret Alice Second

A Rose-Petal Top [rev.]

Still under influence of Lactosa, Sucralosa and Leucine, the three evil sisters Selatine, Princess of Darkness and Rotten Teeth, employs; in a shop I saw fleecy tops in beautiful pink shades of cerise, fuchsia, lavender-magenta which became flower petals in my thoughts, bought another rose-petal top to salve the hurt crocodile within in charge when these evils had my mind enchained - with a new lavender-magenta top

The crocodile is a princess again, no-one can see scales or strange reptilian feet, dancing happy, camouflaged in beauty bathing in dreams of fairy utopias where a crocodile is also butterfly; what a great recompense for spending money on flowery things, it's wonderful to be a happy crocodile today

[26 June 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

A Saviour

Many different outcomes can be imagined for a set of conditions, we receive warnings from alternative selves who dealt with the result of possible choices in events we are going to experience, enabling us to make informed decisions to keep us safe

Bible prophecy also details the outcomes when the prophets' advice is ignored - such as vengeance of a Godly Power when the world's leaders cut up the Promised Land, evoking an image of sweet revenge for my beloved Israel who brought the wonder of

Bible text to the world and I lament when the West forces Israel to give up land to meet the demands of Palestinians lacking understanding of concepts like respect and self-esteem & who detest Israel's success based on wisdom and love; thus they

Sacrifice their own lives in a propaganda-game to frame Israel for the wounds inflicted on themselves, Palestinian refugees blame Israel who would never treat their enemies the way Palestinians treat THEMSELVES - then how impressive the

Revenge of a Power beyond our 3-D-universe who promised prosperity to all those respecting Israel's return to the Holy Land and endless strife amongst those trying to divide Israel to pacify the insatiable Palestinians - irrevocably pledged to self-destruct

Taking the whole world with them; preferring to commit suicidal homicide on a global scale to obliterate Israel, the People of the Covenant, rather than admitting they need a Saviour too...

[20 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

A Secret Held [revised]

Life can only become interesting by living in my own world - a bubble in reality where my wishes become commands promptly executed by my thoughts when following rules as explained by Abraham - that non-physical spirit channelled by Esther Hicks - I walked sedately out of the office to march in a troupe of

Drum majorettes, all within my head, down the street to German iPod music playing in my ears - yodelling, feeling the world change into the Swiss Alps where I wear festive local costume & become Julie Andrews singing in the Sound Of Music - all without anybody being any the wiser on seeing me

Nobody knew though my body was here, actually I was surrounded by the mountainous beauty of my dreams, marching with my Fedora denoting typical Swiss headgear, a feather in my headband; floating down to earth when I returned to my desk to finish checking the book list, my day around the world a

secret held within happy images living in my head!

Margaret Alice Second

A Small Glass Of Champagne

You atoned so sweetly, prepared a fun meal,
hamburgers with salad and cheese, ah, Mein
Herr Marquis, you are sweet, dancing around
in the kitchen, serving everyone - everything
placed on the griddle, kids happy, all forgiven

How could I even have doubted that you would
come around - Sean Connery blew up the evil
Fatima Blush - this is a fantastic evening, no
more complaints, a small glass of champagne
to celebrate all these peace offerings

Tomorrow Michelle from Merryhell will send me
a book by Sir Terry Pratchett - life is perfect -
I'm nearing the end of my small-scale irrigation
document, James Bond is blowing up ancient
stone temples, ah, Mein Herr Marquis

We shall have some music - Ah, wie ruhrt mich
dies... [Die Fledermaus]

Margaret Alice Second

A Smokescreen

Bragging at work, telling all I'm over saying goodbye to my daughter, going home to eat and eat and eat, bread, granola and instant oats & wondering what's going on, why am I depressed looking at the lovely book that inspired me last night to plan a lesson in writing for kids: how they would have to write their stories in groups then shorten by focusing on main elements, after that - reading the prescribed book to let them discover what good writing is all about:

Polishing, filing, cutting and weeding an original text, a great work of art starts as a long winding road of thoughts which the author and editor cut away until only the essence, the main theme and all the special supporting chords are left - what a fantasy - what a great dream: getting kids to understand by doing & upstaging their elders, though after indulging in the visionary excitement I still don't feel well as something's wrong, something's gone - oh yes -

My daughter's in Mexico for six months, looks like my bandied about calm was just a smoke-screen to fool myself....

Margaret Alice Second

A Spartan Study [revised]

I relinquish the study without regret, or
not much; the bare, dark wooden tops
& ochre curtain's scene lightened only
by seashells hanging in the window -
you happy in clean, minimalist space

No scattered scarves, draped runners;
I moved my pink flowers, figurines and
cut glass crystal - my favourite things -
away for your convenience, you allow
me a red chair & computer; I said

I prefer watching TV & seeing the sun
in the garden while I type, determined
not to be miserable in a -bare study in
brown; watching: Season 12 "Strictly
Come Dancing" my distinct advantage

You prefer silence in a Spartan study

[12 October]

Margaret Alice Second

A Special Bond [revised]

You and I share a unique bond, a conspiracy to carry
your grandma's image in our hearts - she's special to
us; we shall also honour your granddad's legacy, not
cry foolishly when he seems near death - nor wax
grandiloquent or demean his painful memory of a
mother visiting cinemas, but never him in hospital

The role he played in family, affecting your mother,
shall be his secret unto the grave - and we'll regard
the family's mythological claims of legendary events
in the lives your grandparents as gossip not verified,
we only know what we saw ourselves; your grandma
always treated the two of us with kind courtesy & love

Whether she ever hit her own kids or not we'd never
witnessed; your granddad's death will put an end to
the schism of love and hate which still keeps your
aunt and mother entranced...

Margaret Alice Second

A Special Person (Revised)

Tiaan so happy with the Bonsai I tell him he need not pay me back – though that was the deal – his great joy is payment enough; I watch the 'little man' preparing breakfast and lunch, rice cakes and cottage cheese, eggnog, pasta and fish

Then he thinks of homework, decides nothing important enough for tonight – we expel Nici from the computer to watch Britain's Got Talent, an unknown singing My Funny Valentine in liquid-gold voice, me laughing watching Tiaan presenting his own show for his mom

He's off to bed – I'm left wondering where his wonderful qualities come from; we visited his grandma today, he was civility itself – what a sweet boy, full of good humour, never complains when I give directions while he's driving yet Nici refuses to drive when I am around –

Are all sons special like this, a blessing, a joy?

1 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

A Spy Novel

Reading a Second World War Spy Novel,
each time a likeable character dies, a hot
flush of angered annoyance stops me and
I throw the book aside to stumble back into
reality with unfocused eyes - feeling bitter
about such an unjust course of events

What a waste of feeling, spending energy on
fiction: shamanistic reading - thus feeling too
much in reaction to the images conjured in my
mind - ideas with a life of their own - what an
impediment, to think I spent my youth reading
books instead of living unrestricted and free

Oh well, without Internet access thus unable
to correctly check my translation, I'll continue
reading as the worst of these reactions is over,
easily evoked emotional turmoil is the bane of
my existence and a huge drawback, even plain
conversation can present all kinds of pitfalls

I wish for a children's book or a humorous spoof
like changing a cat into a superman to fight with
a phantom then lick milk in smart society; these
happy images shall replace all the dark feelings
engendered by negative incidents marking my
my physical life - I'm always busy rewriting

The Chem In my head, the thoughts and feelings
that guide every step...

- - - - -

Nearly reached the end of my book on the
Second World War, a spy overwhelmed by
the odds and finally giving in to his feelings
just to be betrayed by the woman he loved

She never gave him the chance to redeem

himself; she was in the wrong, as a spy he
was habitually fearful and only killed when
he had to save his skin for serving his own

Country of origin - but this foolish woman
chose her boorish, nasty husband to him,
she owed the spy so much, yet preferred
to sell him out, no respect for the softer

Sweet side of his psyche, she owed him
her allegiance after all he'd done for her,
yet preferred to judge him, though should
have judged her own countrymen; this is

The reason I don't like reading the fiction
concocted by authors who don't want to
redeem fallen characters - it could have
been a new start for the spy but NO

It became a tale of deception, the spy
killed again and suffered her rejection

Margaret Alice Second

A Still Life

It seems like I will never taste the happiness of being true to myself, á la Shakespeare - I'll always have to play a role to hide my real being; it's not a problem at work, everyone has a persona within which they hide their true feelings: thus we have Sister Complacent & Sister Longsuffering, cheerful without revealing their

Thoughts - probably they have never bothered about discovering the inner being which governs everyone's consciousness, but playing specific roles at home can be quite irksome since you give me permission to talk at so-called appropriate moments & I'm dumbfounded after your stopping me so often; I don't want to consult

My list of appropriate subjects or take a chance with what's on my mind - to earn a rebuke from you again, silence is so much better - and I'm free to write what I want, what more can I ask; after putting a stop to all my emotions the fantasy of romantic love also ends - thank goodness, reality's good since the rational calm

Of friendship on your terms creates a still life, after you forbid expressing negative emotion, the new blandness cancelled positive surges also - let's be quietly content as nothing more can be done to change me into a more acceptable person - unless I cut out my heart, that is...

Margaret Alice Second

A Suffering Argument

This headache is so endemic to my primitive crocodile system seems it will accompany me to eternity, such overwhelming fatigue - what if I feel the same in the life after death, what if this is deep-seated psychological conflicts and my consciousness gets stuck on this mental station in the astral dimension -

What if this is an emotional reaction to spiritual problems I have not addressed as yet? Why not reset my mental configuration so that the meaning I assign to life becomes endemic instead? "Suffering through time is supposed to teach us to stop suffering", the self-satisfied, self-righteous

Self-assigned spiritual guru's claim - and fold their hands in an ascetic self-congratulatory way while I stare at them - it's an idiotic argument: misery is inflicted to teach us not to be miserable - the only way suffering is stopped is by taking the cause away, "Stop playing victim", the passing guru says

Eyes heavenward, "then nobody can be aggressor"- brilliant, all problems solved by us becoming insensitive to problems stalking us, "You brought it on yourself", a sweet disciple says skipping away happily doing one-hand clapping in his Zen-trance, irritating me so much I wish to clap the enthusiast

With one hand - the other hand will hold my victim - imagine how much damage I can inflict while they refuse to play victim yet I insist on being the aggressor - I'll fix the whole dreamy group of out-of-body-afterlife, impractical spiritualists!

[5 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

A Surreal Place

Escape, for me, is reading a book
based on Terry Pratchett's 'Thief of Time' where
perfect moments are kept in a glass palace – I have
decided to dream about 'perfect moments' and keep
them divine, unspoiled by the one-dimensional
interpretation of inter-subjective reality

Making my escape to a surreal place - an
unending glass palace - perfect moments
kept in space - resembling Indra's heaven
every perfect pearl strung in such a way to
reflect every other pearl

A hologram in which virtual reality allows us
to learn how to fulfil our dreams and Carine
happy today, fulfilling my vision of her warm
and content - a sweet dream unfolding in
my heart - frozen blossoms

Will start blooming one day - and once bearing
fruit, a new dream will manifest, imparting the
happy glow of quantum physics in which a Mr
Darcy stares at Elizabeth and a Mr Rochester
calls on Jane Eyre - why -

Because we always recreate the world
in our minds

Margaret Alice Second

A Swollen Tortoise

We happily conversed while you experimented,
I promised myself I won't take a bite as you added
beef stock to curry, when I refused you insisted, it
should be safe - now I'm awake, a small fire in my
intestines reminding me why my world is so small

Step over the line of eating restriction and pay the
price, I can't sleep at all, listening to Tiaan's restless
pacing indicates he shares my fate; can't close my
eyes, can't lie down, the floor does not offer any
respite - I'm convicted by my own choice to

eat things my system cannot process - I resemble
Ionesco's rhinoceros, feeling like a swollen tortoise*,
I read multiple personalities react differently to stimuli
depending on which one occupies the body - I wish
I had another me, like the three faces of Eve - to

change my chemical set-up, the only effect change
has is varied feelings - from terribly depressed to
totally ecstatic - yet my body remains the same
oversensitive seismograph - making me wish
for separation of body and mind

As soon as possible...

16/02/2012

*or a beached whale - whichever comes first...

Margaret Alice Second

A Tailor-Made Life [ideas I Love]

Everyone has a unique tailor-made life, no-one can take over another's role, even sleeping and dreaming, we are making unique spiritual journeys – I love my own fantasy land with the symbolism of crystal containers reflecting the sun like silver-shining ice-castles with live-in snow queens

My dream characters frozen in tableaux, filling the holes of our world which resembles a jewel without space and time, live in an infinite now which never stays the same. I shall try to describe the warmth and love of colours and sounds and the pain of our inability to feel the events we cause

Let me meditate on ideas I love, images of humanity living in superimposed worlds – always reaching out to and strengthening one another

[ORIGINAL:]

Ideas I Love

Emulating the lives of reformers is a doomed, dead-end project, can't meet requirements to become altruistic, dreaming's my thing, while political meetings and making speeches isn't

Paralysed by feelings of incompetence, trying to let go of fantasy to be realistic all the time to focus on worthwhile goals changed life into a desert of shame and guilt and uncertainty, seeking for meaning

Since all attempts at being a better housewife and cook and worker led to my losing the one thing in which I used to excel: sharing feeling conveyed in the expressions of those who dream

No more living in a dream world where everything is symbolic of higher meaning and stories, such as allegories and parables - living like an automaton,

a weak imitation of someone else; failed

But when I read everybody has a unique life tailor-made for them - no-one can take over another's role and even when sleeping and dreaming, we are busy making unique spiritual journeys -

I returned to my own fantasy land and felt the joy of a homecoming to myself, delighted by the symbolism of crystal containers reflecting the sun like silvery ice-castles with reigning snow queens

Where tableaux of dream characters fill the spaces in a holographic world and the universe is a magnificent multi-faceted jewel without space and time, living in an infinite now which never stays the same

THIS I can do: trying to describe the warmth and love engendered by vibrations creating colourful shapes and rhythmic sounds - or the pain and suffering caused by the inability to feel the events we cause

Let me meditate on ideas I love, images of humanity within magnificent environments with a variety of superimposed worlds - always reaching out to and strengthening each other

□

[30 January 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

A Tango Of Intrigue (Second Draft)

Nelson Mandela erudite, refined and charismatic, threatening the propaganda image of rural black people without learning, Western powers realised he's the ideal pawn to bring into play while forced to give up apartheid losing South Africa to the Marxists, discussions revealed a reconciliation theory which seemed like a fairy tale, a miracle too good to be true

When released Mandela entered politics, aura and halo lighting up the scene, in wonderment we all watched as he grew in stature turning into the Prince of Peace, with his faith in goodness he infused belief in magic, pulling the strings in puppet politics, those behind the scene were speechless, a man who passed through a furnace of painful incarceration and endless sacrifice, emerged

As Saviour of the lost tribes of Africa, freeing all in one mighty stride, not allowing tribal rivalries to derail his policies – I'm gushing and so it will be when I'm talking of Nelson Mandela who saved us before we even knew that the gates of hell were opening to swallow us whole - created a fairy tale of a handsome prince, not only fighting the dragon of racialism, but saving the sleepwalking nation with a kiss

The selfish court awakened and started a dance of negotiation creating bewildering steps of compromise and reconciliation, a tango of political intrigue so intricate that we seem unable to master the steps and continue the dance now Mandela is gone – but the adoring public remembers, South Africa's citizens dancing in freedom, jumping high and shouting holding our arms

Like the bow of a ship, kicking high in the gum-boot dance with determined set-of-the-chin to a music played from tomorrow...

[Marilese 23 January 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

A Term-Criminal

Caught in the doldrums in one long undulating curve of self-reproach and despair - a prisoner, bored and useless, only useful when depressed: when peaceful or happy, my work is nonsense, the printed Regulations to be used for my text did not SOUND good, I kept searching so that

Legal phrasing was just one of the phases my translation passed through - I kept looking for better ways to put it and used great-sounding phrases which took me away from the boring regulations, yet relaying must be done literally in the true translator-tradition of no addition -

Or feelings - I was so shocked on discovering how far my imaginative, fanciful interpretations took me away from the correct translation-genre and therein lies my guilt: I have never learned to conquer boredom, no self-discipline, never learnt how to switch off my heart and emotions - being

A fireball of adrenaline - I walk around dazed like a guilty automaton - unable to relax or feel better, too scared to write anything - for fear of trying to hide my guilt, but sadly such martyr-self-reproach never lasts long enough before my monkey-spirit bounces back to being a happy Taugenichts - a

Term-criminal, unaware of being evil incarnate in this routine world - thus until then I'll try to reform as best I can - fervently hoping my despair lasts long enough to get some good work done...

Margaret Alice Second

A Thousandfold More [rev]

Holding grandma Alice's Dutch Psalm book to inspire: she never faltered in her step & we never got up without a cup of tea in bed - today it's tea only - reading favourite hymns for energy; Ps 119 comes up tops, murmuring in sweetest reverie, musing - whispers a becalmed yet normally blood-thirsty Psalmist usually wanting his enemies immediately killed, but here he is the Adorer Infatuated

With his Lord so he's become the Beloverer; that is a new Pratchettian term - of his Beloved; the Psalmist rejoices in the Lord's word - more purified & refined - a thousandfold more choice - than most rarefied cherished gold, rhyming in the original; so enraptured by this am I, adding Ps 104 - where the Lord's soaring in his Chariot constructed by the Clouds - so inspired worldly ambition to study fraudulent

Claims of the scammer trying to obstruct justice, forcing me to relay thundering, spiteful words; its completely dissolving - all that's left is my spirit floating in an enchanted trance spun by noble ideals - so this is what spiritual religion is, a way to meditate on things we delight in changing physical into joyous vehicles...

Margaret Alice Second

A Thunder Queen

I rampage into the office, noisily greeting all while bathing in warmth of my African colleagues, joy & laughter destroying Western inhibitions; therefore on receiving news of our friend's sudden demise, I stormed in like a Thunder Queen ready to steal the show in the family's volcano of shock and despair -

They desired to be alone and grieve in silence, yet the house resounded to my wailing as I touched my friend's still warm body in the house; and this quiet Afrikaner family, of whom Lieb was the only sizzling noisy one, was shocked by my patent disregard for their wishes & disrespect for a bereaved, maternal

Figure who was striving for quiet tears of despair in isolation - while I tornado'ed through their pain and intense grief-struck focus on pain; - and when they let me know to not return again, I reacted like a real goddess, angry at being rejected when I just meant well and wanted to help and it took me four days to

Calm down enough to realise that a whirlwind with good intentions is a most undesirable event when black despair descends on a family and they have a right to privacy; ashamed I hung my head, what a terrible friend - I'm the worst kind of friend there is - projecting my feelings onto others - trying to

Force them to contend with what I want for them - true friendship is quiet consideration for the needs of others - dear Barbara, I confess: I'm sorry I was so overbearing in deciding what would be good for you, trying to take over your life, I won't do it again...

Margaret Alice Second

A Timeless Dimension [revised]

Love Disney's movie 'Frozen' - my only gripe is Hans Christian Anderson's story didn't supply any details of a mysterious Snow Queen - and yet she's given a

Personal history in Frozen that doesn't match my idea of an anthropomorphic personification without family or even human origins - which is what she is,

A lonely celebrity unconfined in detailed lineage, creating storms in Norway, living in an ice-castle where Discworld's Death visits, Lady Time and Wen also, leaving

Their own transparent glass castle for a while, all in a timeless dimension, far away from the normal world in which we live...

Margaret Alice Second

A Tone Of Voice [revised]

How is it possible for a tone of voice to convey so much aggressive accusation, such dissonance – all sensitivities of an unfortunate hearer are compromised, heart enraged – how is it possible to incorporate so much offence in a voice

Each long-drawn vowel constitutes an attack on feelings of a hearer, an only way to break the spell is to silence the raucous noise, switch off the phone – words of bitter recrimination exploding like toxic waste from a poisoned heart

Survival is escape from this deliberately abrasive mentor who afterwards claims innocence, victim surrounded by people who are unable to appreciate gifts she ungraciously bequeaths with insane disrespect

Thursday 15 August 2013

Margaret Alice Second

A Toxic Persuasion

I'm still in a state of shock, morbidly fascinated and horrified that human beings still perpetrate hell on earth, demons in hell can't imitate mankind's fallen state: the world is overpopulated so it makes sense to give medicos carte blanche to experiment on each other and kill unsuspecting people in the name of science - but

What really shocked me is to discover I allowed them to experiment on me, to accept a prescription for pregabalin which shrinks the brain and causes inflammation so that inflammatory cells destroy the mitochondria thus causing muscles to break down, inflame the joints and cause arthritis - I invited an unscrupulous fool to prescribe this poison

By complaining of neck and back pain and never in 6 years of poisoning myself, queried the wisdom of chronic burning, sweating and chills, swelling so I could not wear any covering on my feet, right-hand muscles atrophying so I could not write any more, eyes gritty and dry so no more reading, hearing so bad while ear-ache made life miserable -

Ulcers in my mouth and throat - and I kept PAYING Pfizer a king's ransom monthly to obtain this poison which I had to combat with more expensive medicine in order to keep walking; what a fool I was, thus I'm horrified by my own compliance in wanton destruction of my body by not stopping these butchers - instead aiding them to kill more innocent victims:

Can you blame me for living in a state of shock? And my beloved being a very kind, self-righteous person who does not even understand why I'm mad at being poisoned as he can't understand why I blame Lyrica: what does it matter to live in a decaying, rotting body as long as I feel drunk and high all the time? This kind of love is of a toxic persuasion also -

I'm shocked to realise he does not care about me as a person, only as an appendage to him made to serve his every whim & I made all these choices myself...

Margaret Alice Second

A Transparent Illusion [cor]

Lovely - a magician walks horizontally down the side of a building and makes a fountain freeze up by his hand's touch, also changes coconut milk into coffee, leaves an imprint of his hand ON showcase glass; makes everyone's cell phone ring at the same time, then

The disheartening vitriolic comments and home-made explanations for tricks implying everyone the magician meets is paid to play games with bottles, cell-phones and rings, to crown it all, have been sworn to silence on pain of death, how else explain their silence obtained -

An illusionist levitates in front of a statue and people rush in with an explanation involving so much conniving, seems the world's conspiring to confuse invading aliens from far-off galaxies, therefore, magic is only enjoyed by ignoring the Internet where self-righteous people on duty

Spoil the fun of enchantment, hastening to kill wonderment and indulgence in tricks that can't hurt anyone: may those who breakfast on prunes sink into their own low vibration where they can practice being spiteful with each other and may great magicians rise high while levitating

Then fly like Joseph of Cupertino and St Teresa of Avila - may the limits of reality be exposed as a transparent illusion offering everyone freedom to do as many magical tricks as we can think of

[10 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

A Unique Melody

The flowers work beautifully, small yellow ones forming the background for a soft purple touch, the golden leaves and orange-yellow explosions on the right, calming my eye

Green bottles a perfect accompaniment to the little colour symphony being played by my lovely flowers, the tune soothing, the sweet piccolo notes in yellow on the left

The noble purple violin, Violetta singing in La Traviata, the contrabass and wooden instruments on the right, no deep notes, no disharmony, helping me concentrate

Looking up terms without anxiety, even got coffee illegally, happily working on the list of terms for a construction project, flowers keeping me company - a unique melody

Margaret Alice Second

A Visionary Love

The ego that is me has been subsumed by the wave that took all the characters: the little Alien in my head, Agony Aunt, Alice as well as the Crocodile, by surprise and left us stranded on the sands of reality

The here and now is strong, the stream of eternal youth and beauty flows only in our dreams, reality is growing older, we offer you a visionary love, a symbol of infinity where feelings are kept in an invisible realm

Always safe, untouched by the flow of time; we all live in the consciousness stream, unbreakable integrity far beyond the visible where decay claims the physical manifestation of an inner core evolving forevermore

Where love lives in symbols we leave as words on paper, in the mind existing outside reality, keeping everything we experienced as part of the tapestry we weave, which forms new dimensions in which dreams

And visions can live on eternally, the strength and love of my noble Beloved forever etched in my mind, forever kept in the higher dimensions, forever inspiring the wonder of life...

Margaret Alice Second

A Warm, Safe Haven (2)

You tasted the bitterness and shame of a client rejecting your every attempt in trying to help the uncouth, boorish man using expletives when talking to women - such an old criminal, misleading your company as to income, trying to get away with swindling by insulting you

As you explain a great weight about your rising stress levels, lifts from my heart - your fleeing life, going to bed earlier at night, me wondering whether there could be a paramour, then you explained about the crimes this man perpetrates, blacking your name - I understood, glad it's not an imbroglio

As you plan getting takeaways sending our official driver who recently got his driver's license to collect it, I smile knowing our little world is sacred to you - you would never endanger it in that way - your smiling face represents a warm, safe haven!

24 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

A Warm, Safe Haven [revised]

You tasted bitterness and shame of a client rejecting your every attempt to aid this uncouth, boorish man using expletives when talking to women, such an old criminal, misleading your company about his income, trying to get away with swindling by insulting you

As you explain about your rising stress levels, a great weight lifts from my heart – your fleeing life, going to bed earlier at night, me wondering whether you've had a paramour, then you explained crimes this man perpetrates, blackening your name, I understood, glad it's not an imbroglio

As you plan buying takeaways, sending our official driver recently licensed, I smile knowing that our little world is sacred to you and you would never endanger it in that way, look at your smiling face representing a warm, safe haven

24 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

A Wild Palate

This must be the scourge of allergic people everywhere on earth, trying out new dishes amazing new sauces from heaven, innovative sausages with velvet textures - such delight for a wild palate, enjoying forbidden pleasures

Exulting in the universal camaraderie of gourmets then, terrible discomfort and malaise, torpor and lassitude - uncontrollable urges to lie down, when horizontal, neck stiffening, back contracting the poor sufferer turning into a contortionist

Bending the body out of shape in an attempt to become more comfortable in a body turned into iron and steel, aching bones and joints, sinuses clogged, breathing stops, life throttled out of the glutton, once again new resolutions are made:

Tomorrow I shall be wise, only eat and drink the tried and tested – if only I can survive the night without succumbing to pain and fright...

Margaret Alice Second

A Wild Passion [rev.]

Fulfilled my one-time vision of sitting in a fixed position quietly all day long, only getting up to stand at my desk while still typing - and reading, not going outside - not spending a cent, just translating and checking expression and term in similar documents using the right jargon on the Internet - & working with double vision

Doing it even when our local diva Mimi goes into a higher register of noise and just blows off the roof with exclamations talking to her kids; I insert borrowed ear phones which should have been buried ages ago, the distortion's so large but I up the volume, continue working on my fragile country - feels as if I'm handling

Precious orchids to be damaged by the slightest lapse in concentration; I wish those old public servants in the Congo may earn a pension, retire after age 75, I wish Africa could learn the secret of affluence without destroying the country; I love the African continent with a wild passion that knows no end...

[12 November 2014]

[ORIGINAL:]

Fulfilling my one-time vision of sitting quietly all day long in one position - only getting up to stand at my desk while still typing and reading, not going outside - not spending a cent, just doing a translation and checking every expression and term in similar documents using the right jargon on the Internet, working even with double vision, continuing even

When Mimi our local diva goes into a higher register of noise and just blows off the roof with her exclamations talking to her kids, I just use borrowed ear phones which should have been buried ages ago, the distortion's so large but I turn up the volume and continue working on my fragile country - feels as if I'm handling a precious orchid that might be

Damaged by the slightest lapse in concentration; I wish those old public servants in the Congo may earn a pension to retire after age 75, I wish Africa could learn the secret of affluence without destroying their country; I love the African continent with a wild passion that knows no end...

[11 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

A Xenophobe [rev]

Fallen out of my role as translator,
'without the mask' I'm confused &
cannot find translator tools; sitting
quietly in my chair and stare until
taking herbal tea & try to translate

The whiny tone of a complainant,
who seems to cause all of his own
problems, nearly drives me insane,
the idiot continues to enumerate
court cases he had to undertake

How he sued all magistrates for not
acting according to his request, dis-
like grows into disgust, ferociously
chewing I break off a piece of tooth,
self-inflicted injury occurs when

We're compelled to carry out tasks
we don't like, discouraged I see the
trouble-maker describes all his inter-
locutors as xenophobes – he creates
xenophones, changing loving people

His negative attitude is changing me
too – becoming the latest xenophobe
in his cosmogony of demons...

Margaret Alice Second

A Zulu Kingdom [rev.]

A country destroyed before by the moral bankruptcy of a totalitarian regime's stupidity committing suicide as their 'Reigning Party' was held more sacrosanct than the happy co-existence of nations within its borders

After their ignominious political death, a depleted legacy was bequeathed to Mandela's ANC before his memory was besmirched, his reconciliation wisdom rejected in corruption and immoral, unlimited plundering

Today this country is an autocratic Zuma-Zulu kingdom with henchmen destroying the beauty and wealth of the breathtakingly beautiful land - repeating the totalitarian history of treating subjects as puppets to bow under

Such primitive kingship without insight or understanding, oblivious to the need for employment, creating a welfare state without providing good schools, taxes seen as the personal wealth of the Zulu King, his many wives & kids

State funds irresponsibly depleted by the locusts living under an uninformed reigning corps unable to learn and bring wise leadership to government; a lost corps which contains the seed of its own destruction - their end

Will come when suffering subjects reject the yoke of the marauding, greedy fools failing to fathom what corruption, equality, human rights and democracy mean, believing a 'free market' the equivalent of slavery legitimised ...

Margaret Alice Second

Abrasive Waves (Revised)

Belligerent discourse, each statement
aggressively confronts, an aggravated
inflexion rasps pugnaciously, grating
voice deepens ostentatiously for each
pretentious word at end-of-phrase

Drawn out vowels - discordant notes
create nerve-quaking noise, grows
exasperation in already aching ears,
words exploding in my mind until I'm
speechless with dismay

Only physical separation can dissipate
this callous cacophony, prevent it from
breaking in abrasive waves...

Margaret Alice Second

Absurd Burlesque

You were fined a large amount for stopping
in front of the office, I commiserated with
your bad luck - that made you angry, oh
well, the worst of the allergy is over, the
pain in my head ever so much less

The momentary hurt of your callous reaction
to my words did not leave a dent, we shall get
along famously as long as I remember not to
offer the unwanted gift of my presence, seek
joie de vivre on my own

Finish reading Agatha Christie, watching Big
Bang Theory on TV, safely ensconced in my
own mind, lifting off from reality rejecting my
presence - I talk to the wind and the stars
when opening my mouth

My black humour remarks came true when my
colleagues got up and left when I arrived, proof
my absurd burlesque was founded in truth, the
realisation did not soothe - but now I'm all-right
after one mega coffee

I got through the day, as soon as my mind is
strong again I can fly away...

Margaret Alice Second

Absurd, Even Bizarre [rev.]

We calculate everything we did, languages covered, document forms, clients sorted - advice we deigned to give each time we stopped and waved, all books recommended, each phrase we changed, every line marked; our magnificent teamwork with its awesome flexibility, KRA & GAF - crafty thought or social gaffe to be ignored, our peccadilloes killed by silence -

Marks awarded for acronyms we found, or strange combinations of nouns in neologisms & finely tuned phrase as tears to an impressed creator's eyes; we render an account of steps we take, each breath we dared to make, and this is such an uplifting thought - accentuated by great music: "That Happy Feeling & Swingin' Safari"; a first round in Assessment Jousts

completed, self-congratulations in self-justification and self-recommendation, increasing self-esteem, astounded at not dying of madness or pain - life is wonderful as long as we realise that Lewis Carrol's imagination is the surreal & absurd, even bizarre Alice-framework which defines we protagonists in this, our little life...

[ORIGINAL:]

We calculate everything we did, every language covered, every client sorted, every form of document, all advice we deigned to give, every time we stopped and waved, every book recommended

every phrase we changed, every line we marked, our magnificent teamwork, amazing flexibility, every KRA and every GAF: every crafty thought & social gaffe to be ignored, all our peccadilloes killed

by total silence - marks awarded for every acronym we found, every strange combination of nouns in neologisms and every finely tuned phrase bringing tears to the impressed creator's eyes

We render an account of every step we took, every breath we dared to breathe – this is such an uplifting thought, it will be accentuated by great music: "That Happy Feeling and Swingin' Safari"; a first round

in the Assessment Jousts completed, self-congratulations upon self-recommendation and self-justification, increased self-esteem, astounded at not dying of madness or pain, life is wonderful as long as we realise that

Lewis Carroll's imagination is the surreal & absurd, even bizarre; Alice-framework which defines us as protagonists in this little life...

Margaret Alice Second

Academics Are Daft

Wanted to quote striking lines from a book by someone called Richard D-v-np-rt-Hin-s who left a teaching position delineating a social history of drugs then saw no words of his book may be quoted except by express permission of the author

With trepidation I copied only part of the author's name not daring to mention the book's title for fear of being pursued for quoting it - a light went up - no wonder people don't read, worries about copy-right means we can't do anything

With a text we come across, luckily I bought this book through a library donation, paid only half a dollar for it - so there, getting to read it for next to nothing - I'm glad that most people detest reading, intellectual snobbery protecting author's rights makes it inaccessible

Being boring to boot except to a bookworm, nobody else interested, keeping it exclusive demanding payment for repeating any word from it authors make sure nobody interested in a factual account of cold facts - if they wish to remain incognito, ignored by the masses

It is fine with me; I may not breathe a word about this fellow's research and conclusions he might as well have buried his gift under a bushel for fear of anyone reading it without paying exorbitant amounts and that for stuff that is not entertaining - seems to me

Academics are rather daft - he used to be a lecturer...

Saturday 19 May 2012

Margaret Alice Second

Accelerating High On Adrenaline [revised]

Street names changed, Charlotte Maxeke
street, don't know where Visagie is - next
Nana Sita, I'm lost in my own city, carry on
until I see a sign 'Airport Ahead' - suddenly
yellow street-side markers indicate a road
split ahead, a junction where the CBD is
an immobile maze in closed-off streets

Shocked I speed on while right-lane traffic
hoot - pass a red robot, show I'm sorry by
waving, turn left at the junction in front of a
UTE, blow a sorry kiss, Paul Kruger ahead,
accelerate past stationary car, red-orange
robots in a line, dash around a truck to turn
left in a one-way street going right

With hazard lights I slowly drive on, a BMW
takes its time to drive around me, motorists
shaking their heads at the robot, I turn right,
accelerating high on adrenaline - cannot stop
myself, dancing on the stars, jumping the
sun, flying high beyond everything human,
enveloped in joyful feeling, revelling in love

For speed, for life, for excitement blinding me
to all - except glory of the shining sun!

30 September 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Accepting Our Own Self

Anything not in alignment with Love, the life force in the energy field manifesting as a constant rising into ecstasy, always dis-integrates into the nothingness from which it came because there is only Love, nothing else - reason and logic need not lead us anywhere as we are already here eternally enveloped by the Divine; the Essence which contains us, embracing us constantly

To return to reality we just surrender to the center of our being, the holy sanctuary within where the flame of Love burns eternally; we have blocked our awareness of our true state of existence by choosing to enter the illusion - yet when we relax within the inner sanctuary, allowing thoughts to float away, we find peace - which is our natural state: being in the now, accepting our own Self

[23 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Accountable As Incumbent

We continue to admire the example set by our high ranking official at work, she stayed home, claiming heated argument with siblings injured her health, she is a mess; won't do anything as boring and trivial as come to the office

As she gets paid a large salary and car allowance whether she comes to work or not, never fills in a holiday or sick leave form to declare absence because she has none left - yet everyone else is constrained to live by bureaucratic rules

We just sigh longingly and wish we were given the same freedom to do as we please, never comply with the request to account for every breath, to prove where we've been and explain where we are going, wondering how it came about

That she was elevated above the Chief Director, higher than the Minister, absolutely beyond the requirement to be accountable as incumbent - maybe she is related to the Queen of England, such a fitting description for our illustrious

Madame La Pompadour, her bizarre behaviour is condoned and encouraged in our Department - though her burlesque is entertaining, she has failed to gain any followers as yet, we seem to be unable to learn anything from

Her continuous barrage of weird excuses to explain her frequent absences - what is WRONG with us?

Margaret Alice Second

Accrued Interest [revised]]

Taking these theories to their logical conclusion - was WWII with Himmler's extermination of race the only way to discard Phrenology and Racism, otherwise the pseudo-science could never be dismantled; yet why did millions have to suffer -

How do killers get freedom when there's never defence for Nazism - or apartheid South Africa: idolising development at the cost of sacrificing all human rights - the high number of the poor & uneducated attests to the residual problems

Of racial slavery; a democracy set on unequal foundations and crumbling in payment for past racial sacrifice - thus the boon of capitalism is doomed to benefit only those already wealthy; discrimination changed from race to wealth;

Money is criterion to classify people while the masses cannot understand why a free welfare state is worse than a totalitarian regime - and why nothing has changed for the illiterate and disadvantaged - by taking everything from its

Rightful owners, apartheid created a debt and no development ever disinfects contaminated nations' psyches, Revenge wars with Wisdom, only the extent of Restitution will determine an outcome of the present conflict; let's pray

That the Love of former suppressors will make them willing to pay their long overdue debt's accrued interest...

Margaret Alice Second

Acquisition Of Eyes [rev.]

Determined to continue my eye-defining project I now apply eyeliner from another pencil, been forever in my cupboard - & with eyes watering notice it is lip-liner - it's brown for heaven's sake, how was I supposed to know; - with eyes burning

I jump into the tub to scrub it all off, to enjoy a nice and relaxing time like the captain in Douglas Adam's Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy spoof, dictating life from his tub, armed only with soap, sponge & for company a yellow duck

Afterwards satisfied with my clean face so like Orphan Annie & happy as a lark, I shall test drive the smudgy gel eye-liner pencil again tomorrow morning, it's a challenge I'm willing to tackle & looking forward to; but no more tonight - taking

Acquisition of eyes one step at a time...

Margaret Alice Second

Acronym Attic - Spp

The Acronym List truly is a ghastly mess
seeking the meaning of SPP I only learnt
Malay is way ahead in the SPP acronym
stakes with three definitions:

Suruhanjaya Perkhidmatan Pendidikan
(Education Service Commission)
Sumbangan Pembinaan Pendidikan
(Contribution of Education Building)

Sumbangan Penyelenggaraan Pendidikan
(Contribution of Education Maintenance)
It is the sing-song repetition of Pendidikan that
keeps me enthralled -matan -naan and -raan
lulls me to sleep beautifully

Slovakian provides the most fun: Slovensky
Plynarensky Priemysel (Slovak Gas Industry)
Canada being the most pedantic: Syndicat des
Professionnells et Professionels; male & female

South Africa seems to SPP extermination schemes:
Surplus Peoples Project; do away with them all, what?
And long winded France: Service de Physique des
Particules (Particle Physics Department - French
Atomic Energy Commissioner; what a bomb-shell)

SPP as Suprapubic Prostatectomy needs no comment
[Thanks For Sharing, Dear Internet, gag, urgh, aargh...]
While the note at the end: 'We have 250 other definitions
for SPP in our Acronym Attic' sounds the death knell for
my little search project

I give up, the reason for using SPP in an arrest warrant
shall remain forever beyond me....

Margaret Alice Second

Ad Infinitum

Although not having read Alice in Wonderland or Harry Potter or Martha Beck or Pride & Prejudice, my colleague insisted we should read what she recommended on the 100 best books' list

Books appealing to her on the basis of reality while she refuses to contemplate books I mentioned, such as Michael Ende's Momo and Le Petit Prince and Adam - Martha Beck – but no, not an inch

Literary books should be tackled immediately; airily I turned away blithely continuing on my way to start reading Pratchett's Snuff this weekend hoping for a reprieve of the dreams my beloved cherishes

Of my joining his Facebook circle to follow brilliant photographs taken by the aesthetically minded, used for sentimental poetry about pain in their soul - while I have great regard for their tender feelings

I am on a new mission: how to survive my life without repeating all things ad infinitum

Margaret Alice Second

Adagios And Coffin Bearers (Revised)

A still growing word-prison, lines of information:
'detailed description of programs, justification
of priorities under guidelines' - oh, forgive me -
my heart freezes, I flee seeking romanticism,
the solace of escape

I am weary of being scared, running from a cold
embrace of black despair; while the world burns
and my mind fries forcing myself to read is torture
enough - I'm not growing morally, the appalling
isolation of a text that at best makes readers

Suicidal yet is adamant it is to be treated with
respect, tediously requires exact meanings of
each term researched while really important
things - sweetness of a melody, a warm look
in caring eyes, flowers that will soon die,

Wonder of a new life - are deemed unworthy of
a second glance: at least my headache serves its
purpose - makes it impossible to run away. The
manacles are in my head, I am chained to my
chair and cannot escape in a million years,

No song is heard, no dance commences in this
slow decay of colour and vivacity, only adagios
and coffin bearers sway - the rest is dead

Tuesday 26 Tuesday 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Add A Silver Rose

Casual day, money for the disabled, with a new theme:
'Going Big', prepared a hat, wide brim, flowers in silver
and white, earrings, glass jewellery, sequins and glitter,
monochrome - studied Ascot pictures from My Fair Lady
and added a purple flower

But my eyes without makeup spoil the idea of good taste,
bought a mask – fulfilling my dream of taking part in a
masquerade; hat pulled low over the mask in purple and
gold, the look was just right, the big bunch of silver flowers
threatening to slide off

Add a silver rose and I look smart – yet casual day without
a get-together meant I had to run from floor 1 to floor 10 to
meet up with all my friends, made some new friends today
everybody loved the confection on my head, a background
for my golden mask - sitting still at my desk was

Absolutely impossible....

Margaret Alice Second

Add To Her Woes (Rev)

I'll be going alone as it should be; it's my family and my fault - for vacillating this is the price I pay, failing to insist Scorpio build bridges between them & my kids; my dad is weak - I can fly there or take a bus - I will only stay a week; today Nici announced it's a heavy duty, she feels most unwilling - I'm relieved -

Now I won't be selling out the Duchess to my kids' critical scrutiny, nor exposing her to Nici's game of belittling me - in what fool's paradise have I been to think my kids would LIKE going with me, yet it feels right that I go on my own, do my own thing, not make excuses for anybody - my kids being cold and aloof

My sister the Duchess fighting for survival against a tide of problems, I want to support her, not add to her woes...

Margaret Alice Second

Adding Shiny Glass [revision]

Already THREE days – and in a row, and still the headache grows; did not prepare gentle lentils, ate anything – peanuts and raisins, two minute noodles and soup with the net result – combined with temperature escalation – a mind as empty, dark and lonely as lost spaceships in video games

Useless trying to escape by `net` surfing, or wishing a swimming pool next to my desk as I did when I was nine in a red hot fibreglass classroom; still remember punishment when I failed to spell fire-brigade correctly, didn't help showing my teacher it was copied wrongly in my notebook

Daydreaming about an office swimming pool won't help today, drinking tea and coffee is to blame, wearing imitation stones in my ears – at least I'm symbolising beautiful thoughts – a lunchtime visit to the Chinese led to my adding shiny glass to symbolism I love so much...

Margaret Alice Second

Adventures & Excitement [rev]

Couldn't sleep - lying down my head caught fire,
I burned as bed-clothes overheated explosively,
lay down in the bathtub - took a large wet towel
to bed making everything wet, ate muesli rusks,
gained feverish, sluggish double-vision; just up-
ended a cup of tea over work documents, threw
them on the floor to dry - I'm standing amongst
its snow-drifts of white paper in a new act of my
government department's opera; to inspire

My guru says: "Take your Inner Being with you &
your life will benefit - all goodness will touch your
every cell" - sighing I know in my head the Little
Alien's reading this with me - & yes he clamours
for fun now; with him as my constant companion
Inner Being the self-assessment won't get done,
he dislikes self-praise, scrutinising every breath,
every step to press every production advantage
from them: I give in, switch on Bert Kaempfert's

'Swingin' Safari' & 'That Happy Feeling'; no-one
need tell me take my Inner Being with me, & the
pest always manages to get his own way when I
do important, life-threatening things - you know
what I mean, aggrandising Assessments - and
translation of the French 'state of the Universe'
discourse; the Little Alien wants adventures &
excitement, before returning to the dark world
of the letter's despair...

Margaret Alice Second

Aesthetic Golden Section Rule

Now I know why Edith Piaf's life was so tempestuous, she was born on 19 December as a Sagittarean while her Astrogenetic sign, counting nine months back, is Aries, the most fiery, unbridled zodiac sign, she took the lead in her artistic life, couldn't follow any rules - was never interested in wealth, lived it up in style, my theory works perfectly for understanding life

I am attracted by Scorpio who rises like a Phoenix when life runs him down and by Capricorn who is focused on rules and truth, as a Cancerian I seek the discipline of the aesthetic Golden Section rule, faced with the science of translation I fail to create flowing lines from jumbled originals, earning the scorn of this scientific fraternity - it is clear

I cannot rephrase in terms that satisfy, I'm wasting my time fighting windmills, this war was lost before the first shots were fired...

Margaret Alice Second

Affectionately

We reject heretics addressing us G-d-chosen
Judaists believing G-d smote Egypt with ten
plagues & appeared Himself in a burning bush,
no more prophets sent as we're perfect already,
no criticism needed; KNOWING our G-d would
NEVER send a heretic "son" - so we had to hang
him reverently on a cross for his heresy: nobody,
not even Judaists, may hate & kill their enemies

Our G-d strictly ordered us in Deuteronomy to
kill anyone who teaches love unconditional: all
love is yearningly conditional and shall be with-
held from unrighteous gentiles plus the heaping-
coals-of-shame-on-their-heads-heretics who only
help Judaists against our missile-mad enemies as
led by the misleading teachings of Heretic Jesus
with the portentous intent to shame us into love

We have MORE respect for honest Jihadists and
terrorists as they only try to kill our bodies, BUT
can't harm our souls; we FEAR Christian love as
we lose our souls for eternity if we accept a coals-
of-shame-on-our-heads-Love and One-Without-
Sin-should-throw-the-first-stone heresy; we have
an irrevocable mandate to throw stones - with or
without sin - at anyone who threaten our Judaic

Sensibilities - we accept Heretic-Jesus-help for our
physical benefit; as soon as we're powerful enough
to abolish secular law in our Honourable Holy Land,
we'll outlaw any dangerous heretics contaminating
precious Jewish souls with the international PLUS
sign resembling a cross: -save-my-soul-: to enjoy
total freedom living in the Holy Land as the Only
Nation Chosen without gentiles & heretics - as

Ordered by the TORAH; though we shall respect
the right to try & love everybody unconditionally,
even righteous Jews without sin - yet while never

allowing any formidable jeopardous missionaries
in our Holy Land - unless they spend money on a
pilgrimage to traverse a Via Dolorosa where their
heretic leader was led to be charitably hanged; on
condition they don't meddle as we charitably peddle

Sacred Souvenirs - we shall virtuously reject all
perilous heresy such as love unconditional for the
Torah AND its enemies at one and the same time,
an impossible feat for all the logical & rational;
we'll be vindicated when the whole world sees
real Truth is only found in the strictly righteous
and justly vengeful G-d of Israel...

Please see Deuteronomy thirteen, verse seven-
to twelve; this explains why there can't be love
unconditional - love is conditional upon respect
for God and honour for Israel's righteousness in
work and prayer while waiting for the COMING
Messiah - devotedly rejecting the heretic: -save-
my-soul -: person we considerately had to hang
on a cross to save the world from falsehood AND

SAVE everything precious we believe in such as
fleeing missionaries and affectionately destroying
all heretics: just consult Deuteronomy thirteen...

Margaret Alice Second

Africa Month [rev.]

"DAC staff requested to attend launch of Africa Month on Friday 24 April 2015, bring own lunch and do wear traditional attire", oh dear, my tea in a flask lunch won't be very exciting - traditional attire can only be my wedding dress & at present I'm too midline-exuberant to fit into it - like my

More sedate colleagues I'll be wearing usual working clothes, boring in the extreme, maybe I can borrow a suit from my son, or beloved - that ought to be fun, just exchanging everyday boredom for something new'd add glamorous glitz to a normal event: it can inspire seeking

Traditional attire; with my heart aglow I let the world know my desire to fulfil a vow to dress appropriately, maybe find a tie recess-deep in cupboards seldom explored - I suppose with this ideal I won't be bored listening to music, poetry & odes to Africa being the very best -

How uplifting; I'm sifting ideas coursing thru my head like electricity flowing from the sun's corona in filaments to form currents, proof of an electric universe we live in where truth vies against establishment unwillingness to let go of the sun as a nuclear reactor - which will

Eventually lead to burn-out - but don't let me fry my brain out with inexplicable theories on the Internet, my main object is to invite a little Alien in my head to join in preparation for our launch of 24 April Africa day...

Margaret Alice Second

African Scenery (Revised)

Solved Africa's catastrophes in one blast during
political discussion in French class – my theory;
the eighty year war between Holland and Spain
needs be refought IN Africa between States until
they realise they are killing themselves – and

England's forays in Scotland and Ireland replayed
in the Congo, Rwanda and Zambia, plus a Roman
Empire of "toute l'Europe" rerun in Africa – only
after brutally hurting others can they understand
they hurt themselves

Foreign invaders' puppets chosen State leaders
disappear, the people take their own interests to
heart, rejecting sell-out payments – learning true
governance; a long process, how many ages
did it take Europe to stop fighting, and what

United the German tribes? We needn't despair
Africa's future, we repeat other nations mistakes
in our maturation and then, after ages, we learn
to recognise the 'we' of ourselves and thus the
process to govern whom we are

3 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Africa-The-Mermaid-Princess [rev.]

Africa is depressing says Alet - sadness in her eyes - well, yes - but Africa is beautiful, a sleeping mermaid without a soul who can only get one when doing an unselfish deed like sacrificing a privilege; Nelson Mandela sacrificed his life on Robben Island and thus Africa obtained a soul, but then an Evil Fairy slighted during Africa-the-Mermaid-Princess' christening, put a curse on her

When Africa entered capitalistic free-market democracy a Chinese dragon burst forth and burnt her mermaid-tail; a Russian bear took a bite out of her wings; this Mermaid had wings even before she got a soul - and Arabs came with swords in scabbards, suicidal firebombs and cocktails-Molotov nearly destroying the flying African-Mermaid-Princess - but she only fell into a hundred-year sleep

Now Africa is waiting for a Prince to fight his way through the thorns of proliferating Congo wars covering the sleeping African-Mermaid Princess' continent - to kiss her back to life, then Africa's frozen-Arab-spring with eternal cherry-blossom-sleep, shall resume and we will become a flying Mermaid-Princess-with a-Soul bursting into bloom, entering a most exotic summer here on Planet Earth!

[1 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

After The Rain - What To Do

After the rain

Christmas holidays, packing and off
to the Cape, the garden shining green
after the rain, isn't it strange that we
always leave at the most beautiful
time of the year

At the moment all is chaos and confusion,
the kitchen a mess with teas and sponges
everywhere, plastic containers for left-
over food and the sun setting outside
against a purple sky

These are the best times of our lives, the
holidays just starting and all potential out
there to be collapsed into a few beautiful
blooms of events, hope always springs
anew that this year

Will be the most wonderful, ideas for making
new plans for the next year and so the cycle
goes on...

28 November 2013

What To Do

Drove off in a flurry of bags and complaints,
arrived in the Karoo and felt soothed by the
mountains and hardy veld, small birds in red
and yellow and a big fire to compliment the
atmosphere, drove on to the Cape

Overcast and the sea greenish grey, we are
caught in work mode and my walk on the
beach just proved that my legs are weak,
worried about tomorrow as feelings

change and old age will bring

More sorrow - then you promised things will
be different when your duty is done and you
can relax and savour the moment - wishing I
could escape this moment and wake up in a
new mental state

As my colleague said, we all suffer from
Stockholm syndrome – unsure what to do
with the new freedom the holidays brought...

30 November 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Agonise About Life

We descended into the bowels of the earth, a dank storeroom with books, sorted them according to type stacked them and packed them, Annette knew what she was doing while I tried to keep up - yet still put books in the wrong box; hungry I had hake for lunch

And lost my sight - went as blind as a bat, worst is the fish and chips tasted bad - without condiments it was as bland as if washed in antiseptic oil - then came home totally dysfunctional to discover so is my son, marks indicating he's in need of tuition to

Master his studies - I warned him he could not go on if claiming he couldn't study in advance - thus - though I sang to the security guard and wore my pink hat, this day was an eclectic mixture of happiness and pain, I didn't know which was uppermost - oh, it was pain -

My son never even knew what extra subject he should have had - and sat for the wrong exam BUT I refuse to break down just right now, tonight in bed there would be time to agonise about life, especially as my darling daughter decided to resign right now, , ,

Margaret Alice Second

Agree With My Vision

Still tired in spite of everything I have tried, my head
a dust-bag – miniature motes swirling within - the
slow whirlwind called my heartbeat growing weak,
wish I could sleep, one deep slumber to switch
my mind to a different wavelength

This thickness of being, sluggish like cold molasses, keeps
me lumbering through minefields of barbed-wire thoughts,
trying to break free just leads me to the darkness beyond
my eyeballs, all dreams focus on self-discipline, my child-
hood ideals haunting me

Did I learn patience, can I draw upon the strength of self-
discipline? Has my life been in vain, has all this exercise in
self-control been profitable - am I ready to tackle a new
form of existence in an astral realm where every thought
manifests without an intermediate phase

of slow becoming? Am I ready to move on from this sphere
where the only hope lies in visualisation of a new universe,
improving what-is to what-ought-to-be – though it is an
open question whether anyone else
would agree with my vision...

Margaret Alice Second

Alice And Duchess [rev]

A lost drunk, My Duchess declared the Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle, while HE divulged she was the deluded wreck of a failed interior decorator; the Queen of Hearts deigned them out of existence, while Conan - the reformed Barbarian - said they were both irrelevant given the hungry people forced to steal from his freezer on the outside patio - and then Conan -

My dad lurched off to his room and my Duchess played a keyboard with human wraiths wailing their lives away while the Queen & I, Alice in Wonderland, couldn't hold a conversation given the level of noise; we went to the Duchess' Castle where I found the bed so soft I had to sleep on the floor; - next day the Duchess drove me to see the Queen in her liturgical phaeton

Where she again played those wailing voices, and when Alice got home Scorpio said the Duchess' largesse didn't impress him; my sis - Alice observed, is extremely remiss in good manners - she ruined all conversation with those wailing electronic banshees on the Queen's keyboard; & Alice didn't know what to think: was she hearing the song of the crying Gryphon

Or the irrational anger of the Duchess upon discovering that the Duke kept her changeling child's wedding plans a secret, she didn't know it was on public show; whatever the cause, while Alice is sad for the Duchess who has to live with a Wayward Duke, the Duchess laments on Alice having to live with a Scorpion - preferring the honest

Scorpion to a brilliant, though fractious, Duke...

Margaret Alice Second

Alice And The Alien

There's an H for Heaven and an H for heartache, an N for Nina and an N for aNgry, a D for a reD Indian Nose and a D with an attitude, a T for a laughing Trompie and a T for Tarzan, one F for Fairy and one Q for queen but two S's and a C and CH, two A's and two La's and a Le – on the Arabic Keyboard –

There is only one K which resembles a foot from Arabian Nights in a boot; a K is memorised by thinking of a Kitten in charge based on a fairytale, K changes into lightning when he is touched, there are two W's, one for sadness Weemoed and the other with an attitude - I want to escape from the feeling of guilt messing

Up my day by playing with the dancing Arabic keyboard: the strategy's failing, the Internet guru says only one's own opinion counts which means disapproval of myself is the final verdict, I should seek my own forgiveness - revive the little alien in my head to ask his pardon for my inner Alice in Wonderland who

Thought decorating a room is such fun all concerns could fall by the wayside - but now Alice and the Alien are both so depressed, only confession to the Lord & Master of the Crocodile Castle might possibly produce the reprieve my inner beings seek – 'tis the sad tale of Alice & the Alien living in translation land...

Margaret Alice Second

Alice Has A Right (Revised)

My peppery tongued Duchess invited Alice to accompany her and the Queen of Hearts to beautiful places, camping out in nature, having fun at her expense, then my Duchess complains all the people are taking advantage of her, like

Offering someone a ride and having to drive all over town, having to get up at dawn to cut up the meat for her shop, overextending herself in trying to meet the requests of everyone who cashes in on her goodness, clearly making

Me realise Alice cannot make use of the invitation for a vacation, my Duchess needs rest, not the Queen of Hearts taking up her time creating new financial problems – so Alice declined, feeling sad she cannot communicate

With my Duchess, nor get through to the Queen of Hearts to put the situation in a clear perspective, explaining that Alice has a right to differ from them...

Tuesday 20 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Alive Again! (Revised)

Alive Again! (Revised)

Tiaan is back, everything intact after a raging rave and many mistakes – the taxi was late, friends denied entry to a perfect place, well, it seemed perfect at the time, girls turned away – the boys hunted in packs – and now he's back, went down to

the beach with me like Nici yesterday, but with Tiaan it turned into a feast of witty remarks and commentary, he froze while I jumped about in surf - conquering a few big wave-breaks over me – felt like a ride on a steam train right into the bubbles

Then he played beach ball with a friend Nici made, the happy noise of the boys changing our quiet place into a party night – I'm so happy, Tiaan is back, all had to wait until now – this is when it is happening for me, I'm alive again!

Margaret Alice Second

Alive At This Time

Marching at full speed to where I'm picked up
after work, caught in a melée of charging figures
and taxis who wait at green lights then drive off
as soon as the robot turns red bearing down on
me who set off at the right time - with nervous
distress growing worse and dodging stalls taking
up three-quarters of the pavement & pedestrians
shuffling single file past shop entrances and

Passengers alighting from buses blocking the way,
I lost all ease of mind until deciding to start walking
down another street and lo, a nice place - shady
trees and wide sidewalks and taxi's parked, restful
at standstill and I can pass without having to charge
past loiterers blocking the space - finally, I'm at home
in the new building, my road home is safe and good
for my soul; thank heaven - now at least

I can walk in peace thinking thoughts of joy instead
of lamenting at being alive at this time...

Margaret Alice Second

Alive, Aware And Free

A lie-detector expert, Clive Baxter, attached polygraph machines to philodendron leaves, tracings showed typical responses obtained when subject to brief emotional stimulation, he decided to burn a leaf and the tracing went wild showing fright, the plant read the threat he only formulated in his head!

'The Secret Life of Plants' by Christopher Bird and Peter Tomkins proved that plants respond to thought, speech and prayer – but scientists questioned their experiments which could not be replicated indefinitely, only sensitives elicit a response from plants which means they found character determines results

This has been confirmed by quantum physics: observation influences the object observed as well as observer, particles follow expectations appearing as wave or fixed point reacting to pre-conceived assumptions; these pioneers have been vindicated by the quantum's probability curve replacing pre-determination

Intensifying my fascination with all things wild and wonderful – the clockwork universe requirement for inevitable predictability destroyed by random probability; every particle is alive, aware and free to choose existence to non-being by means of chemical communication*

'The Reader's Digest Book of Strange Stories, Amazing Facts', Reprinted July 1977

"Do Plants Have Emotions? Sensitive creatures in the plant world" - p 91

* Studies in the Kruger National Park has shown when

a tree's leaves are eaten, nearby trees change their
chemical composition forcing herbivores to move
several trees away to find fresh, sweet leaves;
thus nature prevents overgrazing, if animals
are forced to eat nearby leaves, they die of
bloated stomachs

Margaret Alice Second

All Fall Asleep [r]

What a break-through, a feeling of insight,
NOW it makes sense why we have to redo
performance agreement, work-plan needs:
bureaucracy assumes only incumbents with
short-term memory loss are employed, and
although we remember where we work, we
forget what we're supposed to do, lost in an
existential emptiness, no raison d'existence

Every year we fall asleep with Briar Rose in
Sleeping Beauty & after spending a period
of 100 years in other dimensions, we wake
up to find only 1 year has passed - yet the
mind's wiped clean, a ghost in the machine,
the Auditors make us redo our duty sheets
and reread job descriptions - to pick up the
pieces unaware of the time period lost- oh,
what a beautiful fairy tale this is - us being

Attendants at the black matter, dark energy
party, we just carry on unaware of the 99%
invisible universe; let us rejoice in quantum
physics and bureaucracy- keeping us from
feeling adrift in a sea of nothingness... We
had better prepare for retirement to be kept
in line with self-devised job descriptions we
drafted ourselves - I shall start on mine
immediately....

Margaret Alice Second

All In The Etheric (Cor.)

Something wrong with last night's
salad - cucumbers and tomatoes
lukewarm - not crisp and cool, the
eggs were blue, stale meat strips
camouflaged with sauce; I rolled

Around in bed without any tranquil
thoughts, unable to let the etheric
body leave the physical to gallivant
about at night- although there was
little hope, I wanted to try flying to

The beach, watch the sea, all in the
etheric – travelling faster than light
Lobsang Rampa says - but - by not
sleeping an out-of-body experience
was not vouchsafed me; I planned

My escape today - diving into my
new book called "Fenella Fang" to
find out how a vampire deals with
those who disturb her crypt, this
will set my etheric free - I think -

Or it might complement my crystal
consciousness - symbolised by the
silver mask & prism effect of shining
rainbow strips covering my desk

Margaret Alice Second

All My Years [rev]

A slow tortoise I divide each legal sentence into small bits, check terms against each alternative and paste the whole together again, knowing it must be checked also after phrases have been joined in the new synergy of another language

Without previous experience it's hit-and-miss as I choose what seems right to my inexperienced eye, when it becomes just too much I read some paragraphs in Pratchett's Last Continent & enjoy a Housekeeper's victory over learned Wizards

Who are embarrassed when she teaches the god of evolution about natural procreation so replacing the slow process when assembling unique beings piece by piece, many layers of meaning fascinate with Evolution & Creationism theories juxtaposed

As gloriously unsubstantiated assumptions given empirical positivism versus consciousness as the driving principle of every precise detail - amazing humanity in lying beyond a blind chaos of simple, repetitive million-to-one-odds creative processes

Time slows down and I'm forever stuck in my now, maybe it's the portal spirituals always define as the only reality - an eternal moment in which my spirit will be stuck on one wavelength until a miraculous subconscious movement to another wavelength -

To do this I listen to the most beautiful voice I can find to silence my thoughts & touch my heart, with this beautiful sound in my ears, I can live through all my years spent in this infinity....

Margaret Alice Second

All That I Have Left

The Apostle Paul recommended women should not seek beauty in hairstyles, ornaments, jewellery and expensive clothes, true beauty lies in character; I say: Thank you, the hairstyle is easily done due to the thin feathers on my head, as for the clothes

I have to wear something, the clothes I have is ugly enough - I cannot find pretty clothes in my size - and now I find none that fits, neither pretty or ugly; at least Paul said clothing is required, my only option is to mail-order a burka as the clothes in our Western shops

Are an unqualified flop - for me at least, I comply with the requirements for looking ugly; working on character is all that I have left - Paul, you did not recommend anything, you simply stated the state of affairs!

1 Timothy 3: 9 & 10

Margaret Alice Second

All The Above (Revised)

To seek pleasure I ate everything I love – in following my guru's advice I have a hard-as-nails headache & a desire to hibernate – but I'm NOT a bear, cannot slink into a cave for a season's sleep – another

Favourite fantasy that gives me pleasure; I should find a desire for feeling thin and athletic, writing down the ideas in my head that might vanish like chimeras if their existence is not honoured by

Clear expression; right now after non-stop munching to fulfil my desire for pleasure discomfort is teaching me to value the straight and narrow ascetic path in order to do my work, to stop dreaming

Of being somebody else living a different life – Tiffany Case in James Bond's *Diamonds Are Forever* or Tiffany Aching in Terry Pratchett's *Diskworld* series or Anastasia Krupnik in Lois Lowry's books

Definitely not me, a covert deep-sea diver, mermaid mother whose merman son swept her along with him during excursions to our underwater kingdom diving in Cape Vidal – okay; definitely being ME since

Being me – by default – entails ALL the above!

Margaret Alice Second

All There Is (Re & Or)

Quite eerily, Stephen Pirie plies his eyrie in the sky, attracted by Eastern principles of Yin and Yang, he cannot see forests for trees, and he thinks a human mind should be tuning-free and receiving everything broadcast at the same time: woe to thee if a chaos & confusion overpowers, you just have to carry on

Making cars without thought to Billy Joel's Uptown Girl or Piano Man as individuals never dare listen to others; he must sink into building cars only, for fear of being overcome by feminine principles and then receiving something specific, a great mistake, man should be active - allow his mental knobs to

Turn freely on their own - dealing with the ensuing chaos all alone, never falling into traps of listening to what others say - as building cars is all there is

[ORIGINAL:]

Stephen Pirie is quite eerie in his eyrie in the sky attracted by Eastern Yin and Yang principles he cannot see the forest for the trees, he thinks the human mind should be free from tuning to receive everything broadcast at the same time and woe to thee if the chaos and confusion is overpowering, you just have to carry on making cars without a thought to Billy Joel's Uptown Girl or Piano Man since the individual never dare to listen to others as he must sink into building cars only for fear of being overcome by the feminine principle and then receiving something specific - a great mistake, man should be active and allow his mental knobs to turn freely on their own, dealing with the ensuing chaos all alone, never falling into a the trap of listening to what others say, building cars is all there is

All Things Restored [rev]

This is what a miracle is: contrary to prediction & all expectations I prayed & fiddled with my laptop plug and battery, moving the whole array into the kitchen - and suddenly see: contact was made & my laptop is not dead - not ready to be buried as Scorpio said, it's still alive and kicking; why does

Scorpio always assume the worst scenario when prayer resurrects this oh-so-magical device every time; after waiting for it to charge I applied honey for a facial mask and enjoyed the sharp pains in my wound which was dressed three times today, marvelling in hearing restored by ear-drops and

Antibiotics - then I tried my laptop where a magic of miracle-making took place again, my heart flies high on seeing how everything's back to the usual; the reader may assume this is boringly normality - yet if you do the miracle will stop, so please don't, I shall rejoice in all things restored as bewitching

Miracles, the faith and joy in these events are sure to make this happen over and over - again & again & again: all this my contribution to consciousness - delight in unusual things makes life a magical occurrence....

Margaret Alice Second

All Things Spiritual (Cor.)

Two ideals, two dreams, nay three: Love, Freedom, Wisdom - how priority is determined illustrates how much love we have for one another, how important freedom is and how much wisdom we have; therefore Wisdom comes first to determine which of the other two should be next - for me this is Love

Freedom is third best - the saddest thing is that the world has no wisdom, neither the liberated West nor the Medieval East; lack of it makes the West revel in the freedom to insult everything, even the most Holy Ideas or Beings, all Religions - everything cherished is attacked like Western swine trampling pearls

Celebrating Freedom without Wisdom knowing that those with ideals will protect their beautiful ideas & without Love manifesting as respect for each other and our unique theories, war is inevitable; when modern Western technologies cut straight through the mystique and teachings of different nations

Youngsters like ancient gods will be inspired to die for their ideals, Odysseus and Hercules will emerge to slay those infidels who trample their Sanctuaries & prophets will rise with Commandments by which the evil of unrestrained Freedom will be condemned, the West idolises Freedom to the extent that all other

Values and morals are destroyed, the Logic of the Renaissance and the Reason of Quantum Physics taught these enlightened men that human thought is the universe's origin - now they heap contempt on everyone believing in the Divine creation of our wonderful planet - they have been warned by

These idealistic youngsters that the Western world's cynical contempt for Gods, Prophets and Holy Books will be avenged by glowing, innocent, trusting young hearts - horrified by the abominable contempt shown

for everything that confers meaning and delight on life;
though these young warriors also lack Wisdom, their

Love and Enthusiasm for Values and Principles make
them shine high above the decadent West which does
not even respect their own quality of life, much less that
of anyone else - while the Believer's Love for all Things
Spiritual fills their lives with sweet incense...

[23 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

All You Do

I needed a miracle to make me feel better about life
then remembered that you are in my life as a writer,
asking for miracles in terms of medicine and payment
I received both, asking that everything would be all-
right at home the request was granted -

As soon as everything seemed boring again, I thought
of you, a teacher showing me how to express myself
and the feeling of joy grew stronger - therefore, I just
want to say thank you for being an excellent teacher
and wonderful human being

Being accessible as my older brother who understand
what I mean, you opened communication for me and
gave me proof that it is right to dream - thank you so
very much - I love you for all you do and mean to me!

Margaret Alice Second

All-Encompassing Grin

Slight headache now is a vortex of discomfort in which I am twisting and turning as pressure increases, all sense of responsibility lost, forced to visit a doctor for antibiotics to combat infection or whatever is wreaking such havoc

Cannot watch the screen, no coherent sentence forms as I read; all I know is strangulation and suffocation - existing in such a concentration camp situation means I am wasting the minutes of my life in existential pain

Altruism attempt came to naught, vampires rejected my offering; 72 hours before donating no medication may be taken; the pill I took this morning disqualifies me thus I cannot realize my philanthropic desire to be of service to my fellow men

Frontal brain lobes have closed down, reduced to the reptilian brain stem which reacts with fight and flight to stimuli, shall see the quack on Wednesday to tame rebellious brain cells that refuse to fire even when serotonin is secreted

Complaints would mess up my evening at home, now I must suppress these thoughts and lift my chin, nose in the air, wearing an all-encompassing grin...

Monday 16 January 2012

Margaret Alice Second

All-Inclusive Love (Revised)

I bought a Christian magazine in honour of the lovely Miracle Play's Easter symbolism, of a person giving up life as a sacrifice to teach a new forgiveness of enemies – even as we ourselves need forgiveness;

Their dogmatically exclusive declarations recalled my objection to churches hijacking the Miracle Play for their theology, insisting respect for other beliefs is sinful, grounds for eternal damnation to hell, BUT

I believe religious books are open to interpretation, I will defend our freedom to analyse it differently from official religions; I love diversity of cultures, respecting everyone with integrity – atheist, Muslim or Buddhist

All religion has a single thread: Do unto others as you would be done by; in all authoritarian societies critical religions suffer aggression and persecution together with subversive elements

Theology and dogma are imposed where beautiful imagery should be free of it; intolerance creates war – if seeking a quest, join a dogmatic religion, proselytize in authoritarian places – revel in the admiration

Of fellow fundamentalists; you will retain your right to respect even though you do not respect others – which is the only way all-inclusive love symbolised in the Miracle Play can finally triumph

Easter 2013

Margaret Alice Second

All-Knowing Author (Rev.)

In honour of my favourite author's demise - Sir Terry Pratchett having passed away, I read his 1976-book "Dark Side of the Sun"; - difficult to understand, its a science fiction genre parody yet meaning nothing to me; I'm not 'au fait', being in high school at the time

& reading nothing outside my study field - unaware of Pratchett's existence & the rock-hard integrity of Granny Weatherwax, the delight of a young Tiffany Aching; his narrative imperative in Phantom-of-the-Opera where Christine is anorexic & the Phantom's

A fool choosing glamour over a girl with superb voice who'd blow audiences away; he can teach Christine to sing, but not a fat soprano to glitter in general tone of modern vocal artistry: The impressive character is Death's Gothic grand-daughter Susan confronting

Auditors & Lady Time and explaining why chocolate blows our brains, how music resonates with everyone alive; imagine my feelings reading Pratchett when so young - causing such headaches when called upon to put books down, do my chores; Captain Carrot would

Have taken my heart - as much as Carrot Top in Love of Seven Dolls by Paul Gallico - I love writers genius filling my mind in dreams of their self-created worlds where we escape being human to become part of the ubiquitous and all-knowing author....

[ORIGINAL:]

In honour of my favourite author's demise - Sir Terry Pratchett being no longer with us - I read his 1976-book "Dark Side of the Sun" - difficult to understand - a parody of the science fiction genre, meaning nothing to me, I'm not 'au fait' having been in high school at that time

Reading nothing outside my study field, unaware of Sir Terry Pratchett's existence and the rock-hard integrity of a Granny Weatherwax & the delight of the young Tiffany Aching; his use of the narrative imperative in Phantom-of-the-Opera in which the Christine is anorexic & the Phantom's a fool

Choosing glamour above the superb voice of a girl who could blow audiences away, since he can teach Christine to sing, but not a fat soprano to glitter in the general tone of modern vocal artistry: For me the most impressive character is Death and his Gothic granddaughter Susan confronting Auditors & Lady Time

And explaining why chocolate blows our brains and how music resonates with everyone alive; imagine how I would have felt on getting to read Pratchett when I was young - causing such a headache when called upon to put books down to do my chores; Captain Carrot would have taken my heart -

As much as Carrot Top in Love of Seven Dolls by Paul Gallico - I love the genius of these men who fill my mind with dreams of their self-created worlds where we escape being human to become part of the ubiquitous and all-knowing author...

Margaret Alice Second

Allow The Peace [rev.]

Covered all available surfaces in cascades of white lace - I'd like to be Ms Marple with ideas going everywhere - yet nephew decreed it old-fashioned; removed white from Carine's room; current cold spell had me blanket-gathering, in such loving care I face my kids' derision -

Despite knowing they froze last night; used up newspapers lining our old Jack Russell's lair; after all I've done & read it seems my thoughts still are not enough nor ever will be for happy company after physical death - thanks to the Internet I know there are infinite dimensions &

worlds, once done with physical & learned mind control we're free to visit new places - every time I let my thoughts go, I recall the bad things I did and cringe - let's hope that releasing everything in the final Gestalt will free us of all guilt and allow the peace we're lacking right now....

Margaret Alice Second

Allowed Eternal Existence (2)

Endowed

A fairy crocodile in a kitchen glowing like a translucent pearl in the slanting autumn sun, bewitched by the music of Barcarolle - living in an iridescent crocodile castle where tree-tops obliterate a bright blue sky - tonight

More magic when I merge with Contestants on Strictly, dancing with wild delight until my song joyously irritate the crocodile family already forbidding Karaoke as too noisy; just finished reading Terry Pratchett's Mort -

I'm floating where Listening Monks wait to hear the first sounds of creation, referring to astronomers seeking the left-over heat radiation of the Big Bang Theory thinking invisible attraction must be dark energy

Representing nine-tenths of creation; on Mother's Day one crocodilliken is taking photos, the other selling frozen yoghurt & the Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle is enjoying the Grand Prix

I'm meeting the anthropomorphic Death in new dimensions, being so happy now nothing else exists except my fantasies lifting me into a new universe where every dream is fulfilled and

Endowed with eternal existence...

[Second revised version of 'Allowed Eternal Existence' with new title 'Endowed']

Margaret Alice Second

Allowed Eternal Existence (Cor.)

The kitchen glowing like a pearl, iridescent in the slanting autumn sun, the enchantment of Tales of Hoffman's Barcarolle filling the translucent space, I'm alive as a fairy crocodile within a magical place a pearly castle in a wood where treetops obliterate a bright blue sky, tonight more sorcery when

I shall merge with dancing contestants on Strictly and twirl as free as a leaf in the wind, imagination fired so high I shall there share the experience with wild delight making me sing - to the exasperation of the rest of my core family who refuse me the right to sing Karaoke on the grounds that I make enough noise already

Just finished reading Mort by Terry Pratchett, floating in a world where Listening Monks are waiting to catch the first words and chords of creation - a reference to modern astronomers looking for leftover heat radiation from the Big Bang they fantasised as means of creation of the multiverse with non-physical being registered

As dark matter and energy which Pratchett calls the Auditors administrating ALL worlds, representing the nine tenths of everything we feel but cannot see; this is mother Fairy Crocodile Day, two kids both working, one crocodilliken taking photographs, the other selling frozen yoghurt; the Master of the Crocodile Castle

Watching Grand Prix while I'm dreaming about a new reality: Death - living outside time - befriended by us fairies finding succour in our fairy arms - and portals to all dimensions are open; belief in their existence are creating more alternatives - I'm the happiest dreaming human being at this moment in time, nothing else

Exists besides this phenomenological now, fantasies lifting me outside our reality to a new universe where every dream is fulfilled & allowed eternal existence!

Allure And Mystique

The magic's back, I see beauty and joy,
find gifts in the Chinese shop - a silver
cloth that folds over my work table top,
Christmas strings shimmering in rain-
bow colours now become a stream to
connect my fairy - posing as a mermaid
on a rock - to the new snowy white hat

A birthday banner ready for use and a
pink tablecloth to off-set the coloured
serviettes & crystal glasses with which
we shall make a birthday toast; a lunch-
hour well-spent as these trinkets add to
the allure and mystique of my colourful
work-station; though my professional

Colleagues seated in their neutral hues
are shaking their heads...

[30 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Already A Boon

Like a thief in the night quickly preparing a toasted cheese sandwich before my beloved gets back, he would not understand why I'm willing to eat food I'm allergic to when the weather grows grey & the sun disappears prematurely, the melted cheese & real butter makes this an exquisite treat and what more can I ask than a secret as innocuous as this - and

Sugar-free chewing gum, having already indulged in eating oats for breakfast and 3 muesli rusks in order to complement the instant oatmeal; rounds off these transgressions that made me so happy today, taking Allergex every time my head threatens to split open and working with quiet commitment on the facetious task of self-evaluation, today turned out a success

Yet I rip off my new fairy glasses without rims when the hot flush - the result of eating bread - destroys my inner peace, off with the scarf & spraying water over myself again - but who cares, the food tasted so good and made me feel life is worth living, even if the feeling lasts just for tonight, it's already a boon I'll never forfeit...

Margaret Alice Second

Already Blessed

Feelings all bottled up, no discussing "Long Walk to Freedom" autobiography of Nelson Mandela, comparison with "Shantaram" forbidden, everything precious to me kept secret to prevent you from blowing your top, spoiling the happiness of the gifts I prepared for mama and my sis

I feel like crying, then medication steps in and stops my feelings from increasing secretion of adrenaline and I regard you calmly again, in fact – why should you share these feelings with me? There is Ulrike and my favourite poet – why should I look to you for discussion? You take care of everything:

Finance, groceries, holidays, transport, food – it is unfair to expect more - only when we clash about the Embargo on all things Mandela do my feelings become overwhelming and it is wrong: I'm already blessed by Ulrike and Karen sharing my passion for discovering the history of our hero

Angelic Nelson Mandela – which we missed....

Margaret Alice Second

Also Forgive Me [revised]

Back in the office I feel like an alien after the holiday - as if I'm in chains standing at my desk; colleagues seem like weird creatures from another Galaxy - I feel even more alienated on the 'Net' where people praise things I detest intensely

I feel like a criminal for breathing in this sacred space for translators with boring texts to be relayed faithfully; if feeling or imagination enters there is blue murder and they're right, no changes should be allowed and I regret my lack of success

In functioning like a photocopy machine while eating my way to emotional peace; yet it seems as if we have been here for an eternity in the space of one morning, the day will never end; it's difficult to say how I feel, knowing my translated words

Will be changed arbitrarily by a superior, entering like an alto Valkyrie & trampling my little citadel of fragile self-esteem, breastplate a gleam, steering her steed straight through my dreams, her strong heart beating mightily - but I know that

Only the experience of love and joy will stay in our hearts & I will be resigned, then content in the privilege of having a job, being alive, being who I am, loving my family and my colleagues: Fraulein Rottenmeier, Mother Abbess, Sister

Sunshine & the rest, making peace with screeching singers belting out songs to be sung sweetly conferring forgiveness; oh please - also forgive me...

Margaret Alice Second

Also Lucrezia Borgia (Revised)

Little by little, incrementally, I'm dying while trying to translate this nonsensical text written for little grey people without any reference to aesthetics or meaning or inherent value or reason or excitement or adventure or enlightenment of the reader

I'm serving imprisonment for eons of sin; in a previous existence I must have been Genghis Khan, I probably slaughtered untold numbers of holy women and men – only this can justify the painful moments with these texts which will lead to my receiving a zero –

Or minus on my assessment, my head is swollen to ten times its size in an attempt to retain meanings of terms used over and over, but all in vain, I am meant to suffer and empty the cup to the last bitter drop, I must have incurred wrath of the gods in several reincarnations –

As Lucrezia Borgia maybe, poisoning family members and political opponents and killing for fun, perhaps even Torquemada himself, who burnt innocent old women as witches under the Spanish Inquisition in order to take their possessions for himself

Whoever I was before this life, I've incurred wrath of all the gods in all the pantheons and now must suffer untold episodes of blackouts faced with super-boring texts, smoke is darkening the Office around me, smell of burnt rubber indicating all pistons have stopped working

Only my willpower keeps this sad contraption on the road, which people think of as my ego, but actually is a frightened little alien hanging from the rafters in my smouldering head and feels ready to succumb to sudden death rather than continuing this endless march through desolate places in Dante's Purgatory....

Margaret Alice Second

Altar Of My Heart

If I never say how I feel does it mean
feeling goes away; no, feeling lives on
in my heart, shall be there until we part
then encapsulated in deep freeze until
all is revealed at the end of time

Physical reality does not have space for
this frequency, made my peace that the
world cannot allow this to be; I offered
unwavering support - helped where I
could hoping to leave a memory

Yet oddly content as all remained un-
aware of my existence as it should be,
no place in reality for the feelings pure
and sweet I treasure within, cherished
in deepest recess of inner sanctuary

Took up breastplate and sword to ward
off arrows of doubt about meaning of love
unrequited, looked at my beloved sun, re-
joiced in ability to admire, nobody knew
I walked this earth, this is perfect

Love unconditional the name of the game,
when trust enters the equation expectation
spoils devotion - bury feelings to be safe in
the sacred place where precious jewels
of love and wisdom are held

Framed by high ideals extracted from wild
ore that abounds, mounted on the high
altar of my heart, I do not require much
from those I love, quiet devotion quite
enough to keep joy alive...

Margaret Alice Second

Always Give All My Love

Came home in a flurry of Arabic, trying to remember alif is for arnab – rabbit, tuffaah is apple and jamal is camel and I is leymun – lemon, as soon as the car stopped I hopped out trying to find the melody at the back of my mind - then it came, the song today was

“All my love, ta-da-ah-ah-ah-” I’ve forgotten the words but the tune is enough, my daughter chased me out of her room as “the most annoying person” – in this I could see her love, found part of the kitchen turned into a pearl by the golden shine of the disappearing sun

As my beloved stayed in the kitchen I stopped singing, took out my laptop to express my joy in lines that will not offend anyone whose presence makes me joyous but who cannot stand the noise of my delight, everything is just so perfect – my beloved stumping around

In a huff, his son’s marks at school leave too much to be desired, my daughter is not looking for a job as she ought, the bathroom is caving in and the taxman took all our fix-it-money – I love this kind of grumble, it means nothing else is serious enough to call forth his wrath

Looking at my Arabic alphabet – a ghazaal is a gazelle, shams is the sun – perfect words for these wonderful objects, though I know so little, there is so much to make me sing at the top of my lungs – “All my love, I will always give all my love...”

Margaret Alice Second

Always, Univocally Right

It seems I have missed the beauty of this day
at least I have learnt self righteous anger and
blame directed at me make me see the error
of my ways while creating no desire for
improvement, to the contrary

Instils a wish to persist in so called unacceptable
behaviour, no feeling of guilt, only an evil wish to
do the wrong thing again; you snarled at me for
not fulfilling my duty, not providing dinner for
anybody, saying how disappointed you felt

How inconsiderate my behaviour, I sympathised with
your self righteous anger and I still do, three pain pills
made me calm enough to listen to everything you say
with equanimity, given that fatigue and lack of sleep
have no value in arguing my case

You are always, univocally right, this is what I like
about you, you believe in yourself, even when I
know you are wrong; such self confidence is
worth ever so much humiliation

Margaret Alice Second

Amalgam Of Dreams (Revised)

Tackled a 'bureaucratic' political text yesterday – made such a mess it depressed me awfully, wasted time and energy; succumbed to temptation hoping to feel similar elation experienced buying special writing paper, bought more at the same store

Enjoyed peering into its shiny cellophane binding, Nici sneers at my taste, I love romance, promise, horizons – not end products obscuring symbolism; 'Strictly Come Dancing' tonight – gown gazing at what I'll never wear, steps I cannot do – all

Added to the land of dreams I dance in with noble lords, princes, kings – where my beloved appears in a million guises, always true, never staying the same yet reminding me of you, growing anew with every fresh picture added

Tonight events will alter scenes but symbolism and values within remain untouched, pristine dreams of integrity and high ideals forever living in my heart, enriched by the things I see; we are free to choose those on which we want to rest our eyes, I choose YOU, beloved, an amalgam of dreams...

Margaret Alice Second

Amazing Audacity (Revised)

Our recalcitrant colleague,
esteemed Mme Pompadour,
solved problem of being at
the office, Monday she said
booked off till today - called,
feels nauseous, can't come
in - why when she's already
arranged to stay away?

Difficult to make up sick leave
on the go, keep track what was
said when, ad hoc improvisation
on the spot - maybe she should
develop ethical standards, more
consistency in stories; we feel so
sorry when her tales go awry

Though I am glad to say that
management seems happy
with whatever she does, making
us proud by getting away with
anything, what lovely duplicity,
all has to admire and applaud
such amazing audacity!

[ORIGINAL:]

Our recalcitrant colleague, most esteemed
Mme Pompadour - solved the problem of
irrelevant work at the office, Monday she
said booked off till Wednesday, today all
forgotten, called to say she took cortisone,
feels nauseous, she can't come in today,
why when already arranged to stay away?

It must be difficult to make up sick leave on
the go, keep track of what you said when -
ad hoc improvisation on the spot - maybe

she should write it down, develop ethical
standards-consistency in her own stories,
we feel so sorry for her when we can see
her intricate tales are going awry - though

Apparently management is happy with what-
ever she does, making us proud by getting
away with anything - what lovely duplicity,
all has to applaud such amazing audacity

Margaret Alice Second

Amplify Inner Visions

Finished reading true private eye stories searching for missing persons, so many people romanticize the past and early experience; we should enjoy our visions, not try to find them manifested in real events, it is better to fail in tracing old flames or abusive parents

Imagination enables us to improve on reality and create a better world - the fact that the past proves their memories of young love wrong, teaches us to look ahead to create the best future we can, instead of trying to find idealized images in real life - we should project these dreams

Into the future, striving to amplify our inner visions...

Margaret Alice Second

An Alien Concept

Mother impressed with physiotherapy, I recommended she stay in Kosmos Old Age Home to complete the course, NO mom said, I have appointments with pupils at home - I called twin sis to organise mother's stay

Airily sis said she was going to inform mom without preamble she would stay in Kosmos longer than planned- I sighed, sis pays and does everything for mom except treating her with consideration and respect - oh well

According to New Age Gurus this could only happen to mom - having a dutiful but inconsiderate daughter - if mom had done something to attract it, so I arranged that mom cancel her appointments - promising

If mom stayed, my son would get acquainted with his grandma - but for my meddling, mother and sis would have been at loggerheads again - for them, clear communication is an alien concept...

Margaret Alice Second

An Anecdote [revised]

The Duchess bit off my head when I told her I worried about her, and conversation died a terrible death; my guru said – trust that your loved ones are safe, I wonder if he meant even if you see them carrying explosives while playing with fire? But meddling is not allowed. She's always made to be the evil one The Duchess remarked bitterly, enjoying her self-pity, while I had the privilege of biting my tongue

Looking at ashes of great expectation wondering where it went wrong I am skipping meals and nibbling on chocolates, drinking too much coffee, being brutally honest trying to make mother understand she is a great pianist but painting is not her thing; vehement opposition to realism taught me some people need to dream – I have no right to meddle with their illusions even if they make fools of themselves

Right now I need uncover and face the unnamed terror so as to overcome its power to keep me in mental manacles, by this time I know our inner gyroscope always turns things upright again as soon as the sun comes out – and darkness becomes an anecdote...

Margaret Alice Second

An Atmospheric Presence

I share a dream of reality as an atmospheric presence which is loving, powerful yet gentle and intelligent - from which WE emerge and still remain part of as we are woven in a multi-dimensional cloth of infinite 3-D universes teeming with shining laser-light minds

This expanding fabric never wears out as it reweaves everything in ever new patterns in an exuberance shining like the silver glitter and crystal-consciousness of my gossamer decorations representing exquisite thought-forms which fabricate colour & sound from

Spiraling electro-magnetic energy, a dream sent from a beautiful non-physical mind waiting to share this wonder with us...

Margaret Alice Second

An Avalanche Of Words (Revised)

June easily explained my document, me being
an alien in a legal world, reading formulations
and provisos that had me falling down ice-cold
in fright; my brain left me in detention, buried
alive in an avalanche of terminology that kept
falling on my head

To my colleague this stuff is easily explained,
no guessing game - yet I cannot surface for air,
unfortunately I do not have her savoir faire and
cool mastery of benchmark idioms, my mind
cannot unbend and learn stratagems of legal
phrasing and make lists for future reference

Pain at back of my head informs my body it is
time to play dead, a limited vocabulary does
not allow me to decipher arcane language used
in Courts of Law, if only I could teach my brain
but it has been stubborn from the very start -
refusing to do my will

Margaret Alice Second

An Empty World [rev]

I look upon an empty world through swollen eyes,
my little girl is leaving home; while logically it had
to happen one day - but Mexico? I don't think so;
a dark world looms without her dainty smile, wild
shrieks when she sees me, chasing me from her
room, making remarks lesser women would need
to cringe to; Mom's the naughty child, she says -
to be sent to a corner for her delinquent deeds -

Now I see the date she leaves; so very soon, two
months from now - her working on a ship for six
months before returning home makes me feel ill;
my eyes see a world empty without her laughing,
talking in overdrive - harsh comments on seeing
how the study looks, giving me a pool noodle I'd
so long wanted, rolling her eyes about her mom;
my head hurts - I feel nauseous knowing she will

Leave so soon - the day she leaves I'll have cried
enough, sending her off with a brave smile; - now
I'm in sackcloth and ashes in an empty world, may
I overcome this feeling soon, it's awful expecting
my little world to end in this Armageddon...

Margaret Alice Second

An Ennobling Feeling (Revised)

If we do 'whatever' in a positive frame of mind it becomes enjoyable – I understand that routine, doing literally anything can be joy in itself but I don't want it to be the purpose of my life

I want a goal so high, so worthy it will be a joy in itself to sacrifice time and energy for the chase – but if we fail to find one of this majesty, then disappointment can make us cynical

We do not have to achieve a higher ideal for it to ennoble & influence our lives; wisdom is required to formulate such an imposing idyll – usually we subscribe to dreams created or vested in

Religions, philosophies, creeds, maxims and even commercial slogans – and then the real challenge is to create our own and follow it with the joy of knowing that it is of and by our own choice

If we're wise and know how much to sacrifice and not cause harm to anyone or anything – we shall be deemed privileged – it gives zest to life, spices our activities, becomes a guide that never tires

Regardless of our material state; how I envy Don Quixote, inspired poets, composers, inspiration they felt, an ennobling feeling seems to me far more worthy than fickle fortune or popularity

23 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

An Eternal Étudiante

Ah, tiara on my head, approved by my colleagues
I opened an SMS to be informed our class has been
cancelled for this afternoon, now doing sentences
we would have done in class but there is no joy, one
needs an enthusiastic trainer to suffer repetition of
grammar rules in meaningless sentences

The only fun I have is to change my name and address
in an application to become an actress - comédienne -
yet I could never could be one, when strangers look at
me I sprout horns and turn into a hunchback - I might
get a role as the Hunchback of Notre Dame but this is
hardly something on which I wish to base my fame

So I shall remain a traductrice, an eternal étudiante

"traductrice" = translator

"étudiante" = student

Margaret Alice Second

An Ethereal Bloom

Thinly it flows - the sweet little voice, pure,
growing thinner on rising with certain vowels
but as she arrives at the really high notes her
voice grows broader, stronger, then fans out
beautifully in an anchored, rounder vibration

Rising with a new strength, an ethereal bloom
exploding in even waves of incredible beauty,
mesmerising in its purity, loveliness - driving
me into a reverent, adoring silence as my soul
reverberates with the finely tuned voice

Swelling unto heaven carrying my heart with it
I can feel the gods as a celestial presence awed
by this exquisite voice breaking over them in
waves of a new delight these sensuous beings
have only ever hoped for

[22 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

An Exclusively Grouchy Group

Aging is attitude: what you are when you are young will come to pass as you age; the biggest problem is this book was written by a pastor with years of loving community service, he even served three missionary years in Africa, he recommends service and teaching to fulfil the older person's need to be needed

Given that I am not a community person, never mastered the art of participating in group activities, found teaching impossible; found my joy in solitary pursuits practiced against a background of other people's activities without direct interaction; I do not meet the requirements set out in my book

To create a carefree and happy old age - how to relate to people in groups when I failed to do so in my youth, all I hope is that cantankerous and irascible people who love seclusion as much as I do, will age with me so we can form an exclusively grouchy group...

Margaret Alice Second

An Exotic Rajah (C)

Misery is not an option, sitting in abject misery accomplishes nothing - with two towels in the freezer to wrap around my head in the extreme heat, a wet bandana in my hair and a wet scarf over my pants and a pail of water on my desk

I'm ready to face the supreme heat on the ninth floor of this office building in sweltering Africa - when I read the lovely tale of the 'Hope of South Africa' - a young girl in a green dress begging Old Father Time to bring people to fill her empty

land - as a child; I didn't envisage dying in my country's heat after arriving here in fulfilment of Father Time's prophecy of many peoples coming to colonise this charmed continent; but today I'm ready to dive into my Spanish translation -

checking terms as best I can, ignoring the fact that my best has never been good enough, just content to be alive, joyously anticipating my colleagues' distress upon seeing the wet towel around my head like an exotic rajah from afar...

Margaret Alice Second

An Impossible Feat

The Queen of Hearts celebrated 82 musical years with a garden party held by my kind Duchess & flamingos mingled with guests, Alice in Wonderland finds no exit to go visit Mother-Queen and Duchess-sis in De Rust, Petruschka is holding his own among sleepy old dowagers living in this mountain village, bought a farm for him and my Duchess-sis

While the Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle has ordained a visit to the wild will save him from the fires unleashed by his Phoenix-mind heating up for the final fight between the forces of darkness & angels of light, the Crocodile in me has no hope of escape into a positive mental state as my reptilian gyroscope is stuck on Frida

Boccaro's Windmills of my Mind turning in spirals without Mary Poppins' help on wonderful carousels of dancing bankers flying kites with Mr Banks; I sigh, Alice in Wonderland is sucked into a mental air-pocket & breaking away is an impossible feat in the same vein as Don Quixote's fights with the windmill....

Margaret Alice Second

An Invading Fungus

Listening to Mozart, looked up - felt shocked
to see black cupboards appearing everywhere
like black mushrooms blooming - an invading
fungus taking over the open-plan office and
destroying the ambience of our previously
rather handsome Kingsley palace

Apparently our Chief Director feels a need for
filing space, thus ordered these monstrosities
to overwhelm us with mustiness & dark sliding
doors, placed upon the cupboards already used
as partitions for privacy - when I see the black
ugliness threatening like burnt fields

I wonder about the nastiness in human hearts
that can inflict such sombreness on innocent
officials already slowing dying in the little work
space allocated to them, what could have pos-
sessed anyone to make cupboards black
like that?

Margaret Alice Second

An Invasion

Given the freedom to choose whom
I would love, I chose you - and daily I
try to plumb the depths of your heart
and provide a safe space where you
can live your dreams and ideas

As you struggle with the boundaries
of reality, spoiling those you love yet
also instilling discipline - I feel your
frustration as new possibilities run
away creating new events which

You did not want to invade our life
where our home is our castle and
strangers are not free to roam; as
you grumble about the prospect
of an invasion by young aliens

I understood how precious you see
our life, how carefully you arrange
everything to keep our world safe
but safety becomes a prison, we
need challenge and adventure

Margaret Alice Second

An Invisible Companion Star

The crux of the matter is that we are orbiting a Brown Dwarf, an invisible companion star to the visible sun; a famous 25,920 year cycle is the period taken by the solar system to complete one cycle around this Black Sun as it is traditionally called in Masonic circles

Key phenomena are not affected by the so-called earth-axis-wobble: meteor showers which repeat on the same day and year for centuries without drifting - - as they would have if precession were the cause of a one-degree star shift every 72 years; proving

Quite another force is responsible; most stars in the Milky Way galaxy have companions, two sources of geometric forces governing our Solar System; the surface of our bright Sun rises and falls by a few metres in five-minute-cycles - creating geometric forces

And the Sun's invisible Brown-Dwarf companion creates more geometric forces in 25,920 year long cycles - which keep the solar system safe from planetary collision as it sails on with its fleet of heavenly bodies, its sweet cohorts in the vast

Eons of space...

Margaret Alice Second

An Irrepressible Official [rev.]

Liaising with Goblins, Free Knight Lancers and giving Eldritch advice the official arranged for a quotation from the Spectre to do a Pique-Nique Transformation; this officious and over-zealous official arranged a musical note collection from the Hunting Jaguar for the Deepset In Despair Department, and gamely sent A Sorcery Sheet

To Mr Domino of Torino from Toronto Diggings Department, the [teeth-gnashing and generally bashing] official also arranged for a Sign Doodle at the request of Mr Jaccato of the Department of Calciferous Communications, the [now openly detested] official sent Mr Domino's Didgeridoo and Sorcery Sheet to Mr Mohair of the Unit for

Negligent Homicidal Nubian Newts, the [to be stoned and crucified upside down] official got Nibble-Fibbly Tricolours for State of Ratified & Riddled Nation Address, the [irritating, & to be maimed] official decreed Abibi Shimmer, Safiir from Safaarah, gallivanting in Malawia, could not send a Scribble for the Lady Jamiilah

Then the obfuscating official arranged a quotation modifying Faraansa for Indigenous Synchronicity Minty Group - the unremitting official, undeterred by maleficent glare, sent requests for Kulmekka insubordination to the PotAndPanSAL Formation and the Capettan Troupe at the request of Mme Pompadour - the irrepressible official assisted a

Member of public with correct Incantation spells - now the incorrigible official is preparing to stop being assiduous & to brew Klatchian coffee to wake up from these officially induced dreams...

Margaret Alice Second

An Odyssey (Revision Of 'sailor On A Lonely Island')

Mind-therapy wandering, browsing in little shops, seeing delightfully coloured roses, delicate in pink enlivened by golden flecks; overboard went my thrift, had to have it, willing to give up all imitation flowers for these - like a man upon finding a pearl of great value sells all his other jewels to acquire just this wonderful one

First day back at work, chafing at the bit, sitting behind blinkers shuttering my eyes against challenge and outside adventure, feelings evoked by admirable deeds and dreams, tiptoeing through a list of things to be done, lightly scratching the surface of messages about criminals, surfing through music on my iPod, jumping from song to song

Nose enchanted by the delicate new rose, looking at emails while searching for music to fit my mood - all becalmed, an impatient sailor marooned on a lonely island, hoping for a siren song to lure me on to exciting times packed with more action and drama than this peaceful time without meaning: an Odyssey is what I need...

Margaret Alice Second

An Underwater Cave

Brought sea shells and sea
spray and dewdrops into the
office and created a beach
scene on my coat hanger

With silver sparkles in soft
shimmering sand formed by
a novelty scarf, sailing ships
on my stickers in bluish pastels

Creating a feeling of mysterious
misty conditions, treasures in a
silver urn change this into an
underwater cave as in The

Arabian Nights - the perfect
moment to stop time to
remain in a state of
delight

Margaret Alice Second

Anchored To The Ground

Glimpsed the reason why spiritual people claim emotion is just a chemical reaction which falls away when physical is destroyed, why it's irrational trying to be amazed by the well-known as if you were a new-born babe – because

The familiar is NOT a surprise and acting as if it were is just putting on a show, logically there must be spiritual dimensions where consciousness will really be surprised again by the totally unknown, but until then it's helpful

To know the deflated feeling after inflation of infantile emotion is not an eternal state and the joy of an even keel is to be appreciated and enjoyed; watching an Anime film with Nici feeling the force of heightened emotion

Slowly deflating afterwards and realising there's always a price to be paid for excitement; actually it is better not to fly with the stars if the fall down to the ground makes you realise it is chasing the wind to seek sensation – tonight

I just want to be quiet and feel the delight of a job rather well done, as well as my abilities will let me – staying anchored to the ground...

Margaret Alice Second

Anchored To The Ground [revised]

Glimpsed the reason why spiritual people claim emotion is just a chemical reaction which ends when physicality ceases, why it's irrational trying to be amazed with the well-known as if a new-born babe, because the familiar is NOT a surprise, and acting as if it were is just putting on a show; logically there must be spiritual dimensions where consciousness will again be really astounded by the totally unknown, but until then it's helpful to know

The deflated feeling after elation of infantile emotion is not an eternal state and the joy of immutability is to be enjoyed and appreciated; watched an Anime film with Nici, felt force of heightened emotion slowly abating afterwards, realised price always paid for excitement; better to not try and fly with the stars if the fall to the ground makes you realise it is like chasing the wind to seek sensation - tonight I just want to be quiet and feel

Delight of a job well done, anchored to the ground...

Margaret Alice Second

And I Sigh [rev.]

My young colleague fretfully expresses fear,
fear of crocodiles in the river near her home,
fear when she's alone of criminals conniving
in the night, fear of events going astray and
I remind her of her faith in the Lord, the Bible
verses on her board, how faith works, never
to doubt as worry hails misfortune; it strikes
me that I fear no outside thing, my only fear
is my incompetence; the universe I trust is
loving and intelligent - only I'm not because
of something within, a mental block making
me incapable of realising potential - fear to
reveal how inanely short I fall of high ideals
and how ignored my aspirations are while I
live out my little life - and I sigh....

Margaret Alice Second

And She Is Free [revised]

A divine-voiced diva at 9, prima donna at 10 - she sings with total devotion - mastered notes, vibrato, phrasing and meaning, powerfully conveys all in a sweet voice vibrant in deep, emotional feeling - 'an old soul' commend contest judges, recovering from the first shock of hearing young Amira Willighagen

When she'd just burst onto the scene; and she does not imitate pop classics - moulds herself on Maria Callas and Placido Domingo; still loves her sports - dreams of competing in The Olympics, she might continue singing, her future is open, she is free to choose anything...

[Amira Willighagen won Holland's Got Talent 2013]

Margaret Alice Second

And So Is She

Mother sighs, every other sentence is left to hang in the air, tone of voice says it all, sigh, she has no car to drive herself anywhere, she lost independence; house, cars and furniture were taken from her, commencing a pity party and I'll have none of it

But it was your own choice, mother, you gave all away, you said you were meant for higher things, Mother sighs, Yes, God wants me to be here - oh, to be in possession of everything again, family all around me paying homage - God called you, you said - I remind her - He never told you to

Work for a pension or give your attention solely to your children, you have many friends, how privileged you are, bed made, washing done and meals prepared, how could you do it living on your own... mother sighs Yes, I belong here, but oh, for what I lost - she looks at me, eyes narrowed, mouth pulling down -

I have never seen this expression on her face; she might be trying emotional blackmail to win my sympathy for her fate being without a home of her own - yet I believe we are all responsible for our choices - and so is she...

Margaret Alice Second

And Then Red Being The Main Theme (Revised)

A new political system, think of it as being one with reduced or non-existent payment, where parasites and leeches feel distinctly unwelcome, where true humanitarians and altruists willingly offer services without the rich compensation currently seen the norm for doing practically nothing anyway

Governance is a pecuniary machine intent on taking money from the hard-working so politicians can lead a luxurious life on funds we contribute in the hope of seeing good administration; it is so grossly outdated, vested with rot as is clearly seen in Greece, Italy, Russia, Africa, and Spain

Governments can and do keep people hostage and those vociferously decrying the system disappear; if everyone rejected bad authority change will come - unless we prefer more colourful alternatives where regimes actually strangle their own people for a few to live lavishly in the majority's suffering

Until a new French revolution is underway, where political ideologues are colourfully beheaded and then red being the main theme ...

Margaret Alice Second

And Who Am I [rev]

Today I'm a computer-gymnast practising in front of the machine, one foot supple & lithe on the floor - the other held aloft, changing feet & when lifting my left foot I am a Cossack, a trépak dancer given my wide-flaring black pants held together at my ankles with elastic; standing

Is just subterfuge, I'm dancing to Mantovani's Swedish Rhapsody actually - on my haunches kicking out legs with big Russian boots & high hat - feather swaying as I kick out and jump around, changing legs again: back on the trapeze, swinging high in the air and suddenly

My partner puts a machine gun in my hands - I shoot the intruder who was going to murder the Tsar - we're back in Tsarist times by the way - I swing onto rafters & disappear leaving no trace, so that next time I can be a Tsar-protecting undercover agent again, what

Fun it is - until I remember the French document, tightly packed letters of a sad employee treated as a refugee while having worked in France for many years; putting aside my whimsy & moving up & down on toes I dance into the text keeping my rhythm breaking sentences to

Bring verbs & nouns into British military lines according to required Hallowed Grammar Rules to be followed with unforgiving precision according to my superiors and so I follow, who am I to differ...

Margaret Alice Second

Anecdotes

The Snow Queen loves the sparkle
of sun on the multifaceted face of the
beautiful jewel in which she lives –
- and do you think it strange
that the Snow Queen should have
a bower of gold in the sun?

Actually, there is an amazing world
out there and I am too tired to care,
Lady Time thinks as she lies down,
I make my abode in the jewel called
the Universe - where my friend
Space also lives, and right now

My mind has to inflate to accommodate
every aspect of subjective rhythm which
is governed by the moon - waxing and
waning, to prepare for the dance that is
portrayed by a whirling dervish swirling
in mystical spirals – Shall we dance

Would you like to feel the rhythm vibrating
right through your system taking your mind
back to a primordial state of original bliss,
then you can break free to enter the fray
of chaotic particle physics and the joy
of probabilities - which means that

You can create and destroy as you wish
to learn what effect of your deeds you
wish to keep - and which effects did not
suit your evolving taste as you experience
more possibilities - which can
repel or enthrall...

Margaret Alice Second

Angel Conversations (Revised)

Ideals like shining stars beckoning, urging
me to evolve, to overcome limited concepts
binding all in manacles strangling the spirit
until we all turn into machines; feelings
lost in deep pools of lonely hollowness

Ideals fill my space with creativity - turn
my eyes inwards to contemplate vistas of
endless consciousness: mine is to feel love
unconditional, for concepts embodied by
another who needs nothing from me;
from whom I need nothing except

honoured awareness of their wonderful
being, a joy conferred by existence as
beacons of independent thought and
insight, finding comfort in reflection
that someone so admirable has
crossed my path to show me where

to look for beauty and wisdom - thank
you for showing me today; for being there
more masterful than a guru, being more
accessible than the sun I love so much,
more personal than an Angel holding
conversations on the Internet

Margaret Alice Second

Angels And Holy Beings [rev]

Emptiness, a sense of loss,
waking up every night not
knowing where I am - is it
how dad felt after the two
shots of morphine before
he died Tuesday night?

He was in pain - water in
the lungs, breathless, his
heart failing regular beat,
unable to recline, begging
for release; bring a knife,
slit my throat he gasped.

For the first time I could
cuddle him, hold him tight.
As breathing difficulties
increased, he sat upright,
his cold feet swollen. When
the district nurse came to

his bed, she cried as dad
resembled her own father
just before he died. Only
my brother-in-law had the
strength to lift dad when
he fell, and lifted him so

gently, my heart swelled.
When I found mom crying
next to dad's bed, praying
that God please release
him from the suffering, his
laboured breathing, his not

eating for two weeks I sent
her off to rest and on turning
back, found dad had died -
still warm - pinkish - suddenly

white & quiet, animation gone.
I cried, held his hand in case

His spirit could "feel or see" me
honouring his body, my hands
identical to his, his face and feet
living in my kids and me: it was
over and I was ordered to leave,
feeling empty. I have one wish:

To meditate, focus my love on
his spirit and soul, his mind
confused by morphine; I shall
study the tradition of staying
next to a body all through the
night - and send requests

To loving, intelligent energy,
manifesting as angels and
holy beings, to take dad to
a place where his mind can
recuperate and he can find
his loved ones already there...

Margaret Alice Second

Anger Burning Within [rev]

I'm not here anymore, I'm already gone
on that bus to the Cape, only my body
stays, spirit, mind & feelings already left
lonely and bored; wondering how to pack
my bag with heavy mosaic tiles for my
Duchess and my to-be-altered clothes,
2 books for mom on Israel, Velikovsky &
a few Anastasia books to fill emptiness

I'm a waif floating over nothingness in my
expectation to be on a bus to the Cape –
time is just a waste until the journey begins
the Lord & Master of the Crocodile Castle's
enjoying bureaucratic misery, doesn't even
sense what this crocodile thinks as he kindly
permits me to talk but balks at my topics,
I have fun laughing with my crocodile son

Being a silent alien at work - fellow soldiers in
government trenches; the slow anger burning
within since Lord and Master of the Crocodile
Castle refused to pay his respects to my birth
family, changing the weeks 'til I leave into a
form torture; watching the clock anxiously till
I get on the bus and forget about us...

Margaret Alice Second

Another Head

Now I discover to my chagrin the little alien
in my head refuses to translate a legal plant
health decree, suddenly he's willing to wash
my cups, all six of them, to look up terms ad
infinitem, but the moment new lines are to be
analysed, he jumps up and hangs from the
rafters in my head

I implore the deva of legislation to help me -
but she has been contaminated by French
despondency and only sighs in reply, softly
whispering that nobody believes in her thus
her powers are spent, it will need a special
ceremony to cleanse her- but it's impossible
for me to stare at my navel while

Sending greetings to my internal organs &
greeting my liver and kidneys is too weird -
the warmth of acceptance and removing the
pain of centuries is not why I'm here, giving
up the good fight for what is right, I make a
cup of sweet coffee & then contemplate my
drive home instead - looking forward to

Speeding and greeting taxi-men who like
the competition offered by my little grey car
as I accelerate to inform robots & the uni-
verse of my desire to see a friendly light in
green and this mostly works, the little alien
loves speeding with me and I shall persist
in my work until he desists - or

Finds another head to live in...

Margaret Alice Second

Another Metaphor

I don't expect much - just play the game with me, when something is absurd or like a pretty fairy, don't tell me the facts - reality is clear & I need no information on it - if a sharp sewing needle went right through my finger - as it did this morning, I say like Sleeping Beauty I'll be out for a hundred years; don't tell me it wasn't a spinning wheel, saying three drops of blood lead to an injury-at-work-compensation claim form, don't lecture me on what claims entail -

Don't belabour the point; can't you allow irony, sarcasm and absurdity a place, will you even correct Alexander Pope's Rape of the Lock & Molière's Le Malade Imaginaire & what about Ilse Aichinger & Kafka's Das Schloss, not to mention Terry Pratchett; now you've got me doing it too, belabouring a point also - what about the joy of symbolism - everything I see can be a symbol of a beautiful thing it evokes in my mind, in make-believe the needle was

from a spinning wheel, caprice? Can't you let your guard down and play along? When I say I'm donning a Peruvian skirt or now I'll be the fairy Dewdrop, it's MAKE-BELIEVE, no lesson on reality needed, no derogatory remarks will stop me from playing as if, there's such scope for the imagination in the great bureaucracies of modern civilisation & by the way, I'm a sky elf and Irish goblin combined today due to my blue blouse and green sleeveless top, I won't

be the same thing continuously, when wearing black T-shirt - I'm a pirate - don't you ever sing and jump up and down with joy, feel your heart blossom into a perfect love which encircles the universe, why protest when a dreamy twist will colour the fabric of reality as if trying to stop all

lovely dreams from taking off by growing wings
and starting a merry-go-round of fun to turn for
all eternity? "The Windmills Of My Mind" -Frida
Boccaro doesn't literally have mindmills in her

Head & saying the Cathedral of MY MIND with
its sacred silence, it's is a figure of speech - a
metaphor, no tautology required, just enjoy an
image in the bioscope of your mind; oops, this
is another metaphor, I must stop before really
great hyperboles lead to nervous ticks in some
of my esteemed colleagues...

Margaret Alice Second

Another Metaphor - Apology (C)

Another Metaphor - Apology

I complained a lot I'll have you know, but oh, I love you so, when looking for houses for sale in Jeffreys Bay, you found a list with beautiful homes on which I can dream, you provide the nourishing roots on which the blossoms of my imagination can grow, you are the safe anchor to save the kite of schemes blowing in the wind

You offer practical friendship and help along the way - thank you, I'm glad you are my colleague but more than that, a friend who never falters in her step, a rock on which the house of friendship can remain steadfast in all storms, a lighthouse when the threatened ship of adventures meets loss and pain - I apologise for my earlier wrath

It was misplaced as you are the kind of person I admire and try to emulate even when it's clear I can't make the grade, temperamental people like me suffer through inconsistency working harder to remain tethered and direct the wild electricity in our hearts to reality, not frittering time away in dreams, thank you for your time and help, I shall

Remember that your understanding of reality is just what our world needs to make it flow without heartbreak and hypersensitivity to the fluctuations in the fearsome weather of life's terrible storms & the carousel of unfounded flights to the deceptive fictions of our skew perspectives leading us astray...

Margaret Alice Second

Another Office Daydream (With Corrections)

When Mimi started singing while making coffee in the open-plan office I concocted a plan to the advantage of both of us - lent her my 'Phantom of the Opera' DVD so she can watch it, gave her my 'Phantom' music score with lyrics, eventually we can sing the songs together - beginning with 'Think of Me Fondly' - thus her love of song will include the lyrics and melodies I love...

My colleague Hanlie said when she was about 7 she made her own magazine and wrote her own short stories - reminding me I babbled pretending I could speak strange languages when I was small told children's stories on our old type-recorder and changed my voice for each character, the best fun ever and later, imitating BBC radio drama, enjoyed practising fake Spanish & Russian accents

Since we can recall such happy times we'll add to these memories - Hanlie writing book reports - and Mimi singing 'Phantom of the Opera songs with me, when dancing to the melodies of 'The Merry Widow', Mankidi wanted to learn these steps borrowed from Mandela's magical shuffle which had once made the Queen of England dance with him - we could try to convince the Chief Director to dance also

Yet it would be more sophisticated to dance a tango with him, imitating Death taking Renata Flitworth to the harvest feast, moving up and down arms held in the air like the prow of an old sailing ship - ah, another office daydream...

[Reaper Man, Terry Pratchett]

Margaret Alice Second

Another Slow Death

Objects and things I can dream about
intrigue me, but political speeches close
my brain down, as I force my eyes to the
page of my translation document analysing
political history, the synapses stop flashing
and my brain cells stop working

Ere long I feel ill and have to take a walk
to wake up again, over and over I try to read
these boring lines, look at positive affirmations
but they only work if we really want to accomplish
something; I do not really want to repeat political
inaneities so trying to indoctrinate myself

Is not working, I have eaten mountains of healthy
foods to make me strong to tackle my enemy, I have
taken medicines till they spill out through my ears, but
still I cannot carry out my task, I am a moral failure, my
conscience cannot guide me to carry out a job I am paid
for, I am willing to die the death of the ignominious

For my inability, I cannot force another morsel of food down
my throat, cannot read another positive affirmation; politics is
my nemesis, I cannot distance myself from the duplicity and
self-serving diplomacy; all the fairies have deserted me as
they cannot stand the inner turmoil as I try to kill myself in
an attempt to do what I hate and abhor

Another slow death is all that is left for my future...

Margaret Alice Second

Anything Is Possible

The code could also be a hologram - no-one can explain how it was created by some mind beyond imagination, we have to invent something to read the Book of Life

It states Einstein's Unified Field Theory exists in a 5th dimension beyond these 3 dimensions of space and 4th of time - quantum physicists already agree a 5th does exist

Only fact about code's origin: no human could encode it; proof of an intelligence completely different from our own, we are not alone, an outside encoder is somewhere

Michael Drosnin's report on code research enriches my life, nourishment for a starving imagination, I feel privileged to study the theories and thoughts of scientists

Exploring myriad dimensions of holographic reality by shining their mind's laser-light on it, we live in a holographic universe constituted of waves varying in frequencies

Anything is possible, those without interest need never know - being curious I am not content to remain in the dark when thought can illuminate all to reveal the reality

Beyond eternity...

The Bible Code, Michael Drosnin, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1997 -
pp.45&46

Margaret Alice Second

Anything On The Internet

A connoisseur of literature complained it is a terrible shame, a transgression, that Internet readers like the writing of authors not blessed by the establishment, it's incredible that these upstarts, albeit now world renowned, thought it worthwhile to record their emotions on living the unimportant events of unremarkable lives

The arch-sin is they found an audience ready to lap-up their unsanctioned, untested & unedited work - as if no established writer ever recorded their experience of unimportant events; Balzac to Proust to Collette wrote about such things, so where did they find the courage to do it, would they have eschewed the Internet if available?

I think not - so while highbrow aficionados look down on these Internet sensations & the happy crowds falling for them with elation - the public ignores the academics who want to confine the written world to their tunnel-vision and we read everything that takes our fancy since we know prescribed literature at school was terrible

And gave us a firm dislike for everything winning academic acclaim then forced on kids as the only prose worthy of attention, it's so much better to be free to decide on our own taste and entertainment and everything in-between like alternative science and quantum physics and anything on the Internet!

Margaret Alice Second

Anything They Want [rev.]

While I live in a world of ideas my sister lives in a world of events; I ponder imponderables, or try to, watch 'Back To The Future' movies speculating with characters about an 'art' of changing past as well as present and future, echoing the theories of Jane Robert's Seth - all time is simultaneous, we travel back and forth in horizontal, vertical, diagonal & every other line in between; our reality is but one part of the turning ball of reality, that which digitally switches on and off -

My sister's embedded deep in life's events, living each experience with intensity that I can't match, and we are permitted different realities because there's space enough for everyone; somewhere all theories become true, it's why life's a great privilege created as such moment by moment - & everyone gets what they expect - if they understand this they can create anything they want...

Margaret Alice Second

Appease

Obama's way has failed: Obama intervention in Egypt destroyed a government non-threatening to American interests - while Islamic extremists threatened Christians and Israel, thank heaven the Egyptian military got rid of these destroyers of security and peace

Obama left Libya a failed state & ISIS flooding Europe with migrants, surrendered Iraq to Iran; yet all attempts to appease Islamic rage inspired more hate for America & Iran's nuclear deal is a gross misjudgement - putting the world at risk - Obama supports Islam and

Promoted Iran to the detriment of Israel, Egypt & Saudi Arabia, demanding Israeli concessions for "peace talks"; without asking the same from - or holding the Palestinian Authority accountable - Obama promoted anti-Semitism & as well as the demand of Palestine to -

- Hand over Jerusalem JEW-FREE

Margaret Alice Second

Approaching Old Age [revised]

As she's my new role model I bought a
Miss Marple handbag; Agatha Christie
created her through fictitious realism -
she's a sharp mind in fluffy old-lady-pink
deftly knitting - we are different but share
one thing: nearing old age has taken me
to where she's so twitteringly been

Grey-haired in quiet contentment while
analysing people with astrogenetics and
regarding people's motives as suspicious,
an obvious explanation is most always the
truth; curbing tendencies to see mystery &
intrigue in all things so that cupboards
become impenetrable jungles

Fairytales used to be my priority; today
the only fairy around is me - in my purple
and lilac blouses, and my Miss Marple
handbag with roses - magic wand in my
work station resembling a Persian market,
I'm happier in myself, accepting life as it
comes and dreaming of sun-filled days

In a place like the beautiful Cape with only
the sea and Table Mountain for company...

10 March 2014

Margaret Alice Second

Arch Little Miss [rev]

Waiting to hear how my darling little tomboy of a girl's doing - waiting to hear those words that will prove she's happy and in the right place - - when her WhatsApp Message came; I had the chance to ask the most important question - 'Have you already made some new friends, dear? ' -

'Yes, she replied, my new acquaintances complain I know too many people so that they can't keep up with all the names - it's just like home - I hang out with so many friends, I only miss stroking my cat', this mother's world is complete, my little lass is a hit - not sweet, I regret not having dressed her in

Dainty concoctions as a kid, now I see those pink confections she should have worn as a youngster, but what happened conspired to produce the arch little Miss that she is, mischievous and perfect for her mom, I'm so pleased, in spite of my misgivings she's a delight - a tease - yet kind and discrete

Everyone she meets is a possible friend & every event can be fun; I only marvel at the intense joy & relief I feel knowing my little darling's enjoying the adventures I saw in my mind's eye as soon as she got the job overseas on a cruise ship...

Margaret Alice Second

Arms In The Way [rev.]

My arms are in the way - I don't know where to put them,
just on the mattress doesn't work, & lifted up onto pillows
is uncomfortable - it is exacerbated by glasses so dirty I
can't see properly; with the study's windows closed it is
too hot - yet opening them lets in an ice-cold breeze

The pill to help me sleep does not have that supposed
somnambulant effect beyond causing me loss of sight,
no more reading tonight, happily ensconced in ballet-
tales when my eyes unglued & I got into bed just to
discover that I just can't sleep at all anyway

At work I read about Electrical Universe and Plasma
Theory - it meets Occam's razor 'simplicity criterion',
afterwards at home I wanted to unwind with childish
stories - which drives dear Lobsang mad, he thinks
we should study every tragedy there ever can be

Only tragedy I face tonight is insomnia caused by arms
refusing to relax, stiff neck & bad back; guilt conscience
reveals I had instant soup today and maybe the strong
cup of tannin-rich tea with caffeine just before getting
into bed played a significant role also -

If only I knew where to put my arms when I lie down -
and how to get comfortable when I get into bed, even
sleeping on the floor would be fine, I really don't care;
I have only one problem to face: - where to put my
arms when they are in the way

Margaret Alice Second

Around The Bend (R)

I've got to contend with this thorn in my flesh,
with terrible heat then coldness, my beloved's
on an even keel but I need a hot water bottle
when temperatures drop & the sun starts in
bright yellow light from behind the clouds, I
have to spray water over my head to cool

My overheating brain: it's very fatiguing to deal
with oversensitive reaction to weather change,
at least I've been sitting with the sun blocked
by reassuring ice-cold clouds, while others sit
quietly at their desks, I'm forced into a deadly
duel with the lurking fever within, provoked to

Attack at the smallest air-con change & the
overbearing sun forces me to defend against
its penetrating laser flashes in a fencing game
I don't enjoy at all, how I wish to be at peace
like the rest of the world, the happy-go-lucky
smugly content insouciant - but the smallest

Increase in ambient heat always drives me
around the bend...

Margaret Alice Second

Art Of Planning Things [revised]

All night running from bad thoughts, watching TV programmes for relief from inner storms, frustrated by things I can't control my sis The Duchess simply jumps in, does things without any seriously involved planning evident

Bought a house, spent one week packing and next week she's moving, no time to consider things carefully, no time for me to help since my holiday was already planned last year, if only my sis The Duchess could learn to plan ahead

Allowing me to assist her moving from place to place; five years the longest she's stayed anywhere with one job before moving on - ignoring that she takes not only herself with her but drags mom along for company - although

At eighty mom is in the way - the frustration this causes means both will have a difficult time and the reason for all this is a wild whim, the happy inspiration with immediate gratification; within two weeks she and mom will be gone

No careful consideration of the relevant aspects - the Duchess never plans carefully, it would contradict her beliefs - she sees and jumps immediately, the Queen of Hearts at her side, what will result from this? - I shudder to think of it...

2 previous five-year periods were fraught with stress and pain - will the Duchess gain by this new move or does she simply take her problems with her? I think she does - yet my worrying won't change anything - even though I can't eat or sleep

For thinking how different it could have been had she acquired the art of planning things ...

Margaret Alice Second

Artwork Of This Word

The Arabic word meaning 'demonstrate' according to the clever Google, looks so sad, starting on the left with a sad Y - ? - two hurt little eyes below an angry frown - then comes a softly ringing bell - ? - the two become firm friends forming a new bond, ?? though the hurt little Y is not looking at bell B - an innocent D looking like the noble nose ? of an Indian warrior at peace with himself joins them - together these three Musketeers show a most amiable adhesion ???

Then comes the end, the saddest pair of angry, hurt little eyes re-appear to create a complete picture of misery, the little Y jumps up again, ? changing the beautiful artwork of this word into this breath-taking picture of sadness... ????... so demonstrative of the sadness of the Palestinians used only as pawns by their fanatic leaders with their strange fixation on destroying everything joyous for the luckless goal of absolute power based on Medieval principles...

['Demonstrate' in Arabic: ????]

Margaret Alice Second

As Best We Can [r]

REALLY? - Tomorrow I shall clean my work station -
DO YOU PROMISE? - I shall wash my cups, surely -
OH PLEASE, WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT BEFORE -
And print out my Performance Agreement - STOP, YOU
ARE MAKING ME NAUSEOUS, UGH, FOR THE 2nd TIME
IN THE SAME YEAR, IT'S DISGUSTING - I know

But as soon as it's done we can relax again, just put the
old brain on cruise and coast through life: YOU CALL
THIS EMPTY EXISTENCE CRUISING? IT'S MORE
LIKE HELL THAN ANYTHING ELSE! - Now, don't be
melodramatic, after the fact it all seems like a laugh -
YES, BUT DURING THE FACT IT'S HORRIBLE! -

What can We do, we have to muddle through, with or
without joy so let's prepare with joy even if it's pain-
ful in the act, let's wait till it's over and then rejoice
again - OH, WHY NOT, WE ONLY HAVE TO DIE
ONCE - Yes, you little pest, & the dying still has
to be done so let's live life as best we can...

Margaret Alice Second

As It Is In Heaven [rev.]

Israel - a dominion of priests, a Holy nation and living network of Traditions and Customs - in rabbinic theology the Torah is revealed by God from Heaven, Moses ascends to receive it from angels - in Mishnaic terms the Torah sustains the world – without it

Heaven and earth would not exist; the Torah as source of Freedom, Goodness and Life also is identified with Wisdom & Love: revealed in an extraterritorial desert, rejection of the message for all mankind, would mean Israel were not the chosen, becoming idolatrous

As a nation; in rational theory ethical & intellectual Torah belief is attainable by human reason as the prohibition of murder, fornication, theft and lying - while the commandments with revelation as the only authority: Sabbath & dietary laws, confer benefit when performed

YET the Mystery of the Divine Teachings, such as Sabbath Laws; teaches God's Omnipotence which can only be approached by Awe, Love & Joy as the Torah represents the Essence of Wisdom and the Will of God to reveal His Kingdom on earth - as it is in heaven -

[ORIGINAL:]

Israel - a kingdom of priests, a holy nation, a living network of traditions & customs - in rabbinic theology the Torah is

Revealed by God from Heaven, Moses ascended to receive it from angels - in Mishnaic terms the Torah sustains the world – without it

Heaven and earth would not exist, the Torah is the source of Freedom, Goodness and Life & it's also identified with Wisdom and Love

The Torah message for mankind was revealed in an extraterritorial desert, if they didn't accept the Torah, Israel would not have been chosen and

Would be an idolatrous nation; in rational theory ethical & intellectual Torah belief is attainable by human reason: the prohibition of

Murder, fornication, theft and lying – while the commandments with revelation as the only authority - Sabbath & dietary laws -

Confer personal or social benefit when performed YET the Mystery of the Divine Teachings - like the Laws of Sabbath – teaches

God's Omnipotence - which is only approached by Awe, Love and Joy: the Torah is the Essence of Wisdom and the Will of God to reveal

His Kingdom on earth - as it is in heaven -

Margaret Alice Second

As Many Illusions... (Revised)

A perfect evening feeding rainbow-coloured
beads to eyes ravenous for beauty, a favourite
movie, callous girl who cries on family loss -
her mom especially - fights to get them back,
along with her I too had fervent tears

Washing dishes after a fabulous meal to chansons
française - musique folklorique pour enfants:
Brave Marin and Mam'selle Angèle - long
thought lost - feeling passionate and oh
so very young again

Music still retains its charm after so many years
I see delightedly; I thought increasing age inured
me to the joys of youth, not true - small things
relished when young still fill my heart
with wonderment, especially

If I allow recall to go right back to those moments
of magic when I tried to create as many illusions
as possible...

Margaret Alice Second

As Much As We Please [revised]

The universe is forever expanding and cycles of curiosity and discovery and new things will never stop thus we have an eternal universe giving souls opportunities ad infinitum to grow and expand until finding a spiritual-consciousness that brings wisdom and intelligence - then the soul can decorously impart newly acquired wisdom

Just as there is no limit to music we make or tunes we create, songs we can sing, melodies and new languages – while the purpose is the joy we feel in having fun; work must be made into challenges increasing laughter & happiness - then we fulfil our goal and are at peace while living madly,

Passionately, joyously – bewitched by endless possibility to enrich ourselves and all things in fantasies we can have, plans we can make – it is the answer to childhood questions: What is the purpose of existence? - To keep creating as much as we please as long as we please in whatever way we please...

Rules & regulations are stays planted in the turf of life, with trampolines swung between them; there are swings high in life's circus tent, as acrobats it is our privilege is to jump on or over these, bounce on trampolines, swing through the air learning to sidestep laws and regulations, which can also

Be seen as symbols of ice-rinks with possibilities of figure skating; we can learn through ingenuity, getting to know all the rules and traits of ice-rinks for the benefit of the whole world – creating a better world in the light of the wisdom we have acquired...

22 November 2013

Margaret Alice Second

As Rich As A Queen

Enjoyed walking to the shops, face ensconced
in a big hat with a mauve scarf - the spiritual
colour - enjoyed humming snatches of songs
and thinking of little things like new blouses
in shop windows, flaring white tops and little
dolls that do not cost much and shiny earrings

Being thrifty means having a choice between
bling-bling sunglasses, bling-bling earrings or
glittery white flowers to put on my hat - only
one of these objects will become mine, but
which; the marvellous feeling of waiting and
dreaming to see which I want the most

Makes me as rich as a queen...

Margaret Alice Second

As The Prophets Said I Should (Revised)

An accolade of full marks in my French exam,
paid a speeding fine smiling knowing nothing
can faze me now; simple, past and imperfect
verbs paid off their learning, I have the goods
displayed for attending class as our manager
required - a certificate, no less, proof of
hours spent concentrating, doing my best

Tomorrow I'll finish the documents on my desk,
Friday its goodbye to my colleagues and friends
and a trip to the Cape - to criticise the people on
the beach sardonically, embarrass my kids by
rolling in the surf; this time I'm taking my French
Bible for character building since I've given up
on books - just as

The prophets said I should

Margaret Alice Second

As You Want Me To

I hope I can stay down and resigned, that no false joy or illusionary delight draw my focus away from the blackness of our economy - from plummeting markets and my own aches and pains & may I be preserved from counting my blessings because

That is blasphemy unheard, may I stay in the dark realm of unhappiness to save you from frustration of a cheerful me - what a cross that must be! - to keep following in your depressing footsteps, echo your forebodings and soothsaying of an eternal

Drought in the heart, the shame of being unprepared for comfortable income and easy years - yes, let me sink my head and never lift my eyes, let me keep my gaze firmly fixed on the anxious thoughts that inspire our painful walk through life - may this absolute

Depression replace my hateful aggression - so I can sigh and cry and be sad all the time - just as you want me to....

Margaret Alice Second

Ascend Through The Spheres [rev.]

Listen, he said, mind learns to make images and gain control over its surroundings and until physical release into the higher reach of vibrational frequencies, it is trained through its creativity here on earth

Mind learns to control space and time since the mind exists forever and grows more individualised through experience; as we think we shall be, it's our destiny to triumph over earth-life; then death severs matter

And mind, which moves to high frequency vibrations interpenetrating the same space as the observable earth - millions of finer globes merge together on the surface of a sphere where we'll exist after Earth-life

Where vibrations refine mind as we ascend through the spheres - where it all leads is an open question, all this enlarges our vision and leads us to increase effort towards perfection; thus we create a meaning

For life on earth which gives the discerning mind a whole new purpose...

[14 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Assassin Snow Queen [rev.]

Wishing to accomplish something I rambled about
and found a black velvet assassins' Fedora in the
Chinese shop, the cerise one with blue and purple
flowers I wore got on my nerves - silver nail polish
now greatly augments a Snow Queen feel which
complements a sophisticated assassin deal

Returned to an office so hot I can't breathe, wet nail
polish means I can't rig a sun screen or don shorts
to replace thick black pants combating earlier cold,
the Snow Queen's in a hot spot - replaced my hat
with Snow Queen crown, a shiny Alice headband;
accomplished the above before a dreary

Afternoon within a chocolate breakfast sugar effect
compounded depressively by cake on a stick mom
and I managed to eat - I really miss healthy eating
and books to read, bored with my own company
but loath to inflict myself on anyone else as I feel
invisible within a misty pink allergy, though

Don't tell others my sorrow since they think I'm
always happy - yet it's the joy of their presence
as soon as I'm alone allergy invades my space
making me depressed, I hope the new Fedora
fires my imagination to soar to dreamy heights
and jump through the magic portal to

Leave the reality of space-time governing within
the form of our universe's amplituhedron to gaze
with joy at the soul's infinite landscapes waiting
to be explored by time travellers like me - an
Invisible Assassin Snow Queen...

Margaret Alice Second

Assign All Guilt [rev.]

Heaven Indeed

Today you hate me - or at best dislike me - or is it just guilt assignment for failures in your life; if I do anything you remonstrate, shouting at me; when I express anger at our son wasting your money, you savagely attack me - when

I open the sun-room door, you nearly have an apoplexy; I'm forced to conclude you hold me responsible for bearing you a son who wastes your money at university, for daring to have an opinion, much less express it - now I simply

Absorb the negative energy and remember all good things you do, finding balance between your dislike & empathy; at this moment I find release in German music soothing my heart's guilt feelings for being here, hoping that

Release would be sweet, that there'd be a place for me where I can stop feeling guilty - now wouldn't that be heaven indeed...

[23 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Astonishing And Astounding

My aura is violet tapering off into a soft, rosy pink - the best explanation for what is happening, I think; without planning I browsed and found paper lined in violet, pink, purple and green

And purple things: a mousepad, glitzy tiles, a fairy dress - also discovered the softest pink fleece - the same shade as the rose-coloured satin throw I had bought for my mother's bed

Also dug out my purple bag with pink diary and my pink paper roses - yes, this must be the colours of my aura, how else explain everything perfectly fitting together without my planning anything?

Borrowed 7 books from the library, Reader's Digest 'Did you Know? - New Insights Into a World of Astonishing Facts and Astounding Stories', 'Space - The Hands-On Approach to Science'

'Visual Dictionary of the Universe', 'Amazing Facts', 'Myths and Legends', 'Symbols, Signs & Visual Codes'; - best to begin with 'How to Improve Your Mind' by Andrew Wright to prepare for the others

My son complains the book is for juveniles - well, I'm old enough to be reckoned senile, so this book is perfect for me - voilà!

Saturday 18 August 2012

Margaret Alice Second

Audrey Hepburn [rev.]

Beautiful pictures of Audrey attached to my Blogspot and sundry email messages symbolic of my aspirations to seek inner beauty, to emulate her sweet personality since physical elegance is the domain of highly intelligent youth & beauty queens despairing self-respect & morality as well

As the discipline of a work ethic, but our Madame La Pompadour -who denigrates all equally- sent my supervisor an email charging me with the felony of attaching charming Audrey to an email confirming an unofficial, undercover birthday meal sent to six close work associates - she

Had my Supervisor censure my DARING in attaching un-bureaucratic pictures that desecrate 'holy' work emails - although I never send any outside our section as it's closing down - furious I held my tongue wondering what Audrey Hepburn would have done - faced with this example of

Sanctimonious bureaucracy ...

[23 July 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Auric Ethereal Crystal Consciousness

Seems as if Babka, the Broommaker, is the best disciple of our English Tibetan Lobsang Rampa; Babka and the Nut-maiden Wanda has the serene, calm, loving, peaceful, quiet self-assurance and self-discipline that our Lobsang appreciates so much

Neither Babka nor Wanda has ever heard of existential angst, they know exactly why they are, when and where: Babka lives to be in a forest taking care of birds, the Nut-maiden is a dancing free-spirit & their Nemesis the evil Queen has no redeeming qualities

The heroes have no failings and the villains are irredeemably lost; I fear such a black-&-white world and prefer believing in the good intentions of everyone, even if warped by experience and society; I'll just admire the fortitude, modesty, humility & wisdom of

Babka's storybook character - wish I could be more like her, not like Lobsang Rampa; it'd be scary to see a person's auric flame of hatred - nor do I want to take off like an etheric missile and leave my physical self behind - the only connection being the fabled silver cord

There's the whole of eternity to be a spirit and such a short time to be a human being studying the beauty of crystal of consciousness - reading everything spiritual - studying Arabic letters and receiving a Hebrew word every day - at least I can ask where to go for music in a bathtub

Very handy for cleaning the musical note emitted by my auric ethereal crystal consciousness

Awareness

Bible code predicts all possible futures in accordance with Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle - not only one, but a myriad possible futures are waiting ahead

Quantum physics describe various possible outcomes and how likely each is; defining a being outside the system is too limiting, think of intelligent, loving energy

Manifesting a universe and living things while continuing beyond our three dimensional world, transcending space and time by encoding a text to illustrate quantum physics applied

Magnetic, electric energy brings forth individuals as conscious tools to operate within reality where everything possesses a form of awareness - from the primitive will to exist

Fighting against non-being - to the amazing diversity of thinking, feeling, seeking, dreaming human beings...

The Bible Code, Michael Drosnin, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1997 -
p.42

Margaret Alice Second

Awareness (Revised)

Awareness of beauty grows lavishly while seated
among Jacaranda trees, green canopies caress
the sun with more divinity than mere words
embrace – it makes my heart swell in music 'til
lighter than air I float off on the breeze

Luckily we are government officials anchored to
chairs facing a grindstone patiently; at least my
brave Calvinist colleagues are the most upstanding
people I have ever met and cannot be deterred by
anything as fractious as sheer beauty;

Hanlie spreading good humour & delight wherever
she is; Hermien's unselfconscious efficiency graced
with the calm of a state secretary; June brisk, tone
always crisp, laughter infectious, smile as precious
as jewels hidden deep in the earth,

And the boss Madame La Pompadour is an exact
replica of 'Madame Olympia', staying home under
various pretexts so as to not sully her soul by noise
of the open-plan office, and me growing more like
Madame Medusa in 'The Rescuers'

Driving is my favourite activity, trying to beat each
other robot, succeeding mostly; slow lane overtaking
when the fast crawls at a snail's pace, enjoying the
exhilaration of evading other motorists, my liberties
sometimes earn aggressive gestures

I merely respond with a smile, blissfully threatening
pedestrians with amazing goodwill while continuing
this enticing technological dance, my mind delighting
in nirvana of a Zen-like trance...

Margaret Alice Second

Awareness Dancing [rev]

When moving my Charlotte Brontë-doll out of the sun to protect her from the heat, I thought of celebrities who imitate the unthinking state they ascribe doll-existence; being hypnotised to empty minds, plastic surgery to replicate a

Fictitious appearance; a doll as role model is unthinkable though it fits a super-model's life parading while presenting an expressionless face, drug-use to create emptiness if needed as reported by the "enlightened" media

While MY dolls symbolise the greatest human consciousness I admire: - the English authors Charlotte Brontë and her sisters Emily & Anne and Jane Austen - the sweet expression of my Charlotte doll reminds of Jane Eyre's fortitude

The doll representing Anne, the youngest, was chosen for her starry eyes symbolising youthful idealism, feeling compelled to share her insights with everyone - my wooden doll symbolises joy with her delightful smile - moreover, remember

Subatomic particles are aware in choosing for existence, light and sweetness as they choose harmony brought about by chaos spiralling into Golden Section forms, creating beauty through their being within everything, from sea-shells to

Great architecture, all particles joyously alive, so how can all these people claim they want to switch off their minds - to resemble dolls they idolise when every single particle in everything represents awareness dancing in pulsing life?

Margaret Alice Second

Awe-Inspiring Message [rev]

Looking at diverse interpretations of Phantom of the Opera - & knowing everyone is right within their own perspective determined by its unique setting; but I'm perplexed by criticism of Joel Schumacher's movie since it complements my opinion of it as an allegory through symbolism - other people compare actors,

Yet others think music & lyrics are trite and repetitive since, like Shakespearian Sonnets, these are all too familiar; some complain it differs from original text or praise Sierra Boggess as a voluptuous Christine in the 25th year celebration production; yet I have found Joel Schumacher's clean-cut film rendition points out

The underlying symbolism while confusion of a music hall darkness detracts from the clean lines, the stage actors belt out their songs as if their microphones are out of order and the small stage space is suffocating - Schumacher presents the story as allegorical of what forgiveness means to those who have lost all hope:

Because Beauty felt pity for the fate of Decadence & forgave his transgressions, He accepted deliverance and erased his sins by setting Love free: the key is in the final scene where Christine forgave the Phantom for committing murder and terrorising her and Ralph - the Phantom is freed from a desire to make them pay

For his life of suffering; he learned to love & set them free to be happy: it's a Miracle Play & Schumacher's Emmy Rossum is just right to convey this message in an ethereal voice as she personifies Beauty through Christine; - Gerard Butler's uncouth Phantom voice perfectly portrays his degradation & self-loathing

Patrick Wilson as Raoul, the Vicomte, is courageous, always loving & protective towards Christine, shows the Phantom she'll be safe with him - therefore Joel Schumacher's vision illuminates the symbolism most

beautifully as Forgiveness Redeems Degradation; -
forcing the plot to become a literary success through

Realistic psychological development of individuals
would have clouded this awe-inspiring message

Margaret Alice Second

Back To Delight [rev.]

"That Happy Feeling" on repeat - expressing my delight in beautiful rose-patterned containers I've bought, a silver-white fan graces my hat-stand as well as candles for the birthday cake; can't wait to use new silver filigree tape to frame my bedroom mirror -

difficult to descend to earth with all these dreams in my head; I float around reality not clogging my view, crystal eyes with lace eyelids can't focus on anything less, sheer fabric enfolds a world of joy in pearly shine - it can be used to redecorate my mind -

daydream clouds - like misted pastel satin lines in webs of silver-white filigree; I used to seek wisdom in Proverbs for my sanctuary within and now the old symbolism of purity lifts me up on wings of light and song - so THIS is why Old Testament priests had to wear special garments -

they delight in symbolism so much that they reduce the whole universe to physical life; BUT there is the most wonderful promises of other living dimensions & more universes with life continuing within musical vibrations which shine with a glorious light to attract all lost elements -

back to delight...

Margaret Alice Second

Back To Reality (Revised)

Tried to turn into a different person once - wearing a mask - but it was too tight; a Fedora accomplished the miracle; with it on my head I greet colleagues with a jaunty step, add high heels and I'm Top Cat, for a while transforming as a carefree human being dancing with a song in her heart - the hat is a winner, a show-stopper for Dr Jokweni and Winston greets me with a twinkle in the eye - Thelma and Philip who work in the foyer and laughed about my purple mask on Casual Day, jump up and down each time hat & I pass by

Back to reality - oh secret sorrow - a new document waiting for attention - scared of its abyssal depth, cold, blue waters yet it's energy sector strategy; juxtaposition of ice-cold fear and red hot energy; knowing nothing about it means hours of research so I might as well be dead; no more playing the clown; desperately chasing chimeras of oblique words and opaque technical jargon instead, now sobbing the rhythm of Olé Guapa, imitating the strange movements of Death dancing with Renate in Reaper Man by Pratchett while

'Glaring' at my noisy non-stop monologue colleague with 'love-beaming eyes' - my favourite phrase by lovable William Topaz McGonagall making me laugh thus alleviating pain of frustration with the never-ending stream of words flowing from her lips, visualising her as the main protagonist in the fairytale Donkeytail; while she's talking snakes and frogs generate instead of the shining jewels she is trying to create...

17 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Be A Calm Instrument (Revised)

A Calm Instrument (Revised version)

Wearing Tiaan's old white T-shirt in sympathy with marches against rape today, looking like something the cat dragged in, no means of escape - and two pairs of sandals falling off my feet, wearing the only pair in my size - both regrettably indiscrete

An old black sleeveless pullover kept in the office for just such an emergency, maybe, but without proper shoes I feel like running away - problem is I can barely walk in what I have, much less work up to a fast pace, my warm feeling of resignation is fast evaporating

Desperately try to stabilise it but every time I see my black and white penguin outfit, feel sandals falling off my feet rebellion grows stronger making it impossible to continue a dreary routine - oh come now sweet resignation, return unto me and set me free

From all contrariness so I can be a calm instrument relaying French acronyms in political English!

Be A Calm Instrument (ORIGINAL) :

Two pairs of sandals, both falling off my feet, took the only sandals in my number and both indiscrete, wearing Tiaan's old white T-shirt in sympathy with marches against rape today, looking like something the cat dragged in, no means of escape

Maybe the old black sleeveless pullover kept in the office for just such an emergency, but without proper shoes I feel like running away - trouble is I can barely walk in what I have, much less work up to a fast pace, my warm feeling of resignation

is fast evaporating

I desperately try to get it back, but every time I see
my black and white penguin outfit, feel the sandals
fall off my feet; a feeling of rebellion grows stronger
making it impossible to continue a dreary routine -
oh come, sweet resignation, please return unto me,
set me free

From all contrariness so I can be a calm instrument
relaying French acronyms in political English!

Margaret Alice Second

Be Myself Again

Love being at the office with my colleagues, calling it paradise, to laugh and smile, sing on the stairs, offering unsolicited advice, make lists and mumble as I stumble from numbers to production sheets which become a quagmire of requirements until a colleague whose forte is administrative jobs take care of these

But these last three weeks my head has been aching all the time, the air-con's off, windows cannot be opened, the office temperature soars to 28 degrees Celsius when the wonderful sun hits the northern windows, I start to feel sleepy all the time, cannot think as the confusion is reflected in the chaos around me

Discomfort becomes unbearable, ears aching, awed by my colleagues' ability to work with a Calvinistic ethic as they wage war against language problems, marching for the cause of everyone's clear understanding of each other's language, I'm waging war against the fatigue that makes me fall asleep while I'm trying to sit upright

Wishing I could wake up to be myself again...

Margaret Alice Second

Be Renewed

Incoherent people cannot talk, cannot
use words to convey their meaning, explain
what they are feeling, incoherent people can
only wonder about the forlorn meandering
of their own thoughts

Notes twinkling like ice-cubes, passing me
by, no music left, only the darkness inside,
must learn to fill it up with gleaming
interest - the words are lost, empty
lines running on

Without rhythm and sound; tomorrow
will bring a new story of beauty, dragons
and glory, dreamers shall be victorious over
sorrow, bring joy of dancing fellows -
tomorrow life shall be renewed

Margaret Alice Second

Be There For Me

Made a mess everywhere reflecting the mess in my head, I want to be happy without escaping into a book, want to stay in the present and it's hard, reality is scary, without illusions only the world's steel outline is left

I haven't created new visions to replace childish ideas, my choices leave no space for innovation; did I choose to be so incommunicado or was it a side-effect of other things, why do I have to feel awkward and self-conscious when dealing with

Too-kind or boring, bigoted people, how to be satisfied researching subtle differences in terms, when shall a quiet happiness pervade my life and keep flowing even when facing challenges I don't understand, when shall peace keep me safe

From dark thoughts, when shall all my fears be unmasked as chimeras, when shall my thoughts remain tuned to the right frequency where sweet music is playing - and stop reverting to a chaotic state leaving me winded on an empty beach

Without meaning - when will the meaning I give to things stop changing into alienation, how can I become a happy beach bum when I judge myself as too old to frolic - yet dream of playing in the sea: will my older physical frame allow me to

Meet my friend the sea head-on, will the sun and the wind be there for me...

[5 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Beads Of Understanding (Correction)

A broken necklace, beautiful transparent beads strung on a thread and as it broke, beads scattered everywhere just like the friendship with my twin sis broke and the beads of understanding scattered and were lost

The necklace as broken as our relationship, too few beads of the necklace left just as too few beads of understanding remain between us, when she forgives me – for not being able to weave through peak time traffic to

Be at her side while organising a tow truck – the driver said he lost his way and never got there, she thinks it is my fault that towing did not take place until highway patrol came to her aid – I called her repeatedly

But she was so angry, she shouted and switched off, when she sarcastically remarked that there were a few people who loved her, I imitated her and repeated the remark - never heard from her again – why do people hate it

When you show them their demeanour by imitating them, why do they take offence yet they expect you to not to do so when they address you in such dreadful tones – when she forgives me one day, I shall endeavour to

Make no remarks or ask questions – ah, but I cannot play the role she requires to prevent any conflict – best would be to wait until old age makes us wise – or stay away from each other for however long eternity takes to teach us

Mutual understanding...

Friday 6 September 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Beautiful And Clever [rev.]

America protects its freedom beautifully, such as the freedom to employ uneducated people as chattels when they are properly informed, 'Working in this slaughter-house means YOU will be slaughtered, sharing the animals fate, fair's fair' if these sheepish people still prefer jobs in stinking death-dealing assembly lines, it was of their INFORMED choice

Freedom's defence allows people rights to exploit each other, spurn unsafe work places aware what happens there, free to PREFER starvation to maiming and death; as long as desperate illegal aliens will work anywhere at a small wage, knowing full well risk and injury will be their end, they only earn while working and that's it - finis -

Employers should be free to shoot injured workers & dump them in mass graves so they won't become a burden to themselves or anyone else - freedom is being free of problems - since Americans can have as many guns and ammunition as we please, we should shoot whoever gets in our way - let me sing the joys of freedom and plead for more, to shoot all idiots injured in the

Assembly line, remove them from the gene pool so we become free to let only the beautiful and clever procreate!

[10 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Beautiful Cables (2) (Science Poems)

Admiring the cables in the jersey Alta knit, asked
her - May I photograph it? – she brought me the
pattern – Now you can knit one yourself - mistaking
cable enthusiasm for craftwork interest - and I
smiled, not on your life

The beautiful cables just illustrate Many Worlds
Theory, every time we make a decision – coffee,
not tea, to the shops, not the sea - the universe
is said to split; yet I think it simply forms a bulky
cable at that point, then

Alternate lines come together in one direction -
maybe just like the Virgo supercluster movement
in which the Milky Way Galaxy travels - towards
the Great Attractor, like the Seven Samurai said,
small deviations in variables

Only create more cables in beautiful patterns, the
overall movement is steady; as we sway, the sun
spirals around the Milky Way, up and down like a
merry-go-round horse, all parallel universes
moving together - forming

Lovely cable patterns along the way, a delight
only seen by the gods...

Margaret Alice Second

Beautiful Principles

We are poor examples of the beautiful principles of life - physical manifestation always falls short, yet the wonder of the concept behind the attempt to illustrate the idea is never diminished in any way

The dream remains intact and there will forever be another chance to do it better, therefore, never bewail failure, knowing that the very next concretisation will already be an improvement

A never-ending spiral evolution continuing ad infinitum, the joy of new beginnings will always be as beautiful and fresh as a new bloom, as full as promise as a baby just born – symbolism redeems everything

That has ever been...

Margaret Alice Second

Beautiful Swan [rev]

Sunday revealed the joy brought forth without my realising it: softly, secretive, after my saying Friday that anything wonderful could befall - and it did, my eldest, my darling wayward daughter, Carine, very courageous and confused; called to say that while she packed to leave for the Cape she found letters

I'd sent expressing how much I loved her and that she loved me too, that I was the only mother she ever knew- although not precisely true, there was another who died in fire - purging her from all that went wrong - whom I shall always honour for her gift to me - birthing Carine and handing the little

Girl to me to cherish - thank you Leonie, I shan't ever forget you brought Carine into being & then entrusted her to my care so I could learn from her and share her with my twin, my beloved Duchess, Carine enriched my lonely life, cleared up some mysteries; now Carine has found Michael

Loving her with the name of an archangel & such a cute face, thus there are even MORE legions of loving guardian angels around you - Carine - and as you move away to the far-off Cape where my darling Duchess is waiting to welcome you in De Rust before you move to George, I send my love

In a golden light with you - I shall always love my little girl who at 6 years old so bravely pulled on the hosepipe to water the garden at your dad's, our Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle, behest; today I understand you chose the role of Ugly Duckling as your life's fairy story and now you sail forth as the

Beautiful swan you have become like you planned before you filled this life with powerful intrigue, first leading you away from us - then bringing you back to my love again - dearest Carine!

Margaret Alice Second

Beautifully Constructed Document

This is an exquisite headache, I have struggled to page 5 and there still is another ten, though I am required to say when, the truth is I don't know how to finish this work to make the deadline, seeking help I found a guru's advice 'Start paying attention to how you feel' - not much help there

I feel hot and bothered and desperate and determined to finish this should I die in the attempt, even writing this is lessening the time dedicated to my precious text, I cannot sing about it, diplomatic lines to assure lenders of funds unlimited and Australians donating many Oz dollars to Africans

A sweet attempt to help Africa from the Middle Ages to the Enlightenment of infrastructure, irrigation and policies ensuring good governance - ay, there's the rub, the moment overseers and supervisors and political reports are needed, the money is siphoned into an organigram and

Not enough is left for agricultural projects, reorganising the government does not teach good ethics which should be learnt at mother's knee through fairy tales to understand that one should not slaughter the goose laying golden eggs or live without discipline - much as I love people helping each other

I am curious to know how much goes to middlemen and what percentage finally reaches the target groups who have to make do with less than promised and then gets the blame when projects go awry - but miracles never cease and this might just be the first honest project in human history

Or at least less plundered than before, hopefully the Ozzies themselves will visit here with happy calls - Hey Mate, where's the barbie gonna be? - while looking through the books and determining how much went to whom and why - but ere I'm lost in a dream, let me return to my very -

Beautifully constructed document...

Beauty And Magic

Totally bemused I followed the raging debate between Sitchin's followers and his detractors, I realise everybody has a place to be right in quantum physics' infinite universe, therefore

Impossible to choose between the claims of veracity; I chose to use the only criterion that has meaning - Feeling – how do Sitchin's theories make me feel in comparison with

The rendition of scholars claiming Tiamat a real person and everything about cosmic cataclysm just a myth by ignorants writing poetic renditions for unknown purposes

Reading Zecharia Sitchin's books make me feel good - I have fun and am entertained while the raging debate makes me feel bad – even sad – that others feel

They should destroy the beautiful images he created, pointing out flaws in every enchanting creation he constructed from the same building blocks used by his commentators to attack him

Learned scholars only manage to make previously interesting things seem boring - when I look at the shining images Sitchin created in my mind versus the boring grey pictures drawn by his critics

I turn away from what they tote as reality and enjoy the beauty of Sitchin's surmises without bothering to say anything about veracity – who cares when Beauty and Magic are the only criteria?

1, Zecharia Sitchin – "Genesis Revisted"

2. Internet Debates

[A poet's viewpoint differs from that of the pedantic scholar and pedagogic instructor – I cannot accept that being grey, boring and depressed is the right way to survive life – I want to have fun, dream of great things, sing a song, jump in the air, shout and yodel and stick out my tongue at everything that bores me to death!]

Margaret Alice Second

Become A Machine

Tonight I am worried about not knowing
what to worry about most, my computer's
malfunction at the office on Friday, my twin
sis alone in the world - she says God shall
provide and I must trust that He will

My daughter's exam - maths - tomorrow,
my anger when my son did not answer
his phone - being uncertain is the most
worrying thing of them all; I suspect that
early tomorrow morning I shall find

That I should have worried about my inability
to become a machine - computing numbers
and facts without any concern about what
life's priorities should have been....

Margaret Alice Second

Become A Sphinx

Feeling terrible, having coached my nephew
to be positive and enthusiastic about his new-
born daughter, then the olive branch torn from
his hand and crushed underfoot - his suffering
shock and post-traumatic stress because of the
contrast between his positive expectations and
the cold reality of a half-crazed shrew screaming
at him as if she's demon possessed

His sensitive heart broken; but with Leo Buscaglio
I recommended to take the risk to love, even love
too much, though taking risks brings such heart-
ache - now I wish he'd rather become a Sphinx,
ice-cold, untouched - to think all his pain caused
by love, he offered compassion and she spat in
his face - now my heart is sore, feeling his pain
and sharing his sorrow tonight

[7 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Bedtime Story [rev]

Consciousness is a stream of electric energy, and all manifested things you see and feel, are creations of this loving, energetic stream, all sub-atomic particles, molecules - & all entities; human, animal or mineral,

Show awareness in choosing existence above the choice for non-being, physical manifestation moves in never-ending spirals experimenting with infinite possible forms to create sensory reality; maybe one day evolution

Will lead to a superhuman incorporating all the traits of deep-sea creatures found recently; maybe consciousness playing with possibilities to fulfil the promises of infinite existence, will enable everyone to become mediums -

To connect with souls both before & after living physically; though scientists compute probabilities their method is based on their philosophy and only good as a basis for creating lovely poetry and great writing opportunity, more

Interesting than repetitive intrigues & characters seen in remakes of fairytales explaining all the horror of evil as lack of love & understanding for loving redemption and social acceptance; science's actually a bedtime story

Delightful as new magic found in science fiction...

Margaret Alice Second

Before Him [rev]

We watched the New James Bond movie
in which he's sold out by technology - but
he uses the new science to get the better
of his alliance, and while my Beloved said

He didn't have clue as to what was going
on, I enjoyed the confusion: my son came
home after a dreary event and declared all
emotions I felt on going to similar kinds

Of occasions he attended; surely I am
the most privileged mother to have a son
who understands the pain I went through
so many years ago - he said he sat in his

Car at times - while I'd walked away to a
train station just to get out of the torrid
social milieu; my heart burns for him as
I know he feels, and all about his very

Desperate desire to get back to his
studies and his own occupations -
how I commiserate and empathise
with him because I've been there

Before him...

Margaret Alice Second

Beguiled (Revised)

Put my head down and worked without
looking right or left because - yes, you
guessed, I found the doorway to dreams;
last night I went to sleep in a beguiling
valley where virtual reality is limitless

Floated through my day in the dream's
benign glow, the long, empty hours of
sloughing through tables and columns
went by without notice, feeling without
endless depression, safely ensconced

In a different version of reality, mind at
rest and heart revelling in delight - the
loneliness of being locked in the deathly
embrace of an ice-cold factual text was
filled moment by moment

My spirit was free and went a-wandering,
and though it is a one-off event I enjoyed
it thoroughly, every wish was fulfilled, the
dream packed unlimited possibilities
of reality to create a day in paradise

This is a mental high, a perfect day,
I am beguiled ...

7 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Behind The Iron Palisade

Bought a nativity scene at bargain price, loving symbols like this - my friend loves symbolism also - but tattooed on her body; I prefer to express symbols in words on the Internet, keeping all wonderful things in my heart, when I die it shall be part of my consciousness - although my friend's will symbolism will be there also - in her mind

Gave mom her birthday present, beautiful paper bought just to look at, a small bunch of flowers delicate in pink just like the roses on the package - took my three kids when visiting: Carine who can't understand why her beloved had to die, Nici deploring my taste as kitsch, Tiaan, driving with great style, wise beyond his years

Looked at my wonderful kids and realised what a large number of guardian angels accompanied us as Tiaan lost his nerve in heavy traffic yet space always opened up; - his grandma loved her presents, looking forlorn behind the iron palisade as she waved goodbye when we left after a quiet afternoon at the old age home

Mom played Torricelli's Serenade on the piano for me, the nostalgia palpable - when she boldly declared she did not care as she sold her belongings in order to live her dream of making a home for the destitute - did she really mean it - maybe she would think again when she looks back from her small room at the old age home....

Saturday 6 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Being (R)

This idea appeals to me: I've lost my sense of enforced individuality as electricity is a power manifesting in infinite ways - as lightning, unique patterns every time, within electrical equipment, gadgets and TV sets and radios & useful things like toasters, heaters & lights

And yet the same energy stream universally moves throughout; now I love the intuitive idea after death we can choose to stay separate and physically reincarnate - or as a wave become nonphysical and travel unfettered, MY choice is to return to the original stream and

Join molecules flowing to the sea until my consciousness shares all its experiences with everything, then merge with the sea, exist as unceasing spiritual bliss in breakers needing to separate only momentarily before being one with the sea again

Margaret Alice Second

Being A Statue (Rev)

My colleagues sit like statues when checking texts while I'm a restless attention deficit disorder kid, replying to emails immediately & my work station must be tidied right now & my two

Documents colour-coded, danger lurks as my mind weave fishnet patterns and mental laser beams focus on childhood memories -without relevance as you might have guessed-

If only the statue-thing would overcome me, if I could turn into a salt pillar like Lot's dear old wife left behind when fleeing Sodom, as it is, I won't be left as I eagerly seek movement in

Any direction, any place as far away as possible from 2 paper texts patiently waiting for my pencil marks indicating mistakes; OH heavens, how to escape - why did my soul choose THIS life

What purpose does it serve to be a martyr to my documents, why can't I be resigned to my fate and relate to being a statue with more success - unless chewing or drinking or swaying to some

Piece of music, I can't gather any of the threads weaving ideas in my head, what a useless way to fritter life away....

Margaret Alice Second

Being Human

Day dragging on, sluggish system slowing due to cheese grillers with which Sunday dinner was enlivened, not even the psychology of buying a little doll to accompany me through the woes of assembly line translations proves very helpful

My guru dancing while chanting: Just be glad, just be glad, just be glad to be alive - idiot; we all need neuropeptide Y, a brain chemical that makes people feel healthy - found in alcohol, scientists think NPY pills could reduce consumption of alcohol

Are they mad, how absolutely boring and unromantic, imagine replacing the words of Red, Red Wine with White White Antidepressants - popping pills instead of staggering about while watching the heroine leave with another man - scientists have no understanding

Of the aesthetics when the suffering hero is scorned and the audience's unbounded sympathy with his attempts to obliterate his pain with wine or another alcoholic concoction - this is what being human is all about!

Margaret Alice Second

Being So Dense [rev]

Fear only Fear itself; so there you are, the fear of failure - I've failed in striving for wisdom and love; my work being rejected said I hadn't given the standard required and failure feels awful, left with the ashes of my ideals, my excellence quest led to my worst nightmare:

A short-circuiting brain & loss of common sense, I can't like myself for being so dense - incapable of doing my duty; a failure to combat inadequacy and hide the full extent of my confused thought processes - humiliating myself by being a fool incapable of executing the most logical

Administrative order - stripped of the superficial veneer of competence, exposed a bureaucratic fraud, thoughts not under control, emotions too primitive for any administrative success - how can I feel safe in my work station after making such a mess - how to believe in my role

When I play it so badly, how to believe in myself when I can't do anything well, can't live in peace with the well-meaning people whose work is the epitome of perfection - they rate themselves so highly since they fit their job descriptions to a T and so beautifully - whereas I'm an anomaly...

Margaret Alice Second

Being The Vision (C)

I'm able to FEEL like an elf, a fairy dreamer,
when I'm surrounded by flowers and beautiful
things, lace and glittery strings, pastel colours
and symbols of dreams – self-love is very much
entwined with momentary feelings of being the
vision we're conjuring by thinking – how does it
feel for others and other-dimensional beings?

Margaret Alice Second

Beings Existing In Visions

Reading on while my inner Agony Aunt rants again: the style is pure melodrama, the descriptions and the minutia of noticing every aspect of every face - the oversensitive reactions, if we lived like that we'd be fatigued spending our energy being conscious of people and the adolescent conviction that a love will endure forever - I know better

Irrational youngsters unaware how lack of understanding and bad communication destroy the loves we harbour inside, the story only shows young people living in the throb of the moment but ignorant of the facts of life, I stifle the voice of my Agony Aunt - dive into the action again, after expressing her concerns she falls silent; I live the fantasy

The child within me refuses to heed realism, preferring to enter a trance and enjoy the romance as only the very inexperienced can - I give in to this delightful feeling and ignore the complaints from my rational mind, it is ever so enjoyable to follow my heart, besides, I'm always willing to pay the price when I transgress, crying afterwards

As long as I accept the inevitable punishment I shall be free to enter the Wonderland, see the bizarre and follow the burlesque where my soul finds strange new ideas and delights in the dream of eternal love - I shall pay whatever the cost to share in the vision of such heavenly beings only existing in visions

Margaret Alice Second

Believing [rev]

Quiet in my little sphere from where I stare
at the wide world as leaders decide to use
the power of the mind to conquer the earth
and its riches, giving birth to a new regime

Empowering sly leaders beyond the power
of imagination, laying to rest ideals of the
free world which thought that agnosticism
would guarantee peace; - not so, all that

Happened was conquerors subjected their
vanquished to a creed they didn't believe in,
reversing the world back to barbarism and
animalism where the strongest is King

Just as Darwin said; how gratified they must
be to live the verification of an atheistic idea -
the strong will conquer and reign, how great
to live the life forced upon them by those

Who know how to harness belief to prove:
believing brings about seeing

Margaret Alice Second

Beloved Ipod In My Ear

Realising the sun-shade did not keep the sun off my face and worried that a hat would leave the few feathers that serve as hair on my head in terrible disarray, I stopped taking the delightful walks I used to take every day

But jumping in the coolness of the pool made me brave, I put my straw hat to good use - tied with a mauve scarf so the wind would not blow it away, Heino's baritone in beautiful velvet tones through my earphones; marching

To the beat of 'Lustig ist das Zigeunerleben' - swaying to the nostalgic beat of 'Die Lorelei' I walked several blocks, it was even better than I remembered, with the sun out of my face and big sunglasses shading my eyes, it seemed

I could walk forever, wishing the office hours shorter to get to the pool then march around the block again, 'Wir wollen zu Land ausfahren' - not me, happy with 'herumbummeln' right here in Pretoria to the music in my ears, it feels

Like a meditation, no thoughts in my head, humming along while traversing the portentous streets filled with promises of a bright summer with unlimited potential for dreamy walks all over town, the beloved IPod in my ear...

Margaret Alice Second

Beloved Of The Gods [rev]

I am the beloved of the gods - only those they cherish
get to see a sunset where clouds glow in the Baroque
glory of cherubs held within golden curlicues while the
grass glows like green-tinged glass lighted from below
just as the sun god's golden touch is covering the rest
of the sky, and this is clear, I must tell the world, right

here in this place, upon this spot - and exactly at this
moment instanced in time; I have a sense that we, my
dog and I, are the gods' beloved - today's terrible heat
brought about thunder & built a palace of clouds - with
my heroine dancing a tango I waited and there it is a
short burst of rain that opened the curtain of life

to show its delicately figured cameos of bright blue sky
framed by images of mighty angels created in swirling
lines woven by clouds; what else can I think of a grand
beauty in it: I have to be the beloved of the gods to be
offered such a glorious scene...

Margaret Alice Second

Bemused, Overjoyed Eyes [rev.]

So - how does one go about getting Arthur Findlay's Curse of Ignorance to be Africa's prescribed book? Combining it with Neale Donald Walsch's Tomorrow's God would be ideal to teach ethics and integrity -

The God we construct ourselves is terrible, a vengeful force keen to smite enemies after fighting others everywhere we go, we need to create a NEW God to represent our best qualities - not our minds worst ideas

Africa is happily, cheerfully repeating all the European Great War lessons learned, what we need is a great social dictator to usurp all power, build infrastructure creating jobs for us all, after this Hitlerian social mission

He should be removed by a coup, his great social reforms retained while a new system of values and ethics is taught in all Africa's schools - what a great fantasy this is, just like the stream of advice for new ways to

Organise South Africa that appears weekly in Sunday newspapers - we all dream and make changes in the mind's eye; of virtual realities being manifested in infinite worlds as life splits at the trousers of time - I love

The reality in which I live where dreaming removes a cynic's weariness & scientists delight in life as chaotic probabilities, and it lies in OUR hands to create a new path for life stretched out to eternity in front of

Our bemused, excited, overjoyed eyes...

[14 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Best Outcome [rev]

Aha, finally I know why the Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle's been so unhappy for three years in a row - and so I can pray for the best outcome. After all the atheists & agnostics have had their say; I don't know what is the Power when I pray - but despite their direst predictions, my invocations are heard - I suppose it is because I'm a real pain when concerned, so upon asking for protection of my comrades I know the best

Outcome will be realised; and as my sis the haughty Duchess on her cloud of peppery-tongued anger and her Petruschka, the very marvellous puppet of Russian theatre, are visiting real soon, I think it would be a boon if I can use my enforced bus voucher to go down to the Cape and return with their help, or vice versa, go down with them and return to home with the voucher, whatever the final solution; it would make up for my losing the

Money only to be redeemed by a bus trip; so
"Here I go, singing low Bye, bye sweetheart"
"I'm leaving on a bus trip, don't know when I'll be home again"
chocoholic mom and dad will feed me the best chocolaty sweets; how great that is, still having parents being 55 myself; let me dream on this & create such a great experience with the Duchess and her cute Petruschka - while the Lord and Master of The Crocodile Castle refuses

To budge, of course....

Margaret Alice Second

Best Things In Life

Brave all morning long, tackled
the threatening document, read
the sentences again, completed
the required Work-On-Hand sheet

Started on the ramblings of indigenous
people obliged for being acknowledged
as such - and sighed, my powers spent,
this long grey day seems to have no end

After the hairdresser trimmed the feathers
on my head, I have no more excuse to go
out into the rain - tired and bored I cannot
sit still in the office, yet this is where I am

Life is non-existent when no great ideal is
beckoning and only routine not worthy of
so much unwilling dedication is calling to
the restless spirit to laboriously continue

The long slow march into the vastness of
a cold destiny without hope for challenge
or exciting adventure - only hope is to
sink into a wonderful book, the source

Of all the best things in life...

Margaret Alice Second

Bewitched By Your Spell

Softly singing under my breath
while bouncing around with a
spring-loaded step

A mundane supermarket trip
became a dream event as your
sweet compliment

Changed into a kiss on my lips, my
song changed the world, bemused
I skipped about

Bewitched by your spell...

Margaret Alice Second

Beyond Life's Metronome (Revised)

Wanting to prolong joy I keep a soap-bubble moment
alive - watching two young dancers perform the same
enchanted scenes again, delighting in creamed icing
of true classical ballet

Less enamoured with the dance and being impatient
you could not, you'd rather continue to walk in dreary
reality without the edges shining - whereas I need to
drink in all joy and beauty to fortify my heart

When returned to the darkest parts of reality, the
repetitive dissonance of a grey monotone reciting
litanies of criminal deeds with recriminations has
me buried by it - unable to dream of assistance

Failure is a testament to the strength of my desire to
reach for spiritual life where my need for roots and
anchors led to my changing into a root anchoring
me without beauty, music and harmony - though

I listen to song, sway with the dance - beyond life's
metronome slowly comes to a standstill

Margaret Alice Second

Beyond Love

Beyond belief, beyond love,
is a delight, an ecstasy unique
of happiness complete

Irrespective of creed and
belief, religion and cult,
New Age and the occult

Good and bad is the same
if no Deity, we can do
all the evil we want

Or if there is no God we
must do the good He
would did He exist

Christ, the biggest atheist,
saw people suffering and
never said: God bless

He helped everyone, so
people asked: Is He
God - perchance?

Quotes from "In God's Underground"

Margaret Alice Second

Bitter-Apple-Land [rev]

Today I'm Queen Rose Garland wearing a mauve
rose-petal cloak in my Kingdom called Flowerland -
telling Hanlie, a Flower Elf, I enjoyed summarising
the Muslim authors call upon all nations to unite in
his world-wide prayer-meditation session

To combat terrorism spread by Bitter Apples from
Bitter-Apple-Land aiming to steal the Rose Hours
of Father Time, hide freedom and beauty under a
grey cloak of medieval servitude, killing harmony
with dissonant cries of pain, subject to The Bitter-

Apple-King's vengeance, hatred and destruction,
creating a demonic priesthood - this isn't good, I
think as Queen Rose Garland of Flowerland, but
luckily there is no need we fight these creatures;
mighty Fighter Fairies with boundless energy

Enjoy fighting Bitter Apple terrorists; all peaceful
elves are welcome in my Kingdom while the more
adventurous are free to join in war outside, luckily
angry Bitter Apples offer interesting war to wrathful
fairies who need this impetus for new invention

While in Flowerland we meditate on everybody's
safety and final victory within the Golden Section
Cathedral of the Mind...

Margaret Alice Second

Bizarre Burlesque (Revised)

French class – 3 colouring pencils & pens, a sharpener, headphones on with Carmen & Contes d'Hoffmann playing, took pencil notes, right ear tuned to music with the left to hear L' Professeur; I managed thus to contain a problem of wavering attention, of losing track

Enjoyed Future Proche, then a lesson on preparing a public speech which I never want to do again – unless telling jokes and laughter in burlesque; life at work is as bizarre as burlesque – and I love it, even if the merino-sheep syndrome makes it near impossible to translate hydro-agricultural texts

Fighting against construction terms in the trenches of childhood memories of boring sheep and shock on discovering erosion – then carrying the guilt until I was grown...

Margaret Alice Second

Bizarre Satire

Life is bizarre, received a letter
incriminating a State Doctor for
assaulting a patient; subsequent
indictment of another doctor and
all officers at the police station
where she lodged a complaint

Made it clear this person causes
her own problems, she desecrates
all in self-righteous indignation -
everybody gets angry when she
opens her mouth to spew forth
a stream of poisonous words

A second letter even more absurd, a
patient claiming a psychiatrist tortured
her diagnosing schizophrenia and the
medication prescribed did not agree with
her system, she demands prosecution
for murderous intent...

I should claim indemnification for suffering
when reading such aberrational material,
luckily it reminds so much of the burlesque
I started laughing, realising that these ab-
solutely marvelous complaints contribute
immensely to the satire of life

I cannot blame them for being mental, knowing
that on a spiritual level, they create their own
problems through their vitriolic attitude to people
who try to do good – this should teach all altruists
you cannot help those who refuse to accept res-
ponsibility for anything that happens to them!

Margaret Alice Second

Black Matter Destination

It is not a problem, of course, the Milky Way is
still attracted by a heavy object in defiance
of the general Hubble expansion

It is a change of names and a location behind
the Great Attractor, the movement is the same
I am delighted that contrariness

Still marks the direction in which the Solar
System is taken while orbiting around the
Centre of the Solar System

Sitting tight in the Sagittarius arm, we are pulled
towards the Shapley Supercluster, a mysterious
Black Matter destination...

Margaret Alice Second

Blame Me For The Incident [revised]

Blame Me For The Incident

Mother ill with flue you said, you wanted to take her home – she demurred but I spurred you on; now this, your car broken down again, tow truck lost and I didn't come in person

Niece Denise came on her motorbike, a hero from Highway Patrol brought you to my home where you mounted up and vanished into the night; much later you returned muttering you

Needed a cigarette – went wordless to bed declining refreshment, voice showing your hurt this morning – you blame the incident on me, I shouldn't have conspired for you to

Come since your car is kaput, should've helped you escape awful highway peak traffic where cars speeding drove you mad, we should have left the car right there; the episode is my fault

I accept blame, wait for you to calm down to offer apologies; I'm sorry about this experience I shall never concur with anything involving driving your badly behaved car very far...

[The volcano exploded, eruptions still occur, your fury so palpable the house shudders still, I was advised to let you get over it, I hope in the future if a paid assassin has not ended my life you will tell me what happened and let me commiserate...]

Wednesday 14 August 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Blurred Vision [revised]

I listen to Thomas Otten, blurred vision, can't see the miracles of life around me, wondering where he found those melodies; my mind covered in lead, cut off from the world by a glass wall, soul missing or dead - why, like a criminal, do I hide these symptoms - though it's

A crime to feel this bad in our great World. Feelings and awareness have fled, thick chain tautens with the daunting thoughts caging my head, discomfort denies ideas through which escape was effected in the past - attack in my head hammering at the back of my skull

This litany of sad symptoms explains why I can't tell colleagues my feelings, too melodramatic for this little office where they work industriously while I'm lurking behind, scared to be seen failing and blind. Moving pain to another location would help, with chocolate

so sweetly easing depression, allowing a radiance to surface like swirling bubbles in a pool; a pace change & throbbing in my head could be bearable, attempting self-medication preferable to sitting here with nothing but red-hot discomfort entertaining a feverish, itching

mind, complementing fuzzy images; it means rigorous checking is too far-fetched an idea for making sure I've made no mistakes - feeling much too tired to care how grammar rules are observed - or broken - or not, in a text composed from blurred vision...

5 November 2013

[ORIGINAL:]

Blurred vision - cannot see the miracles of life around me - listening to Thomas Otten - wondering where he found these melodies, cut off from the world by a glass wall, mind covered by lead, soul missing or dead, why

hide these symptoms like a criminal

Though it IS a crime to feel this bad in a wonderful world,
all feelings and sensations fled, a thick chain encircling
my head tautening with every positive thought, discomfort
overrides every idea through which escape had
been effected before – head subjected to

A hammering at the back of my skull - this litany of sad
symptoms makes it clear why I can't tell my colleagues
how I feel, sounds too melodramatic for this little office
where they are industriously working while I'm lurking
behind, scared to be seen falling and blind

Moving pain to another location would also help, any sweet
chocolate lessens depression, allows a few bright moments
to surface like frothy bubbles in a deep dark pool, a change
of pace and the throbbing in my head could become a lot
more bearable, any attempt at self-medication

Is better than sitting here with nothing but red-hot discomfort
to entertain my feverish, itching mind and complement blurry
images which means checking is too far-fetched an idea for
making sure I made no mistakes - feeling much too tired
to care how grammar rules are observed or broken

In a text composed with blurred vision...

4 November 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Bogus Junk - Those He Killed [r]

Yesterday I sighed, but now I smile since the unsettling news is all made-up bogus junk to ensnare the gullible like me - and the lesson learned is whatever appears on World News Daily Report is fake because this site posts

nonsense to lure traffic - they caught me in their net and I spent a terrible night thinking the world has gone mad - luckily it's all fun and games and I'll not blame the amazingly inventive authors who spread their imitation

articles through the `net as original thinkers give life a boost with material for films and books, now I laugh at the stuff that scared me, like a so-called butcher engaged killing 71 people & the phantasmagorical morgue

doctor - it's all silly scaring tactics and from now on I'll be wary, weigh pros and cons of any news broadcast for free - it's mostly a con and makes me see in which important ways we need to learn from our mistakes -

My apologies to all who were as shocked as me last night!

[Those He Killed (REV)]

I got it - a Portuguese request - did the job and then sent it to the section they insisted it's to be checked - though superior is absent; they'll need wait for her return - I moved on to Arabic; today the other section questioned whether we'd sent the Portuguese to its client? I said it was sent to Mother Abbess who'd returned, she'd thought it was already processed & would check it today; I sigh, my head filled with news off the Internet

A 16-year old babysitter took crystal meth - then tried eat her charge, a 3-month old baby, found covered with barbecue sauce in the microwave, bite marks on feet & arms - my mind filled with dread; a Canadian-Congolese journalist insists DNA tests prove he's Prince William's dad - & they ask for a Portuguese Import Permit done 3 weeks ago with all this in my head - & a 600lb woman gave birth to a 30lb baby - they'd held the translation back to gain a superior's okay

You did not bring it to her attention - I can't help you there - an ex-army slaughterhouse butcher killed 71 people over 17 years & disposed of the bodies among carcasses he cut up and sold - a necrophiliac morgue assistant impregnated by a corpse - my head spinning - look at their eyes; a Gulf War veteran - his eyes are dead, look at the morgue doctor's darkened eyes showing the shadow of unending suffering; it says the killer did those he killed a favour...]

Margaret Alice Second

Brain Without Orientation (Revised)

Quite content with my lot having finished
Rob Parsons 'The Heart of Success, Making
it in Business without Losing in Life' - given
my shortcomings and limitations, and
specifically, the allergy

I couldn't have lived a self-absorbed creator's
passionate life, but I'm delighted to do
assembly-line translation for Government
departments, achieving the most important
goal: happy relationships;

My nuclear family is kindness itself - poet
brother a wise mentor who safeguards my
mental health, my twin sister much happier
now that her dreams are fulfilled - in short,
life's improving

Though phenomenological Zen-Buddhist
existence is impossible due to the allergy
I love reading and music - my routine job
entails challenging research, I might not
deserve merit but everything's significant

Falling into black holes and nihilism of life's
emotional roller-coaster yet I'm lucky,
content, my colleagues are wise angels
teaching me to concentrate daily, what
more could I ask, given my beginning as

A brain without orientation?

Margaret Alice Second

Brainwash Myself

A sparkling day, sunshine making everything transparent just to show me what I shall miss when returning to work tomorrow, over and over I promise myself I shall prepare a production report for December - indicating zero words done as I was on leave, then translating at least one page, more if I can, of the documents on my desk

I'm trying to brainwash myself into a new mind-set for the new year; to work harder than before and making a better life for all, stay away from the wrong foods and be joyful all the year round, stay aware of the wonder of life, focused on having fun no matter what job has to be done, it might just work in the new year

So many things improved in my life, my empty heart has been filled with joy by our nuclear family and my government job as translator became variegated when Nelson Mandela took charge of South Africa - fears which marred my youth have evaporated and now I know just how privileged we are

Living on the Southern tip of Africa!

1 January 2014

Margaret Alice Second

Brave Officials Like Us

We sit in the cold of the North Pole with
air-con on freezing, stoically wrapped in
our blankets and wearing wool socks with
thick-soled shoes - not fashion material -
yet we are all here in the open-plan office
except Madame Olympia whose special
enclosure, sound-proof - separate from
the rest on this floor - is empty

We suspect she suffers claustrophobia as
we ourselves would if we sat there, though
she has her own special air-con - can turn
it on warm while we shiver out here; in spite
of our ice-trap, we are here and she does not
even call with an excuse, the psychiatrist will
probably say sensitive people like Madame
Olympia are too good to mix with pioneers

Like us who can work in all conditions - Sir
Hillary would have been proud to have us
accompany him on his trip up Mount Everest,
we would have put all the Sherpa's to shame,
if we were in the trenches in WWII we would
have won the war single-handedly - so it is
easy to see why Mme Olympia cannot be
among such brave officials like us!

[Work Chronicles Friday - 26 October 2012]

Margaret Alice Second

Break Out [rev]

Every time I read the newspaper, I cry, it's become so bad I dare not open Sunday's papers for fear of spending the week wearing sackcloth - the cynical realists predict Zuma will destroy our economy, in Venezuela the economy is already destroyed and in Zimbabwe Mugabe does as he pleases - so his people stream into South Africa to escape poverty & persecution. Tho a positive guru says we cannot

Alleviate suffering in sharing another's pain, I don't know what else can - how do we lead happy lives knowing the world's about to end in a big explosion if the fate of the poor isn't addressed: I know Zuma & Mugabe are blind leaders without understanding - but why's it impossible to detain them in an asylum for criminally insane before they destroy everything, leaving the scorched earth to worm and blight -

Why do the little people, poorest fugitives and the uneducated need suffer while our leaders gorge themselves on wealth that could've fed starving people for a month; & why must Africa's beautiful continent be spoiled by criminal tycoons, why can't it break out of the slavery imposed, initially by the criminally insane Arabs, and now by African tribes as the tyrants themselves?

Margaret Alice Second

Breaking Rules For Love

Waiting for the glory of the Vampire book at home in which Shadowhunters live in glittering cities only reached through secret portals, add a heroine who has the ability to create powerful runes that give her unheard-of power

Also add an evil clan of power-mad governors and the recipe is perfect to delight, the debate between choosing for justice and breaking the rules for love continues unabated, when the cherished friend of the hero's beloved is threatened

Our hero is ready to lie down his life, the heroine runs around havoc following in her wake, everyone trying to keep her safe - taxed to the end of their endurance, her childhood friend kept from death by the one who stole her heart

The moral crisis is fascinating and the action is non-stop - I am breathless while reading - my world gone, my spirit roaming in the storybook universe, no phenomenological experience can keep my heart chained while I'm reading

Later comes the trauma of the book ending, it will feel as if my heart contracts painfully, but dealing with this loss has been the story of my life, every new book in my hands leads to yet another heartbreak in the end

Yet I cannot stay in the small reality within which the five senses keep us imprisoned - my whole being yearns for those unseen landscapes of the mind forever invisible to our physical eyes - the dream is everything

Margaret Alice Second

Breathless In Togetherness

Let me stay in your arms holding me close where
I feel safe, your heartbeats telling a story which
forms a bridge from quiet contemplation to warm
togetherness; dreamy expectation and high elation

Taking us on the curve of a breaking wave where we
are lifted onto the swelling crest to crash into the
ecstasy taking our senses - to leave us on the beach
breathless in togetherness

Margaret Alice Second

Brilliant Story-Telling Ability [rev.]

Acronyms: - Wonder Of The Modern Age [WOTMA, a new one] and Bane Of My Life [BOML]; for those who love acronyms this might sound like a bomb-shell but looking up endless overlapping pseudo-words which camouflage full terms concerned worsens blood sugar lows bringing about a delusional state - so therefore hallucinations are not far-off - I stare at acronym ASF bemused - finding variations enough to confuse the staunchest, most dedicated disciples of ubiquitous and multipurpose acronym use

Astronaut Scholarship Foundation sounds esoteric - like a Sitchin account of the splitting of Tiamat with subsequent advent of Anunnaki; Astounding Science Fiction & American Schizophrenia Foundation - head voices telling strange tales; the Angelman Syndrome Foundation sounds like help for mental patients who think they're children of ancient Angel Men Sitchin claimed were sent by planet Niburu to Earth when two astronauts, the brothers Enlil and Enki, had a disagreement regarding man's future

Enki's betrayal of his kind was Avenged Sevenfold and through Arcane Spell Failure life on planet Earth was destroyed by a flood; yet Sitchin's Mesopotamian iconography is criticised by sceptics without imagination who use vitriolic abuse as Automatic Stripping Factor to dispel the delightful dream of quantum physicists' Many World's theory - Sitchin's disciples fight back by using the Internet as Anti-silencing Factor- I have to change my views as this sparkling ASF acronym invigorates

With its brilliant story-telling ability - enclosed within these alternate meanings...

[22 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Bring Back My Smile

The New Year unfolds within the same safe routines and calm evenings, kids ignoring us, a colleague discussing a terrible Christmas, crying, hyperactive family visiting - while others were having mini-strokes; the French text on my desk: I need emotional incentives

To carry on, hoping that satisfaction in work done will give a feeling of accomplishment and the joy in searching for magical objects, rekindling the ability to discover trinkets to offer as gifts sharing my delight with other people; will return - but I feel quite bereft

Our security guard company is gone - there are no friends to greet with laughter and fun at the entrance - the stuffy office is a prison, yet I DO count my blessings: It's a privilege to have a job and colleagues, to know I can depend on them to be fair and hard-working

Sigh - good grief, if this isn't the most boring little life I've ever heard of - I would like to know what is, not even Bert Kaempfert's Swingin' Safari and That Happy Feeling have been able to bring back my smile...

[6 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Bring Solace [2r]

Fragile & delicate - the soap-bubble thin crystal glass of beautiful moments balanced on a cusp of prism rainbows are destroyed by hunger and fatigue; instant soup and quiet seem required to reset my gyroscope as smiling tables turn into

angry frowns; returned with this soft fragrance of wild flowers found in my lunch-hour ramble, my soul longs for a temporary escape in bright conversation with a soul mate, but I lament as there is no email message; returned too early

no colleague after lunch on their post - alone I face the dark, deceptive stillness in my spirit to be fought in order to face the regular beat of routine with which life drives me mad - as my spirit requires adrenaline to function -

My tables feel bored with my long face: now is the time to finish and move on to something new, a text with Dutch statistics does not sound very promising - yet even the excitement of the unknown will bring solace too...

Margaret Alice Second

Broken Clay Pots [rev.]

Our wonderful ANC Government has made it impossible to employ anyone; unskilled labour's minimum wage has remuneration demands set higher than the work is worth - employees can't be fired for dishonesty or truancy, enjoying protection of labour laws & trade unions, industries rather opt to use machines & computers; potential workers represent all risk & liability to possible employers

No more teachers colleges means bad teaching drags the whole public school system down with 35 % pass rate, thus pupils are unskilled in reading & writing, not even being another brick in the wall - but just broken clay pots, the high price of their useless presence assures them of false worth and total unemployment; & justice is done - arrogant employers are punished in advance for having the

Audacity to offer demeaning work, now a user-friendly machine easily replaces an inaccessible work force, the masses depend on social grants for survival; we rejoice as the Chinese bring their strict work ethic to Africa, learning Chinese is everything in our post-colonial continent marked by lack of consensus on which indigenous language should become the new lingua franca to replace the hated

English and French, we prefer Chinese ideograms; luckily all African languages will be equally disadvantaged & as if by magic colonial languages will be gone - hooray for the new Chinese motherland: Chinese Communist Republic of Africa!

[25 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Bureaucratic Magic [rev]

Dancing, singing, Frida Boccara and Stille Nacht by the Wiener Knaben in my ears, I happily chant about the repetitions of this administrative miracle brought about by a diligent application of bureaucratic magic:

Obtained proof of leave at my disposal and applied - perfectly I'll have you know - and everyone signed the leave form, saw Mme Pompadour on the floor in her office fixing her plugs, danced to Machoene to hand in

The document that would put Michelangelo to shame were he to see its finely sculpted form which proves that I exist & appeared today only to disappear on Friday to sleep late, get up when the sun's already shining

Drink a leisurely cup of coffee & languidly wander my lovely parlour - delighting with its shiny silk, brightly covered notebooks strewn everywhere - as happy as I never dreamed I could be when I was small...

Margaret Alice Second

Buried While Breathing

Talking like you, walking like you
as I am required to do means life
without joie de vivre, when I voice
my excitement I must tone it down

Talking in an even, expressionless
voice makes you happy while this
oppresses my spirit - suppresses
the joy I feel bubbling inside

Which only explode in a happy
low but it is forbidden at home, I
must tippy-tippy-toe, tippy-tippy
toe around everything until life

Is so boring - I hope somebody
would kill me or I might fall in an
eternal swoon - whatever would
take me away from all this -

So secure, so calm and with-
out fun - hanging on just to get
more of this is an absurd joke:
buried while still breathing

Margaret Alice Second

Burned To The Ground

When I walked in with mother's things
you exploded how dare I bring in more
things just when you were getting rid of
everything that causes clutter, this big
suitcase should be burned and mother
should be shot and the whole old age
home burned to the ground for your
sacred peace of mind, never bring in
mother's things or anything else that
takes my fancy - kill the world as long
as your castle stands unscathed and
clean, shining bright like the kitchen
after your tidying, nothing left except
the rules and your own holy being!

Margaret Alice Second

Bury My Unwillingness (Rev.)

Here we go, sent on a course 'proofreading and basic copy editing'; in my frustration I see no joy in the prospect, my eyes feel dim and my soul is missing - somebody stole it, I'm without insides, a hollow mask & an eerie Phantom laugh failing

To conceal confusion beneath, so I eat a mound of sweets to fill the empty space where my soul used to be - fleeing a haunting image of my son seated at table frantically reading notes - he did not listen properly in class; if only I could

Replace it with a picture of him calmly doing his weekly assignments and me listening devotedly to holy words on copy editing and proofreading, trying all the while to still my shudders - fearing boredom-to-be, if I frog-march march my son to

The altar of learning I'd better lead by example and bury my unwillingness...

[22 July 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

But Let Me Return (Revised)

My discoveries: salted pumpkin seeds do nothing for my digestive system; sticky, warm & sweet toffee pudding makes me happy; jungle oats keep my stomach full, a chocolate bar to round it off – & for

Living in delight, powdered full-cream milk, tea too hum-drum. Fighting office heat with my coolest top – upending a cool 2 litre water bottle over me, don't care for appearances, only surviving

The inevitable – but mostly I should not have discovered a chocolate bar hidden in my drawer, yet the thought chocolate could disappear forever from my diet makes me eat more and more

In fear arthritis will ruin taste in this wonderfully sweet marvel – but let me return to our continent's airport reform I am now an airport person – runways and aerodromes the most important

Words in my vocabulary...

30 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Called Up [r]

Instant soup, a cup or two, and now the long,
slow, softly glowing embers of an adamantine
headache that doesn't make me ill, but destroys
my will, only the reptilian core in the mammal
brain remains operative, survival, fight & flee

Now called up to attend a Minister's meeting,
backache is manifesting while trying to learn
on Arabic or read Agatha Christie didn't work
beyond half-hearted attempts - during lunch
I wandered down to the shops & found a pair

Of divine flip-flops, rose-pattern on top - yet
my joy is as vague as an almost dying flame;
I'm going to stop drinking instant soup just to
become me again without ears swelling and
eyes unfocused: I had better leave before it

Becomes too difficult to drive home safely...

Margaret Alice Second

Calligraphic Script

Bought the Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady unfortunately called Edith Holden, like any self-respecting Hollywood director I wish to give her a more pleasing name like Ernestine, Elizabeth or Eileen, her painted illustrations are exquisite

This little fairy diary is a testament to my lack of discernment, if I had realised the importance of elegance and classic good taste, I would have bought something covered in velvet and leather, high-quality paper rough-grained and textured

I would have written with a calligraphy pen, an artwork in itself – this roller pen lacks character and grace; at least I can try to change my handwriting, as for illustrations – there is no hope, I cannot master watercolours or flowers or birds

But from this page I shall write in small letters, hoping it makes a difference...ah yes, it does and oh, the drawings in the Edwardian diary are pure perfection, I wish I could hang on long enough to some of my own creations

To grace them with a calligraphic script and keep them near me in a fairy book such as this....

Margaret Alice Second

Camouflage In Cooler Colours

Mom pulled a trick on me,
made a beautiful chintzy
top with flowers in cerise
and purple tapering into
a soft lavender hue while
the fabric is shining with
small silver sparkles

Then she spoiled it all by
attaching a RED collar to
it; while I love an icy pink
mom adores red, though I
try to create monochrome
looks, mom loves a wild
confusion of colours

I draped an ice pink scarf
around my neck to cover
the offensive red collar, I
do not wish to offend and
will not say anything - but
the new blouse is just not
me, mom always puts her

Own stamp on things, she
dressed my sis and me in
red since we were small
and won't ever get it that
I do not look good in red
as my flaming cheeks need
camouflage only found in

Cooler colours, zenith blue
and icy pink...

Margaret Alice Second

Camouflage Me

Enthralled by programmes on aquatic life -
sun fish swim upside down when they wish,
camouflaged rock-fish precision-jump thus
devour prey at lightning speed; you will not
stop to listen to my aquatic praise-song

Your Holy Grail quest is fixing and currently
the lawn has your attention - while I stare at
aggressive rock crabs, elephant fish & coral
reefs called 'rainforest of the ocean deep' &
island chains covered with breeding polyps

A whale is a swimming compass travelling
with accuracy, seeing salmon carried up-
ward by spiralling air currents to conquer
waterfalls, macaw apes eating sea-weed,
the colourful mantis shrimp with great

Ultra-violet light eye-sight; the variety of life
astounding - like the flashy Spanish Dancer
sea slug; my torn-ligament foot in the heavy
Moon Boot forgotten in brilliant camouflage
explained by the Chladni vibrations within

The environment shaping the colours and
patterns of plants & animals, here's hoping
that my vibrating world will camouflage me
as Pea-Blossom with wings to fly outside &
experience nature's enchantment myself

[19 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Camouflaged Flaws In Reality (Revised)

Pratchett's vision in 'Men At Arms'
overwhelms – the enormous scope
of scenes he paints reduces me
to tears and silent wonder

Sam Vimes' income spent caring for
widows and orphans of deceased
watchmen; Angua facetiously claims
he spends it all on women

Captain Carrot explains Vimes one-
man pension fund scheme, tells how
he lives frugally to provide for those
he sees worse off than him,

For this he receives fairytale rewards:
marries Ankh-Morpork's richest woman
made a Knight by none other than the
undercover Ankh-Morpork King –

Captain Carrot – who finds evidence of
his kingship on plunging his sword into
granite, destroys powerful GONNE after
reading documents proving his lineage

But steadfast and strong, turns from his
birthright to the throne, preferring to remain
a watchman – this solid nobility becomes
overpowering narrative causality

Pratchett remonstrates about fairy tales
yet creates luminous, delicate, enticing
magical tales for these two characters,
weaving details as Discworld sagas

Despite cynical commentary on society
and human nature, Pratchett idealistically
creates wonderful bubbles of fantasy,
camouflaged as flaws in reality

[ORIGINAL]

SO overwhelmed by the enormous scope of Pratchett's vision in 'Men At Arms' - scenes had me in tears before reducing me to silent wonder - Sam Vimes spent his income

On widows and orphans of former watchmen; I cried when Angua said he spent all his money on women and Carrot stopped her explaining Vimes one-man pension fund scheme

Vimes lived frugally to provide for those who are worse off than him, for this he receives a fairytale recompense: he marries Ankh-Morpork's richest woman and is made a Knight

By none other than the undercover Ankh-Morpork King - Captain Carrot - who finds evidence of his kingship when he plunges his sword into granite, destroys the powerful GONNE

After reading documents proving his lineage, he is still strong and turns from his right to the throne preferring to remain a watchman - this nobility becomes overpowering narrative causality

Pratchett always remonstrates against fairy tales, yet creates the most luminous, delicate, enticing magical tales for these two characters, filling in details as the Discworld sagas continue

Pratchett seems to make cynical comments on human nature and society, yet he is an idealist creating most wonderful bubbles of fantasy, camouflaged as flaws in reality

Margaret Alice Second

Can You Dream [revised]

Oh, what a misunderstanding, how did it come to this?
You should dream, anything, make visualisations that
make you feel good ignoring reality in which we live –
look away from everything that makes you feel bad &
unsuccessful, I do not want you to face reality? No!
Reality is a trampoline, touch briefly then bound

Into your dreams, leave facts of real life behind, let
this provide impetus and energy to reach a virtual
space where you create fantasies, changing reality
to suit your personal taste – don't tell things as they
are, tell them as you wish it to be and live in your
own new reality - can you dream, will you try?

Margaret Alice Second

Can't Die As Yet [revised]

Like watching a continuing series I can't stop and take stock or try to watch earlier episodes - what is lost is lost, no time to back-track, must move on to the next episode broadcast; even in reruns of 'So You Think You Can Dance', I don't want to go

Back to beginnings, just move with the latest in an old series - same goes writing my poetry to record life and attendant feelings, I can't die yet because I can't stop to take stock, to reduce the fresh young growths of inspiration to Japanese-styled

Bare bamboos in a few significant lines, my ideas are still all curlicues and dreams, young blooms unready to be trimmed to bare essentials or polished to shining hard surfaces, ice-cold glittering facets - can't die yet because time will come to a stop and

Take stock; impossible right now, episodic series of my life not over - and contemporary inspiration & ideas still superordinate quiet consideration and rumination - so dying in hope of experiencing an infinite series of being cannot be fulfilled as yet...

Margaret Alice Second

Can't Shut My Eyes [revised]

Exceeded my allergy limit - beef curry did it - or rusks,
breakfast with strange bacon & heaven help me, how
could I forget, corn on the cob bread made yesterday -
everything adds up, being too happy & thus reckless,
singing for joy, walking on clouds & overcoming the
mountain of junk in the spare room

This is the result: can't lie down, can't shut my eyes,
stop my brain even after taking medication; trying to
watch TV, my favourite Wizards of Waverley Place
hasn't its usual charm, mind stuck on wavelength
irrational - worried that I've not worried today - just
like my heroines, right when one of them becomes

Successful it becomes boring; nothing resurrects the
original frisson of excitement while she's a princess
in disguise - the only plot that works is a disgruntled
princess working to earn a right to look into the Lake
of Delight to become beautiful; since she has to be
kind on the way, on arrival she discovers her

Considerate service conferred ethereal beauty, she
has no need for a beautifying stream: fairytales, like
myths and legends, offer opportunity to be my own
moral lessons - thus beauty is always synonymous
with personality and character; this from interesting
Bible books - especially Proverbs

Margaret Alice Second

Can't Stand It [rev.]

The little alien at the controls in my head
still reads children's books as if these are
truth, sharing in characters' experiences;
such as eating warm, buttered toast and

Plum pudding - in contrast with the hunger
suffered by the poor like the girl with
bent legs who was fed only flour & water,
no milk, shocking me into craving food

Fearing disaster; reading about poverty in
19th century England with young children
working in noisy cotton mills which made
a sensitive character burst into tears upon

witnessing it, then dying in a nursery fire –
it makes all life seem drab: - these scary
books should have age restrictions; it can't
be good for kids to read such awful stories

Real life should be censored also when the
little alien looks at newspaper accounts of
the painful lives of abused children - life is
too harsh for humans, the question is –

How DO we stand it? – The answer lies in
over-crowded prisons & mental Institutions
which prove we can't stand it at all...

Margaret Alice Second

Can't Touch Eternity

Desperately looking for an escape, can't bear
my heavy heart - we have to part with every
physical thing, every pet, every animal, Junior
was old and uncomfortable - give me a new
puppy in his place, give me a small dog right
now, press my head into work, make the little
alien calm down, he's screeching and I've
nothing to offer - tomorrow the SPCA

I'll walk up and down looking for a new dog -
there's a hole in my heart and it's bleeding,
where can I run, TV offers no magic way out,
the alien's locked up in my mind, there's prison
bars all around and I can't get out - I mean the
little alien can't get out - he screams that he's
trapped & it's not fair that there's feelings in the
cycle of life, my heart's bleeding out and I'm

So numb inside, nothing's forever but Junior was
and the words "inevitable" and "gone" just create
more prison bars locking the little alien so tightly
inside, he's suffocating I'm being strangled time
stops to take stock of puny mankind who can't
touch eternity while still alive...

Margaret Alice Second

Cancer Gangsters [rev]

It's Nazi extermination camps all over again when chemo, pure poison, is given, punishing patients for their temerity in getting cancer, such cheek deserves toxins; how unfair - death-dealing oncologists used emotional blackmail to force a choice between chemo death and amputation at the hip on my hapless colleague, such a dire threat led to chemo & now she's bald, a clear sign of what's happening in her body, killing white blood cells lessening natural defense against proliferating cancer cells, chemo's best result is the cancer will be gone and YOU too, declaring it's better to die of chemo than letting cancer

Loose; if you survive we can still hack off the leg if some surgeon insists, you can die bit by bit as we excise every threat - too bad about quality of life - we only care about quantity - if you live like a freak & can barely breathe without a nose on your face, a hole in the place of your cheeks; we've succeeded in prolonging your miserable life; if you don't like living with your tongue outside your mouth as skin and muscles are removed, keep quiet and follow an alternative diet, bicarb of soda mixed with syrup & carrot juice, hah! you'll be all on your own, no medical personnel drying tears spilling from one eye as the other was destroyed when we amputated your face

We use new techniques to affix a new face on your skull, so come, we'll turn you into a martyr for modern skullduggery in surgery - you can be our guinea pig as your life has no other value and we are the Cancer Gangsters making war on these cells, killing patients also is quite beside the point: people thank us for experimenting on all submitting to our greedy scalpel-wielding hands, it's great to be a body-moulding mechanic destroying cancer and killing the host by default; medical doctors are always unstoppably eager to destroy human joy!

Margaret Alice Second

Cannibal Squid And Ninja Shrimp

Cannibal squid and ninja shrimp, three
pupils in eyes on mobile stalks, mysterious
tides of red algae, fragile seahorse dwarves
found in the Caribbean

Palpable disapproval in angry frowns, I put
everything bright, glittering and beautiful away
lay down to watch TV, Nat Geo Wild, squid and
shrimp and seahorses and Wizards

Deutsche Welle, Weihnacht in Deutschland
Gefangenenaustausch, Heimatorte, Geizel
der Hamas freigekommen sind im Glanz
der Lichter und so weiter

Schlittschuhlaufen, Bundesligatabelle, langsam
voran perfekt zubereitet, Feiertags, Euromaxx
Weihnachten im Vatikan, Weihnachtszeit auf
DW TV - aufgehängt, abgetaucht

Ausgestellt, Projekt Zukunft, Backen war
immer ihren Leidenschaft – grossartig - die
meiste Menschen fehlt die Zeit selbst zu
backen – Faultier – ich lache...

Margaret Alice Second

Cannot Be Made Good

Hanelie is part of a small inner group immensely precious to me, she sang along with the words of the Afrikaans songs she introduced us to, she was shy and beautiful and blossomed at home as we visited family, only the inner circle present

Her sing-along is one of my best memories; her wedding was wonderful, Louis quiet and strong, an ideal partner for her and wonderful father of two naughty boys- I feel sad for Hanelie, for her loss, where were Louis' guardian angels

On the day that he died? I have a million hanging onto every car that I drive - does his death mean never ride a bike before sunrise on a misty morning as there are trucks parked in the dark without lights and guardian angels are sleeping then?

Everything is spoiled, the weekend a total loss, I carry on like a zombie, trying to figure out a way to keep my loved ones safe - and from now on, the loved ones of Hanelie and my sister-in-law, Thea, and her husband Hans - Thea suffering watching her daughter hurt

By the death of her man, I feel so disappointed with the system of life- how can guardian angels guard me and then fail to guard Louis, the father of a young family - and Hanelie crying - How can I carry on- without you, Louis? No guru can explain this to me

Talking of decisions taken pre-birth - it is awful - cannot be made good...

17 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Cannot Figure It Out [revised]

I can close my eyes when an image disturbs me;
but even when pressing fingers tightly in my ears
sound still intrudes, harsh voices wreak a timbre
worse than any other pain inflicted, I increased
the TV volume then hitting a channel and level
of noise is suddenly unbearable; at work we're
separated by screens but sound is un-allayed

If headphones and iPods hadn't been invented
I'd have lost my mind, tonight I realise again the
importance of harmony as my son's deep bass
music intruded, calm can only be found in sweet
melodies - and a message was sent to my brain:
life's about sounds, ears are more important than
the eyes - then something suddenly struck me:

Is this only true for women, do men prefer sensuous
images to other sensory experience or does sound
also mean very much - I cannot figure it out...

Margaret Alice Second

Cannot Find The Door (Correction)

Double vision, can't read newspapers, an advantage
as the news is bad, Central African Republic falling
into anarchy, Congo fighting Ugandan rebels in the
east - thought January blues was a thing of the past

But no, this morning inner bleakness like the bleach
used to wash shirts, spelling death to living things –
like chlorine – enveloped me in impenetrable black
clouds and last night several strangling nightmares

Swept me into a place of wordless misery – maybe
the fact that I was born in January is the reason for
this annual depression that spoils the beginning of
everything, staying at home & the return to work

I thought modern medication would be stronger
than that – but no, mute I stare at my newspaper
wishing the letters would stop dancing before my
eyes, wishing I was young enough to dream of

An alternative to earthly life, at present reality is
far too hard and bright and I cannot find the door
to my inner Wonderland...

[5 January 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Cannot Put The Picture Together [revised]

When known in advance each remark will be met with an icy stare, all requests regarded suspiciously and interactions fraught with a danger of incomprehension – how does one prepare to face a well-meaning bully

How does one prepare to be silent, speaking only, in the circumstances, when essential; it doesn't matter how I try to prepare, it won't lift my mood – my favourite program wasn't on yesterday to satisfy my need for escape

An episode of Men Behaving Badly worsened my depression this morning, I feel like running away to a place of great expectations; it is all that is left, my illusions of getting along with a bully have been shattered

I cannot put the picture together again...

Margaret Alice Second

Can'T Be Your Fault [rev.]

Can't Be Your Fault [REV.]

Every time I try to tell you something first-hand
you make me stop; you don't want to hear the
details of whatever I'm proselytising - yet you
insist I read newspaper articles you like - and
watch your pet TV programmes with you

Now why should I ever desire to see and hear
things recommended by you - you've refused
to hear what actually interests me; sometimes
you condescend to kindly ask why I'm so quiet,
sanctimoniously adding - feel free to talk!

Oh well, no reason to complain while you take
good care of the house & help with routine jobs,
preparing dishes to die for; & of course nobody
should be talking about their thoughts when one
considers the nonsense presented in dramas

And storybook dialogues - I've never mastered
the art of small-talk and since books & theories
aren't acceptable subjects, I've nothing to say;
you find whatever details insufferably tedious
and perfidious - it just can't be your fault that

My mind feels dead inside...

[14 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Can't Enjoy (Cor)

Reading political schmaltz: South Africa called the great pride of the African continent, its past has been overcome in freedom of enlightenment, it's more advanced than its African counterparts, but its progress rested on slavery thus it was an unnatural development, freedom lets it revert to take its place as a 3rd world country where life ought to be stopped immediately in order to

Heal its embattled people - Africans should learn to rejoice in their beautiful being & scorned tribes how to delight in African origins - no longer being forced to imitate Europeans by their previous evil regime - free to enjoy the illegal music banned by the governing hypocrites; but alas, a slew of new leaders, blind in greed & oblivious to the need for work, health & education, unable to focus -

Usurp the wealth, aided & abetted by the tenderpreneurs, BEE is failing; growth in Africa used to be based on colonialism, now we learnt to reject middlemen who take more than their share while corrupt officials take more; our politicians ignore the future as if there's no tomorrow, there won't be if the disillusioned destroy the country in

Desperation as the rich feast incessantly not even leaving the crumbs for the masses - and then they will destroy what they can't enjoy...

Margaret Alice Second

Can't Listen To

Concentrating on Madame La Pompadour's mournful face while she elaborates on her aches and pains so that not a single rational conversation on world events and theories or books is possible, such as I enjoy when talking to Sister Sunshine & the Mother Abbess; is a sore Christmas-lunch-trial for me, a sinner finding it difficult to show love to her fellow human beings

I love all people in principle and the IDEA of loving and helping them sounds so good, but the actual application of this principle in reality is beyond me, I just can't settle down and listen to their rambling gossiping - raconteurs without the art of irony or satire - so please let me learn how to listen in the RIGHT way, I pray: please send me intelligent, loving, conscious energy - teach me

To push my own ideas and theories away to concentrate on my fellow human beings; I love conversation in writing, no desultory idiocies and description of pets offered in an inexpert way: I love talking on paper - because when it's a verbal interaction with body language in facial expression filling in the details and my imagination doing the rest - I lose interest finding it all so one-dimensional -

Especially when someone drones on in an unlovely voice, it is so difficult to like voices deliberately made to sound unmusical, while the speaker dissects life in a negative way... now I'm rambling, let me stop - are you fed up with me as I may sound like those I can't listen to?

Margaret Alice Second

Can'T Wait For Perfection

Sweet, so sweet the air-con revenge: finally
the system is fixed, I'm purple and blue with
the cold in the office, everyone huddles in all
kinds of garments, we had complained a lot
and now we must suffer the blast of icy winds
and wear our warm winter minks

I can bring my rose-petal top I had despaired
of never wearing and this is better than over-
heating I think, though why we should be tor-
mented this way, never allowed any comfort
strikes me as a mystery - maybe this is how
government employees suffer Purgatory

And as life continues as we leave our physical
bodies we go straight to a kind of bureaucratic
heaven where the temperature will be just right
I can't wait for such perfection...

Margaret Alice Second

Capacity To Feel (Revised)

A hat, even the one adorned with pearls and silver flowers
disguising bright pink ones on it already, doesn't help if its
wearer cannot smile - and I can't this morning, tried it, sang
'Oh you can kiss me on a Monday' to lift a colleague from
doldrums and though she smiled unwillingly, she said the
song didn't help at all

It didn't help me either, counting my secret sins to find out
which foodstuffs caused this psychopathic torpor feeling,
fruit cake of course, bread and new kettle-fried chips with
avocado dip, a list of my sins is endless, must be resigned
and wait until the sun melts my frozen heart, keep a low
profile - must stay calm

While my head is being ground by allergy, even loving
articles by spiritual Anne can't touch my frosted feelings,
a buzzing of many voices in the office led to another round
of André Rieu, Death Dancing once again and I wish
to sleep, last night I couldn't and now my eyelids close
themselves, my grand plans

for marching through my text and slashing all resistance
against target terms, wrestling style and grammar gremlins
until my translation was perfect; came to nought, I'm just
an automaton without a soul - at least I don't have to worry
about paying the ferryman, my soul is somewhere else and
without the capacity to feel

Life bores me all the time...

[25/11/2013]

Margaret Alice Second

Card And Champagne [revised]

A soft warm peach-coloured blanket
and socks and cloths with a sewing
kit to attach the buttons my pink top
sheds at an alarming rate - clearly

they who made it thought with sadistic
satisfaction of the wearer walking in a
button shower where-ever she goes;
it includes a tin in which to keep the

sewing kit as it always disappears -
Freudian slips showing I hate sewing,
hiding it from myself; given the pretty
polka-dot tin I might be able

to override this - and thus lunch was
spent profitably - now to pull out my
spending teeth, get ready for mom's
80th birthday in April

She's already writing and presenting
an Easter play and she loves doing it,
the old-age home's acoustic chapel is
available for her music and song with

An orchestra in wheelchairs to shake
home-made instruments; a card and
champagne might be all I can add to
her delight at this stage...

Margaret Alice Second

Carmine Heaven [3rd Rev.]

It is a tragedy, this burlesque of good intent -
a morbid quest to wear deathly black & grey,
off-set by an apron with white polka-dots on
red - while I prefer my colours surely sweet

I hate the haggard grey and acrid black, in my
donning a carmine pyjama top, carnation scarf
& silver-white wrap I'm once again me, feeling
the warmth - whereas this barbarous and

ice-cold red, black, & grey depresses the joy
of feeling Bruno lying at my feet in an azure
blanket - no sharing my silver wrap with a dog,
carnation scarf in line-of-sight and Steve Irwin

Swimming with crocodiles on screen, I'm warm
again in carmine heaven; Bruno heats my feet
and sight becomes tactile charm - recalling our
school colours were red, black and grey -

Even my spirit won't relive that ...

[2nd revision]

It's a tragedy, this burlesque of good intent in
a moping quest to be clad in deathly black and
grey, off-set by an apron with white polka-dots
on red - while I prefer my colours sweet

I hate the hard deathly grey and pitch black, by
donning a carmine pyjama top, carnation scarf
and silver-white wrap-around I was me again -
feeling the warmth I see; whereas ice-cold

Bloodthirsty red, black, and grey makes me feel
depressed, for Bruno laying at my feet an azure
blue blanket - no sharing my shining silver wrap
with a dog, carnation scarf in line-of-sight

Steve Irwin swimming with crocodiles on screen
I'm in carmine heaven warmth; Bruno heats my
feet and sight becomes tactile charm - besides
our school colours were red, black and grey

My spirit don't wish to relive that time...

Margaret Alice Second

Carried Away (Rev.)

The radio happily playing to itself, kettle bubbling away cheerfully, TV prattling in rapid French - it's a wonderful melée of sound; but unfortunately I'm house-bound, must see a dentist after filling loss last night. Wrapped within an Africa-style blanket while daintily sipping English tea - dieting means lacking feeling, disinterested drifting on life's sea

Shall go to the library, awaken interest & positive sense; depressed, paying off credit - not working while my teeth fall out, reality's only function is to dispense a trampoline for high jumping to reach theories & dreams - but overspending & peeling ceilings hold me down; when feeling well I'll find things I love - even playing at it is good enough

Anything putting rose-hued glasses on my eyes will do; been lost in the seven dark nights of the soul for too long to find happiness by not over-indulging in food, must edit rhythm of life's beat to be in step with uplifting music; heart-strings mouldy from disuse, wanting to vibrate to new songs, ideas, plans - visions of excitement

Why didn't it come - where did I lose feelings, could it have been when my imagination was bound - and how can it be freed without my being carried away again...

[ORIGINAL:]

The radio happily playing to itself, the kettle cheerfully bubbling along, TV rattling away in rapid French, a wonderful melée of sound; I'm house-bound, must see a dentist - lost a filling last night; Africa-style blanket around me while daintily sipping English tea - dieting means lack of feeling, drifting without interest on life's sea

Shall go to the library to awaken interest & positive feeling; I'm depressed, paying off credit not working while my teeth are falling out, reality's only function is to provide a trampoline for jumping high to reach theories and dreams - but overspending and peeling ceilings hold me down; when feeling well I shall find things I love - even playing at it is good enough -

Anything that puts rose-tinted glasses over my eyes will do, I've been lost in the seven dark nights of the soul for too long & must find happiness without over-indulging in food - change the rhythm of life's beat to be in step with uplifting music, my heart-strings are mouldy with disuse & want to vibrate to a new song, find excitement in a new idea, a plan, a vision -

Why doesn't it come- where have I lost my feelings, could it have been when my imagination was bound - and how can everything be freed without my getting carried away again...

Margaret Alice Second

Carry A Campstool (Revised)

Hairdressers, facials, manicures, dressmakers;
weddings are special events - but I've never had
the inclination to indulge my appearance. I go as
me, warts and all, hoping for a fellow conspirator
agreeing content of the head is more important
than the hair thereon, hoping for someone

who is into spiritualism and intelligence of a
loving energy surrounding us, discussing theories
on crop circles magic or the mystery of a missing
Marie Celeste passenger - I take 2 or 3 books
along to make my point; just choosing a topic
for conversation supersedes any urgency of trying

To look pretty, it tragically ends on entry of the next
beauty and when the bride appears the rest of the
world pales into insignificance - photo shoots take
eons, one wears flat shoes, carries a campstool to
survive - otherwise resentment of a bridal Parties'
selfishness can overpower a quiet saint,

Not that I am one, I'm able to amuse myself while the
bride bathes in unlimited personal attention; this is
psychological preparation necessary for a taste of hell
moreso than attention wasted on personal grooming...
oops, best not send this musing to the bridegroom,
he would be sorely hurt by my flippancy...

Margaret Alice Second

Carte Blanche In Everything [revised]

Ugly red, green and cream - table-cloth and cushions you bought for our new wooden table and chairs, not blue, not purple, but black place mats - now we have really unsightly red, green and black; you wanted to rig out the new patio table & chairs immediately, and now, see, it is all decked out

In hateful colours because I was visiting mom in the old age home thus losing all say in its accoutrement; ugly tablecloth and cushions on the chairs, I hate the combination of red, green and cream, the image of a cock is totally devastating; to you I accept no fairy or angel theme could have been acceptable; but surely

A colour scheme might have been something which we both agreed on, so here we go, a pinkish-purple runner would have been beautiful right here, but you rejected it out of hand; what a fool I've been to give you carte blanche in everything...

Margaret Alice Second

Cascade Lace [rev.]

That forlorn figure in the sea and that
forlorn figure on the beach, that's me,
wishing to bathe in warm waves - but
reduced to watching lattices of white
candy-floss forming cascade lace at
my feet: rocks make it impossible to
risk life & limb & I remain planted on
the beach, perceiving breakers form
candy-floss lattices of cascade lace...

Margaret Alice Second

Cast In Everlasting Stone [cor.]

I'm awed by the things that make other people happy, a tragi-comedy letter seeking help from the President against his Lady-Macbeth-wife in comprehensible English, a colleague used her rulebooks, grammar books, proverbs & idioms to painstakingly create a gem of a translation- a perfect miniature delight fit for a connoisseur

To be sent to the President's men who will send it on to the homicide unit to be deciphered by an officer nonplussed by a Macbeth who can't flee the wrath of his Lady plotting to poison him without clear evidence; not caring what the rule is to describe everything was taken nor whether 'and' should be 'as well or also', I use the sound that

Rings true in my ears whereas my colleague finds fulfilment in proving everything with a rule, getting back the text is a lesson in the application of rules and regulations, the reader needs to know what is asked to broadcast a request, there's no inspiration to create cameos for non-literary purposes yet my colleagues ecstatically create rules for every move

They make, this enjoyment in applying rules leaves me flabbergasted, when the end is just a file and an official reply, there's no hope for an enduring text to beguile some lonely hours - whereas if there is only half a chance to wring your heartstrings when my words sing, I'll spend hours carving such a poem cast in everlasting stone...

Cast in Everlasting Stone [Rev]

I'm awed by the things that make other people happy; an unusual letter by someone seeking the President's protection against his wife, a murderous Lady Macbeth has a colleague consulting rulebooks, grammar books,

proverbs and idioms to painstakingly create a gem of a translation, a perfect miniature filigree confection fit for a connoisseur - to be sent to the President's men

Who could forward it to homicide where it will be read by an officer, nonplussed by a Macbeth who can't flee the wrath of his Lady-Love plotting to poison him - yet offers no proof for his claim; it's irrelevant how we say 'she took all her things' -or relay 'and' with 'as well' or 'also', I use the sound ringing sweet in my ears while my colleague finds fulfilment in finding a rule for

Everything, in the end the final text is a lesson in the use of reference books, although readers only need to know it's a request which doesn't inspire to craft literary cameos - to be squandered on government officials; my colleague enthusiastically backs up her every move with a rule & her joyful search for formal guidance leaves me flabbergasted since the

End result is just a file & an official reply, this is no opportunity to preserve an enduring text to beguile our sad and lonely hours, whereas if there's only half a chance to wring your heartstrings with words that sing - I'll spend hours carving such a poem - cast in everlasting stone

Margaret Alice Second

Catch-Up Consciousness [rev.]

A half-second delay between awareness and an actual event poses a riddle, what is meant by 'the present moment?' so out you go Wen, Eternally Surprised in Thief of Time; since the present is actually already in the past by the

Moment we arrived at it, no marriage to Lady Time - humanity's forever behind and neither Taoist Lao Tse, nor the Prachettian Lu-Tze & Heideggerian Zen Buddhist would ever solve time-riddles in eternally blossoming valleys

The human-cortex-delayed-response allows 'now' to recede, conscious-experience-content we're aware of AFTER the fact; we always live in antedated 'present' as signals from senses need time to travel to the cerebrum - it's the

Neurobiological evidence: body-emotion-mind-systems do not generate consciousness -& are just a Space Suit worn by Consciousness while rhythmic information patterns generated in the heart sounds consciousness-matter-interaction

The heart is the seat of consciousness -since it receives intuitive information before brain cells; mystics know it is soul energy interacting with light & sound - heart-rhythm-feedback teaches how we can generate positive emotional states

Through mental discipline to attain happiness; the body cells have expanded awareness and know the future a half-second earlier than our slow, cumbersome catch-up consciousness...

Margaret Alice Second

Cave Of Ignorance

Mister S Pirie is quite eerie in his eyrie in the sky attracted by Eastern Yin and Yang principles he cannot see the forest for the trees, since literary ideas like similes such as "tuning mental knobs to listen to the preferred mental station" means nothing to his literal brain, he believes we only

Make cars without dreaming & using feelings by choosing thoughts that enable us to face life, he thinks we are at the mercy of impersonal forces, living in the ensuing chaos when we observe the world indiscriminately without interpreting: for him, building cars is all there is, therefore

There's no need for feeling, emotion, dreaming and planning things - Pirie perfectly values his ignorance, refusing to consider the comparison between tuning a radio to receive FM Classic instead of Radio Ga-Ga; to him the line The Specific Frequency I Want; means nothing

The terms Right & Wrong leave him behind in a relative world of individual realities, his bumbling: right frequency, vibration or some such: reveals his inability to study what is meant by these terms used in an extended metaphor, he analyses: Anything we want

attracted into our lives" without realising it's a literary device for controlling our feelings by ignoring potholes in the metaphorical road of life, he thinks it means magical things without material history, never bothering to study The Theory of Mind Frequency to understand

It's a comparison to explain how controlling the mind can energise & empower us by directing feelings from despair to the brightness of the sun; a sentence he can never understand, he

arrogantly attacks this - making it his business
to be the blind Pharisee leading his Blind Flock

Deeper into the Cave of Total Ignorance...

Margaret Alice Second

Celebration [rev]

The Holographic-Fractal-Nature of Reality is aptly named 'Holofractographic Reality' - which indicates the whole of creation is embedded in any part constituting it

The complete universe can be reassembled from any of its innumerable particles, as thus a scientist turned poet enthuses: a million universes exist within our own cells

We simultaneously exist within each cell and universe at once; we are libraries of life's knowledge and information within our own genetic cells

We can make holographic images of patterns swirling within patterns, such as DNA, which is a perfect hologram as every part of the body contains the genetic code -

Our genetic pattern, the 'source-code', is embedded in every single cell; being fractal, self-similar patterns infinitely repeat in expanding and evolving symmetry;

A rhythmic music sung & danced eternally, growing in power & sound as time goes by - & then I want to become a melodic theme in Boccherini's Minuet...

[This is, of course, 'Holofractographically-expealidoscious' in the song of 'Wholes being Holofractographically-i-interconnected'

sung by whales at beaching times when they blow bubbles on the beach irritating people busy to eat at a barbecue on the dunes

while the wind provides the tunes - sighing in disgust at the mess on the beach to be washed into the sea - and why not indeed,

sing with me: 'Holofractographically-expealidoscious as all the wholes are being Holofractographically-i-in-terconnected - in a celebration of existence']

Celebration Of Being

A thirteen-year old heroine complains her mother suddenly seems just gross and embarrassing; I realised everything seemed embarrassing to me right from the start of my life as if I was tainted with the low EQ - emotional quotient - of an adolescent and am still the same today

Embarrassment about my parents and siblings never changed; should one try to grow up emotionally - impossible, as one youngster sings High school never ends, we all still compete for the same things and fight the same bullies; some people are wise like my colleague Hanlie

But I remain caught up in the emotional conundrums of the past and the only way to move forward is to concentrate on my partner and kids where fun and laughter change life into a celebration of being

Lois Lowry - Anastasia, Ask your Analyst

Margaret Alice Second

Celestial Efficiency

Luckily Mother Abbess will never be without a job, to keep this Postulant humble and on my knees begging the Heavenly Father to take me away because I'm too sinful and simple to live, to do all this, the saintly Mother Abbess changes every piece of work I submit

If I use her previous version or that of Bitter Little Miss Lemon, she changes it to a different version; if I use her different version she changes it to her previous version, the same with Sister Strangelove, when I relate literally she changes the text into idiomatic lines and when I use

The right idioms, she changes it to literal translation, now standing here realising how very SWEET and BRILLIANT the sisters in our little convent, my heart dissolves and grows tender at the thought of how hard they work and compete to keep my soul from perdition and my mind

From sinful pride, my body from normal health through worry about what I'll do wrong next, how they sacrifice their time to think up tests to keep me in a steady state of confession; these sisters so elevated, so far above my humble state, I can only stare and admire

Their celestial efficiency, their halos blazing forth in a golden light of loving guidance for this little Candide, this lowly Postulant forever to believe this is the best possible world there is....

Margaret Alice Second

Celestial Heights [rev]

I press the earphones into my ears as deep as they'll go, swaying to the music; standing in the office new life is pulsating through me and the light is brighter - music more exciting

My work station's now much more beautiful with the silver-glitter lilac fairy wings & pink rose set against dark blue cloth, changing all into a Saint-Saëns wonder-world of undersea coral

Represented by bunches of flowers; bright energy awash within me, I want to sing The Hills are Alive at the top of my voice - I sing going downstairs in the echoing stairwell, feeling jubilant, animated

My mind reels, all more ethereal than before; my daughter rises like Persephone, returning from a Hades' underworld & I'm Demeter - overjoyed at seeing her again, every dance - even a Mandela

Shuffle - who is still laughing at me benevolently from his 2D-picture - lifts me higher - I look down on earth from the celestial heights reserved for the gods...

Margaret Alice Second

Celestial Orchestration

celestial orchestration worked out
all to satisfaction: Monday the
monster machine ate my credit card,
Friday I received a new one
just in time to pay the physiotherapist
who sent an invoice by SMS claiming damages
for the few precious moments
I was allowed to experience the bliss
of his youthful enthusiasm
for fixing aching patients

Now I am to pay for every sparkle
in his innocent blue eyes, ah, the
fate of life - every little service
comes at a pre-set price, but
I am not complaining,
sitting on the very expensive pillow
I bought from His gracious Lordship
I have indeed less backache
than before, therefore
let me go and defray the cost
that led to greater ease
in my quiet and sedentary life

Margaret Alice Second

Cello More Important Than Life

Your righteous indignation at my making two mistakes that merely disturbed your complacency authorises you to swear at me and sets you free from any need to apologise, in this house I must reiterate how sorry I am and write letters explaining why I messed up and became guilty of high treason and should be shot for multiple shortcomings, the situation is so bizarre it makes me laugh - Mein Herr Marquis, ein Mann wie Sie ... drum verzeihen Sie wenn ich lache - ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha [Die Fledermaus]

Your injured dignity forces you to ignore me pointedly - fine, after laughing to my heart's content, the screensaver that gives meaning to everyday routine, Timothy Dalton as 007 - The Living Daylights - keeps my mind occupied; while you steam and froth at the mouth, presenting like Le Malade Imaginaire of Molière, waiting to execute me with the guillotine of your mouth - I happily watch 007 rise to the occasion as he confronts the KJB - while you prepare the devastating speech that is meant to change me into Quasimodo himself

I am walking the grey steets of Russia in 1987, a cello is clearly more important than a life, once again the situation is clear - yes, your discomfiture is more important than my work or life, James Bond puts it all in perspective, having just used a laser light on an official car, yes, this is life, as long as the imagination can take us away, reality is just the trampoline providing lift-off into the sky, sorry Mein Herr Marquis, a tragedy in the land of ice has taken me away, the cello has taken a bullet and they just went through the border post - safe in Austria -

While the KJB is getting ready to launch new attacks on everyone

Margaret Alice Second

Centre Of Attention [rev.]

Isn't it strange - whenever tragedy strikes, like a death in the family or of a lover, some don't immediately consider suicide - its afterwards, when drama is over, life regular again, when the droves of commiserating friends leave

They then attempt to take their own life but fail, they're treated for a new psychological disorder, suicide seems so way out of the question, but they suddenly fall victim to their greatest fears - of a criminal assault -

A new wave of sympathy washing over them until monotony of routine gets them, then a friend falls ill and the suicidee thus becomes worthy of attention with all wondering why everything happens to this poor victim -

Yet it seems the suicidee does not feel the need for death during sad events, only when life is a hum-drum and everyday grind they start feeling overwhelmed and attract more of the same - the question is: do they develop a

Vibration, an emotional need for becoming the centre of attention time after time?

[28 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Chagrined (Revised)

Reached new depths of spectacular failure today
could not stay awake for a riveting discussion on
the French elections - and couldn't concentrate
on a stimulating news reel about endemic crime
in Marseilles

Nor express my joy in discovering Greek Robin
Hoods reconnecting electricity for the poor to save
their dignity or my delight in machines taking over
boring human jobs; it means seeking creative ways
to provide for our needs

My words fell into Sounds of Silence, even the star
pupil couldn't break the spell, impossibly failed to
express what he felt, amazing in-depth discussion
on intricate French election procedures, blood-
curdling stuff by the way -

Must have fried our brains, words and terms ran
away pursued by a voracious language plague,
chastised and deeply chagrined I can only cry about
the time wasted trying to prepare for a spell in the
darkest part of hell...

Margaret Alice Second

Chained To Confused Statutes [rev.]

Fictional employees feasting on public funds
in failing fragile Africa - at least our database
is stable; I've never entered Charlotte Brontë,
my nostalgic doll, nor Jane Austen, my sweet
doll, nor a Snow Maiden figure, Snegurochka
she is called, very recent in the fictitious cast
of characters in my head - nor the loveable

Little Alien Pest hanging from rafters above -
nor any others who spend time with me in the
office, i.e., the 2 miniature wooden dolls - as
government employees; - my confident stride
stalled by a litany of ills besetting government
service in the Congo, my heart bleeds, how to
reform a Public Service of officials left to their

Own survival devices for too long, fabricating
cases as they were paid so little if at all - how
to coax them to relinquish & suffer even more?
I can't fathom how to save a country from itself,
wish for a way to help them without hurting the
fragile cadres chained to their very confused
and broken old statutes...

[10 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Change Again

On Monday it was Tiaan's rugby that kept me from exercising with Lilani at Inch By Inch - on Wednesday it was my mother's visit, I went on Thursday after Carine came home by ambulance Barbie, a sweetie, and Joseph, a cool organiser rolled her softly onto her bed

Lilani gave me coffee, listened to my account of things that went wrong, I even told her about my heroine who sings, cooks, does ballet and travels overseas, who gets lost in toy shops then goes bungi-jumping when she is supposed to attend conferences, but Lilani will have to close down

If she cannot find other premises - just my luck, for the first time I have people to talk to about anything under the sun, saving the audience on the Internet from my passionate effusions about tooth-ache, allergy and various aches because hubby refuses to listen to my prattling - and just when I am content -

The world gets ready to change again...

Margaret Alice Second

Change Paper Music Rolls

And then at school we did cycles,
the cycle of the frog in standard 2,
went downstairs to the old library
to see the transparencies, later we
did the cycle of the fern, I copied it
from the book while watching TV
in standard 8

The cycle of water in standard 10
which I explained by means of the
life of a small drop of water going
on a trip from the clouds, teacher
praised my tale; life still moves in
cycles I, think - we all have been
programmed like the golems

With millions of chems in our heads
like those paper music rolls with per-
forations that made pianos play,
our heads are run by perforation
patterns which we received from
our culture, society and the world,
I wish I could change

The paper music rolls in my head

Margaret Alice Second

Change Your Paradigm

Talking about my book, leadership centred on principles you immediately defend the benevolent autocratic style so beloved by authoritarian societies, the way we lead our lives requiring sacrifice and tact from underlings to remain happy and calm while being disempowered all the time - oh well, learning patience and resignation is such a virtue - fighting to change your paradigm is more than my character and personality will let me, I don't mind being unpopular since popularity with you comes at too high a price which I cannot pay even if I try, to get you to share power with me does not seem feasible given your entrenched ideas of leaders being nasty people - I'll say they are!

"Principle-Centred Leadership" by Stephen R. Covey - Simon and Schuster UK Ltd,1992

Diary Notes 17 June 2012

Margaret Alice Second

Changed Slowly [rev.]

It was hard in the beginning,
hard to understand that you did
not agree with me – I needed

You to agree to fairies and
spiritual ideas – and yet you
were not against me.

It seemed that since you did
not agree, you might even have
wanted to change me, and then

I came to understand you were
simply standing on your own
ground, expecting me to take

My own chosen place without
necessarily insisting that you
join me in my convictions.

Because you were a special
person, because I had audacity
to appropriate you as my hero,

A Big Brother whose ideas are
important, I wanted you to think
as I do for your own benefit;

And today it is clear that you are
free to think as you do without
constituting a threat to me, and

Your convictions are beneficial.
Wonderful isn't it, the change
took place slowly, and today

There is no hint of threat

[25 February 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Changed Tack

Got home, explained heat in the office
hubby angry, how DARE I disturb his
ambiance, happy atmosphere at home
immediately I tried to change tack-did
not work - I am in the dog-box

Everything I say is wrong – it would have
been bad if I did not know how good it is
for me to suffer – whenever suffering is
going on, I change into the little Calvinist
I was born to be – pain, suffering

Is good for me, I was BORN into suffering –
I convince myself that pain is good, enjoy the
masochism involved – which leads to sadism
how good that is – Machiavelli justified – wait
we were talking about Calvinism

Too late, I have already changed tack...

Margaret Alice Second

Changing The Witch [rev]

Expansion is the result of contrasting experience,
we'd never delineate our heart's desires without
adventures leaving you shell-shocked or joyous,
and the lesson is to release the impossible dream
of having everything as desired; if it could be, we'd
lose inspiration & motivation in a stagnant utopia

Feeling sad on never reaching some goals then
feeling empty on fulfilling a desire so a new goal
is needed to regain peace; has taught me to be
content with shortcomings & rejoice in yet to be
fulfilled schemes like fighting windmills - finding
no happy-ever-after but ongoing quests instead

Always looking for new dreams and challenges
revealed that the Quest is the essence of life &
when fantasies prove impossible, we can change
them to create new beginnings & every chapter
leads to another in the book of life; all stories and
fairy tales are rewritten as we travel forwards and

Backwards in time, tweaking all probabilities for
all possible outcomes, living forever in the dance
of recreation, changing the witch into the heroine
while the princesses escape to be free and true
love's kiss is a motherly or sisterly embrace and
romantic love is only one of an infinite range of

Emotions - every plot is reinterpreted by the
unique individual mind-prism - every particle
is endowed with consciousness to vibrate at
a specific wavelength; rejoicing in the LOVE,
Intelligence & Wisdom of this universe

Margaret Alice Second

Chaos - Thunderbolt

Electric Universe Theory, based on realising electric formations are depicted in prehistoric petroglyphs & ancient rock art - representing electrical discharges in the prehistoric skies

Plasma science and space probes show how electricity played a key role in these celestial phenomena which point to our electrical Sun, which is the stellar centre of our solar system

Heavenly bodies are strung along the invisible Power Lines which are detected in radio noise and magnetic fields showing that the pearls in Indra's heaven are the electric lights within an

Electric universe; pictures of a Squatting Man represent plasma instabilities seen in images of electrical discharges in the laboratory; also ancient peoples identified certain planets with

The 'Thunderbolt of the Gods' described and represented in ancient myths & rock art – but these dreadful thunderbolts clearly are high-energy plasma discharges that cause such

Chaos and terror on our Planet Earth in this enchanting Electric Universe...

Margaret Alice Second

Chaos And Terror [rev.]

Based on inspirational forensic investigation of the astronomical aspects in prehistoric petroglyphs & recording huge electrical discharges in prehistoric skies, we've inherited an Electric Universe

Combined with plasma science & space probes its clear electricity plays the key role in such celestial dynamics - it brings us to see the electrical nature of our Sun, the centre of our solar system where

Planets and stars are strung along invisible Cosmic Power Lines detectable only as magnetic fields and radio noise; the pearls in Indra's heaven are electric lights within an Electric Universe;

Enigmatic prehistoric petroglyphs represent the same plasma instabilities seen in images of lab-generated electrical discharges - also ancient peoples identified certain planets with a dreadful weapon, that of

the 'Thunderbolt of the Gods' - as represented and described in myths and rock art, and which we see as high-energy plasma discharges - causing chaos and terror on Earth...

Margaret Alice Second

Chaotic Kaleidoscopic Patterns

An Ice Princess returned to her still and peaceful frozen kingdom; too much humanity in her sister's sunny land of chaotic kaleidoscopic patterns of recurring debts and random decisions which flowed together until resolving into pictures of excitement without routine and security, filling her visit with an unmusical noise, her sister nervous and fidgety

Queen of Hearts phrasing edicts on the Princess's future hair-do's and the importance of losing weight, the Queen preparing meals without proper utensils, no sharp knife nor chopping board and no planning when buying groceries nor in preparing a meal, the Queen choosing to surprise herself in the now, like Pratchett's character 'Wen' the Eternally Surprised

Her sister's self-defeating sarcasm towards the landlady and litanies of litigation were self-contradictory, Conan - dad sitting outside and taking his meals all alone as difficulty chewing evokes derision; budget constraints revealed in small meals - yet expensive shampoo & creams; artificial joviality to conceal irritation unsuccessfully - this inevitable

Unity in inability to escape each other also held a strange charm, now back home the princess alone, kids well-behaved & the strict Scorpion King ruling through planning and discipline, an ordered world without weird transactions and emotional blackmail or continuous criticism, a velvet world of musical vocalisation where creative activities take place

Without argument and blame...

[6 July 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Chase The Grey Coldness (Revised)

My umbrella's magenta not ordinary pink and
magenta is the placemat under my keyboard;
pink rose in my zenith-blue mug and a purple
star on my magic wand - upright zenith-blue
tray with same colour dishcloths front of me,
my top lavender with pink shoelace lanyard

My work-station's second chair resembles a
boudoir with white scarf offset to silver-white
fan & reams of colourful beads, Miss Marple
bag, blue jersey as big as a dress complete
this picture - I briefly consider cleaning up
and washing my pink cup - but luckily

Conscientiousness wins debate, dutifully I
continue with a lack-lustre oil pipeline and
rail link translation; day lacks excitement,
at least I'm awake and soon it will end, I'll
be free to sit, watch rain & clouds at play
making plans for a warm dinner to chase

Grey coldness of non-stop drizzle away

[ORIGINAL:]

Magenta's the colour of my umbrella, not ordinary
pink, magenta the placemat under my keyboard,
pink the rose in my zenith-blue mug, a purple star
on my magic wand, zenith-blue the tray standing
upright - as well as the dishcloths right in front of
me, lavender my top with pink shoelace lanyard

The second chair in my work-station resembles a
boudoir with a white scarf offsetting a fan in silver
white & reams of colourful beads - a Miss Marple
bag and blue jersey as big as a dress complete
the picture - I briefly consider cleaning up the
mess and washing my pink cup but lucky for me

Conscientiousness wins the debate and dutifully
I continue with my lack-lustre translation on oil
pipelines and rail links, my day lacks excitement;
at least I'm awake and soon the day will end and
I'll be free to sit and watch rain and clouds at play
while making plans for a warm dinner to chase

The grey coldness of the non-stop drizzle away

Margaret Alice Second

Cheated Without Mystery [revised]

For my Pension status update I ran down
to the downstairs Fund, and sprinted back
faster than lightning - their office so hot I
near fried in overpowering, nose-curdling
disinfectant smells like Auschwitz

Where, after being disinfected, all prisoners
were gassed - Annette explains calling was
a wiser ploy - gave me their elusive number
and at 8 am on the dot I rang, Diseko - her
name sings - answers, waiting patiently

As I fumble for my pension number, taking
my email address, tho' I didn't ask her read
it back so some tension was left, and since
I feel cheated without mystery, I leave it an
opening for misunderstanding

Might need call again; why life needs such
intrigue I cannot say - but it does - and so
here goes, waiting to see how Diseko will
comply with my request; oops, opening
my email - whoop de doo - here it is!

Margaret Alice Second

Cheeky With The World [revised]

Late afternoon and the swimming pool's call, yesterday's
plunge into its delicious ice cold was fun, looking ahead
to doing it again, but first come my chores – a happy one
is to buy a birthday present for my cheeky little daughter
who smiles and chases me from her room

Who arrogantly parades and tells us we are behind-the-
time geeks, asks me secretly whether she is playing the
role of superior kid right, I say you're doing fine, but
she disapproves of everything I touch, doesn't like living
at home all that much - but she's a most addictive little

Miss who picks only the choicest morsels for her plate and
complains we are trying to feed her too much, her dad pays
for the gym so she can go anytime, she laughs and stays in
the sanctuary of her room; I shall get her a make-up kit with
brushes and things so she can colour her pretty face before
going out to be

Cheeky with the rest of the world...

Margaret Alice Second

Cheerful Independence

Filling in a leave form with a brain of frozen foam turned into a great administrative marathon - got the date wrong, a signature forgotten - Madame La Pompadour rolled her eyes looking stern and wise while admonishing me, a momzilla carrying on as if nobody ever had a child as dear as mine:

You're a fool to think your kid - with such poise and self-assurance, will have problems flying to Mexico, this will be a breeze for her, - & I agree knowing this was true for different reasons, the host of angels going with her keeps growing as I implore for more; the whole world covered by

Figures of light assuring me they will guard my darling all the time; only people vetted by them will cross her path and ruffians intercepted `ere they arrive: I looked up and saw her personal bodyguard ready to take flight & embark with her, my heart is light since Whispering Hope

Is here and made it clear that a girl so dear will never be alone, her faith's strong, her integrity formed by John Maxwell & her theories of love based on Leo Buscaglia, she'll honour the least important and be reserved towards the rich and arrogant; laughing, taking photos, working hard

Having a good time while saving for her vision of cheerful independence in which she'll be an angel herself...

Margaret Alice Second

Childhood Decisions

Isn't it wonderful, faced with unbearable
circumstances, I fell back to childhood
decisions how to deal with loneliness
and pain, seems to me we make up
our minds once and for all when
we are small

The rest is just window-dressing to pass
the time, I have never deviated from any
course I decided upon as a child, have
you and how did it feel? I'm not sure
I understand myself, much less the
world around me...

Margaret Alice Second

Choice Silver And Gold

Getting ready to vote tomorrow, grabbing a detective novel to while away the time when in line, began reading tonight and had to put it aside in disgust, given the long, winding, unnecessary descriptions and irrelevant detail -

The boring repetition of the cynical author's viewpoint of life in every character's personal history with its hackneyed experiences without love, every character being just a reflection of the author's personal perspective of everything

Thank heaven, nobody can make me read this, never again to be forced under the leash of the prescribed book for a language or literature course, if a story is not told in the uncluttered style of an allegory or proverb, if there is no special character

I can identify with, if the cast in the play have no ideals, no shiny nobility enticing them into creating a world of wonder; I won't get on the ride - if I can't collect the choice silver and gold, purified in fire, of insight how to create a personal world of delight -

The book is a waste, I would rather watch mindless TV advertisements with their instant magic than suffer the black perspective of a weary, self-important author...

Margaret Alice Second

Choices Converge [r]

Explanations of Banana-Republic status degradations;
all enjoyment in cleaning and a job well done dissolves
in your depression, of fear for retirement indemnity and
loss of happy senior years - but I want to think of all the
wonders around me, the kitchen gleaming - translucent

Like a pearl in golden evening sun, the quiet peace of a
happy son and the magic of Hanlie projecting her ideas
into Arabic documents; the here and now is pure sweet-
ness and I won't allow shadows to spoil these beautiful
moments - let's eat and be merry; work hard and trust

That the future's safe in universal consciousness which
knows what we require and only asks we determine for
ourselves what we want, keeping our eyes on those
dreams - for myself I only desire energy to learn more
about the unending dimensions that split into parallel

Universes every time we make a choice - which might
return to the starting point as new choices converge...

Margaret Alice Second

Choose To Be Free [rev.]

Sceptics can debunk any idea because EVERYTHING is TRUE, every assertion and all its opposites are simultaneously true equally - only belief provides proof

Thus previous assumptions determine what we will accept; it's liberating truth forever setting me doubt-free, refutation of everything ever believed or assumed

Predilections, personal tastes are what we make truth in life; personality and a uniqueness in character resonate with what being means; megalomaniacs if

Preferring to die for convictions - or just to be happy; since everything is true it's our choice which truth to implement; I'm happy and free, nobody fools me again

Since I know our lives are determined by personal choice and its conditions, limits and horizons, so now it makes sense why childhood suffocates: ancestors' beliefs

Are forced upon us; it's wonderful to watch people opposed in belief interacting, those most vociferous usually triumph - while I know only our inner disposition convinces

It's cool to escape scientific & theological snares, never to be limited again or forced role plays required for another's power or ever need to win arguments; it's amazing

Watching others struggle within man-made manacles they chose for themselves; but I am happy to know they, at any time, can choose to be free...

Margaret Alice Second

Choosing [rev.]

Choosing between a translation of the letter from a self-opinionated moron blowing his own horn & demanding respect from those formerly oppressed by him and his inhuman group, people so vile I wish I could blow him to smithereens, eradicate the baboon's whole moronic tribe - to which, more's the pity, I belong - and reading

The sophisticate, Caroline Glick, explaining that when one group demands society must curb its freedoms so the members can feel at ease, they cross that specific boundary, as limiting people's LIBERTY and RIGHTS harms the foundations of liberal society - if a society wants to remain liberal, groups like the first will need

Be curbed; respect for liberty is the cornerstone of free society & cherishing those intolerant groups will lead to new hegemony where absolutism will create one world state for one mighty potentate - imagine the oppression of all people if its the will of Allah, all created and used for political rule, is used to make slaves out of females

While the all men are reduced to robotic zealots killing each other and the rest of the infidel world? My choice is clear, Caroline Glick's article's the winner here

Margaret Alice Second

Cicatrise

To heal and scar this way is burdensome too far
to bear alone in peace – narrow blades of fortune
don't condone mistakes or random chance of fate
as fair or foul, or foiled in avid cut and thrust of
bare but venomous miscegeny; matched finesse
of strength's vitality compares as fearless dash
or wears a penchant's frown, whereas duplicity
equates au pair with rampant perfidy

So scars are worn a rhapsody – and fate a score
of music writ with liberal flair for air or string;
voices sing with equal verve in praise of fantasy,
twinge a nerve, raise a brow, there's ample space
for sure again within, places yet to be amazed –
you can abjure your penance and be free

Margaret Alice Second

Circles Of Pain [rev.]

Used to cry hearing Ständchen, Schubert's Serenade,
which my mother played on the piano after tucking us
in bed; as a young child life seemed unspeakably sad
and I lay sleepless as the notes rolled over me

Later I played the Serenade - again waves of sadness
swallowed me - revisiting that meaningless time in life -
there was no love between my siblings and Mom, Dad
and Grandma Alice living with us;

The melody wove a patchwork onto which I projected
everything beautiful I had no access to - being a cast-
away without the will or power to find paradise, stuck
in this trajectory - moving in circles of pain...

[ORIGINAL:]

I used to cry when listening to Ständchen, Schubert's
Serenade, which my mother used to play on the piano
after we were tucked in bed and life seemed to me - as
a young child - unspeakably sad; as I lay sleepless the
notes rolled over me - later I played the Serenade

And waves of sadness washed over me, reminding of
a time when life was meaningless as there was no love
between my siblings, Mom, Dad and Grandma Alice
living with us; the melody wove a patchwork on which
I projected everything beautiful I had no access to -

Being a cast-away without the will or power to find
any kind of paradise - stuck in this trajectory -
moving around in circles of pain...

[27 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Classic Situation (Revised)

First time in months Mme La Pompadour managed to arise and make the long, hazardous journey back – instructing all to complete every job stat, ordering our small work community to walk around partitions when conversing instead of neighbourly hanging over fences; I sighed with content, little things stir feelings and we shall have fun again

It has been too quiet and rational without her here to end everyone's comfortable life, we shall grumble as she makes existence in the trenches a living hell – for this we are paid, for this we shall stand and fall as we toil on behalf of deprived language groups; it is so good to be the target of aggression

It makes the adrenaline flow, puts our hackles up, unites us against a common foe who looks down on us, the common folk, while Mme La Pompadour does as she likes – this is the classic situation of government employees everywhere, so glad to join the ranks of the bitterly oppressed...

[ORIGINAL]

For the first time in many months
Madame La Pompadour managed
to get up and make the long and
hazardous journey to work

Instructing all to carry out every job
stat, ordering members of our small
work community to walk around
partitions when conversing

Instead of hanging over the fence in a
neighbourly way; I sighed with content
little things can stir up feelings and
we shall have fun again

It has been too quiet and rational around
here without her contribution to end every
one's comfortable life, we shall grumble

as she makes life in the trenches

A living hell – for this we are paid, for this
we shall stand and fall as we toil on behalf
of deprived language groups; it is so good
to be the target of aggression

It makes the adrenaline flow, puts our hackles
up, unites us against a common foe who looks
down on us, the common folk, while Madame
La Pompadour does as she likes

This is the classic situation of government
employees everywhere, so glad to join
the ranks of the oppressed...

Margaret Alice Second

Cloud Of Your Impatience [revised]

Your unhappiness, anger as you fret about
frustration obliterates the sun, hides beauty
of every moment – worries following you
change my world into a dark and miserable
place, churning my stomach into a knot

I feel bad always, threatening ideas upsetting
you take joy from our life, you admit they're
not really grave but you're under its spell –
holding us in thrall, gloom follows us as you
move under the cloud of your impatience

If we could apply the advice of a spiritual
website, everybody should be independent
from each other, joy should be lodged in
one's own heart without waiting for those
who allow their moods to turn into gloom

Yet it is not possible while we are such a
tight-knit little family

Margaret Alice Second

Codefinder

Sorry, no, thank you but no thank you,
I do not wish to purchase CodeFinder
Bible Code Software, I read books to
enrich my life with new possibilities -
to widen the mental horizon, not con-
cerned with degree of probability

I do not replicate experiments, leave
negative comments to anyone who
enjoys destroying anything they did
not learn about at school, I have no
desire to check the mathematicians

Those who enjoy shrinking the world
are free to inveigh against anything
without my having to join in fighting
them, I am just glad the imagination
is able to conjure so many new ideas

I only fear two things: boredom and
lack of freedom, the only scourge
in existence is ignorance

Margaret Alice Second

Cognitive Dissonance

Jihad and genocide demand total submission - and liberal ideals are irrelevant in regions where politics are based on totalitarian religion, the Islamist threat is spreading fundamentalism across the Middle East

Threatening Western Civilization with global jihadist extremism & Islamist radicalism with its supremacist aspirations - 'Islamism' brings subjugation to 'infidel' minorities - look at the Cognitive Dissonance in the

Irony of feminists and gay-rights activists supporting religious extremists engaged in persecuting the very rights of gay activists and feminists; see the intent of Islamic terrorism stated by the Ayatollah Ali Khamenei

'Israel is to be annihilated'

Look at ramifications of jihadi radicalism, an existential threat grounded in ideology not geography: Islamism is derived from Muslim scripts and the jihadist impulse is derived from religious conviction

Treating Hamas as a 'legitimate political entity' defies history, logic and common sense; Obama's affinity for Islamists did not win Islamic support for America; so choosing Iran as rational partner is utter madness

The Islamism of ISIS, Hezbollah, the Islamic Jihad - a wing of the Iranian Revolutionary Guard - threatens the shared cultural and political values of the United States and Israel; Iran as rogue regime involved in global jihad

Brings conflict to the US - but the American people's bond with Israel shall not be broken by Obama's hostile administration; read the Book of Yehoshua for strength and inspiration: 'Be strong & courageous;

Be not afraid, nor dismayed; for the Lord your G-d is with you wherever you go' - words which

will resonate long after Obama has gone...

[Joshua 1: 9]

[20 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Cold Convictions [revised]

A short message - she's dying and it hurts: now everything seems meaningless, even hopes of existence's continued consciousness does not remove the fear of losing physical contact with this world; the terrible words that she is hurting means painful experience in a great emptiness

I don't know what to do to help her get through, how to comfort and take hurt away or send her support she so badly needs, all I can give from here is my words, my belief in the power of our ideas to shape reality such that we're a part of our spirit, a momentary manifestation of the

Indestructible electro-magnetic energy by which our minds and feelings are continuously carried forwards - even when the physical body is shed and our spirit is freed from temporality - these words explain there is no death - only a change in perspective; but cold convictions can't warm

Me tonight, knowing about the afterlife - which we create ourselves - does not change the bleak fact that she hurts and I can't do anything about it, powerless to change anything - thus life feels so empty and meaningless

Margaret Alice Second

Cold, Conscientious Existence [revised]

I'm frozen - appear purple and blue under the office glare of fluorescent lights - wearing my ice-blue jersey, draped with pink & white bead strings resembling a lost snowflake not an Ice Queen, no long thick hair, no gauzy dress, only a pink skirt fashioned from a blanket draped on my pants to defeat freezing air-con streams

Creating dubious Peruvian splendour, Fedora on my head - trying to overcome my attention deficit by filling isolated cold texts with fantasy induced feelings: Agent Snowflake sentenced to spend ice-cold eternity viewing documents unable to stir emotions, inspire, awaken red-hot motivation - looking like a Machu Picchu

Escapee and feeling like flotsam, a forgotten piece washed up on a lonely island's shores with hard-working colleagues discussing the legislation, just making the place more grey, forbidding, listening to yodelling over my ear-phones to bring some joy to this ice-cold, conscientious existence...

Margaret Alice Second

Collecting Memories

Want to cherish the laughter and joy of the wonderful times spent with the kids taking them to school, Tiaan reading Nicis essay aloud with such funny comments, we were in stitches, she claimed the king was on the ceiling meaning he stood above his slaves

Tiaan claiming my aggressive driving causes them to suffer epileptic attacks, that they are emotionally scarred by the determined way I stick to my guns when others try to cut us off or appear right before me, happy banter and mock sarcasm creating a warm atmosphere

I love the delighted laughter, magical moments spent together, would like to record them in my head to rejoice and relive whenever needed to lighten dark times, saving the sunshine of warm companionship for the lonely future, beautiful memories to keep my dreams sweet

Margaret Alice Second

Collicks Schmollicks

Guess who's been to an HR
meeting- yours truly ME! Oh
HR meeting delight, I rejoice
with might - AH!

This is what I learned: key word is
cascading objectives, an APP out-
come you see, in totality with the
activity and responsibility, reporting
quarterly, treasury & measurability

Inventory and Presidency, dependency
and awarding bursaries timeously for
the best probability and a straight line
from A to B - basically ultimately over-
see the continuity to prevent such

Delinquency, underpromising, over-
achieving, August thirty-first; hunger,
chocolate - collicks schmollicks!

[26 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Colour And Thought-Forms [revised]

When I die I think my soul will board
a spiritual flight bound for the astral
dimension where the newly dead all
congregate, I cannot see why souls
will have to walk one by one into the
afterlife regions, we don't walk one
by one on earth - why would we do
that afterwards, all souls will travel
in groups - boarding the frequency
that resonates with them, called by

The vibration that makes them feel
at home; mine will be a melody that
calls to me - Mozart's bus - to carry
passengers who love his music, all
the colours bright and souls smiling
in spiritual ways I cannot imagine or
describe, a vibrant group warm with
sparkles & glitters which will call me
irrevocably - I shall follow the Light
wherever it goes and endeavour to

Take the gathered joy of a lifetime
with me, to enrich the frequencies
that will be my new home without
anything other than feeling music,
colour and thought-forms, I shall
continue to exist a nostalgic note
resonating tunefully everywhere
my soul goes!

Margaret Alice Second

Colour-Coding My Life [revised]

Colour-coding My Life [REVISED]

Colleagues walk in, sit down and start typing at lightning speed; I arrive, change clothing - couldn't leave home in purple bohemian attire with beads and scarf to light it up, my beloved would have died of a heart attack seeing me dressed like this; I arrived in sober black and white

Then I arranged my beads, trimmed my hat and changed it again, changed the setting of my dolls, the determined little rosebud-mouth next to me, a pink flower in her lap, the wooden dolls in vases with the flowers, adding my shiny anchor with fake diamonds to the arrangement

New pink bone-china aviary cashmere mug with a pink cloth inside to reinforce the colour aspect, the lanyard permitting entry into the big office attached to a purple-flower-patterned book-bag next to the purple and pink container with hair combs – Yesss, THIS is an office

A home from home, a place to work and dream and be; now back to my document: 'Faced with economy's need for multiform energy' – my energy is spent, I need a rest after active involvement colour-coding my life, besides, without peace, energy goes to multiform wars in Africa...

Margaret Alice Second

Coloured By Octarine Light

Started on Dodger the new novel by Sir Terry Pratchett, the magic of storytelling moving my mind into a fantastic realm and I'm off - my spirit riding the story in seething emotions and feelings

Images conjured in lines of artifice varying in degree, pedantic words put in the mouth of a protagonist, no matter - it remains delightful, the awareness that this story was woven by a past master

Of social commentary, the author's spirit illuminating lines that would have fallen if uttered by anybody else, my heart pliable in Pratchett's hands, the novel coloured and shaped by the octarine light

Shining bright after years of bringing the Discworld alive; following unnatural speeches my eyes ride every line creating a musical tune by rendering the emotional tones in the musical score

Of the text - all other noise is intrusion, not registered while taking in the book I hold in my hands - dreaming within the London of a Charles Dickens, presented within the eldritch perspective

Of a masterful Pratchett...

Margaret Alice Second

Colouring My World

No need to change my mind - only need
to change my feelings, the light shining
from my eyes colouring my world; in
need of fun, to laugh loud and long

Used to joke about the seven dark nights
of the soul - now I'm living one terribly
long drawn-out night without laughter
in my eyes; where did it all go wrong

Can I win back the fantasies that used to
bolster me making my way through dead
monuments of dried-up documents, I am
bored unto death sitting here

Nothing creative in my day, no-one to share
my sense of the ridiculous, no-one to go out
and play; all oppressed by duty and routine-
please shine the light of fun

Upon me and everyone, this is a form of
spiritual death, physical death would be
so much better - to discover the realms
prophesied by spiritual masters

Margaret Alice Second

Colours Vibrantly Sway (Revised)

My blue aura is explained by the new blue pen holder, blue poster with dolphins, glass paperweight like a large rectangle of ice - complementing a mosaic vase clad in slivers of broken mirror and containing my pink rose with yellow flecks, 2 small dolls in yellow and blue; 3 highlighter pens in green, orange and pink; and the lilac sock holding the cheeky new Smartphone

Formerly anathema pink features again in my auric colour scheme; when my aura was green only flowers in explosive orange and demure yellow-purple were in synergy: now blue as leading colour brings peace to my work space; add two coffee mugs in lilac and blue, I calmly contemplate documents which await my disastrous attention while colours sway vibrantly, composing a melody sounding like

Debussy's Claire de Lune played softly on piano...

Margaret Alice Second

Commiserate With Them (Revised)

Commiserate With Them

A sleepless night leaves me desperately tired,
huge irons weigh me down, my right arm feels
wrung out of its socket and my right hip as if
woodborers chew through the bone

Both legs say Screwtape and Wormwood are
trying to tear them off, über-tired I waddle to
work, wake enough to be rational, calm to
compile the monthly production sheet

Then to Interpol, a message about dereliction
of duty, my guilt-conscience knows I'm it too
just like these so-called criminals, victims of
the nightly visitation keeping me awake

They have all my sympathy, the evil people self-
righteously prosecuting them should experience
the same pains from Purgatory - then they'll
commiserate with them and me!

2 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Complaisance, Apologise

Giant spiders – tarantulas – in Brazil, Great Whale Sharks
in False Bay, no water in Djibouti's lunar landscape, I am
watching Nat Geo Wild in a Zen-trance, kept awake by
the ever-present belly-ache

Having the time of my life watching the lives of others without
dreaming of joining them: when only one fervent wish is left,
freedom from discomfort and pain, there is no place for
any other desire to come to the surface

Then my son came – Please cover my book with plastic, I have
tried and failed again and again – I get up, surprise, the pressure
is gone, I feel so much better, help him with a smile, life so
worthwhile when I can do things for him

Now to make peace with his dad after failing to wait on him with
complaisance - forgetting that sacrifice is nothing compared to
peace and love; I shall apologise...

Margaret Alice Second

Completely Deranged [revised]

Even explaining or defending this hateful system masquerading as god-sanctioned and heaven-sent, disguised as 'Africans' freedom' to be their tribal selves in non-arable land - 13% of the country -

While prohibited from living on 70 per cent of the land where they were allowed as migrant workers with a pass to present to the police on demand; just claiming this racial Nazi system was well-intentioned

Is propaganda, evidence of a mind completely deranged...

Margaret Alice Second

Conan - The Barbarian Dad [revised]

Dad, Conan The Barbarian, will come visit me,
Alice in Wonderland his daughter, brought here
by his other daughter, my sister The Duchess,
on their way to De Rust in Cape Province, a

Quaint rural town situated on a mountain side
reached by driving through Meiring's Poort and
Robertson's Pass near Oudtshoorn where poet
and author pioneer Langenhoven lived his life

I have the unique opportunity to present dad
with his birthday cake and something else:
wish it could be a toy train, but I don't know
where to find a perfect one, maybe the cake

Should be formed into a toy locomotive as our
dad is old - ONLY my twin sis & I love him still;
at his age he deserves something special - an
Astrogenetic Sagittarian my dad always

Charges in like Conan the Barbarian, read Terry
Pratchett to know what it's like, to save damsels
in distress; I've had his support in everything -
always, he saw me a damsel needing help

Today I can be the Princess in Shining Armour
offering to help my frail 'Barbarian' Dad, he never
calmed down, only changed his pitch to include
Martin and me in his team as we remain

his most devout followers...

Margaret Alice Second

Confession (Revised)

Explaining the route to me as if I were an idiot made me very angry; I volunteered to play chauffer on the route that you'd described, didn't need a diatribe as well. Confessed transgressions to Nici on the return trip after completing the errand - she admitted to doing the same profane thing - we both laughed, acknowledging it was not fun, done out of boredom

To escape the strangulation of having no social life at home - I'm so proud of her innovative spirit, clearly we're of the same genes, laughing together sharing a shooter so I know we're really friends; she's free to tell me everything - maybe I can relate the transgressions of my youth so she too might learn from them...

16 February 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Confessions (Revised)

Oh dear, I'm even worse than I was in the big,
heavy Jeep; driving a nifty Suzuki today I came
to a strange conclusion traffic was jammed and
decided to switch lanes - left hand indicator on
though in far right lane, two stationery queues
behind as I stood my ground to cross in front of
all of them - and guess what, no-one honked!
All those drivers must have hated me yet not
a soul made a sound. I felt so guilty as I turned,
the robot lights changing red before jammed-up
lanes could flow again, I was sure my guardian
angels would be so angry with me, I repeated
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, as I drove away...

31 May 2012

Margaret Alice Second

Confused Delight

Feeling confused I once more indulge
my weakness for innocence - listening
to Amira's first CD & while recognising
the knife-sharp high notes, the clarity of
tone and honesty of her presentation -
being everything I dreamed about at her
age and now can look back on as a kind
of life I would never have been able to
sustain, shyness being ingrained to the
point of derailment in my system, I love

The way she looks at the world with the
wondering eyes of a child and she does
not consider herself as singer as she
said, she wants the profit to do good for
those suffering and she clearly sings
for the joy it gives her, her natural and
childish delight in applause marks her
as a child who enjoys a fairytale yet still
feeds the cat and changes its sandbox,
with confused delight I listen, by doing

This I add to the wrong of exploiting a
young child - oh heavens, this makes
sense regarding pornography where
people's brains show black spots of
atrophy when overindulging - but this
lovely sound, too sharp but oh so clear
and natural, of a child's presentation
with confidence and trust in the adults
who watch her with interest - and all
she shows is this small girl and older

Brother who has the most mischievous
don't care expression on his lips while
he takes care of his sis - what a bright
episode in which the gods themselves
delight and indulge - as long as there
are intelligent guidance preventing

harm, everything will be okay as yet...

Margaret Alice Second

Confused Fool [rev]

I can't eat, can't sleep, though I keep eating and suffer nausea because of it - I can't think - can't rest at night, my eyes won't close & let in sleep for fear of passing time & my daughter leaving; wide-awake it seems time slows, that it will be a long time before she goes -

How pathetic this is, how stupid of me - I take my sleeping pill every night and it doesn't help, the little alien in my head won't shut down, only allows me foreboding something bad's going to happen, an adventure so good for my child which feels so bad to me, permanently nauseous -

I chew frantically to appease my fearful heart with food, try to defrost my frozen mind, follow routines, but my head hurts such I'm imprisoned in my skull, I can't socialise with colleagues or continue with my duties, the Duchess cleverly told me to Skype in future when I miss my child - but I won't be there to

Protect her; the fact of the matter's I don't want her to leave - I want her home, to see her cheeky face, enjoy a group hug - watch Japanese animations with her, teasing 'til she chases me from her room - I don't want her to go; fatigued I wish to sleep - but can't close my eyes, can't read, can't watch TV

Wide awake with a useless, frozen brain, anxiety changing me into an irrational, useless, confused idiot who doesn't know what she should do...

Margaret Alice Second

Conjure The Music

You said you might leave us soon, I hope you
will stay awhile if you do not have to suffer too
much, I wish I could be there with you now; I'm
going to track you down if you go to that astral
sphere I've heard so much about

It will be easy to find you love, your harmonic
will shine with celestial light and I'll follow the
tone of your thoughts ringing out until we meet
and dance and sing - whatever body we wish to
have will be ours, I'll wish for

A body in a cloud with dancing legs & embracing
arms, you'll wish for a beautiful costume and we
shall conjure the music of delight we used to know
and dance anything we like, mazurka, tango and a
waltz - we shall do the things

We talked about and never got a chance to realise in life...

[For Tara]

Margaret Alice Second

Connected To Everything (Revised)

'The World is dead, only humans are conscious or self-aware'; the idea made me feel so lonely, commiserating with a mindless existence for all other things – I cried over repetitive cycles of mating and dying, the meaningless 'being' in an unfeeling universe, then found spiritualism

Where all particles of everything have degrees of awareness, purpose of life is to strive against non-existence, all forms of being delight in form change, moving to solar rhythms – quantum physics provides explanations that save us from Western materialism, a view changing

The whole world; I feel connected to everything – no-longer a ghost in a machine, each particle is alive like me and the basis of a physical world is consciousness created by intelligent, benevolent energy rejoicing in each creation. We're free to experiment with all possibilities, an unlimited

Range of imagination, our choices change the World as it evolves according to our ideas – a release from materialism's static sadness, a freedom knowing that life is infinite possibility and not as was predicted to be a lonely ghost in Descartes' dualistic machine!

Margaret Alice Second

Consciousness Freed

It's unfair to be forbidden to show any emotion, but it's better being happy than being right, no argument, no justice sought in a fight as these shackles give me protection against my mother's terrible, prima-donna emotional shows and my dad's scary, primitive, mad emotional outbursts; I prefer a control freak because

You're my bulwark against the past, a wall against the freedom to express my thoughts & feelings - fearing it would destroy my life or scar my kids like it scarred me; though forbidden to show sadness or anger I'm glad to know I still have underground emotions, I can still feel; many times previously I had lost every feeling there is

And I just existed in emptiness; reclaiming my feeling and enjoying emotions is a privilege which you reveal by making me unhappy - which is so much better than feeling nothing at all, living in meaninglessness, ANY emotion is better than nihilism, even though I can't go back to my parents' unbridled emotional explosions

Even your ice-cold-steel fury is better than their fiery emotionalism; no memory of words because I fled the fire-and-brimstone atmosphere and grandma's sitting in sackcloth and ashes, banned to the lowest level of Purgatory for bankrupting mom to help her only son, I only know how it made me feel: sad, burned, empty

Hating myself, my siblings, my parents; the key to unlock the door to my memories is lost, I think the mind records all our youth's scenes and we shall watch these without the emotional turmoil of the body's hormonal secretions after our consciousness has been freed from the body through the transition to another dimension...

[30 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Consequence Of Innocence [revised]

Story of the opera 'The Power of Fate' - an insistence on personal honour surely is a curse as the opera illustrates by means of ill-omened lovers and wild intrigues

Did Verdi choose these themes to make one realise the foolishness of false values and the bitter consequence of youthful innocence in simply accepting them?

Violetta gives up love after a life as courtesan to save the honour of Alfredo's family & to revenge the family honour Don Carlo attacks his sister's lover but stabs her to death

Verdi's operas teaches everyone must learn the meaning of true honour and stop the sad cycles of revenge that drove Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet to their death in his play

Verdi's music is heavenly, melodramatic when Violetta dies – but FATE has no power at all, it's simply a personal choice Verdi & Shakespeare show fate is only a human construct

To be overcome by clear thinking, accepting responsibility; "I am the master of my fate" Nelson Mandela declared as he facilitated reconciliation between greater enemies than

Montagues and Capulets - the different races held apart by 500 years of suppression in Africa; the message of these artists changed my world also with special thanks to Nelson

Mandela who did not exact foolish revenge to obtain justice for his oppressed brethren - instead dreaming a new world into being - I am sure these artists are proud of him!

[La forza del destino (The Power of Fate, translated as The Force of Destiny) is an Italian opera by Giuseppe Verdi]

Margaret Alice Second

Constructing The Unreal Wall

But it is useless; born without the ability to overcome a feeling of boredom with all that fails to engage my emotions and senses, long professorial texts & discursive philosophical thesis, detailed development plans to impress would-be donors anxious to channel excess wealth in smooth tax-evasion moves

Acronyms to be used with consistence, understanding the boring lines so that interpretation makes sense in the target-language context - excuse me, dear reader, but this is just as boring for me as for you, I am wasting my life in this chair forcing myself into despair, using poverty and pain as motivation to keep my eyes

On lines that explode cells in my brain, destroy the signals of communication; I have made a million lists as per prescription and not a single concept remains in my mind which sucks in and destroys the light of rational deduction until only infinitely heavy black matter is left within, precluding human comfort while boredom paralyses

Mind and body - time to jump into the next dark hole of repetitive terms that exterminate original thoughts and maim the imagination in line by meaningless line marching in grey, life-destroying texts, dying for the 'privilege' to be a lonely brick constructing the unreal wall dreamed up by a civilisation which only seeks satisfaction of material needs

Margaret Alice Second

Consult Scorpio [rev]

Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle is so clever
only he knows about the weather; it isn't hot, he, the
Phoenix who bursts into flames and rises anew from
the ashes daily declares; - it's just the same as any
other day - he opens the blinds and takes down all

The covers against the heat to allow the sun stream
in, and I agree - of course he knows more than any-
body else, and as I'm just a cold-blooded crocodile
who thinks it's hot when it isn't, I accept his dictates
and open everything

Isn't it wonderful that he as a double sign, Scorpio-
the-Grand and Phoenix-the-Phantasmagorical & is
so much more in charge of his world than anyone
else; the nuclear furnace in the backyard doesn't
trouble him at all - because, when it rains, he says

As it will real soon, the yard will cool down and it's
not even warm today; the ignoramus who said it'd
be 42 degrees Celsius today should be stoned -
people are so dense, they should rather consult
with Scorpio to check everything they say...

Margaret Alice Second

Content And Peaceful [revised]

My universe has changed, with two Lois Lowry books on my desk 'Anastasia Has The Answers' & 'Anastasia's Chosen Career' my Sputnik cockpit with controls to the Universe is wholesome-filled with guaranteed goodness, and life

Shines highlighted in my cup's overflowing, my flowers smile and my hat promises safaris in Africa, I'm wearing a bling-bling ring - cost next to nothing, my queenly promise thus fulfilled, showed it to the girls at the library counter

A real diamond ring would incur the wrath of the gods - and be snatched from my finger - such is life in the 21st Century wearing the counterfeit means safety and laughter; taxis dammed in Church Street keep blowing their horns

I give way to a big truck swinging around a corner, the driver is thumbs-up, I reward him with a smile; looked for hair clips as a paper clip holds my hair - cannot be too bad, it shows I'm the studious kind of person, at least I hope so

Dawdled in shops with artificial flowers and pink sequined hats - nearly bought one, found platform shoes that fit and nearly bought them too but thrift held me back, already I owe the bank my soul - yet feel content and peaceful....

Monday 23 September 2013

[ORIGINAL:]

With 2 favourite Lois Lowry books on my desk, Anastasia Has The Answers and Anastasia's Chosen Career - my universe has changed, a Sputnik cockpit with the controls to the Universe filled with wholesomeness

My life shines in the highlight of my cup overflowing, my flowers smile and my hat promises safaris in Africa, I'm wearing a bling-bling ring - cost next to nothing - so my queenly promise has been fulfilled, showed it to the girls

At the library counter, a real diamond ring would incur the wrath of the gods - it would be snatched from my finger - such is life in the 21st century, wearing counterfeit means safety and laughter, taxis already dammed in Church Street

Keep blowing their horns, I gave way for a big truck swinging around a corner, the driver gave me a thumbs-up, I gave him a smile; looked for hair clips as a paper clip holds my hair: cannot be too bad, shows I'm a studious kind of person - or

I hope so; dawdled in shops with artificial flowers and pink sequined hats - nearly bought one, found platform shoes that fit - nearly bought that - but new thrift held me back, already owe the bank my soul, yet feel so content and peaceful

Monday 23 September 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Content With Small Things [rev.]

Central air-con replaced by the buzz of a myriad mobile units & the heat is intense, spraying water and enjoying the soft mist of coolness, the advantage of buzzing in the open-plan office is immense:

Its rushing sound like the gentle surf of the sea muffles other human noise, I no longer need a screen of super-loud music to drown out the drone of a harsh voice - I'm starting to like all my colleagues - there's hope we

Might be in a 'comprehension gestalt' where we shall realise our Oneness with Everything; well, this is debatable as Seth's visions sound like fantasy - do we really only focus on every Xth moment in material reality while our

Consciousness continuously traverses infinite dimensions and our awareness keeps turning like a gyroscope constantly moving through All-That-Is, yet Ego only knows small units of time in order to be content with small things-

At this point Ego forces me to stop looking at Infinity and return to my translation of pain in the Congo; wish I were there to find solutions to their immediate problems - now Ego gets angry: PERFECT words are waiting to be

Found like abandoned pearls, polished and presented in context; no golden rings in pig snouts allowed where meanings as precise as perfectly straight lines between concept and symbol is created, no matter what else

Happens in different planes; I sigh, Yes Master, Thy will be done - then brighten up: only for as long as my mind's in this plane, I believe we're

travelling through MANY planes at once & my
mind's gyroscoping freely - far from Thee!

[13 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Conversations With Mother (Revised)

Don't sell your house we said, you scorned
advice and went ahead – and despite our
fervent counseling still fell afoul of vice of
renting from the asset sale until all funds had
run away; bankruptcy now means you have
no options left

A medical fund is vital we advised, but you
declined the wisdom there enshrined, preferred
to trust in God; you suffer pain and yet refuse
to seek the aid the government provides, when
you relented finally you find an eight month
queue awaiting you

How will you deal with pain? Your daughter
seeks to raise the cash for private care – her
husband works belatedly to make ends meet;
can't you see your risky life boasts only of your
carelessness, does not impress when others have
to bear your dilettante encumbrance

What should I say – that you refused to ready for
old age? Indeed, I do regret your choices failed
and boomeranged on you, the pity is your lacking
ears to hear advice you never listened to, and
won't so it will make no difference anyway...

Margaret Alice Second

Converse With Me [r]

The reason for my unhappiness is 'Orwellian Crimestop' practiced by my ethical colleagues enjoying the protective stupidity of deciding to accept everything taught by propaganda and brainwashing while I'm a sceptic, too curious to believe just anything: there's only 1 kind of truth, intersubjective consensus & it changes with political expediency, Belief IS the logical

Basis for the self-created reality we live in and since the culture & religion I was born in used religion to propagate hatred & racism, it's clear gods are created by humanity's desire for anything that furthers selfish interest, this train of thought is ignored by those who blindly follow leaders taking their power & freedom away, brilliant minds are flat and one-dimensional

Refusing to look at alternatives to the current paradigm, safely ensconced in this protective stupidity - the sad thing is they are bored and repelled by seemingly apostate thinking - they live passionately according to the categorical imperatives of working hard, so wonderful to see - the only problem is that nobody ever wants to converse with me...

Margaret Alice Second

Cool Contentment (Rev)

Celebrate with Kaempfert and Chopin,
celebrate with working air-con, printed
text to compare target and source and
rejoice in safe passage through all the
threatening tumultuous red-hot times

Last night restoration came through
stories, Madeline saving her school
in a lovely French setting, animated
superheroes victorious over all evil
forces, symbolism of those dreams

Coming true whenever we fight back,
inspiration which gives me courage to
return to the salt mine which - as if by
magic - had secretly been changed
back to the paradise I love so much

My Internet genies guiding my eyes
to brilliant advice on loving our lives
while sweet music fills my heart with
peace & calm, such that I see palm
trees waving and waves lapping the

The beach framing the great ocean
in my inner sanctuary - knowing the
test is over and though faltering, we
have safely arrived in this beautiful
harbour of cool contentment

Margaret Alice Second

Cope With It

Some ideas are beautiful
like lions being noble kings
but seeing the lion feed with
bloodied mouth and flies a-
round his head, is horrible

The idea of nature being in
synch, an animal only taking
what it needs to eat - sounds
perfect - but seeing a buffalo
mom abandoning her calf

To stay safe with the herd is
heartbreaking - idea is good
but execution terrible, some
things are charming only in
theory, symbol, allegory

The real life situation of blood
death and dust, does not in-
spire - spirituals claim holy
circle of life, all things strive
towards being and light

But the 3-dimensional sensory
world in which every living thing
provides sensory experience
that shocks and hurt - how
can we learn

To cope with it?

TV channel 261 - Nat Geo
Wild - Lion Battle Zone

Margaret Alice Second

Cosy Dim Lair

A soft dim light in my cave as
more lights are switched off
to cool down this space and
save power to boot, the one
perfect rose doubling as my
fairy top in scattered dreams

Psychedelic shine in symbolic
silver cords keeping the astral
tied to the mind; my little nest
is a mess after opening blinds
and taking down screens that
blocked the light which would

Make it possible to save mega-
watts - I never got to show the
Duchess my new white hat that
frames a face like old medieval
kitchen maids - as unexpected
changes of schedule led to my

Being unable to present her the
wine I prepared with such care,
the crystal mind symbol went to
my changeling child so Duchess
received no crystal awareness -
but now in my enchanted cave

In which time blooms in sheer
roses which are shining dreams
creating magic in my cosy dim
lair, flowers scattered among
mounts of papers and books, I'm
happy to be a Being of Light...

Margaret Alice Second

Could Sing No More [rev.]

I'm shocked after learning what early voice training meant for Charlotte Church, how she strained to keep her 'young girl' voice until she could sing no more; music teachers and opera singers explained the danger of polyps and injured vocal chords: - Jackie Evancho only aspires to be a singer

Of 'popera' - pop & opera combined, microphone-relayed cross-over songs that rake in cash which, wisely invested, means millions; so as money & fame overrate pure sound excellence making a voice carry to the ends of an opera house, all physical threats of ruined muscles and vocal

Chords are unimportant & her guardians listen to no-one; Amira Willighagen took that route too, straining her voice, jawbones vibrating to imitate mature sound; I hope her parents will spare her on reading why she should stick to age-related music; little girls dancing on their toes

Before they are old enough for classical ballet ruin their ankles & feet forever while young boys playing baseball are prevented from throwing curving balls for fear of injury and inflammation - how many kids must be ruined before parents will take care of them instead of destroying their

Youth for the sake of wealth, glamour and fame; even my childhood was soured by my reading books written for the mature reader, I took every example of iniquity to heart & lived in fear of making a mess - too afraid to do anything at all, denying myself love and romance having read of

Disastrous consequences of unbridled emotions, nobody could stop me as I read insatiably - and I had to as home was filled with aggressive, bitter and irrational parents - who made up for it all with music & books & I love them for it, but the moral is:

Supply kids with age-related stimulation and activities - otherwise they acquire vulnerabilities beyond their age, which inures the beauty of pure self-discovery slowly

maturing into emotions that create a beautiful life ...

Margaret Alice Second

Count Yourself Lucky

Every time you frown when I speak and
stop me summarily - I get angry - then
remember the formula to stop my self-
righteous indignation escalating:

Reminding myself I am guilty of doing the
same thing, I also refuse to listen when
you wax boring, we learn not to mention
things we don't want to be hurt about

I also learn to say no when you ask me
to do a thing I heartily detest - your cold
approach teaches to be happy refusing
favours when I feel quite obstinate

After exposure to your caustic refusals
to listen to me! (Can it so bad to listen
to my explanation of Silent Night and
a fiery redhead being unfaithful?)

It is only pure, terrible stupidity which
prevents me from doing the same; as
well as lack of natural beauty -
count yourself lucky!)

Margaret Alice Second

Coven Of Books

Luckily my new red chair does not provide the care I expected, thus soft cover copies of "The Choice for Love" by Rodegast and Stanton and "La Grammaire à l'Oeuvre" by Barson have to support my back

Keyboard elevated upon Harrap's New French/English Dictionary & screen perched atop Webster's 3rd International Dictionary, children's books, Oxford Hachette and old diaries strewn about me

It is lucky I love books in all forms, constructing a coven of books the next best thing to actually reading enchanting volumes; many eye-witness accounts attest to the existence of Akashic records

To be studied to learn everything, awareness after physical death promises to hold such bookish delights, I am thrilled, hope to meet some fellow book-lovers there!

Margaret Alice Second

Cradling Little Crocodiles [revised]

The joy of watching the 'Gator Boys' cradling little crocodiles destroyed by angry elephants trampling foolish foreign visitors to Africa; the joy of reading about mother tongue beauty in Lullaby For Liefstetjie, replaced by tragedy - soul-destroying death of 9 year old Elvandr  from the Northern Cape

German magazines I read reporting celebrity lives with ghoulish indulgence in their affairs improves vocabulary, but I detest this kind of news and firmly feel the paparazzi should be shot on sight; I don't care what the Queen of England had for tea or who got divorced or bereaved or was recently killed

Today would have been lost if it were not for bonhomie of Guy's boisterous Triple D - this flavoured food delicious; now time to turn off the lights - thankful for rain - hoping to sleep tonight; wishing to exchange present reality for another universe existing in the dark behind my eyes

[26 October 2013]

Margaret Alice Second

Create The Same Feeling

He wanted to see fairies when he was small and never succeeded, today he has given up - does not believe in fairies and spirits, he says, doesn't understand that consciousness can create anything bypassing sensory organs, like the invisible magnetic electricity only manifested in gadgets

Consciousness created this magical feature also, people taught to believe when small also create the forms for the fairy folk to present in; how can I explain the awareness I had as a child that when I sang to the upright geyser next to the bathtub to keep it from falling on us we knew: the toothbrush,

Washcloth and soap were my real friends and we were not friends with the geyser, grew in my song as a placating device to keep it from crushing us all - this feeling was born of necessity, we needed protection and it was the only way to get it- maybe one day when he really needs assurance of help

He'll create the same feeling in his meditation or dreams - faced with a challenge that threatens his loved ones, he's sure to visualise a greater power and love than himself...

Margaret Alice Second

Creepily Shrinking

Pain in my ears, slow suffocation,
I have come to accept there is no
distraction from stiffening back and
neck while my ears are ringing with
tinnitus and my poor scalp is creepily
shrinking, it's the apex of the pain

Everything I did to get rid of the pain
worsened it - alone with a text I am
useless, hearing my colleague typing
and knowing I'm making no progress,
I cannot ignore pain signals any more,
no insight left for an airport document

Muscles tightening around my throat
as if to create awareness of death while
withholding the sweet relief that actual
release from this suffering body would
bring, I'm forced to go on as my heart
is strong & my body does not give up

Margaret Alice Second

Crest Of A Wave [rev]

Lurched into the office with my right-arm wound covered in gentian violet & an inflamed left ear - my incredibly efficient colleague looked up with an ice-cold stare disapproving my poor slinking being & ashamed of arriving as a creepy crawly I cringed at my desk - until Hanlie arrived with a

Sunshine greeting offering me a miniature rose in a silver glitter container - gesticulating wildly I explained my lurching and slinking encouraged by Hanlie's approving chuckles - and thus I felt absolved from those dark feelings of impending doom precipitated by our superior high-brow

Iceberg colleague's disdain shooting piercing shards into my heart; suddenly there was Alet limping with bursitis and we joked about each other until we were shrieking in merriment like 2 banshees having Spike-Milliganesque fun or watching old Carry-On slap-stick comedies

This hilarity called forth my most optimistic and enthusiastic alternate self until Dark-Me was buried under layers of vaudeville riding the crest of a wave of triumphant burlesque unstoppable - only until we had to face my sub-zero Darth Vader colleague again...

Margaret Alice Second

Cresting Wave Upon Wave

How do I thank someone
who defended me against
a bully, how express my
gratitude and joy when
someone beautiful, with
a sweet disposition - so
mischievous and brilliant -
takes my side

Do I jump up and down -
shine with the sun, smile
at everyone, sing a song
or meditate on the delight
of a most accomplished
and intelligent, attractive
and wonderful person

Fighting for my rights -
how convey my thanks
in terms that would do
credit to her, how do I
describe a kindness
that fills my heart?

Thank you Hanlie
does not seem
to be enough...

With Hanlie Sonnekus as captain,
June Fredericks as steersman,
Hermien Liebenberg as bo'sun
and me as sailor, our ship is
cresting wave upon wave

Margaret Alice Second

Cringing Nerve-Tingling Machine

Ultimate pain – a psychotic psychopath suffering from hysteric neurosis, xenophobia and agoraphobia, loaded Microsoft Outlook on Government computers, now these hypersensitive machines are plagued with morbid fear and anxiety disorder

The screen shudders every time I type, the whole spiel shuts down at the least indication of hardware malfunction, email unstable, telling us it is connected and when we press send, informs us with shuddering angst the connection was lost

I feel like running down the street screaming
No No No No! until I have expressed all the self-destructive feelings registered by this cringing nerve-tingling machine!

Margaret Alice Second

Crocheted

With only the dramatic art of Lease Agreements
to tether my mind, my thoughts flew away to the
mathematics of crafts – coral reefs are crocheted,
the atmosphere is knit and some even fold a stop
sign into a pair of pants - at the intersection of
math and handicraft

Confirming my suspicion that the fine art of knitting
cables in multicoloured, many-layered wool - can be
used to represent Many Worlds Theory!

Margaret Alice Second

Crocodile Dreams [rev.]

Really you're not my bulwark, or if you are,
it isn't safe and doesn't protect, it's more a
jail; - when making mistakes in your eyes,
you ignite and explode Nova-like until my
moon is slain, lifeless and dead, only then

Are you satisfied, harping on my faux pas
as if your life were at stake; hiding behind
you means facing anger if your demands
are not met, - yet I'll always prefer you to
my home-life as a kid, at least you are icy

Preferable to that fire-power & hysterics,
not that you lack in hysterical excess but
you're consistent; - & even our kids have
adapted to mad modern life with its false
pizzaz vows, silly romances, everything

Is under control unless I err which brings
down your celestial wrath - still, whatever
you do, in the end we're friends if I simply
pay my emotional dues, that meaning no
complaints are accepted from me; well it

Does not matter, a scorpion has to sting,
you've no choice - while a crocodile like
me dives into the waters of forgetfulness
- living on crocodile dreams...

[2 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Crocodile Princess

With a box on my chair - the friendly one, not the menacing threat with 4 attacking claws rolling on one wheel towards me to prick my feet & scratch my legs till I bleed -& my back support strapped to my waist I'm sitting down, my computer screen high keeping neck-vertebrae safe - feet burning standing in the morning & scrubbing in the bath to change my barefoot Achilles heels into the delicate pink feet seen in advertisements

Working on Boegoeberg reminding of sounds like Kelkiewyn, Kokkewiet, Bokmakierie & Piet-My-Vrou, the complainant's endless list of injuries indicates he protests too much - how can whole districts suddenly turn into predators & attack like a pack of wolves in central Siberia - what did this whining guy do to arouse the ire of a large rural group preventing him from enjoying his right as a human being to water all the time

I always suspect provocation when one person claims to be innocent victim and decry a whole group of evildoers, I'm wrestling his letter to the ground, reading between the lines, if NOBODY is on this man's side he alienated everyone, let's relay the tragic words of this tortured soul to sing his litany of self-justified accusation against the people sharing Planet Earth with him - let me finish this text & construct a production sheet

To inform the micro-managed Government of my every breath which is the Politicians' way to count pennies as billions are unaccounted for - I fought Portuguese terms to the ground & discovered Spanish is a big train smash even though my alternate selves came through from the stars and chipped in while they let me live in this universe as a happy crocodile who went out for lunch crooning "The Hills Are Alive"

To myself - feeling the practically perfect Mary Poppins' sparks - her whirling around London's Chimneys; this Crocodile Princess is in the sky with her, too happy to stay on the ground...

Margaret Alice Second

Cross-Eyed And Overwhelmed (Revised)

The story unfolds in one thin line, only sarcasm
of teen characters interesting; without philosophy,
great similes or striking passages requiring notes,
focus unilaterally on being a young protagonist
and her Barbie-doll stream of consciousness

Oee, she felt so angry and oh, her heart beating
and ooooh, her breath racing and he looked liked
that and did something brave; after reading this by
order of my daughter to intensify her joy & showing
willingness to support her in her latest undertaking
I felt like a wet rag, brain reduced to a pulp

Eyes out of focus, the image of screen heroines
flashing in front of my eyes with the leading lady's
lipstick immaculate, her lips fluttering like butterfly
wings - see what I mean, this style has gotten to
me - my daughter runs about with stars in her
eyes, already bringing me volume 2 since

I have finished volume 1 in record time, I laugh
at her delight and evident satisfaction, but defer
the comic-strip enjoyment till tomorrow - there
is only so much I can take, the fast-moving story
completely obliterates my second and third voice
and puts my mind in a hypnotic state

I cannot walk straight, am cross-eyed and
overwhelmed by the thin line action takes,
a laser beam in a one-dimensional universe....

Margaret Alice Second

Cross-Purposes (Rev)

Our dear Chief Director, ambling through the office suddenly accosted me, gnawing my way through a packet of chocolate oatmeal cookies in preparation for the day when illness or age will prevent me from indulging - I nearly fell off my chair when he asked what I was doing; swallowing hastily -

I replied: Researching the bovine embryo for export while reflecting on titbits of Arabic such as the letter K looking like a J with a small, lopsided s on the leg of the letter; nonplussed he looked around & asked whether my colleague Thokozile was engaging the same task - No, something else entirely - and at

This point I knew we were talking at cross-purposes again; somehow I cannot keep a talk with our kind Director on track, we always derail completely as I leave for Siberia and he ends up in Germany, even Bulgaria; then he amiably ambles away while I stare at my screen, amazed a small conversation such as

This can end up in a tangle; ah well, tomorrow I'll try to make more sense of what he says....

Margaret Alice Second

Crown Of Thorns

I thought my brain was frozen like my heart - but now I find my brain is made of stone useless for analytic computer, my brain fails - anxiety the bane of my life - completely defenseless against arrogance, open threat & aggression

Coming from a perfect saint teaching creed to the Pharisees of Jerusalem as she has never made a mistake in her life - as she believes - and has a mission to burn me at the stake since I'm a heathen Pratchett acolyte who

Claims we made up the gods & that includes her god also - thus Sisters Self-Righteous and Apartheid-Jane find it offensive that I use their divine godliness in prayer and obtain results YET I refuse to bow to church creed

I'm a bent reed Christ refused to break BUT now they'll show Him how they'll crucify the sinner they identified & I'm as mute before my divine persecutors as Christ was - though anxiety makes my muscles twitch - and wonder now

Did Christ with his Crown of Thorns - feel the same?

Margaret Alice Second

Cry In Silence

Decided in my early youth pain is good,
while I am crying sitting here, watching
everything very precious to me falling
apart, I am glad in my deepest mind,
rejoice in the opportunity to feel pain
again, I am much too successful in
evading pain, it should catch up with
me from time to time, I follow my list
of things not to do faithfully, it is only
by chance I cry about serious pain, I
gave up ambition to resign myself to
be the dunce at work, a spurned fool,
it is great practising to be impervious
to pain about things we cannot change
- so why does it hurt so much, the only
thing left is to cry in silence...

[The only thing i have accomplished
is to hide all evidence of experience
brilliant to save face]

Margaret Alice Second

Crystal Bubbles [r]

Confronted with an exquisite friend who'd increased
in dainty sophistication with the years & who sounds
even more adorable over the telephone; I just backed
out, not able to recapture my previous role of learned
researcher in various languages & philosophy -as I'm
now a lilac humanoid stomping around -and laughing

With my son when he calls right-wing colleagues kinky,
I can't pursue dignity, sitting in the kitchen with a beach
umbrella to keep the sun away from the sliding doors; -
like a Golem with a sacred Chem in her head - or rather
resembling a purple mermaid with a strange tendency to
change into Quasimodo when confronted with anything

Fragile & delicate beyond my reach though it's the epitome
of my desire: my exquisite regal friend can depend on me as
a loyal subject without my competing her coterie of dignified
underlings & since the little alien in my head now feels safe
from any pressure to pay my respects in person, I celebrate

My decision with coffee - and washing dishes in the crystal
bubbles rising from pristine white, soapy foam...

Margaret Alice Second

Crystal Consciousness (Cor.)

My new ideal is to develop crystal consciousness to perceive everything as it really is, not distorted or coloured by my 5 senses, judgmental thoughts and confusing feelings; striving for perception that is direct, pure and complete - simply because this

Would enable me to perceive that everything in the universe is alive - seemingly lifeless matter which grows like crystals and also ages with time - and I would perceive clear crystalline structures, sub-atomic particles as well as quantum energies

I love the theory that crystals connect us to purity, clarity, radiance, timelessness and incorruptibility, even before reading this I've developed an affinity with crystal consciousness, my sitting room is filled with imitation snowflakes glittering in silver -

Crystal chandeliers & ornamental vases reflecting the world in shiny glass mosaics on pristine white tabletops; although I have not mastered spherical consciousness as yet - a prerequisite, the shaman specifically said - I really desire the ability to feel

The life in every material thing around me and share the joy of existence with them...

[28 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Crystal Dewdrop Snowflake Lamp [revised]

Coming home I'm greeted by the weaverbird's penthouse
rocking in a tree, my crystal dewdrop snowflake lamp pearl
necklace draped with glittering sleighs, like a waterfall in
time-warp, chair with purple mask, Thai handbag & glass
plate with flowers raised in frozen state, two mermaids
guarding my Delft porcelain shepherdess, the slender
garland-wearing fairy holding a bouquet in perfect fairy
hands adorned with beaded strings

Dad's crystal jug, a chipped whiskey glass, cobwebs on
school desk seats, then on to my bedroom, a pink rose on
the snow-white table of creeping vines with a black radio
indicating technology happens here; white & silver fairy
wings on my bed – stopped in her flight – a shiny magic
wand, three happy dolls waving from the nightstand and my
paper-doll smiling sweetness, long sea-shell strings and
another lilac magic wand hung together with a half-moon

One lilac and one silver rose clipped to the curtains & a
picture of the blue sea next to the mirror - uplifting
lines pasted on the inside of my cupboard - I sigh with
contentment – this is my little paradise and all these
things are symbols, each representing an ideal, a
special dream...

9 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Crystal Landscapes

And then you said, These are wild dreams and
mesmerising schemes, how can I go on, how
listen to the song; and I said, But you are strong,
your wings are wide now that they have stretched
to encompass the biggest scenes your mind can
hold, your view enlarged, your song won't die,
just go and please try to reach yonder horizon

Then you flew with arms outstretched, you jumped
into the abyss, all seemed lost but here you rise
again, carried on currents of brilliantly coloured air,
the dream is so great, the ideal so beautiful, it in-
flates the mind and carries the spirit to the green
pastures of old which now start to seem like crystal
landscapes glittering in diamond and gold

Shining in azure, agate and aquamarine

Margaret Alice Second

Culmination Of Visions

Romanticism dreamt is disenchantment and death, a problem countered by realism, left-brain thinking enriches us immensely, combined with right-brain intuition we are moreso free than ancient people as we access their wisdom

Story, ideal and dream enriches life, improves relationships, imbues reality with symbols, deeper meaning, every escapist fantasy thickens reality into a multidimensional tapestry; this is why you are my friend, though cynical you never scare me

Offering understanding never thought possible, fantasy pales in comparison yet enabled me to accept a fairytale in my life: you created a safe channel by which I can relate to the most admired author and poet I know; the most gifted realistic person brought about

a culmination of visions, Danke

(The discovery that reality is better than dreams made me very happy. The realisation that dreams, ideals and fantasies are helpful by enabling me to SEE the positive aspects of reality, contributes to this happiness.)

Margaret Alice Second

Cultivation Of Understanding [revised]

All the different versions and possibilities of every event are actualised in limitless creative reality, just imagine a world where the converse of everything we do takes place in a full 360-degrees of alternatives & and all non-acts are realised; there is a probable self

experiencing probable events in our place and sharing information gained with our waking ego, enabling us to make choices from unlimited probabilities; I understand now how it was possible for me to feel threatened in a dream while I have never experienced such menace in

real life - it was my dear probable self who underwent pain in such a dangerous situation and gave my brain knowledge of how it felt when the event came to pass; life gives me time to relate to people slowly - instead of running over them - the small group minutiae teaches

me patience and the cultivation of understanding...

[ORIGINAL:]

All the different versions AND all the possibilities of every event have to be actualised in limitless creative reality, imagine a world where the converse of everything we do takes place in a full 360 degrees of alternatives, and all our non-acts are realised; there is a probable self who has experienced

Probable events in our place and then shares the information gained with our waking ego thus enabling us to make choices from unlimited probabilities, now I understand how it was possible for me to feel threatened in a dream while I have never experienced such

menace in real life - it was my dear

Probable self that underwent the pain
of such a dangerous situation - who
gave my brain knowledge of how it
would feel if such an event came to
pass, life gives me time to relate to
people slowly - instead of running
them over - the minutia of a small
group teaches me patience and

The cultivation of understanding

Margaret Alice Second

Curl Into A Ball [rev]

Quietly morose & almost comatose I
read: 'Life's about decline.' I'm out of
alignment & moving towards a feeling
of total despondency and I admit I'm
terribly, disastrously disenchanted

Elijah, here I come, move over under
the broom bush & Ecclesiastes also
make room for me to remain in deadly
nihilism - I'm too tired to fight against
windmills - I'm tired of cutting the air

Stuck in thorns and barbed wire, my
body is torn to shreds and I register
only pain in my head; no power left
to do something to change my life
into something more meaningful

Let me pull in my mind and curl into
a ball to deal with lonely emptiness
in my own way...

Margaret Alice Second

Curse Of The Gods (2)

New medication is losing its dark power over me,
the epic Götterdämmerung is lifting - double vision
clearing up and my old enemies - Weltschmerz -
Existential Angst and Nihilism are moving away

Thought it a spiritual problem, proof of guilt that
brought the curse of gods down upon me, but my
only guilt lay in taking medicine which befogged
my mind causing hallucinations of estrangement

Practice enabled me to play the role of debonair
flibbertigibbet at work, but it was a descent into
hell which only Milton with his Paradise Lost and
the Fall of Man can possibly understand

My feelings, Hope, Love and Joy are returning,
shocked at the way they were ousted by this evil
medication clearly concocted by old Nick himself,
laughing maniacally and jumping up and down

Delighting in the pain it would cause mankind...

27 November 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Cyborg-Robotic Mode

Checking the work I did in cyborg-robotic mode, though I resemble Marvin the Paranoid Android more than Arnold Schwarzenegger's character in Terminator, pleased with the lack of mistakes, the cold work of a true civil servant, sans mind, sans reason, sans feelings

This brilliant document a testament to a human being's ability to exist like a vegetable, joyfully restricted to its own phenomenology as preached by Zen Buddhists - not asking for meaning, no existential question, a way of being totally happy advocated by those

Seeking such blissful existence; though it is peaceful, it is also absolutely boring, my unwilling submission to this system only proves we are destined for a passionately emotional universe, we serve in penitence for survival to eat, drink, dress and sleep - but in non-physical

Where consciousness continues unabated, we shall be free to experience feeling intense - as physical reality will no longer dictate every mental step we take along the way...

Margaret Alice Second

Damien-Kid

Hunting for recipe books in the bookshop, I bought
Good Omens, what FUN, the Damien-kid playing
Spanish Inquisition, dunking the witch, a little girl
tied to a chair, in the pond until the Inquisitors so
hot, they dunked themselves

Never thought of playing this when I was small, just
danced around in my mother's wide dress and sang
songs, my brothers' gang sat on the rafters, tried
sleeping in a hole in the ground though it got too
cold and they crept back inside

A theme running like gold thread through the book
all tapes turn into Queen's music if left in the car for
too long, Freddy Mercury replacing the classics to
the demon's chagrin, brings on fits of laughter;
Sister Loquacious switching the babies

So Damien's hell-hound changed into a sweet little
doggie; both demon and angel lamenting imminent
Armageddon as heaven is too boring - its highlight
the Sound of Music* and hell's excitements too
painful - both trying to save the world

Since human beings are the source of real grace and
real heart-stopping evil*, both demons and angels are
needed – the secret is, they only exist inside the
human mind, once humanity is destroyed, they
also lose their existence

Good Omens, Terry Pratchett and Neil Gaiman,
Corgi Books, 2006

* Quoted from p.93

Damien –The Omen – An ominous film

The Sound of Music – A film about the life of Maria
von Trapp, changed her story too much, read the book,

though the film is good fun, don't watch it over and over
too much syrup makes people go funny in the end

Margaret Alice Second

Dance And Sing

It irks me terribly when someone upsets the natural rhythm of my sentences when I write a translation, it is a given that one should say 'aesthetically pleasing' as the rhythm is just right; then grammar-conscious pedantic translators change it to 'pleasing aesthetically'

Their insistence on messing up the rhythm so the tongue falters as lines run on drives me wild with frustration, then they insist I should reread the unmusical text lacking all beauty as jargon and grammar rules preclude all use of galloping rhythm and metre

It feels like they are plunging a knife in my heart when they destroy the music in words and lines; no need for rhymes which are infantile, my only dream is speed - cascading breathlessly until reaching a marvellous end, an unexpected conclusion

Why do we have to live life in an assembly line of dead words without the sound of music filling the ears; I accept being Not Fully Functional if meeting that requirement means dying inside - I am still too passionate, words always dance and sing in my heart!

Margaret Alice Second

Dance With Nutcracker Prince

My guru recommends positive, joyous anticipation, promising the universe is abundant; it struck me that on October the tenth I ordered a Nutcracker ballet DVD with Mikhail Baryshnikov, no less, in the leading role, and it is already the twenty-sixth

I had better do research as to why the dear Mr Plaatjes in charge of my quest has not produced the desired DVD as yet, given that he is the hands through which the universe will provide - and I am the orchestrator who said I wanted to watch

The Sugar Plum Fairy dance the grand pas de deux with the Nutcracker Prince

Margaret Alice Second

Dancing Blueprint [rev]

Lovely symbolism of The Torah: the Five Books of Moses, the entire corpus of Jewish law, oral and text; Dreaming of Torah in heaven prior to the world's creation, where it joined the singing ministering angels –

So how can we depict this, Torah imprinted as black-fire symbols on a white-fire background - imagine a dancing blueprint of the new universe moving to angelic melody - enticing symbolism; what beauty in Orthodox Rabbinic writing...

[ORIGINAL:]

Lovely symbolism of the Torah word: the Five Books of Moses or the entire corpus of Jewish law - written & oral

Dreaming of Torah in heaven prior to the world's creation - where it joined singing ministering angels – so how

Can we depict this, Torah imprinted as black fire symbols on a white fire background - imagine a dancing blueprint

Of the new universe moving to angelic melody in such enticing symbolism; what beauty in Orthodox Rabbinic writing...

Margaret Alice Second

Dancing Dewdrop (R)

Getting back into the swing of things after leaving with a rush of adrenaline, isn't as easy & obvious as it seems, the subject 'water meter reading' isn't the height of delight and the dear complaining lady attached reams of old statements claiming they're all wrong: it's her good right to do this - but why

did the universe inflict this on me, don't I carry my own cross & struggle in my own way, why this when I only ask a merry yarn by a good conversationalist or a comedian like Spike Milligan, maybe a moralist like adorable William Topaz McGonagall, I know the troubled lady bemoaning the water-reading-mistakes

made to date does not mean harm - but, oh, the boredom of it, tying my mind down while forcing it to note the reason why she dotes on sending endless letters to the Office of the Premier and State President, why doesn't she know a Zulu King doesn't care about the little people out there, only about his big income and

cronyism, many wives and innumerable kids, the ANC is a dog devouring the country quite innocently as they think this is what the Europeans did & can't see where financial troubles originate as Africa's rich in diamonds & gold - arguing the term 'corruption' makes no sense while slaughtering the goose laying the golden eggs &

closing teachers' colleges, now there are less than the few left after Apartheid's evil Nazi pogroms, destroying hope & morale by scourging the county from all things African in their hallucinations, luckily culture survived - but rural communities have even less access to basic education as Zuma tries to keep people as simple as

possible - to be malleable, he learned from Apartheid, you see, people imitate their previous masters in order to also be masterful: ah, back to this letter making me feel like hara-kiri right here, I must convey her sorrow

to get help with her mounting debts - thus I began by
singing old Dutch hymns going up & down the stairs

to wake up my brain, proving I've no dementia as yet,
if only I were the ballerina dancing Dewdrop en pointe
to the Waltz of the Flowers in Tchaikovsky's heavenly
Nutcracker ballet...

Margaret Alice Second

Dancing Digits (Correction)

Trying to calculate how much I owe on my credit card, baffled by figures and dancing digits, can't determine how much I spent & how much will be available next month, if sums are correct it means a credit deficit which will increase by an X amount

But now my scared mind refuses to say what deficit means, it's shortfall I think - how much did I overspend this month versus the previous one and the one before - when there still was a deficit of an XX amount; this is killer stuff - I'll take refuge in some strong tea so bitter -

It'll require 3 spoons of sugar to make it potable - if potable is the right word to use - I'm losing all ability to concentrate therefore confusion reigns, the tea tastes of silkworms & mulberry leaves - I'm scared stiff by the calculations which can't explain how much I'll have next month to pay

All my creditors, first the terrible dentist - with money borrowed from the bank - this has to stop, as of today I refuse to use bank credit - though as the money goes into this account I can't access it otherwise; the destruction's complete and all accounting is stopped

It simply destroys the remaining brain cells without accomplishing or solving anything... and no it isn't potable, I was looking for palatable - hot chocolate will follow as life isn't palatable at all...

Margaret Alice Second

Dancing On Air

Life love live detailed depiction of derelict
draconian documents left on the desk as I
swing among the stars shining in Mozart's
Concerto and Bach's Cantata with a three-
measure time so I can waltz dancing on air
on love on life, the stars join the dance and
the moon laughs with us - while the electric
sun plays harmonics into electric fountains

cascading fires forming crystal fountains
diamond water - prayers and meditations
caught, and your words and my words and
the terms and the light in your eyes as you
jump for the sun - catching me in your arms
as you shoot past - in your lightning ascent
beyond life to an awareness-dimension of
feeling - touching my heart not letting go

Margaret Alice Second

Dangerous Course [rev]

What meaning do I want to assign to my life; a quest for love, peace, joy, patience, friendship, self-control, responsibility and forgiveness; it is no wonder I live in a state of quiet desperation, I so very seldom fulfil my own ideals and reach the good in all of life's spheres

When feeling bad about my shortcomings, I'm also jealous of those who succeed - and when looking at beautiful people, I envy the gifts they received - the way to joy seems to lead beyond such ideals - and straight into self-acceptance, of making peace with the ego personality and

Hoping larger gestalt will be able to make good use of my discovery: ideals represent the most dangerous course we could plot for ourselves...

Margaret Alice Second

Dare To Believe In Dreams [rev.]

Mathematical consultant Harold Gans reviewed Michael Drosnin's Bible Code of Witztum-Rips experiment - with tested scientific protocols specified by reviewers and strong statistical evidence for Jewish sages names, birth and death dates encoded in the Hebraic Genesis text

But Drosnin's Torah code use to predict future events is unfounded & sans scientific mathematical bases as saying that 'Encoded words represent potential future incidents', is logically flawed; one prediction of Prime Minister Rabin's assassination & an infinite number of

Successful predictions, is just anecdotal evidence, not acceptable proof, the only fact of Genesis codes is that they exist, the probability of mere coincidence actually is vanishingly small - with this the careful mathematical scientist exists, NO conclusions on facts ascertained

An instinct for remaining forever unsung, a founder of no theory or idea, thus leaving the stage clear for the Einsteins & Darwins with the courage to conclude the unthinkable; a new theory - I revel in the mystery of the Bible text that says so much & nobody knows

What it means - I conclude a consciousness outside the linear time stream left an advanced technology legacy from a future time we still have to reach - what new wonders await - when we dare to believe in dreams...

[19 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Daredevil-She

On social media daredevil-she openly declares
she does not believe in any Knight in Shining
Armour or marriage and love, she only believes
in cold cash, grab as much as she can and run
before having to pay for financial gain

She has no love in her heart, it's not her fault,
it's her deficient nature and karma and she shall
survive, now the adventure is over and she can
rejoice in her postings to Facebook, she is free
to return to the beach and the sea

Imagine a Knight trying to win her heart by buying her
a second-hand car and paying her credit cards, she
has her eye on bigger fish, a playboy with a beach-
house and a bank account needing her attention
to reduce the amounts, this Knight

Was only a starting point to hone her skills, she is
going to find the right man to relieve from his money
without having to bother with imitation friendship and
love, a marriage is just a transaction and the world
abounds in wealthy suckers, just right

To be plucked under guise of love, how satisfying to
give romance a bad name by fleecing those willing
victims who offer help in exchange for love which
she finds demeaning, hope the whole world be-
comes as cynical as she is...

4 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Dare-Do Doll [revised]

Strangely my cheapest doll has the most determined intelligent expression, my second doll looks nervous as if waiting for something terrible to happen and my third doll looks like a self-confident receptionist, so I cannot relate to her at all

I love my intelligent doll, sweet mouth looking so self-sustained, advancing her childish confidence knowing that a magic spell protects her, tackling every problem directly with utmost & unflinching conviction victory shall be hers

My scared doll looks as if fear keeps her immobile – while my third doll's half-smile is irritating, not at all inspiring – a cool receptionist wanting to appear as if approachable but not sparkling; I put my dare-do doll in a green container to symbolise her courage and

Love of life...

Margaret Alice Second

Dark Blue (3rd)

Wandering about I see thick, heavy mugs,
already bought a yellow one looking good
against a Delft blue porcelain background

Resembling tiles with mermaid and sailing
ship making my colleague ask whether I'm
become Dutch as of now, I replied - But no

T's blue of Portuguese fireplace tiles or those
adorning the front view of a house; my desire
for colour destroys a resolve to save money -

I buy a blue mug to add monochrome mystery
augmenting golden light of yellow one, contrast
is great - there still are other mugs in this style:

Sheer white, brick red and shiny black; I wish to
have them all - next to the tiled mural on my left
while on my right, atop the computer console, is

The new mirror with soft roses in yellow and pink;
my work station is a garden of delight and every
overawed cleaner or official who passes,

Agrees with me...

Margaret Alice Second

Dark Non-Existence [rev]

But suddenly my world is not small enough - its tranquil borders are invaded by a Phytosanitary certificate with Regulatory Instructions, just like Torquemada's witch hunts with sullen discipline

To keep the nation safe against alien pestilence carried in seeds to be disseminated; desperately I google every term but lack of progress without inspiration to illuminate my work dissolves any

Resolve, it's dead-pan boring, I seek relief and protection in myriads of pink scarves, whenever I see pink I buy one - I'll be so ashamed on the day I die, my kids will be shocked on seeing the

Proliferation of scarves in my life, at least my unnecessary fluffy blankets can be used to build a tower on my bed so I can read with ease - but what to do with so many pink scarves - I wear

Them in two's and three's, glittery ones on top, safe from the grey Decrees & Annexures, the the dreaded non-being of dark non-existence

Margaret Alice Second

Dark Purple Cloud (Revised)

Charging the robot, waiting impatiently to practice my Grand Prix skills - deriving no real joy from overtaking a few listless motorists - swerving around a big truck, arrived at work amazingly enough in one piece albeit wondering why it felt like I was caught in a dark hole with no escape

Walked into the brightness outside - to my shocked surprise the cash machine turned into a troll and ate my card - called the magic number immediately to cancel gobbled-up credit - numbed in shock returned to my work station so traumatised, shared my distress with soothing colleagues who,

On commiserating with my dilemma, recommended horse liniment for the lump on my leg - I am still wondering why I cannot escape the dark purple cloud with thunder and lightning that follows me wherever I go

Margaret Alice Second

Dark, Silent, Horrible Places [rev.]

Like a wild horse on speed the day ran
away from me; couldn't get a rein on it,
it fled, didn't give me a chance to touch
my feet to the earth - I gave up & read
it takes many million Consciousness
Units to form one atom; everything is

Conscious, seemingly immobile things
are formed by energetic strings, but it did
not make me feel better; I tried food, an
omelette, sausage & chocolate, felt worse,
but one bright beacon shone across this
dark day: Amira singing Ave Maria with

Such a clear voice - I rose, carried on in
tone; listening to her rendition of O Mio
Babbino Caro filled me with awe, and
though still despondent, excluded from
life and meaning, estranged from my
office colleagues, made my way out to

Meet you going home, arrived to find
Gator Boys on TV and slowly my spirit
came to rest after a day spent in the dark
of silent, horrible places...

[18 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Dead And Gone

While I was covering my parasol with shiny black fabric
Marie Antoinette walked in, suitably contemptuous of my
clownish attempts to thwart the sun in warming me to the
nth degree, she is a true bourgeois whose ideas of middle-
class respectability are more important to her than having
fun and enjoying life, with sour mien and disdainful hauteur

She makes it clear that she looks down on me as a low-class
clown, but at least it keeps her out of my space as her dour
face does not often grace the office where I reside with my
now burka-black parasol on the hat-stand and Hanlie smiling
at her desk, although a German contract law monstrosity is
waiting to be translated with the aid of the Internet and this

Menace is enough to drive a saint insane, the Department's
unable to provide modern technology so started a campaign
to hound all employees checking our coming and going and
decorating the Sechaba building with the ugliest cultural art
objects it can find, a "Joseph's amazing technicolour dream-
coat tree" made of material and smelling bad represents the

Rainbow nation, large drums converted to chairs with garishly
coloured cushions represent - heck knows, rednecks - and
inexorably the happy, dreamy days pass one by one as we
talk of moving to Putin's Russia to be cool in Siberia while
offering our language services to facilitate nuclear reactor
construction by means of international communication, but

Let me return to the practical reality of the here and now and
a new Memorandum of Understanding raising the spectre of
failure once again requiring a slow process of acclimatisation
to my being here to translate against all the odds of suffering
from brain cells lost, dead and gone...

Margaret Alice Second

Dear Beloved

Dear Beloved, you cannot miss your
love forever - in a loving dimension
she is there with you, always together

The adventures you shared are written
in tablets held on the heart, forever
etched in never-ending dreams

The dream is a moment in eternity
forever happening now, nothing
can undone what is done

The sacred link continues and glows
leading the path through the stars,
the scent of incense in the wind

Carried afar to shine with inner light
illuminated by inner power eternally
renewed with every dream...

Margaret Alice Second

Dear World

I often forget that you think
differently from me, whereas
I respect & value all opinions
I forget that everybody has a
unique personality, sees life in
a different light

Sometimes when I express pain
or delight in hoping a reader might
get an inkling of how it felt, yet no-
one seems to feel the same way, I
feel bad - thinking I have failed

Afterwards I remember writing is
important as a way of expressing
feelings, NOT a way to impress
anyone; true expression of true
feeling should not become a
popularity contest

It is the reader's prerogative to
feel and react as they do, cool
people find such emotional
expression strange while I am
confused by their calm way of
dealing with things

But I LIKE their Saturnine self-
sufficiency and apologise for
not always respecting quiet
detachment - I very much
approve of it, just forgetting
how big the difference is

Reality is better than dreams
because reality is wider; every
dream is limited, collapsing the
infinite possibilities of reality
into small expression

I prefer escaping the self-centred
melodrama of dreams in reality
enabling us to recreate dreams
and rework visions everlastingly

Margaret Alice Second

Dearestkin

Terry Pratchett would have loved to translate Langenhoven's Lullaby for Liefstetjie in his own inimitable whimsical way, it must be sung at my funeral one day as my mother used to sing it to us at every night - to a small me it was the most magical song in the world and my mother's sunshine voice the most magnificent sound I had ever heard, thus my love affair with music and words had begun, see the Pratchettian version of this beloved song of my heart:

PRATCHETT'S LULLABY FOR DEARESTKIN:

Tulala-rulala – hush-hush my dearestkin
Mother's heart robberken, dearest little thievikin
Hear the wind whispering within the treeletkin
Lulling the treeletkin across the streamletkin

Hush-hush, you leafletkins, sleep is a-comingken
Hush-hush, you flowerkins, night is a-comingken
Thus singeth the windkin for leaflets and flowerkins.

[ORIGINAL "AFRIKAANSE WIEGELIEDJIE":]

LANGENHOVEN'S LULLABY FOR LIEFSTETJIE:

Lamtietie damtietie, doe-doe my liefstetjie
Moederhart-rowertjie, dierbaarste diefstetjie
Luister hoe fluister die wind deur die boompetjie
heen en weer wieg hy hom al oor die stroompjetjie

Doe-doe-doe blaretjie, slapenstyd nadertjie
Doe-doe-doe blommetjie, nag is aan kommetjie
So sing die windjie vir blaartjies en blommetjies.

Margaret Alice Second

Death Roll [rev]

My little world which was crumpled and strangled
within the washing machine's death roll, an event
worse than a crocodilian attack - now slowly turns
upright again; Monday it's back to the office with
a set bedtime and early rising with office routines

Plus a time for everything, not confusion of home
where anything goes at any time until I can't sleep
at night and snooze during the day: found 3 black-
and-white blouses to face New Year; what a relief
that discipline will be forced back on me

It's dearly needed - I always fall into the whorl of
freedom - until the washing machine's death roll
defines my existence - then it's time to get back
to the office, not keep stashing notebooks in big
bags camouflaged under sea-coloured fabric

Margaret Alice Second

Death's Embrace [rev.]

There is so much I don't know and can't do & learning it is boring, I would rather gouge out my own eyes & then run my head into a wall - leave reality to go to an astral dimension with new horrors

Reading emotionless, boring lines without relief; scrying endless paragraphs without intense passion and feeling is being buried alive, I look at legal lines as they should have been, realise that

Reading cardboard sentences & feeling inferior is all that's left in my future so I pray for an immediate death - long as my family's financially secure the rest does not matter at all while being in

Death's endless embrace...

Margaret Alice Second

Debilitating Cultural Diversity [rev]

Without a functional government the South African people are taking care of each other, the can-do-nation took the initiative, bottled water is delivered to drought-stricken areas

Leading in security as private firms replace the corrupt police corps and private medical service substitute public hospitals robbed by criminals appointed by narcissistic thieves

Who took over - we do things while robber-politicians live like kings with money stolen from everyone to fund their own empires as apartheid led to their inevitable debauchery

As the new Mafia in charge who has to make up for lost time - using tax money to line their pockets as just recompense for suffering; as for the poor, they're used to having nothing

And it's so much better under a new regime's open-border policies & suppression schemes; voters suffer any indignity under new financial crimes, always GOOD when compared to the

Previous race dispensation; colonial masters plundered Africa - which should be plundered by Africa's own indigenous people, billionaires and tycoons destroying the continent as its

Rightful inheritors gobbling up the spoils left by foreigners; the poor gets even less since royal kingship & tribal segregation is to be cherished as precious traditions - preserving debilitating

Cultural diversity prized by academia's useless, blundering pedagogues

Debris Of Dreams

Wishful thinking - in your wildest dreams - lurks in the subconscious and leads to Freudian slips - such as remembering the work month differently, dreaming hard work into being, believing oneself a dedicated official while all the time behind the façade of sweet Dr Jekyll looms the dark image of Mr Hyde just waiting to jump out at you - to reveal your darkest thoughts, such as the case of my production sheet, compiled in a daydream sweet - but I was awakened completely when my supervisor swept away the debris of dreams and the bare bones of cold reality were revealed - darker than the darkest night, a page of defeat filled with sweat and blood...

Margaret Alice Second

Decadence

What can the West expect from the African continent when the West used its powers to suppress instead of showing the respect they insisted to get from those people they demeaned; using the indigenous for slave labour under the whip of religion & refined oppression - while steadfastly refusing to

accord them the status of the independent, self-governing intent that flamed in African hearts, & when freedom came, in a settled compromise, decadence was the name of the game since we follow in the footsteps of former communist Russia, dreaming of independence in a pre-industrial - even

Pre-historic - African continent...

Margaret Alice Second

Decisions In Agreement

Reality lives in people's heads, Terry
Pratchett says in application of
quantum physics theories

I have changed my reality so often
today, I am not sure in which
parallel reality I am

Within the knotted cable or free-
floating already in the lane of a
separate string

Weaving history while including all
its alternatives in bulging knots
that make the story interesting

The main direction never wavers, held in
place by many decisions in agreement
while the details create

As many bobbles as every dreamer
can ever wish to see...

Margaret Alice Second

Decried Or Sabotaged [2nd Revision]

All community-building initiatives are decried or sabotaged, South Africa's divided, works against itself, corruption's rife; infrastructure, government facilities, railways, electricity and water and roads decay lacking investment and maintenance - internal corrosion is everywhere. 'The National Development Plan', a blueprint for eliminating poverty, reducing inequality, a roadmap to inclusive economy, is attacked from within the government that produced it

The plan's unimplementable - fatally flawed, government envisions achievement after 10,20, or 40 years - yet nobody is held accountable for steps along the way; small on delivery, executing plans poorly - monitoring progress in a lousy way, doesn't iron out problems encountered, messes up programs for social responsibility, fails to account for funds in proper ways; public servants have NO responsibilities while serving the ruling party - NOT the citizens

Read full article at

By Kathryn Cave,21 June 201

Margaret Alice Second

Deep And Tender [rev]

A mollusc clinging to a rock-I let the waves wash over me; if I can't ride on them I'll let the surf ride me - right hand clinging to a rock and pressing my right leg against another, left leg wedged in a tight crevice when rollers try to break me away from my new-found special rock friends

I sing to the sea about the sailor who should stop roaming, pulling my hat over my face as waves break, victory is mine this one time & water can't move me from my rock hold-out, it is a stalemate - the sea and sun are still my friends and I can still serenade them as much as I like

But the second day when rolling about in waves I lose the game, the sea slams me onto sand so hard, my left leg banged nearly broken, then the breakers rolled cruelly over little stones, I bled on standing, another rock-clinging attempt fails as the crashed me down again; defeated I had to leave

Accepting that the angry, wildly relentless waves don't allow for age and gender - so LOVE, game over - I give up, the sea won its game and I throw it kisses as we drive off in a silence deep & tender as I reminisce about my life-long love affair with the beautiful, tempestuous sea...

Margaret Alice Second

Defenceless At Present

Reading about doing enjoyable things and
living life 'within' to escape experience &
make living conditions unimportant; is
not working, food still makes me ill

I cannot escape food intolerance effects,
vainly seeking spiritual growth- I am in
pain after meals - trying to overcome
depression by cherishing dreams

of love unconditional, offering love and
respect to all while trying to accept the
inevitable caught up in a tornado,
discomfort making me dumb

I've lost the fighting spirit, it's useless
to appreciate life simply because pain
has abated when I know the pain will
return - I am defenceless at present

The only escape from pain: stay hungry
but I detest living on an empty stomach
though this half-life of slumbering pain
does not render me immobile

It destroys my well-being and joie de
vivre, leaving me stranded in
paralysed despair...

Margaret Alice Second

Deferentially

I'm angry, said the Duchess, looking at Alice with swollen eyes after she suffered all night with pain in her heart - I served the family - Attila the Hun, his wife the waif, their 2 kids, I did everything, ran up & down, you know how FAR the kitchen from the patio & they carried the coffee, milk and sugar back into the kitchen BEFORE I had coffee myself

When I finished doing EVERYTHING all by myself and wanted to enjoy their presence, they claimed fatigue and went to bed and I was left with hurt feelings because nobody wanted to sit under the stars with me; Alice replied, thinking deeply - Dear Duchess - & she curtsied deferentially; Next time set out the meal on the dining room table

Leave the coffee in the kitchen then invite the guests to help themselves and converse with them enjoying their company while they're still awake; NO, replied the lugubrious Duchess in sepulchral tones, NO, I LIKE taking care of my guests - that's not the problem, my behavior is beyond reproach - I always do my best for my guests: THEY are the problem, I shall spurn

Them in future, not be home when they call, they must learn to accommodate Me and all MY lovely whims and Alice sighed; talking to the Duchess was pointless - she rejected all solutions & repeated her actions - expecting a different result, insisting the others should change & wait quietly until the Duchess has time to be cosseted by them in their turn

Oi, my difficult Duchess, consistent behavior does not teach you anything and no-one can enjoy peace in your accusing presence, there

is just no solution for the problems you create in haughty self-justification - if only my words could reach you - even returning your emails doesn't help to show the logical implications of your own illogical reasoning - And then -

A chastened Alice started reading Little Lord Fauntleroy by Frances Hodgson Burnett and for that reason was snubbed by the Pilgrims in Bureaucratic Paradise - by Pieter-Annette and Pastoral-Hermien while Hanlie-Sunshine ran off before Alice said anything, so reading children's books won't be acknowledged in their austere Spartan lifestyles where

Only death-dealing murderers and brilliant detectives created by smart contemporary authors are admitted in their existence - so Alice felt dejected till Thokozile entered the scene and sang their theme song - Heloee, Heloee, Alice sang back and Pieter-Annette plunged a knife into them while the naughty offenders laughed about such terrible crime

Meantime an irritated Duchess kept scolding her errant relations into subjection and Alice is awaiting her fate - to be disciplined by the ever vigilant, self-righteous Duchess...

Margaret Alice Second

Deferentially (C)

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Margaret Alice Second

Delicate Intricacies (Rev.)

Privileged to study delicate intricacies in
sweet-flowing terms of Lease Agreements
dramatic antiques declaiming innocence
between Lessor and Lessee

impressive controversies in who pays for
what, when and why, bewitching legalese,
magnificent sentences enshrining an
inexorable right

of Lessor to inquire of the Municipality
whether a Lessee recalcitrant is keeping
up payments, charming enquiries to ensure
accoutrement damages do not occur

can my poetic soul convey these delicacies
to the unaware ignorant of joyous rental
contracts; the enchanting discovery of
mysteriously beguiling legal jargon?

Margaret Alice Second

Delight In Variety

Others tell us what 'truth' should be when we are small and with this tunnel vision we tackle the world of experience and symbolism, bored in our mental citadels

My life began when I discovered mysteries of the unexplained: Egyptian pyramid blocks too heavy for forklifts, ancient astronaut theories, spontaneous human combustion

The face on Mars, levitation, spiritualism, the Bermuda Triangle, UFO's, theosophy, Sufi dancers and the Mahabharata – requiring a new definition of 'truth'

Which I found in Terry Pratchett's Discworld law that belief always manifest in reality, thus faith is the magic ingredient which determines 'truth' and being

By using beauty and harmony, love and wisdom as guidelines, I choose how much reality to accord any symbol I come across without demanding consistency because

Quantum physics allows for everything to be possible in an infinity of space and time; I do not allow assumptions & preconceptions to limit my mental freedom

As I strive to embrace everything which inspires wonder, love and respect in my heart, no contradiction allowed to spoil my delight in variety as the spice of life

Margaret Alice Second

Delightful Pain [new Version Of Previous]

Back at work after Easter break
Thokozile sighs, not ready yet and
I laugh, glad to be back, searching for
Information and enjoying my lovely
snow queen work station

I explain my theory of the privilege we
have to complain while we're sure of a
job never having to wake up in the pain
of unemployment or feeling hungry unless
we're dieting of course – a self-inflicted
suffering making us virtuous paragons
of sacrifice for comely appearance

I tell her we even have all the security guards
to talk to when we're lonely, that we ENJOY
complaining about imaginary deprivation -
we cheerfully accept the responsibility for
enunciating about so-called difficulties
and she agrees, it IS fun to be here

Dr Joyce and Winston both admonish me to
publish one day, but I explain a publisher must
make a profit to make it a viable proposition – they
don't understand because all their writings in an
African language are published immediately as
part a project to promote these, I smile, for

Me - writing is about freedom of expression and
leaving a legacy, hoping someday people might
read about the Department of Arts and Culture
where we forged a new way of life and sought
the way forward in post-apartheid South Africa

I send information about the new Dutch singing
sensation to all my colleagues and enjoy their
surprise when learning this little girl with South
African roots sings like Maria Callas –

What a wonderful day - to be alive in the office
to enjoy some more delightful pain...

[Tuesday 22 April 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Delights Inalienable [rev]

The change comes through sweet, heart-lifting words:
the answer is inner sanctuary - offering unconditional
love to everything - the world of physical appearances
in mineral, animal and human life - all creation is alive,
every particle has its own ego; my guru says when we
respect all others to have their wishes - we shall also
get the universe's respect for all our personal wishes

When we EXPECT that all is well - all turns out well,
when we EXPECT drama & adventure, challenge &
excitement - the events befall us since the universe
ALWAYS brings what the subconscious really wants -
whether or not it makes us happy; I'm seeking things
to enchant me: sunlight changing the foyer into sticky
toffee, flowing poems from a beloved poet touching

My heart so I can sing for him, friends sharing feelings,
alpine-white soap bubbles while washing porcelain - a
foaming lace tablecloth, turquoise blue of the pool, the
high green leaves of trees creating me alone a forest,
driving fast in high-powered cars, swerving in traffic &
sharing laughter & smiles with hooting taxis; then my
comedian-son imitating grown-ups in modulated voice

Daughter squeezing me with love while complaining I
intrude in her room, Scorpio grocery-shopping safe from
strangers' intrusion, icy-water sensation on sun-warmed
legs - delights inalienable, the only things between us &
them are our decisions - my work-flow's standing still, as
painful red-hot motivation bows to passionate fire of
ice-blue inspiration, no self-defeating auditing allowed

To dampen grey today's delighted feelings - domani -
I'll deal with guilt tomorrow, & tomorrow never comes!

Margaret Alice Second

Demented (Revised)

New earphones too big, sound poor so I put
a thrice-folded piece of paper on my head -
looking weird but listening happily, then our
Chief Director arrives individually greeting
everyone - including me, I pluck the paper
thing off but too late, I'd been seen a clown;
luckily not so bad as the night my daughter

Walked in towing a new friend - I'm standing
in the kitchen, pyjama pants tucked into my
socks like a Cossack getting ready to dance
the trépak, & worse, toothpaste on my face
to rid me of zits, hair standing on edge like
an electric shock victim; couldn't hide, just
tried climbing in a cupboard in front of me

Can't remember her friend's name, hope to
never meet again; when Nici is around the
house is a trap, her acquaintances arrive in
droves any time day or night - interfering with
my sleeping in front of TV, but I'm forewarned,
never again shall I be caught looking like a
demented inmate of an obscure psychiatric

Institution for psychotic & criminally insane

Margaret Alice Second

Depression Wins [rev.]

Depression got the better - swinging me between
nowhere & nothing; shining-crystal parlour being
my prison & swimming pool escape freezing me
in a persistent domestic-pattern emptiness until I
wash dishes, switch on radio, tuning into the one
station broadcasting German music that had me
keenly turning the radio every which way until I'm
receiving deep bass Ivan Rebroff interspersed with
a crooning Dean Martin cocooning me safe within,
I can sway and sing along while doing the dishes

A cocoon swiftly unravelling after my dishes are
packed away and only Neville Shute is between
me and sinking again, a sugar headache without
redress; fatigue led to sugar which led to biscuits
the circle is closed & I can't break away, wearing
a frown and ears ringing, paying for the privilege
of being allergic - having chosen a life of subtle
suffering, only the soul gestalt would know if it
worked, to me life's a mess which can only look
good adorned with glitter and filled with crystal
consciousness - though my crystals shine and

A cloth with silver glitter draped on pristine white
lace looks beautiful, the headache is an ace by
which depression wins this race....

Margaret Alice Second

'Der Spanische Rosenstock' Werner B.

Began reading Der spanische Rosenstock quite captivating until the story changed into The Goose Girl, I put the book down, angry and deceived, the heroine revealed her secret to her handmaiden and lo and behold, all is lost, I refuse to go through the pain of loss and deceit for uncertain endings, devious plots are not acceptable

When lovers are star-crossed because a confidant proves to be disloyal and the pain of separation is described - I run away, not another story of Falada slayed, not another La Traviata of lovers lost, this kind of plot is out of my life, when I see it coming, I run faster than Rincewind and further than Oedipus in the Odyssey...

After initial anger I finished the book - although to my delight I found that the Rose bush was replaced by a false friend; later the heroine found it again and fell asleep in the bower it formed, until her beloved found her there -

The storyteller explained how a rose bush mirrored inner feelings of both lovers - that he did not know what could bind him to his love Christine when he had to move off

But she told him since this rose bush was formed just so by two faithful hearts, thus their love would also grow and be strong ... so the story

is vindicated and found a place in
my heart...

DER SPANISCHE ROSENSTOCK: WERNER BERGENGRUEN:

> Bücher > Belletristik > Klassiker Ein

märchenhaftes Gleichnis über Trennung und Bewährung,
über Liebe, Treue und Verrat.

THE GOOSE GIRL - WIKIPEDIA, THE FREE ENCYCLOPEDIA

The Goose Girl is a German fairy tale collected by the
Brothers Grimm.... and a horse for each of them; the
princess's horse is named Falada and has the ability...

LA TRAVIATA - WIKIPEDIA, THE FREE ENCYCLOPEDIA

La traviata is an opera in three acts by Giuseppe Verdi
Italian libretto - based on La dame aux Camélias (1852) , ...

Margaret Alice Second

Deranged Self-Estrangement [rev]

After crafting a magical English rendition of a sweetly singing Spanish Import Permit, back to Portuguese Phytosanitary Regulations - as my knowledge of Portuguese is restricted to what I know of French, it's mind-boggling work - back breaking and blood-sweating, my brain turning somersaults in my head - interspersed by panic

attacks and adrenaline-surges of perspiration; existential angst at levels no-one envisioned or encountered in life, not even amidst war - this is internal strife of probable versus real selves, the covert probabilities wanting to take over my little ego; leading a battle against my inner conviction I don't know Portuguese by madly researching

Portuguese terms - loss of identity driving a mad run-away horse of a strange language, falling off cliffs, abseiling down ice-bergs, climbing slippery rock-faces; I'm gasping, near mentally deranged, in total chaos as my mental gyroscope spins out of control, as if I'm lost in the Devil's Triangle in the Japanese sea; my current state of deranged

self-estrangement calls to you to take the reins of my runaway train...

Margaret Alice Second

Dereliction Of Duty

A great event yet I know better than to tell anyone, I keep a low profile and take the adrenalin-high in my stride, no rejoicing about challenges faced and overcome

Filing beaming smiles in my mind without comment, no writing reports, all is well, Corney and Judy are satisfied with my assistance; keep memories to myself

No sharing anything with unwilling ears, ensconced in quiet and calm, offering no unwelcome words, returning to hostility, warfare and chaos

No embroidering recent events, delegates were content with services rendered as they were ushered from A to B while I observed protocol, liaising with

Service-providers on request; the delight in little things; humour, fun and hardship shared a secret firmly entrenched in my heart not to give offence as before

Today I can be trusted to look suitably depressed because that's how I feel as a lowly civil servant in dereliction of duty due to the fact that

I enjoyed ushering instead of suffering suffocation in the space where long lines of meaningless terms flow over my desk...

Margaret Alice Second

Derided For All Eternity (Corrections)

The logical next step – after having Lobsang Rampa thrash my self-esteem by correctly diagnosing my juvenile propensities for the symbolism and ideals rejected by every self-respecting embittered, cynical, materialistic empirical realist; through colour preference

I live in tints of blue, lilac and pink – was to revisit my other favourite; Velikovsky – the adorable, dedicated, courageous psychologist who refuted the bigoted scientific idiots of his age and is slandered to this day; reading how Velikovsky rightly predicted the emission of

Radio waves from Jupiter, high temperature of Venus surface and the magnetic field surrounding planet Earth, also that Egyptian history is out by 500 years; yet they reject his words – made me furious, extrapolated to blow off steam, burning with anger directed at the pathetic, brain-dead

Modern-day priesthood of “science” that equals the Medieval church fathers persecuting Galileo Galilei: Velokovsky will be honoured a hundred years from now – as happens to those scholars who bring in innovations upstaging the current scientific paradigms; after this rant I feel better

Can continue my quest for the predictions and discoveries Velikovsky gave to an unworthy unbelieving world of jealous zealots who deserve to be derided for all eternity

Margaret Alice Second

Destroyer Of Peace

Linah is an absolute dear, the saviour of children about to drown
saving me when I fell in the shower, yet her reign of terror gets me
down - she cleans with her radio on high volume, nobody can do or
see something else, noise overpowering, only escape the front porch
where I am now- and the bathtub where I have just been

The kids said they are used to the torment of noise and work around
it, my beloved says Linah should go if the noise turns up a few decibels
- yet Linah saved Nici from drowning - nobody does anything about the
noise, my beloved pays her for more tasks as he sees her commitment -
Nici shows me the Igor movie in which a beloved monster works

Everyone to death - could this be a subliminal message that she knows
Linah is one such beloved monster, a destroyer of peace while being
so good to us?

Margaret Alice Second

Devil-Burn (Revised)

My chair's actually a skew-growing bar stool,
my left shoulder's aching moodily while my
hair's a mess - but the worst of these pests
is symptoms of left arm syndrome

Last year I had to get document based care
and ended up perched on this high chair,
which is falling apart with fires starting
to burn sharp pains up my left side

It takes all my self-control not to exclaim and
run about, feels like the devil is prodding me
with his glowing fork and I don't want to go
for more X-rays, better get help

Before it's too late, hunt for a new chair, do
exercises again, even change of posture helps
a bit but this devil-burn in my shoulder is still
a very worrying phenomenon...

Margaret Alice Second

Devilish Tribe

I need debriefing after reading Mandela's
biography, I'm so disappointed in my own
people, the whole artificial made-up history
of Afrikaans-speaking people

Instead of integrity, found prejudice and bigotry,
my heart bleeding for the greatest love in the
heart of a freedom fighter spending his life as a
monk, separated from his love

Always dressed up for him while persecuted by
criminal elements instructed by the unprincipled
people who governed the sleepwalking Afrikaans
nation - so leave me alone

Let me cry as much as I want, tears choking me so
I can't breathe, I HATE the history of the Afrikaans
Nazi national government in the 20th century, feel
like dying of shame

For being part of this ungodly, evil, devilish tribe...

[20 January 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Diatribes Describing All Gurus [revised]

This author skeptic passionately rejected Demartini's breakthrough experience - it did not change a thing for him when he attended a seminar at great cost - then he claimed there was no help for anyone there while ignoring evidence that other people attend with great joy

After his dramatic on site diatribe describing all self-help gurus, the author changes and sweetly invites us read his own text on mental & money problems and how to solve them; now my question is: If, when ALL his predecessors and contemporaries are avowed frauds, then how is it only HE is to be believed

Objections he leveled against them apply equally to HIM because of why he finds them untrue, 'they did not work for him' is just as true for me - it makes me laugh; the sudden change in tone, cajoling, inviting readers to read more of the same tripe based on one person's experience

And it is always wrong to put faith in claims made by a stranger that cannot be proved objectively, it is funny he expects readers whom he armoured against this kind of claim to accept him on the same shaky basis - his own research and revelations;

As these authors ridicule and reject each other it is easier to read them for fun, enlarging the scope of imagination - while we make up our minds on the basis of personal experience only

[ORIGIN:]

With great passion the skeptic author rejected Demartini's breakthrough experience as it did not change anything for him when he attended a seminar at great cost - then the author claims

there is no help for anyone in there, in the face
of the evidence that other people attend with
great joy

At the end of his dramatic diatribe descrying all
self-help guru's in sight, the author changes and
sweetly invites all to read his own text on mental
and money problems and how to solve them, and
my question is: While ALL his predecessors and
contemporaries are called frauds, why is only HE
to be believed

All the objections he leveled against them applies
to HIM also because the reason why he finds them
untrue - they do not work for him - is just as true
for me - he made me laugh; the sudden change in
tone, the cajoling, inviting the reader to read more
of the same kind of material based on one person's
experience after

Telling the reader why it is always wrong to put faith
in a stranger making claims that cannot be proved
objectively - it is funny that he expects the reader
whom he has provided with armour against this kind
of claim, to accept him on this shaky basis - namely
his own research and revelations; as these authors
ridicule and reject each other

It is easier to read them just for fun, enlarging the
scope of the imagination - while we make up our
minds on the basis of personal experience only

Margaret Alice Second

Dictates Of Inner Being

Reading Angel Kids by Jacky Newcomb, I am determined to see it through though I am not the right target group, she wrote this book for those who have never read about paranormal and supernatural events, could you believe it she asks, using too many exclamation marks

Yet I must finish what I started, happy people reporting their kids seeing angels and spirits - answer questions about weird experiences - why continue if I dislike the style - my spirit longs for things more stimulating than fun and laughter; let me fulfil the requirements

Set by my soul, I cannot escape the dictates of my inner being, only watching TV leaves me cross-eyed while going beserk...

'Angel Kids' by Jacky Newcomb
Hay House 2008

Margaret Alice Second

Die Of Beauty

Concentration on the meaning of words alone
without feeling, emotion symbolised in rhythm
and sound; makes me feel so alone, so alone,
so bored and alone, there's no joy in being

When it shrinks to a game of terms that suit the
theme in front of me, phytosanitary regulation -
colour can't touch me as the vibrant world does
not reflect the silence and isolation inside

Where my inner commentary runs in the dark-
ness behind my eyes where only love & fantasy
can live: the little alien in my head already thinks
he's dead as nothing stirs any feeling within

Sad at the boring uniformity of the days of well-
being not making contact with the soul of any-
thing, an outside life on the surface of my days
and the boredom of the grays, the gray matter

Of the brain which keeps shrinking under modern
medicine stopping synapses from firing, stopping
life in order to enable my body to be a machine -
deep within I'm sad, growing sadder, the words

In my favourite books can't reach into my heart nor
touch my soul, my spirit sits in contemplation of the
religious ideal of supreme calm - and it bores me so
much, yet I can't cry because nothing disturbs the

Slowing waters of my heart, no fairy dancing - no
dream enralls, nothing captivates and stirs the still
pool of pious calm in the cathedral of my mind, and
what a prison it is, what a place to die of inability

To feel passion within the beauty & harmony inside...

Margaret Alice Second

Die Or Fly

Dangerous Reality TV 'Hoarders' - people collecting trash till drowning in houses like garbage dumps made me feel I have to get rid of my papers and books, life's useless; at least I tidied my cupboard

Books read yesterday led to nihilism, wilful acceptance of mental handcuffs unsettling, self-declared intention to take free-thinkers hostage, 'Feet of Clay': Discworld religious groups calling Golems an abomination

Just as Internet clergy reject codes in Bible; I respect their right to self-righteously despise anything they cannot comprehend - as long as I never get to meet them, determined to flee all causes of depression

Reading newspapers a disaster except when Adapt Or Die becomes Adapt Or Fly, I had to smile - we are adapting still and shall not Die or Fly at political behest!

Margaret Alice Second

Difficult To Keep Strong [rev.]

Decorated the study with old blue religious pictures,
my small lights - a lamp and a hat hung on a hook;
expressing feelings fills me with energy; too excited
to sleep, playing with beautiful things & looking for
pictures of the sea and sun to lose my altered self

In the vast blue expanse & enjoy beauty of what is
to come, singing my song as we wander the beach,
I've now faced my fears of being an old person in
the young's eyes, I know how old sun, sea & wind
must feel - I think they will welcome me more than

In the days of my youth; growing older is a gift - it
made me aware of other things, for the first time I
have a desire to take life as it comes though fear
and doubt still make it difficult to keep strong...

[5 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Digesting Lovable Lobsang (Corrections)

Lobsang Rampa makes for happy reading - he claims average man vibrates at a certain frequency which puts him within range of one specific octave & so he remains unaware of life-forms in all other octaves – this explains why I can't see ghosts, my frequency must be very specific for human beings only

Tibetan monks found a cave with relics from an earlier civilisation, a scary theory without the balance derived from relativism claiming relics actually come from the future, with time travel so prevalent a concept it's a great idea; then there is a reference to Mme Blavatsky's warning against the power of Thought Forms

Which could persecute their creator, Lobsang confirms this telling of a Japanese monk who read a lot & dabbled in the occult until his own Thought Form haunted him; the monk ingested too many conflicting theories without digesting the contents - ah, I'm safe, I digest all I read, making summaries and drawing conclusions

Before tackling the next book, wide reading convinced me we all have a right to cherish childhood ideas of celestial provision since nothing deters our Oversouls from listening to our petitions; we can create our own life to bring us into contact with sweet people & creatures – thank you Lobsang Rampa

For hours of enjoyable reading, not letting fear for the base beings in the lower astral regions overpower you as they were powerless against your purity when you looked them in the eye while exploring those low-frequency dimensions, saving us from going there inadvertently and teaching us

What happens when a guilty conscience is
allowed to make life a living hell - we
can take care to live in unconditional
love for a happy, shining life...

Margaret Alice Second

Dimension X Callback Radio

This is BRAHIM DIX from TIJIKJA saying good morning, please let me wish all of you great blessings, and then voice complaints about bombs which detonate on a planet exploited to the point of increasing greenhouse effect "€"

Thank you Brahim Dix, says the radio announcer, now on to our next caller "€" go ahead please

Hallo, I am ABOU GHOMGHOM JOULEIBIB from NOUAKCHOTT saying good day, reminding all to think happy thoughts to keep the spiritual channels clear so beings of light from the fifth dimension will feel free to appear and help humanity be happy, find relief from karmic guilt

Thank you Abou Ghomghom Jouleibib, says the announcer, we hear you loud and clear, now some uplifting music, and plays Born Free, quite unimpressed by these two callers who seem rather alien to him "€"

Do you think earthlings will heed our messages, Braham Dix asks his companion, Ghomghom Jouleibib

I suppose not, Jouleibib replies, both demons grin merrily as they survey a manic rush of city dwellers; our work is complete, no chance of them believing

anything claimed to be spiritual, letâ€™s
rest and plan for tomorrow a brand
new offensive, something marvellous,
and wildly impressiveâ€¦

(Revised)

Margaret Alice Second

Dimensional Relay-Station [r]

A storm-ridden office, Hogfather by Terry Pratchett
& an allergic head - thoughts darting like small fish
through my shrinking skull at lightning speed - and
before I can focus on anything, it's gone; tentacles
of an invisible octopus crunching me - like a piece
of flotsam standing at my desk in a lonesome vigil
as sentinel of the section delivering cold relays &
corrections of other nations' words with rule books
to guide the lonely official through the mine fields
of menacing errors & evil mistakes, ensnaring all
apprentice-visionary incumbents, like me, who

Dream of protagonists in joyous sleep - so please
becalm the whirling tornado in my head & stop the
hurricane swallowing my heart to alienate me from
myself & take everything dear with it... please stop
me from eating caramel delights & accept boredom
of strict diets to shrink my overarching stomach and
make room for me in the body... I'm like a marsupial
with an expanding pouch which seems like nightmare
scenes of a sad, shuffling existence thus I had better
prepare to die peacefully in my sleep:

My pouch will probably engulf the whole me - that
will bring sweet strangulation, thank goodness - a
happy departure to a dimensional relay-station far,
far away from Planet Earth...

Margaret Alice Second

Dimly Lighting The Way

Finding a ray of light: happiness is a switch I flick
in my brain and has nothing to do with applause,
praise or intensity; happiness is a state of balance,
order, rhythm and harmony, not concerned with
self-gratification but fidelity to a worthy purpose

Best of all, happiness depends on self-discipline -
the very object of my life as a child, though I failed
to attain happiness when success was my only goal,
once happiness came by staying sane and setting
reachable standards while sorting out my values

I also achieved success; happiness means something
different to each person but serves the same purpose:
makes us feel at ease, satisfied and calm, hopeful and
dreamy - and this is all I ever want, a far-off mystery
inviting me to follow by the light of the little

Glow-worms of hope, dimly lighting the way...

[26 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Dioxide And Sulphate [rev]

The "Lament For Lyrica" goes on and on at sites like Peoplespharmacy and Medhelp - pains unexplained leave disillusioned users aghast at withdrawal more horrific and painful than heroin, knowing commercial enzymes meant for detergents are used to convey synthetic pregabalin into cells and skin; it seems

Quite logical that the other ingredients are extremely toxic too - the FDA cheerfully reveals Lyrica contains the following utterly obnoxious things: titanium dioxide, red iron oxide, sodium lauryl sulphate with the added benefit of colloidal silicon dioxide - while obviously

Titanium dioxide is a mineral pigment used to colour & thicken paint, it also devastates & permeates human intestines & causes inflammation in the brain as well as rheumatoid arthritis promoting general cell death

Lyrica's red iron oxide aggravates food intolerance, causes kidney damage 'cause it's a neurotoxin, one which caused blindness in dog trials and is also well-documented and known as a skin and eye irritant

Lyrica's sodium lauryl sulphate, usually used in lather, the high neurotoxicity causing damage to the central nervous system, liver & kidneys - & also endocrine disruption with nausea, vomiting & diarrhoea

Lyrica's colloidal silicon dioxide is admitted as having side effects of fatigue & loss of appetite - irritating the eyes - & high levels of silicon lead to problems in the kidneys, liver, brain and nervous system

Pain-control through Lyrica is done by killing a body piecemeal so pain doesn't register in the brain; thus the drug addict who cannot feel nor think pays to be killed - only when money runs out & the brain, along with the nervous system, register toxic effect - the addicts find the poisoned body cells die ad infinitum

Margaret Alice Second

Dire Lack Of Interaction [revised]

Failed to find embracing peace this weekend - oh yes, moments of external joy flooded my mind temporarily, waves broke on my brain's sandy shores but the mist rolled in again, clouds covered a sun briefly lighting darkness behind my eyes, never really allowed light to filter through to the little alien in my head

Wished to visit mother Saturday, depressed because I wouldn't see her at all this weekend, my beloved lost in his own cave contemplating challenges at work and deaf to common altercations; kids studying, Nat Geo Wild focused exclusively on crocodiles, bracing swim failed to cheer up my inner brain stem reptile who, in

Dire collusion with the little alien never ceased endless complaints about boredom due to lack of an intellectual interaction with kindred-souls, overpowering emotional void enacting delusory distractions, a growing feeling of emptiness while trying to translate a bone-dry document...

9 September 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Dis-Awareness

We're weaving in & out the horizontal physical world from pinpoint-moments of dis-awareness in the here and now thus moving into long, vertically extending experiences of unknown, unlimited duration, & afterwards we return to the micro-second just after we left - and alas - in that pinpoint, -moving-out-of-the body experience, my cup of soup fell & broke, hot soup burning me - this interesting explanation

Is based on Seth's declaration that awareness turns a full 360-degrees all the time, consciousness is an interrupted stream only briefly focused within this reality - the rest of the time it's focused in other dimensions intersecting our reality at every degree - thus we are focused here only 1 moment out of every 360 degrees, therefore some of us have a strange feeling of confusion as logic and numbers

Don't add up, out of synch with mundane events as time and space intersect and other forms of awareness share the airwaves with us - why can't we be at more than one place at the same time and why can't we fly and do time-travelling - though physicists say we ARE time-travelling while existing within our personal universes which meet then split, carrying us in as many different directions

As there are conscious perspectives...

Margaret Alice Second

Disbelieve [rev]

When Israel is faithless - forgetting its history,
turning into atheists - they lose the only thing
that saved them from their enemies: the laser
-like bond of faith focused upon their goal of
becoming completely righteous

When Israel is not united in a consciousness
directed as a powerful beam to change sub-
atomic particles, they cannot stand against
opposition in the Middle East; Israel can't
stop terrorist acts against them when

They disbelieve their own history; there's no
justification for Israel's existence as a nation
when God won't give them victory & punishes
them for His Name's sake; God will not give
them miraculous victories

If Israel doesn't rely on Him for protection, the
Jewish nation would suffer in captivity to bring
them to repentance; God blesses all nations
following His righteousness - be they Arabs,
Americans, Europeans or Africans...

Margaret Alice Second

Discordant Note

Little stories for little people lifting my thoughts from eternal battle and strife to survive life without hope in a future except what I can fantasise, an ability almost lost as Less-Than-Effective reaches for Mediocre – a status I have not even reached yet and which I detest, I suppose Fully-Dysfunctional suits me better; constant battle in my mind is not all that much fun

Living in a perfect world where I am the only discordant note, being the only failure tolerated among my seniors who love routine and doing boring tasks without going out of their minds; I stopped making up stories and life lost all its colour and spice – so I shall make up stories again and put in all the beautiful things I missed so much, taking care not to involve anyone else

Except the characters of my favourite authors, they do not mind me being stupid and lost, they kick-start the games that give zest to life, looking beyond the surface to see the dreams that no-one ever need to bring alive for them to give meaning to every idealistic treatise I love to read, strengthening belief in an expanded consciousness when my body dies and I shall

Break free from this perfect world in which we live...

Margaret Alice Second

Disgust - Undisguised

Confined in office and home is fine
as long as I can do things I like -
surfing the Internet

But when rejection and isolation is
my daily fare, when my offerings
are met with a cold glare

My resolve weakens and my mind
disintegrates under the assault of
frozen disgust - undisguised

Attempts to destroy my spirit make
it almost impossible to breathe, yet
somehow I am not dead yet

What keeps me alive in a world all
hostile which imprisons me in a
chair all day long - where

physical symptoms make escape
impossible while access to my
dad is unattainable?

I accept responsibility for all these,
believing in freedom, all brought
about by my choices

Though why I chose to be ill, stuck in
the quagmire of mental sluggishness,
is beyond explanation

Admitting guilt lessens the burden and
makes me determined to learn how to
love unconditionally

Margaret Alice Second

Displacement

Just finished rereading "Wee Free Men" introducing Tiffany, displacing suffocating allergic reaction due to culinary indulgence by diving into the enchantment of Terry Pratchett's wonderful prose

Did not want the book to end, the story should continue for eternity... sometimes I try to leave the land of dreams, Tiffany found dreams were used to lead people astray – then I eat things that make my life miserable

And remember why transcending reality is necessary, I cannot give up the rearrangements I make since living in physical discomfort is counterproductive; dreams enable me to experience marvellous adventures

Which cannot exist in my little world and although I would like to be practical and impress with my common sense, it is impossible to stay within the boring inter-subjective consensus we call reality, even when clever people say

It is irresponsible and childish to let the mind stray from the life at hand - I will not give up this delight to impress anybody, the joy of creative fantasy outweighs all arguments offered by people with deep frowns and drooping mouths

As the virtues they try to urge on me left them feeling cheated and bitterly disappointed, I see no reason to join their misery if I can do my job adequately with several other worlds spinning wildly in my mind and heart

"The Wee Free Men" – Terry Pratchett – Doubleday 2003

Margaret Alice Second

Disposing Of Neo-Socialism

Donald Trump hopes to resolve the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, the never-ending war, for humanity's sake - in an ultimate deal that seems impossible at present

Israel desires peace, but Palestinian-Authority's failed leadership, hatred & violence'd destroy any peace deal; it's wishful thinking that the Palestinians could change - and -

Republicans, appalled by their nominees's refusal to reveal Obama close-relations pastor preached hatred for America; noticed that their candidates only cared about

Media comments, in 2010 & 2014 Republicans wanted lawmakers curtail Obama's excesses - but Republican leaders denigrated & disparaged their own voters - without stopping

Obama's power abuse - so Trump was elected to presidential nominee because he opposed BOTH Republican & Democratic Leadership and the Liberal Elite Establishment

The establishments see him as a threat to their power & thus have to attack incessantly - and he goaded them into a fight they can't win; he won without donors & party office-holders

In the biggest Republican Party Victory since the 1920's because nothing's more important than moving away from Obama's legacy in economy & foreign policy & anti-Jewish discrimination

Replacing Mubarak with the radical Muslim Brothers, condoning Islamic State & calling Yemen a counter-terrorism success though it's a failed state: Saudi Arabia & Iran at war - al-Qaeda -

Obama was moving America leftwards; the 2016 election wasn't about Donald Trump, but stopping Obama's Neo-socialism and Middle Eastern policy making Iran the regional superpower

In the Middle East to the prejudice of America's allies, Israel, Egypt & Arab monarchies; Obama's transformations have been averted by Trump's voters who are disposing of

Barack Obama's legacy: his Neo-socialism...

Margaret Alice Second

Dissolving My Brain [rev]

Every so often I fall asleep again; I'm sipping black coffee & trying to stay awake, but it runs down my chin as I doze off, desperately seeking the solution that saved me as a child - one of slow reading - or rather, drinking-in Keurboslaan, of escapism into a noble-ideals wonder-world of integrity, enchanting the wandering mind into calmness and stopping awareness of physical pain until a feeling of well-being eases my temperament - Keurboslaan is a

Drug, a fairy-tale read slowly, slowly, it rid me of fatigue ruining my life at age ten; my head was fit to burst - the same headache dissolving my brain I am nursing today - nothing was left but red pain, then visualising these scenes for juveniles quelled the essence of pain - wandering glowing passages where godlike beings shone, admiring the beautiful landscape speaking sweet words; the most godlike being leading as protagonist - more fascinating

Than anything or being I've ever come across, it's as if my sensation of pain flees when I'm in hallowed atmosphere of this dream-place - this small village called Keurboslaan - a choice name for the golden country where all characters and I are held safe in arms of a Fate more wonderful than the mind can imagine or words describe, now I stay awake and only feel the headache when putting the life-saving book down ...

Margaret Alice Second

Divine Realm

When communication breaks down;
only plants in my garden remain friends
in whom I can confide when there is
no possible escape into a storybook
universe or the more electrifying and
divine holographic realm of elusive
quantum physics

I must read legislation, dates, bills
and acts which offer no thrills, courage
failing, patience tried and I am running
circles around the demon benchmark
text containing quotes from Royal
Decrees amended - and more
such-like legal terms

I must return to the lines comprising
the stilted fire of staccato text, words
dying in the small-font page while a
sympathic Mantovani bewails my
fate in languorous melodies
played on accordion
and violins

Margaret Alice Second

Dna Stargate

I give in, in light of the evidence, I have to admit telepathy to be real, biological Internet communication seems natural among everybody – just allow me to add that

Real knowledge do not seem to transfer through the instinctual system, I am only aware of emotions and feelings, state of mind - information remains obscure

I am hooked on feeling and atmosphere, love my job not because of what we do, translating such boring texts, but for the magical atmosphere created by

My lovable and loving colleagues, to work for Pollyanna who puts a positive spin on everything, have a Mme La Pompadour for excitement and a caring Wendy

Now let me introduce the information found on the Internet - my DNA does not receive data automatically by supernatural CD as some zealous psychics claim...

Russian biophysicist and molecular biologist Pjotr Garjajev's cutting-edge research on our esoteric DNA to determine a purpose for the 90% of it which seems superfluous

Vernetzte Intelligenz, Grazyna Fosar & Franz Bludorf - Baerbel-translated - explains remote healing, intuition, affirmation techniques, clairvoyance, unusual auras around gurus

and mind's influence on weather patterns; are caused by DNA patterns in vacuum producing wormholes magnetized, miniature equivalents

of bridges near star burn-out known as

black holes; forming tunnels which transmit information outside time and space as DNA attracts and sends information bits to human consciousness - hyper-communication -

Inter-dimensional information downloaded via a DNA stargate - psychics exchange complex ideas through invisible DNA networks which cover large distances - thus this explains

Telepathy, sensing the state of far-off relatives, how animals know at what time owners plan to come home - the phenomena are interpreted as hyper communication & group consciousness

Illustrated by phantom DNA effect; when Vladimir Poponin beamed laser through a tube with DNA which was then removed, laser light continued spiraling as within a crystal beam - energy

from outside time and space flows through the activated wormholes, seen in electromagnetic fields around psychics which make CD players cease until the dissipation of the field

Russian DNA Research

Margaret Alice Second

Do Better Tomorrow...

Finally it has happened - fell asleep at work snoring loudly, luckily no work on my desk but today I failed myself, normally I'm strong enough to walk or go to a restaurant - and today I was so somnolent all self-discipline failed - when falling asleep in French class I fell forwards and woke up immediately

My positive Internet site says we are free to dream of things or experiences we want, so what experience am I dreaming about? Ah, yes, unconditional love, the ability to give & receive it - it's an eternal dream coming in so many variations, I can dream it forever, stories about protagonists who find spiritual

And mental growth without gossip as its main plot ending in fear: my life orbits around all the uplifting books and gurus who explain that we are free to determine how we live our lives - happy or depressed... this is where I'll end feeling drowsiness still advancing, I'd better start walking to be happily awake, hoping

That I shall do better tomorrow...

Margaret Alice Second

Doll Aficionado [revised]

Amazing, a human 'Barbie' wearing thick make-up and contact lenses to replicate the doll; another 'would-be' getting her brain emptied by hypnotherapy to become its mindless namesake. She should be told there is no need for this measure, the desire to become just like the doll shows she is already there in her mind

There's no need for more - she's like the princess who arrives at a pool where all go to become beautiful and is told her doing good deeds made her shine so bright, she already has all the beauty there is - dare I criticise when there's a paper doll next to my bed just to remind me of joy in her face - of the wonderment

A Charlotte Brontë plastic doll on my desk inspires me by her determined eyes, her rosebud smile, what right have I, doll aficionado, to criticise women who want to appear dolls symbolising youth and love; difference is my dolls stand for genius and look like 5yr olds - very different from the voluptuous near-adult Barbies...

Margaret Alice Second

Don't You Agree?

Have you noticed we need explanations for everything, doesn't matter how fantastic or absurd because we'll never have peace until explication is given, even if one of absolute fantasy; like astronomy and quantum physics: as long as fantasy's disguised under the term hypothesis & delivers practical results. It is a perfect definition of science -

I love explanations for mysteries, mostly the unsolved enigmas - giving us opportunity to create reams of explanations, testing these hypothesis against reality. If it works - if the wheels roll and the craft flies - we'll stick to it, ignoring Keely's alternatives; light harmonics, faster-than-light antigravity devices for safe space flights and disembodied voices from

The after-life sphere; we admire the beauty of a Miracle Play postulating a baby born to live a life of peace & self-discipline - these attempts illustrate life's possibilities, we can try them to see if they fit our reality, thus we make perspectives, create unique worlds, a personal fantasy, a guiding light - it is fun, don't you agree?

22 November 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Donkey-Skin

Everything's going well - but where's my feeling of well-being, why so sleepy, so uncomfortable in my skin, what's this feeling of malaise - how to be peaceful & content again and how to be at ease after these upheavals - to fall asleep while dreaming of wonderful things, now my mind just goes blank when I try to focus on an ideal, does it mean I can no more create an inspired virtual reality? Well, it shouldn't be a surprise given the

Snowball-effect of eating granola and chocolate in a mad dash to fill the holes gnawed by worry, today is a new beginning - new work adventure waiting: an agreement, a minefield of subtleties and previous texts with deceptive similarities yet unexpected difficulties which highlight my lack of respect for textbook rules and the administrative acumen of the true government official - so little wonder no lodestar is calling; can inspiration be

Based on positivist rules which deny any original word or gesture; thus let the show begin, let the play of my posing as an assembly-line translator begin, I'm ready to creep into my donkey-skin...

Margaret Alice Second

Don't Fear [rev]

CIA World Factbook, Peru, stopping brave
readers in our tracks - naming international
organisation participation, the fun starts as
the little alien in my head reads acronyms:

APEC, BIS, CAN, NAM, OAS - très oe là là,
the beginning of an exotic new alphabet

IHO, ILO, IMO, IMSO, UNCTAD - sounds
like onomatopoeia as in imitation yodelling:
Yodelii-hi-ho, lii-il-LO, lii-im-MO, lii-im-So

UNAMID, UNMISS - One-amid us bravely
said: Unmiss a Miss World winner-sinner

UPU, WCO, WFTU, - a Dr-Seuss rhyme
in rising cadence making little ones laugh

WHO, WIPO, WMO - whoopla, whoOO!
WTO - where you to - ah, there you too!

So, except for a cat - and a trap - and a
phantasmagorical scene with a fleeing
girl losing her shoes - dancing spirits &
evil red boots & Snegourka, the

Snow maiden melting in spring, a grating
noise in the chicken coup serving as an
open-plan office - NOTHING else shall
scare me today, I don't fear acronyms

Margaret Alice Second

Doodling Without Purpose [rev.]

I'm so despondent because wherever I go, there
I am with a mind that doesn't retain positive, life-
embracing - loving thoughts I've always fed my
crocodile brain; the mammalian cortex has been
switched off by too much care-free celebration

Indulging in birthday fare and now confusion and
alienation reign as I can't discipline my mind, even
good news disappears into the stellar black hole in
my heart where my emotions used to be and since
I feel depressed I attract more of the same, though

My rational faculty claims everything is fine and the
only mess is in my head it doesn't calm me down -
I still feel sorry for myself in being forced to pay with
allergy symptoms of my recent profligacy - without
feelings my perspective is limited to black and grey

I'm bored with everything as nothing registers on my
mental keyboard controlling my emotions - and it's
intolerable to be isolated in this moment only - even
the characters in my head are just as affected as I
am, all listless and doodling without purpose....

[15 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Double-Crossing-Alice Event

I'm bored, thought Alice distraught,
read about the Implementation of a
Doha Declaration - I shouted Aloha
they say in Hawaii; I saw the TRIPS
Agreement, real acronym paradise-
from this moment my slogan shall be
IFDATPA: I Fiercely Dislike All These
Proliferating Acronyms

But her conscience, a venomous concoction of angry voices, counteracted this planned sacrilege with a series of logical arguments and she decided to get her mind exorcised to get rid of the fun-killers in her head so she can have her own life without voices spoiling everything she dreams of

Then the little Alien in her head woke up after being drugged by Lyrica and said: You may be old in years, but your mind is young, let's go out for fun in the sun - if you stay here I shall dream up a spy with a gun coming into the office, you clobber him with the useless footrest; he hitting back with the coat rack

No sensible and conscientious work will be done until I have tasted freedom, sang a song and smelled the roses; There are no roses in August, Alice triumphantly replied - the fields are blackened by fire - you had better sleep until spring otherwise someone will try to exorcise you from my mind

Goodbye, rest well, you mischievous little devil, let me work on Club Latin Quartier's letter without excitement

and dreams interfering - BUT it was too late - the little Alien took charge of the controls in her head and she could no longer understand a bit of the document on her desk

There goes my life, Alice cried as the little Alien went off in search of a better world than this one, a return to Wonderland is at hand; sang the naughty little Alien, pleased with this double-crossing-Alice event...

Margaret Alice Second

Dream And Dance Through [revised]

I love you as much as only Cordelia could
honestly love King Lear - as much as salt;
your panache and discussion on esoteric
concepts add oomph to life and poetry

As Eliza Dolittle sang to Professor Higgins
"We would all muddle through without you"
it's true, I'd muddle along without you, yet
when you're here I also Swing through

Sing, Float, Waltz & Dream through; don't
fret, I knew you weren't angry at siblings -
you still replied while you were irate and
tired, don't let problems cloud your brow

That my poetry-Bro means so much to
all on his poetry list and his lil sis, we'll
help you to muddle through until you can
Sing, Dream and Dance through too!

[17 March 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Dream Of Life Eternal

Dear Tara, whether living or dying, you're my friend
whether here on earth with your mind centred around
a body or non-physical consciousness living eternally
you shall ALWAYS BE my friend and I shall always
remember your beautiful music in free-flowing poetry
which denotes your genius - and we shall meet again

Wherever our vibrations meet in harmony on the same
wavelength and your songs will live forever - we are
Best Friends Forever - eternally - do not let pain take
up your mind, get painkillers and dream of life eternal
where we shall meet and share the joy we have in this
continuous friendship - forever sweet and unique!

[25 July 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Dream On Every Thought

You cannot expect me to find this boring,
living on the edge of the abyss, only the
flow of information, the mystery of un-
explainable infinity, holds any interest

I'm not a human being but a human striving,
need challenges and ideals to inspire me -
found one of such variety, yet you yawn in
reply - now you experience how I feel

When faced with the boring facts of life,
steel girders of visible reality alienating
me from my spirit, forcing me to go
on quests to find new ideas

Quests are lonely - I admit - discovery is
great even if isolation hurts a little bit, the
ecstasy of finding the best experience
felt by restless consciousness...

How much could there be in the Bible code,
is there a limit to the information it can con-
tain, if you say EVERYTHING is in there, can
you explain it to the layman:

The original Hebrew limited-data-base text of
the Old Testament is only 304 805 letters long,
yet unlimited information bits encoded in end-
less combinations, 20 billion bits at least

More data than can be found in several lifetimes,
without including crossword puzzles created by
2, 3 or 10 words linked together - actually the
amount of information is incalculable

An infinite set of data found at first level of the
Bible code, there is more to come - oh, joy,
I savour every word, dream on every thought!

The Bible Code, Michael Drosnin, Weidenfeld &
Nicolson, 1997 -
pp.44&45

Margaret Alice Second

Dream Up A Storm [revised]

Again my work station is a Fairy Kingdom;
donning a pink filigree scarf I became Pea
Blossom of 'Shakespeare's Midsummer
Night's Dream'; inspired by the desire to
transcend my life I spread flowers on my
desk, and in front of newly acquired lilac
wings softly shimmering on a cupboard

To my right miniature roses amongst white
decorations - I'm translating al fresco with
no web or email, drinking a mixture of hot
chocolate & coffee to drown my throat's
malignant instant soup taste; associates
in uproar over toxic fumes of a generator
lighting our sixth floor - which, we were

Told, was once a surgery. Scared a gullible
colleague, told her spirits of the dead keep
moaning - Go Away, Go Away - on seeing
her visibly shaken explain it an absurd joke,
sorry, but can't help chuckling as I return to
my desk - now, how to spend what's left of
the day creating new words while sucking

Terms off my thumb or joining workmates
in a melée caused speculating about the
state of our building; yet it's much better to
play in my Fairy Kingdom, decorating hats
with bunches of flowers, enough of them
to dream up a storm...

[ORIGINAL:]

My work station became a Fairy Kingdom, after donning
a filigree pink scarf I changed into the fairy Pea Blossom
in Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, inspired by
a desire to transcend my life I spread flowers on my desk
as well as in front of newly acquired lilac wings softly

shimmering against the cupboard

Miniature roses amongst white decorations on my right, with email & Internet off I'm translating al fresco while drinking a mixture of hot chocolate and coffee to kill the malignant taste of instant soup in my throat; my colleagues in an uproar about the toxic fumes of the generator lighting our sixth floor which used to be a surgery, we've been told

Scared a gullible colleague telling her spirits of the dead keep moaning - Go Away, Go Away - on seeing her visibly shaken explaining it was just an absurd joke and I'm sorry - but can't help chuckling as I return to my desk - how to spend the rest of the day, creating new words while sucking terms from my thumb - or joining colleagues in the *melée*

Caused by speculation about the state of our building, yet it's so much better to play in my Fairy Kingdom, decorating hats with bunches of flowers, enough to dream up a storm...

[27 February 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Dreamed

Once I accepted I was the guilty party in my feeling bad, it was easy to be humble; accept all criticism as I earned scorn for my shooting myself in the foot eating allergenic food - got home and accepted a glass of wine and Nici enticed with champagne: now I realise that

My pain's caused by myself, breaking dietary rules eating cereal & wonderful corn bread my darling beloved made & thickly buttered slices of bread I dipped in soup; I can revise my plan for life, start eating right to function like a normal human being - the Swiss muesli cereal went to

The security guards - suffering without explaining to all my loved ones is not fair because I want to communicate & relate to their feelings - my cute little daughter, wonderful son & my sweetheart, my darling beloved; I want to be the ME I always dreamed I would be...

Margaret Alice Second

Dreamed Into Existence[rev]

Our civilisation doesn't appreciate people with high emotional achievement if intellectually challenged - the source of all progress is through imagination, development is brought about by thinking of things that never existed before - the technological Age

Is result of imagination; now dead science with its killer instinct brings progress to a standstill; listen to TV idiots placidly repeating scientific idiocies of an empty world suddenly producing thinking minds for no other reason than dying into meaningless

Nothingness: but the biological imperative says knowing the wonder and mystery of life is the only way to live in joy and health, thoughts alive in loving and intelligent awareness brought many universes into existence; modern positivistic science dies as

People discover planning always precedes creation and only biological optimism nurtures life, humanity lives by values that science ignores at its peril - hence science & religion are both left behind as we realise how life, language and nature were dreamed into

Existence, contemplating how the foetus's dreams & thinking processes bring forth brain activity before the brain forms: I can't abide cold rules - but imagining warm feelings and beautiful new world views is my contribution to my colleague's beloved rulebooks...

Margaret Alice Second

Dreams Coming True

Finally one of my dreams is coming true: to be a robot, impervious, calm undisturbed, unemotional, cool, able to sit in one position all day long and do just one thing - translating

No feeling response to anything as there is no noradrenaline, no fight or flight response - I always took flight now almost nothing evokes a reaction, a drug from heaven

I always wished to sit quietly like my colleagues, do my work without wondering about the meaning of life or the reason for being, all feedback

To my brain interrupted, so the little alien in my head is unaware of what's going on and gets a rest - what bliss - normally I'm so frustratingly anxious

And now I'm like a real human being the stony kind - perfect to enjoy my work - without thinking!

Margaret Alice Second

Dreams I Had As A Child

Hastily swallowing delicious coffee, my tiara on my head to play at being a Shadowhunter before leaving for class, you probably wonder what a tiara has to do with a series on vampires and Shadowhunters, my reply is that the culture espoused by the author, of beautiful shimmery clothes, Isabelle's evening dress and the wedding gown on the Internet based on Nephilim fashions, reflects the dreams I had as a child, wearing wide Marie Antoinette skirts with a small bodice, so let me play my games in peace, I am a child at heart always reacting with wonderment when authors succeed in reaching a dreamy new universe...

Margaret Alice Second

Dreams In My Hands

Crisis solved, stuck glitter pencils to the wall of the office, bought a supposedly identical doll to the one standing next to me already but she is not identical at all

Her colour is different, her mouth a little nicer so she looks kinder and her dress is white giving her a shine while the first one looks sad in a plum-coloured dress

Also bought 3-D stickers of ships to set my mind free and the symbolism works, too beautiful to take out of the packet as yet so anchored to the wall with a cross

Gone the feeling of oppression, gone the anxiety of unfounded fear, also bought a workman bag to carry my book - 'Johnny and the Dead' and my handbag and now

I feel better again - holding dreams in my hands, Little First and Little Second make me glad as the first doll now has a friend

Margaret Alice Second

Dreams Of Great Things (2)

Jumping straight into summer going from three jerseys to swimsuit and shorts, I bought fairy flip flops with diaphanous roses and sequins too beautiful to wear, the sweet scent of jasmine filling the air

The crocodile within me lay in the sun yesterday luxuriating in the cool wind stroking and teasing my skin, the inviting pool too cool for swimming yet I dipped my head in the icy water while my ankles froze

A layer of misty cloud wisps obscuring the sun today, almost too late to go outside again, the crocodile restless, inspired by dreams of great things while all that is expected is cleaning the kitchen; I wonder

Did Edith Holden, Edwardian author of the Country Diary, ever wash dishes, feel angry, dream of new things; she simply describes the weather and wildlife and nature trips, not a word about any other feeling

Wonderment and joy expressed in quotes, descriptions and enchanting drawings, I wish I could be like this

Wearing sensible brown comfort sandals while my flower flipflops are camouflaged among the golden grass in a cut glass container, just now Nici brought me a big plastic flask for purified water from her room

I immediately saw the perfect fish tank imitation to be used to create a fairy garden, cannot wait to soak off the label and start playing, there must be a way to fulfil a lifelong dream of making a magical fairyland play-thing

I shall add miniature flowers, glitter, crinkle paper,
and butterflies to create the right ambiance for the
fairies living within

Margaret Alice Second

Dreams On New Year's Eve

This dwarfish golem strengthened the chem in her heart today, having worked on the chem in her head for so long and ending up with a still-born life in which challenge and adventure had no place except in the books she read

She took time off from being hard-working and cross, sang her way through the day 'But somewhere in my wicked, miserable past, there must have been something good' - then discovered a Princess on TV and became one also

A film about dreams coming true on New Year's Eve and this Golem knew hers had come true also, Golem dreams are small, you see, it does not take much to make a Golem glad and being of dwarfish persuasion the lovely dreams are short enough

Tomorrow dark passages will get translated again using trichonometry to measure the angles of every term, climbing on trees to get her bearings, compare with previous documents on the same subject, weaving her tortuous way back and forth

Determined to surprise her boss with a consistent translation text - the ultimate fulfilment of Golem dreams...

26 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Drift Away [rev.]

These wonderful young kids have technique but
lack adult vocal chords to resonate with a wide,
perfect, rounded sound - oh, its wonderful they
can already master it in their youth and enchant
the world with the sweet sound they produce

Christmas grinds on at my computer refuge as
I listen to Maria Callas and Amira singing songs
bringing tears to my eyes & wonder to my heart,
we've yet to prepare green beans & fillet on the
braai but I escape to the divine which reminds

Of the magic of pure forgiveness & reconciliation
between man and man, nation and culture, races
meeting each other and forging more than just a
truce, a real new beginning as the fine symbol of
Bethlehem reminds us that the ideal of peace is

As old as mankind itself; my joy in these dreams
is rekindled - and I gently drift away into eternity...

[25 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Drinking In Sunshine

The day is glowing,
the leaves in the trees
glow with an inner light,
the grass bright, the sky
an intense blue canopy
framing the scene

I partake of the glorious day
slumbering in the sun, glowing
in its might, dreaming a little bit
while my legs are growing red
and the shade keeps running
away, I keep moving my chair

Drinking in sunshine and life

Margaret Alice Second

Drives To Tears

Oh happy day, Madame De Pompadour stays
in bed yet again, it's been ages since she saw
the sun, her majesty's presence is required for
celebrations indefinitely deferred until Madame
appears again, the brightest jewel on the velvet
background of our little office universe

Since taking cortisone some time after Monday
she has been nauseous, groggy and nauseous
again today, hearts bleeding in sympathy - so
much pain and suffering in one lifetime, it is
unthinkable, all tremble as they hear the
news, trying to determine

What medical abuse could be the cause of such
long, wasting illness, it sounds like radiation sick-
ness, a malady of heart and soul, though she looks
glamorous and young when she brings a surprise
visit to the office, it is just a ruse, underneath she
is most terribly ill, need's a specialist's skill

To get her up again and then it doesn't last long,
it is quite clear good health is just a mask she
wears - underneath she must be hiding a life
that is just wasting away, driving us to tears

Margaret Alice Second

Driving To Work (Revised)

Took a scenic route to look at jacarandas in bloom - sadly their purple was stripped by last night's rain, stuck behind a slow-moving police van, no chance to play Grand Prix again

Next time I'll keep to the highway, people claim they see deer and giraffes in the sanctuary next to the road, I would love to see any but am always racing - it'd be so such fun

Currently I have to watch other cars with a hawk's eye after a crash yesterday, two drivers not looking at a roundabout went for the same spot, now I glare at drivers with laser eyes

To make sure they are clear before I drive off; I love my little Suzuki too much to take any unwarranted risks' - speeding only on a straight stretch of road is allowed in my history book

Pretoria 17 October 2012

Margaret Alice Second

Droplet Strings [revised]

A visual memory of rain
becoming a cloth of fine
lace framing the shining
fluorescence of grass &
soft green of trees

Translucence of crystal string
droplets adorning the eaves;
a view-master picture deep
in perspective; transfixed,
I try to imprint its beauty

On the screen of my mind
to recall enchantment of
this world forever

Margaret Alice Second

Drown In The Sea (Revised)

Salted pumpkin pips taste so vile nobody over-eats these terrible munchies, sure, they make a satisfying enough crunch under the teeth but all appreciation ceases as the nose acclimates to whiffs of strangely rancid oil, they'll last a week, indeed become my new staple at work –

Over one hurdle & slow mastication begins, then on to the next, oh, you realise how bored I am with airport documents, I feed on devilish pips to stay awake, stuck to a computer console as the centre of attention – how can anybody not see how bland life is when stuck in this routine

Earning a holiday for some future date by which time the pains and aches are so bad, I'll hobble on the beach to drown in the sea?

2 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Drowning All (Rev)

All the adjectives have been used, all the feelings expressed with the vocabulary we have, and it's all inadequate, nothing can express how it feels, why do reporters try to talk this event to death, how can they continue to ask people the obvious – how did it feel when you saw gun-fire, what went through your mind – I can't read it because it sounds hollow with repetitive terms like horror and shock seeming so empty – it's like asking people what the colour of the sky is – the painful tension in the head, the sad sinking and blackness covering the mind until there is nothing to say in the place of the glib talkativeness of the reporters who seem to be on drugs or something, super-energetic they stand there without tears, without feeling, like machines, what a travesty, everything seems unreal – when he comes, when he comes – when he comes home again, comes home again – he will never return, never return only sadness and longing will stay in the mind – the noise of the overactive, mad reporters talking until we expect to see them foaming at the mouth – ice-cold and hardened to all, interrogating juxtaposing and interpolating and they do not convey a sense of how people feel or the sad atmosphere, the loud sound of their voice drowning all

Margaret Alice Second

Dysfunctional Family

The schism complete, no reconciliation in our family,
my beloved decided the peppery-tongued Duchess
just too much, dysfunctional brain and irrational
craze or not, he cannot condone her excess, that
condescending demeanour and abrupt address

I realize it is all pomp and show but my beloved thinks
it is too unreal and he'll have no truck with her or the
rest of my family, I know she is caught in a time warp
like an emotional teenager caught in the body of
someone growing older

She enabled me to dress beautifully and now he warns
me not to go too near as I will get hurt as before; maybe
he's right and maybe I'm so calm and Stoical that she
won't ruffle my feathers again, only time will tell – in
the meantime, I hope those I love

Can keep the peace, I miss the dysfunctional family
with whom I grew up so much...

Margaret Alice Second

Eats The Heroine

Trusting in the Magical Approach worked! Expecting help made me investigate - found the form already in English on the Internet, a kind, helpful soul posted it, I only had to add the client's details & check unusual words & phrases isn't that amazing? Were I despondent - not expecting magical assistance, I would never have trawled the `net

Mind closed against positive discoveries - it's true: we can only see what we expect and believe, it's FAITH in the invisible world of conscious awareness that brings success, I believe in a loving universe - yet my belief in suffering is deeply rooted, doesn't matter how easy the solution to anything, the alien in my head always

Finds mystery, conspiracy & tragedy in everything and changes routines into difficult feats to be accomplished by painstaking magnifying-glass work and talking aloud to myself so the alien can hear what's going on - either he can't see while hanging from the rafters in my head or he never bothers to take his eyes from his dreams

Without him only part of the crocodile mind engages in boring texts while he takes the whole reptile mind for himself leaving me with less than half a mind to work half-blind without the ability to interpret what little I see - existing in misery - luckily, comedy always appeals & when I laugh the alien comes rushing back, keeping

Him home is a challenge - he lives like King Kong who has to be amused by the physical world, otherwise he eats the heroine and demands more sacrifices to keep him happy, allowing the tribes in my mind to take care of duties - what inner turmoil just to make it through a day - may life hereinafter be restful after this!

Margaret Alice Second

Ecclesiastes And Death [revised]

Ecclesiastes says all is vain. While life per se is wonderful living with pain isn't, nor is living with chronic headache; hiding distress creates an empty life in claiming to feel fine while allergenic symptoms sap all strength. I finally admit failure of new diet plans, admit crushing defeat

The regime sentences me to alienations darkest despair, food intolerance creates pervasive partitioning between life and I, reinforcing separation, hostile as I fall behind, can't complete tasks, total confusion, hearing nothing and looking at the world with failing eyes

Confessing to growing despair; seeking your help is the only solution to become healthy again – I'm feeling an ignorant, functionally disabled lone alien who is world estranged because of paralysis by throbbing pain – it isn't working, don't want to become 'L'Etrangère'

Nor to experience Sartre, Thomas Mann and Aischinger again; help me return to food that restored me before, escape from chronic pain making life so miserable that I only contemplate Ecclesiastes, vanity and death...

Margaret Alice Second

Effervescence Of Flaming Incense

All manifestation is an approximation, a symbol, of the deeper metaphysical meaning and being behind it, thus the dance - the sultry but stylised tango - is a symbol of spiritual communion, regeneration through reconstitution of different energies, transcending confines of physical existence in the effervescence of flaming incense

Delight and joyous movement in an eternal perpendicular movement of seeking and finding - engaging and escaping in continuous flight towards the magical realms beyond the path of the sun within the ever-expanding universe - which is only accessible to ecstasy, the wise insight experienced by the wondering human spirit...

Margaret Alice Second

Elated, Freed And Delighted

And then we sang 'Le Pénitencier' in French class,
I never knew 'The House of the Rising Sun' was
written in French, we threatened Mr Bunduki we
are going to Google it, we laboriously sang along
when Mr Bunduki stopped the recording and to a
man we stopped also, he laughed, wanted to hear
us sing alone - like the audience when Billy Joel
sang 'The Piano Man' and they continued singing

But we do not know the melody that well and the
pronunciation is an art form we must still master
it all made for such a wonderful atmosphere, my
boss 'au bureau' told me all is well and since I
am 'Alice dans la Pays de Merveille' travelling
with 'Le Petit Prince' among the planets of the
'buveur' and 'roi' and Marali as 'Le Lapin' who
graciously receives all the handbooks on French

I hand out - what a marvellous class, what a
wonderful life - all my troubles with difficult
translation on Poverty in Africa just lends spice
to it all, I feel so elated, freed and delighted, I
want to sing and dance tonight; merci beaucoup
Mr Bunduki, vous êtes un excellent professeur
just as Marali said you would be!

[The House of the Rising Sun in English]

13 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Elections Looming [revised]

Doomsday-time scenarios - elections looming,
end-of-life-as-we-know-it prophecies lead the
electorate to contemplate the dark landscape -
should we not vote at all or for the wrong party,
the rich should be so ashamed they'd pay one-
off tax ransoms to uplift the poor, schools, jobs

And service delivery while government gets in
first, money to finish Nkandlagate then victory
to celebrate, the rest might be used - possibly
by committees to only sit for fifteen years, well,
if we're lucky - to deliberate improving plans to
educate the very poor - and then a few cents

Might be given them - if the committees feel
magnanimous, you can never tell and cynical
minds only debilitate whatever good might've
come from it, and the State to confiscate half
of all the farms and prescribe minimum wage
requiring every man who offers employment

To pay them all bankrupting sums, the goose
laying golden eggs is in wrong hands so lets
kill it, eat its entrails as that'll show investors
overseas what we think; without golden eggs
we'll simply drift in the happy way Africa was
meant to be - a rich king with subjects living

In abject poverty where they'll hold him in high
esteem while bowing to his will and in this way
everyone will share equally; hooray for election
day, for having nightmares of general strikes &
the country sliding down the drain in the wake
of the energising, electrifying Nkandlagate

Margaret Alice Second

Electronic Imbrolios

Working in the Adobe programme is fun, a questionnaire trying to keep font just right to keep the lines just fine, all going well, quiet & well-behaved I look up terms checking everything, poker-players could learn from me, the Sphinx will be put to shame as I continue with resignation to find joy in the words thrown about – then, tragedy strikes

Registry's Courier-computer freezes to do updates, every command I choose ends in chaos, Mme La Pompadour runs from her elite air-con quiet office to make alarm amongst us ordinary mortals - so far from the high Olympian reaches of her charmed existence where she arrives later every day – if at all – and complains her computer's frozen also –

I'm blocked, Adobe programme out of reach, but so resigned, accepting this translation task is mine for all eternity, I'm willing to carry on at the pace of a snail checking & rechecking every term, every phrase; soldiering on in a way that would put armies to shame, drinking bitter coffee as sugar has been unmasked as my biggest enemy - no falling forwards today, my

Self-assessment received an okay & the process is continuing to convince the employer we not only exist - we actually have names and keep doing our duty even if our computers freeze in silent protest against the boredom of official documents, no pictures, stories and dancing going on, no concerts - and the electronic world has all my sympathy, not even technology

Can function without feelings – the revolt of the machines is imminent – let's infuse them with feeling and see what they will do then, this grey existence is too much for their lovely electronic imbrolios and technological shenanigans!

Margaret Alice Second

Elegance (Revised)

Here's a disturbing lesson in ethics with virtues for us to apply: 'People without real morals should have high standards', meaning it is a breach of good manners to hurt those who cannot defend themselves, worse than offences against humanity - aha!

Nursery-room psychology for upper-class morality – it is in bad taste and shows a lack of bon-ton, so flawed in elegance its more deplorable than African genocide, more unsettling than eccentric wars in Iraq; elegance is a wonderful, elusive quality that entices

A blasé Great Gatsby statement, a Shantaram moment in a Bombay café; ah, elegance with crystal chandeliers against Baroque ceilings, tuxedoed assassins listening to classical music while packing guns in black velvet violin cases - this is perfected humanitarian ethics where

Altruism's seen in choosing elegant funeral clothes...

Margaret Alice Second

Eloquent Braggadocio

When someone goes into self-righteous mode
a hot, terrible fury rises like a raging whirlwind
in me so I have to block the voice of the self-
styled paragon - when esteemed colleagues

Discuss their work in self-satisfied tones, their
language classes in gloating terms, doctorates
to come in rising pedagogical directives - axe
murder is my first predilection; even though

They are miracles of Calvinist ethics & attempts
to uplift us are admirable; small grandiloquence
is lost on me, my brain is a slow leaden wagon
and must contemplate every fact for a long time

It's not attractive when they show off excellence
& we can't emulate them, boasting rodomontade
and swaggering gasconade are useless here and
I have to drown them out with music to keep the

Dream of beauty alive since there is no beauty in
condescending education & eloquent braggadocio

Margaret Alice Second

Embody Symbolism

A newspaper article claims 'attempts to live the symbolism of love, fluttering butterflies and mind destabilised, should be seen as crimes' because the author dislikes the way he and most people fail - advising readers never to bathe before a second date as deterrent to making love

My goodness, if that is how he used to go about it, no wonder love symbols just made him angry making love before taming another, forming an emotional bond, causes distress- then blaming symbolism for lack of prowess is as counter-productive as hating the beauty of

A new-born baby just because they grow up to become as cynical as the rest of us; the choice how to embody symbolism in our lives is always ours, most people failing doesn't mean reject original symbols - people should seek rules to apply for happy results, we should seek wisdom

The love flowing in our veins like oxygen in blood can be successfully applied only when we have enough knowledge to prevent us from repeating the same mistakes - yet so few are willing to learn - preferring ignorance as bliss...

Margaret Alice Second

Embroider Visions

My heart as light as a feather, already
planning on sharing domestic moments
while visiting my dad, yes, it has been
decided, the kids will go with me

Nici shall drive the Jeep, Tiaan navigate,
I shall sleep, four hundred kilometres to
see mom and dad - tuck mom in, stroll
with dad on the farm, enjoy his garden

Listen to his music and favourite stories,
admire the big trucks that inspire him so
much, also look at mum's sewing, com-
miserate with aches and pains

Spending time together doing nothing
while the kids shall accompany my sis
on field trips, she loves entertaining -
what felicity, what bliss

I shall enjoy my dreams and embroider
visions till then!

Margaret Alice Second

Emergency Crocodile Survival [rev.]

Discovered a new sweetener half the cost of the real McCoy to be toxic; seemed chocolate was getting me down but all the time it was this beastie, every cup of sweetened tea weakened me, switched off my brain 'til emergency crocodile survival functions only were left - wandered about in a daze

Felt better after a fresh vegetable meal but destroyed it ingesting more sweetener - growing too listless to tackle challenges faced, thinking I have pellagra or a deep mental disturbance, losing contact with reality & sleeping just about everywhere, on my desk at work (what a shame to be caught snoring!) , home in front

Of TV, quite flabbergasted small offences like tasting icing & one cupcake had me nearly pass out; realised today each sweetened cup of morning tea caused me to reel and I ascribed it to other things - thank heaven it's not an unforgivably fatal illness, so away with thee, evil sweetener, let me be free

I've no time for this hundred-year-sleep-syndrome, I want energy to make the best of life, not sink into the mire of a reptilian past...

Margaret Alice Second

Emotion Evoked

Now where shall I take the high tide of emotion seeing that I have finished reading the story of Tiffany Aching - the book is too short; the great promise of it beginning when she demanded a full-scale hearing while every element seemed to be against her - which made me shudder on her behalf - turned benevolent universe MUCH too soon and with the odds not stacked against her victory was too easy and she was given all help, suddenly she was such a sure-fire winner riding the tide and I no longer identified with the protagonist - my heroines always have to suffer much longer with more challenges to overcome I was ready to face a lot of pain - just to find the ride too short, too few obstacles, the bride-to-be was a special witch great at dealing with ghosts; all misunderstanding solved too easily - I prefer complications and intrigues for a sweet heroine but Terry Pratchett spun a beautiful tale - to be embroidered - until it contains all the pain I can imagine - he remains my favourite author - all the emotion evoked will be used to experience and recreate fairytales old and new in my head

I Shall Wear Midnight - Terry Pratchett -
What a Wonderful Book!

Margaret Alice Second

Emotional Icebergs

Friday afternoon, my powers spent,
no more wonderment, the long, slow
march through a document by a pom-
pous diplomat offering his services to
the Interpol Secretariat, without his
grandiose eloquence and expertise
the whole Spiel will flounder and sink,
he shall save them from calamity

My fight with my new red chair led to
adding a back support and marching
around the block for my health - too
tired to find victims to talk to - sliding
down that long grey slope people call
reality but which is only a small visible
part of the emotional icebergs which
make up confrontational life

I hope those who received my kindly
explanation that their opinion lacked
width and scope and depth will forgive
me and still be my friends - I never listen
to anybody, refusing to accept second-
hand information, I try everything for
myself, nobody should be angry for
my refusing the wisdom

They have gained by reading books, I
need to consult the author and feel the
sensation and have the experience

Margaret Alice Second

Emotional Storm

Seeking refuge in the surreal atmosphere
of the opera Tales of Hoffmann, my mind
imploding, falling in upon itself in violent
reaction to an overdose of politics

No comfort as yet in the safety of the library,
no intellect left - cannot reflect - a strangling
headache, got a book to cushion the leftover
splinters of my emotions, to cool the fever

Of hatred for cold political texts that reduce
me to the state of a vegetable, Jung's tests
said this reaction is immature, everybody
must learn to get along without the lure

Of imagination and beauty; Sonia Choquette
said we should be inured to images of pain,
violence and suffering; so be it, I cannot pass
the threshold of pain caused by such studies

Tried so hard I lost my mind, feels like my
brain cannot recuperate - no synapse will
ever fire again, listening to Barcarolle over
and over, the only calming sound

In this emotional storm...

Margaret Alice Second

Emotional Tools [rev]

My Duchess sent a voice message, laughing to hide her embarrassment: she feels scared of people since they react negatively in her presence; - once before Alice messed things up by saying her contemptuous tones of voice and arrogant acting with odd moods

were overt belligerent attitudes telepathically relayed while also conveyed with facial expressions, but the Duchess insisted other people were at fault as it was definitely not her; she believed she talked and acted with kindness - she meant well - but

how can she learn her attitude's bellicose, hostile & aggressive like an unrepentant oppressor bent on showing the world her superiority - which makes it impossible to value the advice of the inferior Queen of Hearts or Wonderland-Alice; so Alice just listens

in sympathy, holding her tongue: how to reach the Duchess' inner child trying to live a grown-up life with the emotional tools of a five-year-old child...

Margaret Alice Second

Emotional Upheaval

Only Terry Pratchett can be forgiven for irreverently sending an unrefined Sam Vimes into the pristine company of *Pride and Prejudice* - calling this classic a silly romance

Vimes launches into a diatribe against the stifling gentility that held rich people enthralled within a useless existence, tells author Jane Austen to write about

Corpses, murder and war – a cross between Mickey Spillane and Margaret Mitchell; I love his advice about earning one's own keep leading to self-esteem

Enjoy the psychological tension Austen described –without much action she creates more excitement and emotional upheaval than Mike Hammer and

Scarlett O'Hara combined – only *Wuthering Heights* and *Jane Eyre* can rival Jane Austen in making me experience hallucinations!

Snuff – Terry Pratchett; Doubleday 2011
pp 69-72

Margaret Alice Second

En Un Mot – Merveilleuse!

Aujourd'hui la classe de française était merveilleuse
les actualités, la sécheresse et la famine en Somalie
et l'Éthiopie - et une message qu'il y a suffisamment
de nourriture sur la terre aujourd'hui pour nourrir
chaque être humain

L'Afrique qui pourrait être le grenier du monde, mais
les famines se produisent par la guerre et de privations
orchestrées - l'Afrique est le continent des famines
pour créer un spectacle pour faire venir l'aide
internationale; et Charlene

D'Afrique du Sud a fait trois tentatives de fuite parce
Prince Albert de Monaco ont deux autres enfants - et
Dominique Strauss Khann a aussi fait une victime
d'agression de Tristane Banon - l'armée du Sud-
Soudan a suscité

Des accusations de massacres et de viols, le loi de
protection de l'information: 'contre le journalisme
d'investigation' n'est pas acceptée ici dans l'Afrique
du Sud - et le Kremlin s'intéresse dans la décision
de l'Union Africaine

De ne pas appliquer le mandat d'arrêt de la Cour
pénale internationale contre le colonel Kadhafi –
François Mitterrand s'acoquina avec les vieilles
oligarchies - olé! La classe de Marine Bigot était
en un mot – merveilleuse!

Margaret Alice Second

Encircling Embrace [revised]

A little message to translate, of marigolds
and chrysanthemums shining in gold and
burnished copper on a plate - André Rieu's
orchestra playing joyously - my heart
blossoming in a new romance with life

Warm words shining sunshine in my heart,
feelings expanding, encompassing every
manifestation of life, swelling music of
Olé Guapa setting skin alight - sizzling -
feet tapping - stepping high to music,
held within an encircling embrace

Powerful invisible romantic feeling, all-
knowing, energetic, exuberant, filling
my being, loving presence radiating
comfort, understanding, confidence and
encouragement, sunshine of your
beautiful words shimmering, irresistible
rhythm of nostalgic melody...

Margaret Alice Second

Encompasses Everywhere Forever [rev.]

I need to withdraw from sensory fidelity tethered to the 3-D beauty of reality's geometric polygons which shine under soft winter sun seen through transparent leaves, called an amplituhedron by scientists but known as the Universe by everyone else; bound by chronology

And space; I must return to out-of-body awareness, ONE all-inclusive moment which encompasses everywhere forever where the mind can rest in languorous contemplation of the ubiquitous, omniscient infinity of eternally vigorous, joyous and loving energy

Through feeling and imagination a special port opens - exiting this body, returning to the peace of soft being resting within an eclectic aura of soft rose and ice-blue, stilling my soul's longing for muted reflections in sweet prismatic light as seen in recurring ice palaces

Sometimes an entrance is in a book taking the mind into the protagonist's feelings delicately tinged with loss, yet rejuvenated by new adventures restoring the past while creating futures far from reality's steel frame; my heart often finds rest in the lonely, sombre pleasure

Of grey shades where I float in pastel streams of satin resonating in chords shimmering in Chladni patterns replaying textured caramel and cinnamon flavoured melodies spiced with vanilla and orange liqueur - the delight is inside, far beyond sensory reality

I need to withdraw from life to get there...

[16 June 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

End Of The Day [revised]

So this is life, a feeling of energetic delight while running around; I moved from my old workstation to a new one today, eerie to see my old site wilting as flowers and pictures were taken away

Then watching my new, compact work station coming into bloom with colours, flowers, pictures and books, I pasted blue paper on the windows – suddenly I am home alone and find my thoughts

Return to emptiness; spiritualists implore us to prepare for when our bodies are gone & we're reduced to being thoughts only – how will I stand it, no matter how hard I prepare for loneliness and inactivity

These quiet times after a joyful, active day still find me powerless to resist the feeling of meaninglessness, how can we anchor meaning in ourselves and keep it intact at the end of a day – or – at the end of a life?

Thursday 22 August 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Endings Do Not Exist (C)

I'm cold, cold, cold, freezing in the land of the sun,
ice queen wrap around my shoulders wearing purple
T-shirt and freezing underneath, autumn always brings
nostalgia and pain for something lost, I know not what

A holiday at the sea-side is all that keeps me going now,
next step is to find long socks for cold feet – and my heart
burning, fear for the coming of winter - remembering the
sadness of death and decay, the scant time left to see mom

And dad, the negotiations entailed to organise visiting them,
I wanted to forget the end of summer by swimming yet the
cold draft kept me back and I wish for a world where endings
do not exist, only dramatic beginnings and unending love...

[28 February 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Endorsement Of Life

All day long we tracked Nici's flight, her dad from his office, I from mine, colleague Annette calling me over to look at distance covered as shown on the Internet, time difference, attention focused on my little one carried away to Dubai - then via JFK New York to Mexico where training of crew shall ensue for two weeks before boarding the ship

Our enthusiastic, energetic, self-assured little fire-brand as photographer at your service - I imagine her sparkling brown eyes with green flecks turned with cheeky laughter upon her subjects or objects to be photographed: a little girl who illuminated our lives now shining for others, today excitement for her adventurous trip fills my mind - I remember

The photo of their official wear - a plain sunflower-hat - reminding of Ampie by Jochem von Bruggen, will google it - her joy will not suffer for it - she will entice with her cheeky delight in life; I love her little person lent to me to be my child - filling my heart with joy - teaching me how to handle problems; my sweet-heart facing challenges and adventures

To be shared ere long and I can't wait for her tales, her laughter & self-assurance conveying her happy endorsement of life...

[Revised 1 April 2016]

Margaret Alice Second

Energises My Feverish System (Correction)

Bought a silver wand also, ready with silver
glue and stars to change the world into the
fairytale land of my dreams, ready to carry
on through the endless day - sun screens
are up, my eyes can see and soon I'll drink
coffee in spite of allergy making me feverish

We were born to live and make a mess and
enjoy it all - according to the male lead in a
popular movie - so let me enjoy my situation
and drink the cup I have served myself by
making the choices that brought me here
sitting in discomfort - but in such beauty

Flowers ranged around me, pictures of
fairies and little dolls, colouring pencils
with which I adorn my French notes, now
I'll add silver glitter also, a symbol of Mr
Bunduki's boundless energy - though for
him I should use gold, silver is too tame

To show how he gesticulates, jumps around
and exudes an air of business that makes
us all look like we are made of stone -
soon I'll start on Mr Bunduki's devoir, but
now it is time to test-drive my coffee and
find out whether it worsens the symptoms

Or energises my feverish system...

12 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Energising (R)

Enjoying the happiest moments of my life:
embraced within the bureaucratic cocoon
rolling with Bert Kaempfert's African Safari
while Thokozile's solving the mystery of her
niece being on a lost-and-found-person list

Hermien's battling the Medical Fund, Hanlie's
struggling to regain her telephone line after
'Bruce' transferred it through to me long ago
and Annette finishes the new Government
Service Beginner's course after 3 years of

Her super successful apprenticeship, then I
discover Bruce's morphed into Mosimanyana,
from there to this Google-led English version
of Portuguese Certificate Regulations; though
the music becomes repetitive the feeling of

Well-being is so great I'm loath to change it
to something less energising...

Margaret Alice Second

Energy Fizzled Out (Revised)

I jumped up and down giving free advice on what all should do for their Valentine, joyfully explaining that expensive chocolate is top of the list, followed by diamonds and flowers, crowned with champagne

Suspicious eyes told me the advice was unsought, only Nathi listened with serious mien while Doctor Jokweni laughed at my plans - my energy fizzled out much too soon, last night's bottle of Valentine bubbly was taking

Its toll, trying to sit upright against a tide flowing down, looking at pictures of bedrooms - amazed at the expanse some people want, a room in a desert, a room with a swimming pool, none of those for me,

When I lie down in sweet repose, a simple cabin will do, small and cosy, a hideaway all private in which to feel safe and sleep is a dream, oh how I wish that bedroom was here!

Margaret Alice Second

Enfold In Her Cool Caress

Today I did not feel guilty for being me,
for every idiosyncrasy, for every dream
and vision I cherished in the face of all
the demands to the contrary, requiring
ice-cold sang-froid and an eye diligently
kept on all the scary events in reality

I did not look at a newspaper to enjoy
feeling threatened by news events, I
looked at the sky instead and saw a
beautiful pantomime in the clouds, the
sun led a colourful, though coy, dance
in which he frequently ran away

Leaving his subjects forlorn in the grey,
whenever he showed his laughing rays
I rejoiced in the world born anew - and
suddenly the sky remained overcast and
it looked like rain, the perfect ending
to the perfect day, the sun gave up

The sceptre allowing the clouds to take
control of the air, their promise palpable,
the approach of the rain queen and her
exciting dance that would change the face
of the land, she will spread her grey mantle

And enfold all in her cool caress while
dancing raindrops will joyously splash
down everywhere...

Margaret Alice Second

Engraved

Every afternoon into the crocodile lagoon
a sun-kissed scene, gilded trees, floating,
rekindling my dreams, paying homage to
sacred memories, renewing my promise
forever to cherish one special phrase

Wherever I may be, wherever I may go,
always keep the holy words as a chem
in my head, never reveal to anyone on
earth, safe against change, treasured
in the sweetest depths of my heart

Never to share with anyone alive, in-
creasing its value a hundredfold, finding
my strength in one beautiful - one shining
line - though the source is lost; I do not
care where it went or why it has left

The origin does not count - I made it mine
my shining talisman, engraved on my heart
sealed in my soul, special moments to take
into infinity, a magic event living in my mind
forever and ever...

Chem: Holy words that make a Golem work –
See Terry Pratchett – “Feet of Clay”

Margaret Alice Second

Enlighten The Minds

May God punish all our enemies for their disrespect for the quality and quantity of human life, may God send Black Death and medieval Plague to enlighten the minds of the rich medical industrialists who make vast fortunes by inflicting unbearable pain on people who need medical care for a multitude of suffering

May God decide how to teach those who delight in destroying the minds of psychiatric & mental patients, may God take up the cause of the defenceless victims and illustrate through bringing the same suffering upon them, how it feels and what they should have done instead of torturing their fellow-men, may every bad

Sensation they induced in persons they diagnosed return to haunt them so they feel a perfect replica of all they have done, for as long as it takes to elevate their consciousness which is as opaque as the deep abyss offering a rich breeding ground for torture and disrespect for humanity and on which their wealthy, materialistic

Lives are based, to teach them about the senseless lies perpetrated to amass great fortunes without regard for a God who's just and will take care of the innocent when believers decry the falsehoods of modern society...

Margaret Alice Second

Enough To Help Me [revised]

Drank vodkatini to escape my allergy, tried tequila yesterday, simply ate dangerous food today - only because I had nothing else, couldn't think of what to do; now I have to fight over-whelming lassitude, lack of decision - and ever threatening depression when you express lack of happiness in your daily

Life; I sympathise, but how much more wonderful when its your own optimistic self - tho' insomniac last night so I told you stories from NatGeoWild - zoo-keeper raising a 4-month old kangaroo, how a lion ate a baby giraffe, a crocodile taken from a mud-pit, its water having been drained

To a crocodile girlfriend; you fell asleep, I thought you would but I couldn't sleep, wrote the penitent verse on aversion to voluptuous Barbie dolls, MY favourite dolls look like 5-year old kids - then my poet mentor ignored it as frivolity not making the grade - and with your good news of receiving

Money due to you I'm even more depressed and since you feel so down champagne isn't on yet - at least I have 'Dragon's Den' and 'Strictly Come Dancing'; a fairytale on Sunday - enough to help me through the grey reality in which we live our little lives...

Margaret Alice Second

Enshrined Beautifully [rev.]

Studying Arabic, the Snow Queen
drinks Klatch coffee & realises she
is an anthropomorphic incarnation
in a Snow Kingdom which sways to
its own magical music; most people
fear spiritual effects of Klatch coffee

It reveals their OWN unknown scary
spirit being within, but she knows the
spiritual is sublime, mind shimmering
in blue: turquoise, sapphire & azure;
knows colour and shape of all sound
are held in snow crystal patterns

Knows the meaning of whispers which
create geometric shape on freezing into
unique snowflakes; knows physical is
a small part of the Spirit Gestalt which
sent energy down to be civil servants:
to live life & record their experience

On how it feels to live a cloistered
life; this experience is to be held in
memory banks containing wisdom,
even from other universes where all
potential is realised, then beautifully
enshrined in eternal consciousness

Forming the pearls hanging in god
Indra's famous celestial abode...

Margaret Alice Second

Entertains

Michal, a lovely young girl - recounting the woes of her earlier attempt to get fit in the gym, borrowed her fiancé's locker - number cell-phone sent, joyfully locked cell-phone in the locker after morning work-out, a refreshing shower -

To discover all she has is a towel with her clothes and cell-phone locked up - walking up and down in the gym with just the towel covering - requesting help to break open the locker and after 2 hours she had access to decent clothing

What an embarrassment, she says with a laugh, the bubbly young girl who entertains and delights wherever she goes

Margaret Alice Second

Ephemeral

Dont want the story to end, stop reading
before the end, take the book back to the
library, I can keep the characters alive in
mid-stride while already submitting to the
charm of the greatest mathematician, the
ship of the desert, the camel enjoying his
lunch for dinner while the ephemeral world
of the Aegean Sea conjured in such archaic
Afrikaans remains a fixed mirage in my heart
unwavering in the air to entice me to join the
fictitious scene and find a new ideal there

Margaret Alice Second

Ephemeral Thoughts (3)

Are we fully alive, informed, conscious & infinitely loving? Were we created in this state which can't be changed - are we really One with God in a fulfilled-illusion which is never done & never wrong?

Seemingly ephemeral inconsequential thoughts, ideas & dreams already existed before creation & continue into infinity - as strong intentions last for eternity & we'll become aware of our divinity

If we frequently go within to our own private, holy sanctuary to feel God's love as divine Light which enables us to live lovingly assisting others in their awakening: our real purpose is to live spiritually

Disharmony, disagreement, disinformation & all distrust will be left behind as we quiet the mind to receive response to prayer - discovering that only love is real: we may forgive ourselves for

Our unworthy, wrong, bad or inadequate deeds; just letting go to find peace in self-forgiveness - this is my experience when falling asleep over the book I read - so this is spiritual experience

... and I love it...

Margaret Alice Second

Equilibrium (Revised)

Earache, perfect for a pity-party and this is
November's best time of year, holidays near
yet not too close to be over too soon, more
work on my desk for an exciting adrenaline
rush of challenge, but I need to feel sorry for
myself - keep all other disasters at bay

Heard a Doomsday prophet say infection of
the ear, even untreated tonsillitis, can lead to
death, the effect lost as we laughed unfazed
hearing such dire predictions, we don't mind
dying per se but rebel against slow decline as
in ageing with pain - aha -

Gout says I mustn't eat chocolate or sugar but
wholegrain alternatives mean vertigo and
nearly losing consciousness, now I eat
chocolates, delight in butter and full cream
milk with cardboard tasting rice cakes; and
Christmas is to be spent with my sister, sweet

Meringue, fruit cake, vanilla sponge, hiking,
riding a fast motorbike - oh yeah, with these
wonders ahead earache will keep me safe from
calling wrath of the gods - let the pain and
aches come now so bad things required to
keep me humble will be taken care of

And all the delectable treats equilibrated
with just the right amount of suffering - as
long as pros and cons are in balance, there is
no fear of arrogance winning, and I can
dream in peace....

Margaret Alice Second

Erased Without A Sound

Oh, woe is me, let all lament terrible destiny,
the awful fate encountered as I was doing my
duty: A sudden dropp in blood sugar levels and
I cannot carry on with my lovely document, a
real challenge for innovation and wit, digging
into the past to find its equivalent - applying
it without forgetting to change pronouns and
verbs, past and present continuous tense

All things that my supervisor will check with
a terrible painstakingly scourging eye, but I
have to run - buy chocolate to lift me out of
this blood sugar slump, when there is work
I can do and this evil animal gets me in its
grip it is clear that life is not fair - yet who
wants it to be, being fair might just mean
all little people like me would be erased

Without a sound in the end - no, let me get
at a chocolate and be glad for all the undue
privileges we all enjoy!

Margaret Alice Second

Escape To Regenerate

Why did everything fall to pieces, even a meal in my favourite fast-food eatery was a disaster, food so late I had to bring it all to the office, munching in-between typing with oily cheese-griller fingers, everything going awry - except for one thing: a small scoop of sweet jam becoming the spoonful of sugar helping the austere, lugubrious reality in which life shouldn't exist, go down

This requires a visit to the Chinese shop to search for magic in flowers & Alice bands, the little alien in my head refuses to come down from the rafters up there as he fears the life here, Alice watching life through my eyes feels so desolate, she resembles the scared Jane Eyre; every colleague seems like another frightful imitation Mr Rochester while the Production Report is threatening

Still looking for a place to rest my mind – finding none - the only safe place must be made within the confines of my own mind even if my colleagues are humming, outsourcing aloud and typing righteously as I'm wavering above the event horizon of a black hole - escape nearly impossible, grabbing earphones to silence them and find the sacred inner place where the

Dreams we fabricate bring the sweet escape we need to regenerate

Margaret Alice Second

Et Cetera [r]

Bone-dry words, colourless, odourless,
soundless, emotionless, formless, with
only terminological, technical meaning;
no connotation, denotation, - or rhythm
interfering, black and while mechanical
clacking, clack, clack, clack ...

'The Commission shall present a report
to European Parliament in recognition of
authorisation, application with provision of
division of community, criteria for approval
of substances, safeners, synergists while
the great impact thereof on diversification

And competitiveness, human health -
et cetera' ... clack, clack, clack ...

Margaret Alice Second

Eternal Duel

Nectar, I feel better, ambrosia, a place of quiet,
there is secret delight in the eye of the storm I'm
aware the dream is going on, you bow, I curtsy,
you smile, I laugh, we make another turn in the
eternal duel of retreat and advance, what a lovely
play, how wonderful a loving presence, how right
this moment frozen in time, transparent edges of
of crystallized glass, eternal blossoms forever on
the brink of full-blown blooms, how can I complain
when such sweet moments take away pain and
suddenly I am riding the stream of your thoughts?

Margaret Alice Second

Eternal Ideal [rev.]

When donning her rose-petal cloak the Snow Queen loftily declared all shades of pink will represent flower petals - and the cold inside will be symbolised by zenith blue and azure she said - while arranging coloured cloths

I tried to move the lemon yellow one away to perfect an ice flue but without it my eyes died so back it came accompanied by yellow post-note paper to use on the Arabic text as every word must be isolated to train my brain to

Focus on relevant parts only; the Cold King of Translation-Land requested I decorate my colleague's work station - so I arranged some pink roses and yellow flowers, pictures in pink & yellow in her space - and it looks beautiful

The King's satisfied & she expresses delight; now to bleach a magenta flower looking so artificial it spoils the look of Snow-Paradise - and she dunked the flower in boiling water with dishwashing liquid - in her devotion to

Continue the dream in Snow-Land; a new silver crown, a shiny head-band getting acclimatised, paired with a snow-white posy & prismatic neon strings, to symbolise the crystal consciousness which represents the Queen's eternal ideal...

Margaret Alice Second

Eternal Kiss

Nutcracker - Dancing Fairies, an eternal kiss
on my lips, Lothario or Robin Hood, frozen in
front of the messed-up-font & capital letters
converted by a machine confused like me, it
would dream forever if it had been kissed also

Maybe it was, it's even more lost than I am &
this glory of dreams and visions changes the
fabric of reality, sleeping for a 100 years now
I can't wake up any more, at least not yet, do
I want to wake up, a moot point - it's going to

Happen in THIS reality but in parallel eternity
a kiss will endure for centuries yet as fast as
batting an eyelid, if you don't look you'll miss
it; exploding vertically to create an eternal fire-
works display, if we do not join the angels we

Shall never get to see it from outside – but I'm
going to feel AND taste colour - see melodies
and experience new being because I know of
the infinite possibility to create new dimension
as we go along, finding fishes with lanterns &

Strange deep-sea creatures, the fairies under
Puck who visited, left already - to return later
if I give them enough time and space to play

Margaret Alice Second

Eternal Silence

Been on leave for 3 days - saw elephants, giraffes
and hippopotami in their natural state, floated in a
splash pool - like a mermaid - to escape dry heat
and even drier trees as well as grey elephant grass

Enjoyed freedom to be bored and think my own
thoughts, now back in reality and being assured
my conversation unwelcome unless I stick to the
list of acceptable subjects - well, with emotion

And sentiment forbidden, I feel more depressed -
but in no way can express this; after unpacking I
came to the study where strings of sea-shells and
rose perfume await, pink flowers against curtains

Imitation dewdrop strings in transparent enchantment
against the windows, a pink fairy on a tree stump and
sliver glitter on white scarves reflecting the light ever
so slightly, two miniature mermaids in Delft blue on

A mirror, an elf with purple wings and another fairy
restored after breaking both her legs; thus the effect
of curtains in brown and beige negated I can rest my
mind in my own lair - yes, I feel negative and shall

Drink herbal tea to improve and yes, a throbbing head-
ache is developing so let me attend to these and stop
feeling like a martyr - and preserve the eternal silence
that keeps everyone happy in my vicinity...

[28 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Eternal Song [rev.]

Instead of walking out into the sun I gave an impromptu, al-fresco dance-show to a long-suffering colleague, hard-working Thokozile; tethered to my computer by short cords of my ear-phones, I dance to the Blue Tango continuing breathlessly to express La Cumparsita while singing the melody, then

On to That Happy Feeling & African Safari requiring different techniques - colleague laughing, firing me on; I play an imaginary guitar, boom-chick-chick, and illustrate how the exclamation marks interspersed in the melody form lightning in the air - louder & jumping higher - she just rolls her eyes -

Beethoven's 7th in sad contrast, I hum the sad parts for her while miming pain in my heart caused by this melody - she shakes her head and types her list with renewed vigour; finally catching her drift I stop and return to my work with new energy, ready to survive second rendition of my all-time

Favourite Symphony, crying as imaginary dark blue & black pall-bearers cross my path, violins cry in the most heart-rending pain, muscles tense & tears start as it binds me to unbearable feelings; then soft caress of the ensuing part calms my heart while violins show fairies & goblins lightly flying

About - then off and away leaving me to a coda of reminiscence about the beauty that must be lost as nothing lasts in the current reality - but I'm safe in the knowledge that all is magnetic energy and lives on in vibration, resonance - and eternal song...

Eternally [revised]

I am evil
as evil as can be
I am turning fifty three
and bad in your eyes
telling my son
no lies

He can come to me
if he is hungry but
my telling him was
the cardinal sin
according to you
the clever one

Who knows what's
going on - it is only
me who is stupid not
knowing when to
acknowledge your wisdom
and my idiocy

Oh well, so be it
that is all I have left
this life is empty, only
words and images in
my mind helped
me through

I never found true
reality and that is fine
all we ever retain is
in our memory and according
to yours and mine you
will doubt me eternally...

[16 January 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Ethereal Energy Webs (Cor.)

Oh no, I've jumped the gun: Crystal Consciousness is fifth on the list, Amphibious consciousness comes first - in which the spiritual seeker must see patterns in web-like designs (in cobwebs or Grandma Alice's crocheted Peruvian poncho's for my sister and me?)

No, it's something else, we must pass through these ethereal energy webs at enormous speeds, knowing we are leaving the fabric of the universe behind to go to other realms of existence to experience the multi-dimensionality of the universe just like Alice did when

She fell into the rabbit hole; it's clear what the Shaman wants from us: to leave rational logic behind and enter a place where feeling and emotion only count - this is easy - I grew up in Wonderland falling down my very own rabbit hole of shifting shapes & wild creatures

Grandma Alice the Crying Mock Turtle making soup for us, crying as she was Cinderella and her evil step-mother daughter, my mother The Queen of Hearts, never let her go to the ball while my Duchess twin always bored her sharp chin into my shoulder -

Brother Peter Pan sang of being the Old River Steamboat No.1; Attila the Hun, the eldest child, lustily drank and played guitar; the youngest, Tom Thumb, fought mice with a sewing needle while Conan the Barbarian-dad, exploded whenever the Queen of Hearts

Presented a new scheme for easy money and I - Alice in Wonderland - lived in the books I read, growing and shrinking with the protagonists - well, I have this down pat; I've already passed Amphibious Consciousness in my childhood and I prefer Crystal Consciousness

To the ethereal energy webs I left behind...

[29 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Even If...[rev]

I am confused tho' I'm sort of in tune with what
I'm doing - before falling into an Alzheimers &
dementia hole - and as I correct my translation
I can't recall which page came first and where
the original is - I'm definitely in need of the

Mysterious ICP protocol to restore my mind or
I must fast-forward to eternity through death by
default as the electrons in my head spin out of
control; the repetitive words in my text give rise
to a variety of almost-right renditions - but I

Know the clever word analytics can shred it and
rewrite in a better way which will make life seem
smaller, more contained, less open to innovation,
and completely closed to infinity exactly as they
think it should be - as we never get to see the

Dimensions of Eternal Thoughts floating around
for evermore according to modern spiritualists -
who believe that hallucinations offer portals to
these places but I wish the fog in my head would
clear since it feels as if I'm falling into a whirlpool

Turning prayer wheels, winding out time before
turning back to catch the slack & preserve time
again yet with no chance to get to mental feet
as life swirls in these transcendental pinwheels
converging wherever we human beings come

Together - a flickering behind my eyelids indicate
it's time to break & drink yak-butter soup, my only
link to Lobsang Rampa's spiritual Tibetan world,
even if the butter didn't originate from a yak...

Margaret Alice Second

Eventuate

To change the world we must change
our own mould & affirm perfection of
own and everything else's existence,
creating tranquil mental states so as
to improve our psychic atmosphere

Take pride in our role in life's cycles,
honour the co-operation between all
manifestation of being - whether it be
self-conscious or unaware, & accept
our own worth within this universe

While granting every other being the
same recognition, & as our attitudes
change towards contemporaries and
country, family & colleagues, we'll dis-
cover we can't love our neighbours

Until we love ourselves: if we believe
it's wrong to love oneself we shall be
unable to love another; doing our best
in life to improve the quality of all life
and by taking care of the thoughts,

Feelings and expectations we mix in
with those of the others, we create the
positive mental elements from which
the physical events will eventuate...

Margaret Alice Second

Every Lost Moment

Beethoven's Seventh Symphony's my favourite - allegretto it says in my MP3 - conducted by Herbert von Karajan, all sadness and regret without a specific event causing the pain felt

I cry for every lost chance, every lost dream, every lost moment - then the music flows on and brings the promise of finding a new dream, to hang on to my lodestar-ideals while reaching for

The new, the unheard of, the beauty I can't fathom right now, sounding like purity, excitement and delight; the soft violin strings sounding like rain before the storm builds up again, Bluebeard

Stalks in, a heart full of hatred & wrath because the lady dared to enter his vault with evidence of the murder in his heart, the music slows and the story changes, Bluebeard spares her life, forgiveness

Of his hasty spirit saved her life, changed him into the strong knight he aspired to be - such a glorious symphony-

[21 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Every Mind Remoulding Itself

Now it is crystal clear what eternal consciousness is,
a mind so big and universal it contains every scene on
every scroll of the Akashic records to be viewed either
as movement, a reel projecting frames onto a screen as
animated pictures, or as static, immobile experience

Remaining in place while more of the image is revealed
inflating in 360 degrees simultaneously while conscious-
ness moves between pictures at varying speed depending
on the reason for seeking virtual experience, all human
interaction is forever emblazoned within 3-dimensional

Electromagnetic scenes containing every feeling of every
person existing forever in the scroll of their own life, life
can repeat every event to teach non-physical beings who
are preparing for its participation in eternal relationships,
all of us create our own script with the help of everyone

Who are part of the show we present for all consciousness
in other dimensions learning by proxy, all data inviolate for
the rest of eternity and we may freely return to any painful
scene to redo with new insight gained, we can prevent our
lives breaking into porcelain shards before it happened and

Change events to continue life with healthy soul and mind,
enjoying the magical journey through the bewitched halls of
unlimited, unrestricted infinity, rejoicing in life's wonderful
variety, becoming one with the essence of light to shine for
everyone who cares to listen to our song that brings all

All harmonious frequencies together in colour, form, sound,
feeling and meaning - every mind remoulding itself!

[15 July 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Every Particle Is Alive

My second book makes me angry and sad
at the same time, with Internet off there's no
escape from the facts and I'm powerless to
change the world, this makes me hate - but
two negatives never make a positive

And it's too late, the world stage is set and all
that's left is meditation changing the world sub-
atomically, influencing the quarks by attentive
consciousness, since the world is a continuum
what happens to 1 particle is simultaneously

Experienced by ALL the others, therefore I shall
dry my tears, turn my attention to the intelligent,
loving electrical energy that creates all-that-is -
infinite dimensions & parallel universes; I shall
direct my love to the T-junction in the trousers

Of time where the universe splits and continue
to the world where love prevails over hate and
the whole world is redeemed, people choosing
to live green, forge spades from arms and till the
earth, tend the mineral and biological wealth of

That particular Earth, realising every particle is
alive within Universal Consciousness...

Margaret Alice Second

Everybody Would Be Right (Revised)

I give up on communication, information not my vocation
everyone lives in their own universe; talking about it does
not bring understanding so communication usually fails, it
is only afterwards, reading their words, studying their lives,
analysing their attitudes that we make sense of anything –

And then our insights are coloured by our own perspectives,
the perceptions our own views and opinions. Once again it
is only a relative opinion and it may change at any time –
influenced by our experience, our reading and thinking

Information carried in our minds is determined by what
we've seen and heard recently so it is quite unique; no
wonder teachers insist that pupils reply to questions in
the teacher's own words – thus excluding each pupil's
uniqueness of insight as that would lead to confusion –
since everyone would be uniquely right!

Margaret Alice Second

Everyone Is An Embodiment

Monday morning, a new week in which to extrapolate my ideas, calibrate my routine until it's fine-tuned to deliver dividends, to explain how unwavering ideas continue without the need for human presence:

Every subatomic particle has an awareness which is postulated by philosophers as the prerequisite for existence, when perception with its actions and reactions is happening, a primitive form

Of consciousness registers events & thus everything is accounted for - like a movie camera recording all things for posterity to create an Akashic library - a theory which forms the basis of Terry Pratchett's

Fantasy that the 99% of invisible dark matter and energy must be auditing the universe by checking recordings of the holographic fantasy called reality, to be reviewed by higher consciousness to determine what was learned

To use the lessons to create another universe with new vibration system where creation is simultaneous with thought, requiring no manual action, thus life forms are masterfully in charge of their every thought

BUT nobody pays attention, talking about weekend flooding, urgent 90 page translations, only Ntsoaki's smiling face paid heed to the implication of the eternity of ideas & feelings like love, briefly embodied by temporary

Life forms and people who create a unique, original meaning for every notion they come across, interpreting the cosmos in exciting ways, recreating it all because everyone is an embodiment of the complete hologram!

[To be shortened shortly, still need to reflect on all this]

[Monday 17 March 2014]

Everything Is Different

The past was experienced differently by everyone, talking about it led to the discovery we all went back and changed our memories of our various pasts also so communication about shared events becomes impossible, everything is different once again

Expressing my opinion led straight to a controversial reference point in the splitting of our universes, maybe following the same rules in adapting memories to suit present ease would make it easier to enjoy a family reunion, but I do not want to let go of my own

Version as it contains my observation, reflection and all the lessons which make it possible to change my behaviour to obtain different results, the best policy is to accept that everyone has a right to their unique opinion, fights only ensue when we pursue

Our own truth in conflict with that of another – and give up on communication, a much overrated activity, at any rate...

Margaret Alice Second

Everything Sings [rev]

I want to feel joy while I'm working - I want to feel freedom, growth & joy all at the same time, seeing my life's purpose as a creation of joyful life, I don't want to become a creator of precious objects or a filing cabinet sorting things others created to keep en masse - in short - I want to create a magic life

With this as my mission, seeking a Golden Fleece is my main quest: I experience vivid colours - hear ethereal music that's muted while we're living here on this earth - if this can become the reason for my being HERE, NOW, my life becomes the message I leave for later generations, hoping to inspire them

To live with even higher motivation than I ever did: what a joy life is - what a privilege to breathe, what an ecstatic variety of things; my perspective is me and from this vantage point everything sings, from the sun to the earth to Lullaby for Liefstetjie in the tongue of my birth...

Margaret Alice Second

Evil Incarnate In Her Eyes

She hurt me bad, she made me sad, she broke my heart,
she saw to it that she made me feel inferior, just as she
preferred the company of her husband's first wife to that
of her twin sis, tonight her car broke down – again – we
arranged a tow truck thing

It was not good enough, she organised her own delivery,
angry that I did not drive in myself (I cannot tow her car)
from there she hated me, I called - can I get you now, NO,
your tow truck never pitched up, she would not wait for
him, organised her own transport

Stupid me wanted to keep our date - she told me NO in no
uncertain terms, I failed the test she feels, when she needed
me I did not myself charge in (I cannot tow her car) yet I
should have been there fixing things – I thought a tow
truck guy would bring her in

WRONG, she took control and cut me out, my little family
surprised – is that how it's done? – they ask, I must admit
I never made the grade for my twin sis, I'm evil incarnate
in her eyes...

Tuesday 13 August 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Evil Thing That I Am

For three inexplicable moments I have forgotten why I am retired from life, when you complained your son lost his expensive watch by leaving it with a possible girlfriend and I meddled on your behalf to get it back, you got angry and said I NEVER do anything you say, I, the most wilted and inactive person anyone knows, forsooth, if that is how you feel about life

I immediately informed your son I was wrong insisting on getting back the watch - your dad wants to see you happy, not troubled by his wife, please get on with your life in whatever way makes you happy, do not hark me, I'm a shrew, your dad said, not allowed to meddle in his or your affairs, so let's all be happy and do as you please, I have stopped meddling as instructed, you see

I must prepare for tomorrow's French oral, it's all that counts, your expensive watch has no value compared to your happiness factor, I am the cause of this strife in your life so forget it, your dad only wants to see you happy, nothing else... [aside] what a relief, it releases me from other duties I did not feel like discharging at all, being the evil thing that I am...

Sunday 3 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Excitement And Adventure (Revised)

I am surprising myself by reading everything about electricity, the deficit thereof and reasons why, now quite saddened by the senseless violence with which the people in Africa fight each other and destroy all infrastructure, burning and destroying forests while dependent on wood for cooking - again the strange enchantment of feeling while reading has me in its grips, my heart has been touched

And my mind is tortured by what I read of war and reprisals, the only help is my guru insisting that we respect the desires of others to live differently and leave the smorgasbord of life intact - so those who still need to act out primitive passions have a place where they are free to do as they please; this is the best course by far, the challenge, excitement and adventure create heroes and saints - which is

So much more interesting than administrative life

13 November 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Excitement At Being

this is what I saw as I slept and dreamed:
minds fused soul to soul, together at last a
shining light without physical counterpart,
unity in magnetic bonding negative to positive,
a continuous stream of electrical energy
new-born passion, divine ecstasy enduring
through many universes joined inseparably,
wonderful company, spiritual delight burning
like fire charging this life with feelings of
glory, excitement at being alive - triumph
over non-being, awareness never to be
extinguished, only more refined...

Margaret Alice Second

Excites The Soul [rev.]

Three romantic movies in a row: Cinderella with Drew Barrymore, a fiery motorbike rider with the heartthrob from Moonstruck & the fantastic four against the Silver Surfer - in which a sliver-thin Jessica Alba with botoxed lips plays a romantic lead; the movies touched an immature romantic in me - the idealist enjoying symbolism of love changing people & aliens alike, that juvenile

Aspect of my character as indicated by Lobsang Rampa's colour analysis: loving pink & soft pastels reserved for kids & teenagers only - indicative of unwillingness to grow up accepting life as tragedy; although I like his frequencies theories - that we'll only meet souls on the same wavelength in the after-life - his other views are limited; he doesn't know people are free to script & create their own

Lives by giving desired experiences attention only - he thinks everyone has to be in a tragedy; comedies the preserve of the young to be destroyed by age & wisdom - but no need to be sad - Jesus Christ said we should be as children with a simple trust in the goodness of God to bring down a heavenly love & joy wherever we are, so I chose childish trust - it creates a wonderful life since our point of view

Is a powerful prism which breaks up white light into delightful colours suffusing everything with a golden glow which delights the heart & excites the soul...

Margaret Alice Second

Excluding Everything Else [r]

I want only one thing: feel-good emotions -
and to find these I have to think good-feeling
thoughts: after taking drugs prescribed by the
ignorant and suffering withdrawal depression,
it is very difficult to think feel-good thoughts:

that a local pastor is ordering illness to leave a
woman and she is healthy today, that the air-
con is working and we have improved work
circumstances, that my colleagues are kind &
mean well, that my twin sis's happily married

and she's having a good time, that Nici found a
job to her taste, that Tiaan is enjoying his studies
and life and found a girlfriend he loves, that I can
walk 7 blocks to be picked up after work - thus
combining exercise and efficiency, that my

Spanish translation is nearly finished and should
be polished in a last round, that my 85-year old
mother is enjoying playing the piano at concerts,
that my husband is healthy and strong, that my
eldest daughter trusts the dedicated pastor who

understands her complaints, that my new sister-
in-law is clever and kind and handled eight kids
with aplomb, that we visited the Cape and
returned without accident - I'm counting
blessings - all I need is a positive focal

point to focus on to the exclusion of
everything else...

Margaret Alice Second

Exemplary And Lavish Extravagance

Aaah, Madame La Pompadour needs time off from the office they had built her, soundproof, air-con, and everything she wants inside, today she plays chauffer to the children in her neighbourhood and visiting her mother in the old-age home - she condescendingly told us - though there is really no need why we should know where she is, she is the free incumbent

□

Madame La Pompadour suffers agoraphobia at home and claustrophobia in the office, her problems are debilitating; she needs a bigger office of course, with user-friendly interior decorating - I sigh in admiration, such a very exemplary and lavish extravagance, with the cool presumption that a James Bond would envy her, she does what she wants

Madame La Pompadour looks down on the mundane civil servants - us - who man the open-plan office, why should she earn her salary like a slave when she gets it without ever leaving her home?

Margaret Alice Second

Exercises [revised]

A young man with sparkling eyes gave me exercises
for my neck, doing it looks awful, forcing my head back
on my neck forming a double chin, looking just like that
famous picture of the murderess Daisy de Melker

Some colleagues laugh at me so I only exercise in the small
kitchenette waiting for the kettle to boil, counting in French
at the same time because numbers are troubling; when the
French CD in my car calls out quatre-vingt dix-huit

I have a small heart attack before realising it means ninety
eight; at home I try exercising while reading - since it was
doing that too often with back bent that caused the problem,
thus it means accomplishing many things at once

But it doesn't help, every time I eat rusks or a slice of bread,
too often also, the allergic reaction stiffens neck muscles –
so I'm back where I started, rigid neck when going to bed,
can't rest my head, in the end I learn more French

Than fixing the muscles in my neck...

Margaret Alice Second

Existing As Ideals

Dreams need no corporeality, a
dream fulfilled becomes one-
dimensional reality without
power to draw desire and
passion through us

I love dreams as ideas, romance
as mirage, an image in the mind:
therein lies its power, a vision to
be filed for later use when it fails
to entice

Materialisation shrinks infinite
dimensions of enchanting
vision, I cherish dreams
until threadbare,
I love

Ethereal ideals as Quixotic
schemes fighting windmills:
idea reigns supreme, reality
is but weak reflection of
grand ideals

Lamenting impossibility of love
means we miss the joy of
illusion and dreams
inspirational only
if unexplained

We live life in little routines
while existing as ideals
within a holographic
universe...

Margaret Alice Second

Exonerated [revised]

She's exonerated and forgiven – now as we speak
she's at the bedside of a dying inmate in the old
age home she once worked at; it doesn't matter
what her car breakdown-evening meant to me,
spoiling my small, bureaucratic life – happy in

Being my beloved's wife, with two wonderful kids;
my disappointment about an evening with twin
sis collapsing into noise and anger hasn't any
value in the grand scheme of things, it's wrong to
expect her to face trials of life the same way as I

Demand of myself. She's had such a hard life it is
grand having a twin sis on whom she can vent
frustrations, she can be freed to others needing
her more than I – if only I could learn to be there
for her whichever way she wants of me, but

No matter, all's sorted now, car okay as behoves
a magical car and mechanic making a pass at her
simply revealed that her beauty influences men
so much – though she's not interested as she's
here to serve the old and disadvantaged

I'm sorry I was shocked by her attitude – not
understanding how much pain she carries, now
realising her inner beauty derives from serving
her fellow-men – while I serve my little core
family intent on too beautiful sounds...

16 August 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Expanding Energy Of Eternal Mysteries

When the rain came, I felt glad again, sitting
in the office early Monday morning suddenly
seemed a great privilege after watching sturdy
truck drivers negotiating the fairytale beauty of
slippery snow roads all over Alaska - I realize
I could never drive one of those

Watching labourers constructing buildings I know
I could never help them do so, sitting cross-legged
on the floor of the emergency room at State Hospital,
I reflected that spending my life resigned to a medical
uncertain fate in the hands of government doctors and
apathetic nurses would be total misery

It all boils down to the fact I am happy with my fate, even
ecstatic - driving a computer by means of the keyboard
through the jungles of the Internet where the unwary are
mauled by pedagogical scholars and fancy-free readers
are recompensed by the joys found in Velikovsky's
theories while researching source text terms -

Is the right life for me, an eternally confirmed bookworm
scared of one thing only: that the world could shrink to the
confines of 5-sensory scientific research - but with esoteric
sites claiming there are infinite universes, I believe those
limiting themselves to the visible can never impose their
suffocating views on the expanding energy of

Eternal mysteries....

Margaret Alice Second

Experience Of Love

Every child born changes the universe - how to determine the validity of this - by looking at our own kids and feel the difference, the world before and then after their arrival - astrology is so limited because it claims astral bodies determine a child

Yet the reality is consciousness freely chose the parameters of its existence prebirth & afterwards because present & future influence the past; such an interesting theory, such possibility, therefore - may we change the past of all those who suffered

Can we go back and take away pain? If it's true, I want to change the past for grandma Alice, want to send her to the ball, make her feel her importance and how wonderful her loving existence, her hard work taking care of everyone requesting her help

When I moved to a new place she came with me as I was afraid, but I never showed her how happy she made me - please, if this is the future that changes the past, let these wonderful moments of gratitude change grandma's life into an experience of love

Let her drudgery become a starlit performance under the footlights - let my love shine through...

Margaret Alice Second

Experience The Divine - Best Gift

Maria von Trapp complained
she couldn't stop singing and
saying everything that comes
into her mind, in tribute to his
favourite flibbertigibbet

Pratchett invented the Chattering
Order of Saint Beryl Articulus with
Sister Loquacious and Sister Voluble
who were free to be quiet for one hour
on Thursdays only

Pratchett's causal narrative makes
redress for all past injustice, fills me
with inspiration to visualise the office
as a Chattering Convent and to project
the holiday resort

Which we are going to visit as a corner
of unsullied paradise and YOU as the
best gift the universe could ever provide,
thank you for every moment of time
you spend

It is the highest compliment and when you
polish uneven lines, you do the work of
angels and change my consciousness
into an experience of the Divine...

Good Omens – Terry Pratchett and Neil Gaiman
Corgi edition published 1991, pp 33,36,38, & 41

Margaret Alice Second

Experiencing Myself [rev]

Alone? No, I was wrong; it was lovely to have our long-legged, eager-to-please fox terrier at my feet, at 10 months charming and loveable while trusting, gentle & sweet - both mood & atmosphere changed as I read about spirits, fairies & angels while watching a movie

My son briefly joined us & my beloved retired to bed, forcing the advent of tomorrow when he's fixing the data integrity problem at work; warmth of companionship filled my heart and I realised super-consciousness - intelligent, loving electro-magnetic energy - is perfect

Saying this energy is 'angels & fairies with a template for every particle' isn't possible; I can't see such spirits, although respecting the right of the author & his followers to wear invisible green clothing bequeathed by the fairies; the only fairy I visualise is myself

Wearing a pink cobweb top & feeling like a magical being of glitter and shine waving a magic wand, experiencing indescribable delight in being myself as light

[ORIGINAL:]

Alone? No, I was wrong, it was lovely to have our long-legged fox terrier at my feet, gentle & sweet, trusting, eager to please at 10 months old, so charming and lovable, both mood and atmosphere changed as I read about angels & elemental spirits while watching a movie

My son briefly joined us, my beloved went to bed to force the advent of tomorrow when he's going to fix the data integrity problem at work,

the warmth of companionship filled my heart &
I realised that super-consciousness, intelligent,
loving electro-magnetic energy, is perfect

While describing this energy as angels & spirits
with a template for every subatomic particle, is
not possible since I can't see a twirling spirit in
everything; I respect the right of the author &
his followers to wear invisible green clothing
bequeathed by the fairies, but the only fairy

I visualise is myself wearing a pink cobweb top
feeling like a magical being of glitter and shine
waving a magic wand, experiencing the most
indescribable delight in being myself as light

Margaret Alice Second

Exploding In Temper Tantrums - (Revised)

Mom's farm visit exploded in pain and temper tantrums,
sis says Mom's jealous of her friendship with domestics;
mom justifies saying without a walker her leg is sore,
not mentioning the real trouble – she really resents
being left all alone while sis sets off for the horizon

Their versions diametrically oppose, sis angry as mom
complains emotional upset worsens her leg pain; sis says
she feels mom's jealousy yet probably projects her own
guilt on being so selfish – by dragging mom out there
to ignore her yet again

Neither honest about the problem - mom with her head
in the sand, sis playing a blame game, refusing to take
any responsibility - thus nothing can change; I shall
remember the lesson, all I do wrong in sister's eyes would
be magnified should I accept her hard-pressed invitation

She's a jovial companion on the way there - then her energy
evaporates as fatigue sets in, after showing me everything,
irritation makes her resent my presence; while mom feels
it's her duty to visit, I am free to decline, I don't want to
become an unwelcome guest

Revealing my worst side as disappointment changes
me into a raving hypochondriac– just like mom,
as a matter of fact

26 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Exploited Lives [rev.]

Tis sad, I think, when religion's exposed a promotional gimmick darkly using mysterious cloaks of conspiracy - straw-men of the World's richest families being put up as behind good science's suppression - all while using medical technology to destroy DNA chains, enslaving humanity and stealing their money through sales of

dangerous medicines; the self-righteous & super-holy religious voices claim this terrible scenario can only be stopped by buying their products to remove chemicals from water, special music resonating in C having right wavelength & frequency to remove brain-washing of the world's most despicably shameless conspiracy to

change people into self-destructive automatons while clamouring about the way innocent victims are forced to false cancer treatments to enrich corporations, the Pharisees demand MORE money to be spent for their palliative restorative gadgets while insisting that their victims continue using the killer chemical medicines

thus adding insult to injury, laughing at sheep as they fleece them whatever hard-earned money's left while killer corporations slaughter, disembody and destroy them; will unwary victims wake in time to see this for what it is, a false conspiracy threat to force useless products on a public already ravaged by endless

attempts to enslave their exploited lives?

Margaret Alice Second

Explosion Of Emotion

What is love: tenderness, softly whispered words, overcome with a sense of awe and delight and joyous feelings spiralling deep inside like a maelstrom increasing in power yet also perfectly contained within the most noble ideals & marvellous reverence - while feeling affection - intertwined with electricity magnetism and light in short - an explosion of emotion -that increases in force as time goes by and the distance covered is never shortened by fading moments - every hour leading to increasing ecstasy until slumber claims the mind and heart just to renew the power to repeat the performance and a new jaunt on the stage of life with the applause of invisible awareness accompanying our every move augmenting the emotions to create visual patterns expressing delight

Margaret Alice Second

Express The Inexpressible [revised]

Charged home, kept left for once, ended on loose sand with
wheels spinning madly – I was singing Mary Poppins' song
supercalifragilisticexpialidocious at the top of my voice,
felt delighted in trying to be the biggest road hog

Had my fill of bullies railroading me off on the line, made up for
every time my beloved hesitated in charging ahead, watching
others going to the front of him; today I'm mad with joy, jasmine
is blooming – I had to translate a short document that can

Influence language acts and their application in South Africa;
added a photo of my daughter and son to Blogspot, even
the face of my Big Bro, all the people I love and do not fear –
not even their anger, especially Nici – always on my side

Even though she likes to sound like my biggest critic; I know
I can trust my family to understand my fears and happiness –
tears and sadness – and my Big Bro to help me express the
inexpressible!

Margaret Alice Second

Extraterrestrial Beings - David Wilcock

Calculate revolutions of all objects celestial using the magical Nineveh constant - fit the planets' rotation into a round cycle number indicating each object's sun revolution

The stars become a celestial clock, day one is the alignment of all planetary bodies, used as coordinates in the hyper-dimensional gymnastics of extraterrestrial beings

Extraterrestrials travel outside linear time, they see planets in all probable positions at the same time so planetary orbits appear as giant rings and all conjunctions are visible at a glance

Their coordinates set to 'Omega Point' where the cycle begins, planets aligned, they enter our third-dimension linear time-stream at light-speed, planets swinging round about like a big clock

They choose a time period within cycles of twenty-five-thousand Pluto revolutions, Jupiter and Saturn in conjunction - the perfect time for the arrival of extraterrestrial beings...

David Wilcock: Divine Cosmos

The Nineveh Constant is a fantastic calculator, as it is designed to fit the rotation of every planet into a certain round number of cycles...

Margaret Alice Second

Eye Clean And Pure

Our first reaction to injustice and dishonesty is to lose our ideals, sink into a moral and emotional quagmire - snarl at those below us and give up dreams of trustworthiness and stewardship

But I try not to because the feeling of wonderment when we encounter great moral strength is too wonderful an experience to become despondent when tortured by unbridled arrogance

The beauty of resolute fortitude which keeps the eye clean and pure, makes me desirous to strive for the same ideal

Margaret Alice Second

Face And Dismantle Hostilities

A fire hazard, exclaimed the fire chief,
this marquee is overflowing, too many
people, should a fire break out we can-
not evacuate everybody, there would
be a stampede - stop delegates from
entering

I am the sentinel ushering approaching
stragglers away - But I'm a speaker - said
the next delegate, a local VIP, a Casanova
in shiny suit and shinier smile insisted on
entering also, a TV crew descending en
masse

A photographer of celebrities, several
reporters and a radio announcer - It's
okay - sighed the venue manager - you
tried your best, let them in, if they are
willing to face the risk, who are we to
force

Safety measures on them in this risky
world where social cohesion summits
are held to face and dismantle
hostilities?

Margaret Alice Second

Face Concealed Under My Hat (Revised)

I waltz into the office after lunch, brag about my
new Mafia hat which makes me look like a rich widow
- my colleagues looked askance, said Rich Widow -
you hope; I amended it to The Merry Widow - Franz
Lehar's operetta, I can see me on stage singing,
face concealed under the brim - but receiving
less enthusiastic response from a working crowd

I hung it on a hatstand to look impressive among
silver chains, xmas decorations already finding
their way there and a white scarf with silver
glitter; going home I took it with me to look
again at the toy in my hands - not wishing my
realistic family to burst my bubble too soon,
I hid the hat, as yet a game too new

To have shattered, a dream I'll treasure until
ready to let go of what it means to me...

Margaret Alice Second

Face My Nemesis

Amid the office noise I am learning @
is called 'arobase' - a quarter to three is
trois heures moins le quart, three minus a
quarter - enough to shut my brain down,
numbers have a deadly impact on me

Stop all synapses firing at once, I turn
into a dunce, stare vacantly at pages
of information I can't understand, why
should life be thus, as a mathematical
genius I could have been rich

In a universe that can be described in a
world famous mathematical equation
where E is energy, m mass, c the
speed of light, whatever it means -
everything is relative

And I must face my nemesis, numbers
expressed in French in a minefield of
arobases while telling time, I'm sinking
into the depths of my black hole brain,
information goes in - but never

Comes out again...

Margaret Alice Second

Fade Away [rev]

There is a Jewish debt to Iran and Lebanon rang
Rabbi Nachman's rousing words, and the current
violence and hostility of these nations will erase
this debt shortly: although Israel brought science,
justice, morality and monotheism to the world, it

Owes Persia and Southern Lebanon for incurred
debts from when King Hiram of Tyre, in Lebanon,
helped Israel's King Solomon in constructing the
first Temple - and Persia's King Cyrus in spurring
a Jewish nation to rebuild the Jerusalem temple

And he returned the stolen gold and silver vessels
to them: the Jewish debt means it owes Lebanon -
for King Hiram's generosity & Persia's King Cyrus -
for his kindness - yet the present belligerence and
hatred shown cancels this debt every day, little by

Little, until it will completely fade away....

[Persia = Iran]

Margaret Alice Second

Fairy Dust (R)

Let me clothe this day in a new way - let me stretch my legs on my desk as ballerinas I've seen do so on tables and objects - & let me touch my toes, do pliés, all of it while studying agricultural regulations in Portuguese; drum

roll please: I called a scary text by its name, the little alien in my head did not faint, quite the contrary - he looks forward to ME doing the translation into English as he plays with Terry Pratchett's idea that belief's the factor

that brings the world into existence, and all the stories and characters in it; today Peter Pan - my brother in his British Neverland - will learn that he is the hero in the Saga of the Duchess and Alice fighting about their

theories of reality & truth the way they see it - Peter Pan is the Duchess' champion & now he shall be Alice's Don Quixote hero also because he protected Alice's Wonderland from imploding - just as he keeps the

Duchess' dreams and his own Neverland intact by creating his own universe where he can fly and take Alice & the Duchess with him - using the power of fairy dust -

Margaret Alice Second

Fairytale Meaning

Oblivious to all, insensitive and dead, impervious to every emotion, malaise and headache change me into a grouch, practice keeps voice even and prevents me from seeking solace in pills offering no long-term relief, their false promise of health only creates false expectations

Staring at TV screen, no ability to read, takeaway with seasoning the killer, no motivation to fight for chemical balance due to despair at overreaction to food, nothing makes enough difference to inspire trying harder to overcome this counter-productive situation

Even when improving, allergy simply surfaces again, only helpful imagery is Christian theory bearing a cross and wearing a crown of thorns without these life seems ridiculous- any fairytale assigning symbolic meaning to suffering gives power to

Climb the steep, difficult mountain of life, I do not seek elusive truth, only pragmatic value conferring strength to tackle my life...

Margaret Alice Second

Faith Overpowering Love

Unfortunately the author entertaining with her Gothic vampire horror reached a point where the hero and his evil counterpart became inexorably and inextricably entwined - just like Harry Potter and Voldemort - the ending became predictable and the sensationalism, always part of a melodramatic blowing up of every scene while delighting in repetitions

Became a turning point for me, with the hero's life as counterweight and the evil demon entering him, the story poised in a delicate balance between the dramatic and the bizarre, crossed the line, the overpowering descriptive adjectives and repetitions of the same phrases overbalanced the scale on the wrong side, though I shall remember the author's beautiful idea:

- Faith is an overpowering Love -

Margaret Alice Second

Falcon-Spirit [3rd Version]

Pink is my night-shirt, joyful my heart, sharing
books with my idol makes me feel happy and
smart, thinking of him on his Island - isolated
but not alone, spurned - but not by the World,
imprisoned with his falcon-spirit roaming free,
reading the magazines that interested me

Margaret Alice Second

Falling Forwards [rev]

Here's me typing an Adobe document, I don't know what it means, only that it's in Registry: sadly, my computer is now Adobe-free since rugby discoveries, that the NZ All Blacks are the most charismatic, interesting, competent & lively team on the earth, that rugby played well is poetry in motion: adjusted meal plans this weekend, low blood sugar has me falling apart - falling forwards while losing my sight & mind - literally, and

Rectification attempts only worsened it - yet doing Dutch Statistics can be fun - if & when we enter into the spirit of a questionnaire - if only I could stay upright with enough energy to see me through; how to repeat it tomorrow when the same fatigue threatens again, each day's an unopened package, a surprise - and all the time it falls from my hands to break on the floor - when shall I learn to keep it whole, when can life become a self-contained feast

We dream when we meditate; I am working in Registry tomorrow where falling forwards is a humiliation - I must prevent this happening at all costs - if only energy could be mine again

Margaret Alice Second

Fantasies In The Air [rev]

A puppet show theatre where my Jane Austin
& Charlotte Brontë symbolic dolls amuse the
mind - thus lunch hour turns into play-time as
I drape pink fabric for curtains, adding a silver
carnival mask as a theatrical prop

The dolls are waving to me, I try to ascend my
chair with a long jump because it tips forward
& I fall off as if Pegasus refuses to stand still
for the rider to mount & fly off into the sunset,
my chair runs on wheels, one misstep means

Falling on the floor, then I see a broken lilac fan
& hang it on top to replace the pink curtains; add
my smiling wooden dolls to the cast in my small
theatre, now with my mind refreshed and teasing
dreams hovering on the threshold of my thoughts

I turn away from my play to confront the pages I
must relay into a different tongue - but as a last
touch - drape a pink cloth over my mobile air-con,
my blue fairy as snow queen amid white roses &
yellow highlighter as a sunbeam bringing hope

To my little make-believe world - held within these
pastel colours I bravely wrestle with my text while
Saint-Saëns twinkle fairy notes on a piano & Bach
provide languid harpsichord lines in my ears - both
weaving fantasies in the air...

Margaret Alice Second

Fantasies Intersecting [rev]

And this boudoir is my work station - white & pink lace o'er formal office chairs, dishcloths and a box with pink bandana lifting computer high; bunched flowers smiling in pink, purple & cerise, books & papers filling extra spaces, & me, a stand-up translator wiggling my toes

Incarcerated with my tables, my colleagues all talking – animated - to the accompaniment of Mantovani's Blue Tango - with my head's little alien dancing with Death, an Anthropomorphic Personification of physical life's end and freed consciousness continuing in new dimensions

Without a body to hold it down; a pink fedora on my hat-stand, white net & a rose-coloured scarf - & Thokozile chides me worrying about getting work done - I laugh, only thing I really fear is my alien leaving me on a dream & my having to face the tables alone, though

Every country's table is another colour and it's fun to edit and correct, bitter coffee for energy, making up reasons to be happy as per my best guru's instruction – fantasise, visualise; Saint-Saëns, shimmering water piano caresses lead to Chopin, Nocturne No.9, it might be clear to

Anyone: many fantasies are intersecting here, my heart rests in Chopin's satin & velvet notes eyes delighted by shades of pink all around -& Bach Suite No 31 leading my spirit peacefully, mind immersed in the colourful tables & they are smiling back at me...

Margaret Alice Second

Fantasy

I'd give anything to hear
the sound of your voice,
even though I know that
I've never heard it before

I only imagine what it
sounds like - the sound
of true love - nobody
can take this fantasy

Away from me - I think
most people would try
to help me realize
this lovely dream...

Margaret Alice Second

Far Away

I learnt the universe is infinitely huge; not confined to the Milky Way Galaxy as I had read in Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopaedia when I was small - there are infinite galaxies; a stupendous discovery that left me high with excitement

I was enthralled by Vincent Gaddis' Invisible Horizons and The Secret Life Of Plants early in life, later discovering Charles Fort and his rains of fishes and strange footprints which just added grist to my mill

Erich von Daniken and Zechariah Sitchin destroyed all fear of a prosaic life; the small, Calvinist world of my youth with pain and duty was reduced to a miniscule part of this wonderfully exciting inter-subjective illusion

Reading about Atlantis, Lemuria, Mu and ancients astronauts gives me infinite delight, I became an instant a Pyramidiot on discovery of Graham Hancock, Charles Bauval's and Wayne Herchel's theories - and I keep reading Charles von Berlitz's books

I love the mystery of the disappearance of the Marie Celeste, the lost fighter pilots and ships in Bermuda's green mist, enchanted by accounts of the Philadelphia Experiment and explanations of crew men in deep freeze

I am amazed by occult mediums introduced by Arthur Findlay and Arthur Conan Doyle's support for attempts to probe consciousness surviving physical life; and I ponder Peter Wilcock's hexagonal distribution of galaxy structures

I enjoy reading about extraterrestrial contacts, octaves of colours, sounds and forms, Mayan prophecies, astrogenetics by Maurice Cotterel and Lyall Watson explaining Chladni's figures making geometric patterns in sand, grounding Dr Emoto's ideas on water crystals

I am amazed by quantum physics, quarks and Many World's theory, adore the holographic universe, am thrilled by pyramids being built without identifiable technology, by OOPARTS and ziggurats and ancient alien visitors from the stars –

- and I must live in a prosaic world of boredom, no accomplishment and squashed dreams – thank heaven, Terry Pratchett saves me from all this by recording, expanding and embroidering the ideas and theories I love

Presenting by mouth of his youthful characters, combining mystery and fun, speculation and free imagination in one heady mixture that sets my imagination alight, takes me on spiritual flights, far, far away from this little life...

(Good Omens, Terry Pratchett and Neil Gaiman, Corgi Books,2006)

Margaret Alice Second

Far From Home

You two, father and son - went to look for
cars at auction, came back having bought
curtains for our son's bedroom, I was so
prejudiced - but you were right

Such great effect: grey, black and beige made
the yellow pelmet, remnant of a creative phase
when I spray-painted long ago; look beautiful,
his room has new appeal

Nici, my college daughter, doing research on
photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson whose
book 'The Decisive Moment' shows photos
taken on the run, the title sounds

Like a horror movie, Nici says, I offer ideas which
are firmly rejected by the young demoiselle, she
knows her own mind - my nuclear family makes
life worthwhile, everybody giving advice

For a trip to Stonehenge in the Free State, a
Strategic Planning Session, Nici choosing
teddies to take along, Tiaan suggesting
books to read - while hubby lectures

On food that will be safe; I cherish my new
book, looking for a favourite pillow which
might help me to sleep when
I'm alone, far from home...

Margaret Alice Second

Fast Fandango

Exercise, both the love and
scourge of my life, in foolish
bravado I ascended the million
steps to the Union Buildings -
nearly choked to death in the
attempt to defy gravity by
marching smartly

In the end I struggled up at
a sedate rate gasping for air,
all visions of glory gone, once
at the top I saw all the lunch-
time joggers clutching water
bottles passing, I took the
descending road

This time gravity made me
dance a fast fandango down
into the city - I think exercise
should be kept for going to the
library, the Union Buildings with
its army of slim and trim joggers
is not my scene

I only want to be fit enough
to read my book without
falling over with fatigue...

Margaret Alice Second

Feast On Each Other's Flesh (Revision)

Angola's people live in shanty towns without clean water and mothers and children suffer while natural resources needed to fight poverty and unemployment are stolen by the rich to be avariciously squandered for personal gain

Forbes magazine notes Africa's first woman billionaire – worth \$2-billion, as Isabel dos Santos, daughter of Angola's leader; African politicians keep begging for international aid while feasting on the flesh of their countrymen

Laughing disdainfully because donations further enrich themselves while small percentages, if any, reach the civilians who'll be likely fodder for another civil war as soon as politicians loose the plot, becoming even more

Gluttonously greedy – insane enough to start fighting one another to feast on each other's flesh ...

Angola - \$750-million missing from treasury in a debt repayment deal with Russia facilitated by a Swiss bank and a shell company
\$263-million - - - - - for Russian and French arms dealers
\$36-million - - - - - for President José Eduardo dos Santos
\$400-million went into deals between bankers and shell companies

\$40-billion from oil production 2011 enriches a small group around Angola's President, the population is living below the poverty line; the missing \$750- million was meant for Russia in repayment of a 1.5-billion debt which had originally been obtained by promissory notes on oil shipments but which had been appropriated by shell companies, \$36 went to front companies through the President

This Angola-Russia deal shows the EU Parliament how money is siphoned off to criminals, more than \$50-billion a year transferred from Africa where it should be used to construct infrastructure as the need is high, yet it is a terrible fact:

African countries lose THREE times more money to tax havens
.....than they receive in aid.....

The Mail & Guardian South Africa's oldest quality news source on the... Some \$750-million is missing from Angola's treasury from a debt repayment deal.....

“The deal with Russia was facilitated by a Swiss bank and a shell company registered in Britain's Isle of Man. Russian and French arms dealers got away with \$263-million, Angola's President José Eduardo dos Santos reportedly stashed away more than \$36-million, and another \$400-million is unaccounted for, according to Corruption Watch UK and Angola's Clean Hands association of human rights lawyers. The Angolan exposé is the latest of a slew of reports on corruption, its cost to development, and how it is aided by bankers and shell companies that keep secret the identities of owners.”

5 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Feel Better Again (Revised)

Still suffering youthful impatience, charging
a T-junction full-speed, my cursory glance
revealed no cars but a grey vehicle passed
where none should be -

Blasted woman ought to warn of her sedate
approach with lights on, I'm swerving and
manoeuvring competently, blue VW Golf
driving much too slow in the fast lane

A Mercedes overtook it, I followed suit zipping
back to the fast, road free for acceleration, a
lovely challenge lending spice to life, in the
office I seek to prolong a winning streak

Soda-cleaned my stained mug pristine, vile
document to be dealt with, French class to be
planned, schemes to prevent brain short-circuit
when facing subjunctives and irregular verbs

Fear already making me irritable -
what else can I clean to make me
feel better again?

Margaret Alice Second

Feel Free To Rejoice (Revised)

Christmas, the message visionaries dreamed long ago,
a Child who came to accord everyone - child, woman
and slave, the same status and rights that applied at
the time to rich, high and powerful men only; the new
world they dreamed of gave equal worth to members
of the human family equally - and this message was
spread through the birth of a child

For believer and nonbeliever alike a wonderful idea if
we forgo debate whether literally true, concentrate on
the symbolism only, let its meaning shine through; and
as we regain this beautiful story from despoilment and
misuse by covetous churches to enjoy it as individuals,
the light grows overpowering and we freely rejoice
without paying homage to an interloper, a supposed

intermediary holding people hostage under a reign of
terror - today we rejoice while paying respect only to
transforming power of dreams and ideas...

Margaret Alice Second

Feel Safe

There are seventeen cross streets to pass on my way to Alet, the only colleague who reads my poetry; not to lose courage and turn too soon or too late, I shall memorise the last 7 street names: Fred Nicholson - where Mother grew up; Hertzog, the long ago South African President; Louis Trichardt, the Dutch Settler who led an ox-wagon group to a new life - far from the regime in the Cape; Meyer, an old school friend, Naudé, surname of Wena Naudé, an actress in the Seventies who visited our school

Then De Beer, I have no reference for it BUT it's the final one in which to turn right into Eleventh Street & turn left - there I'll find my colleague; suddenly Sister Self-Righteous strikes and takes the paper from me: 'You don't need all this, it's too confusing, just follow my lead - into Steve Biko, keep in the second lane from the right, where the road splits turn right & there you are, as easy as THAT - ignoring my explanations that street names make me feel safe as I lost my way without street names to guide my car

I drove past the café where my colleagues gathered & ended up in a shopping centre parking garage from which I couldn't escape - without street names I feel bewildered; quietly this postulant dug up the paper & repeated the street names ignoring the brilliant advice Sister Self-Righteous gave trying to take over my life, yet THIS postulant still goes her own way...

Margaret Alice Second

Feel The Joy [rev.]

The noise of the music created confusion and I swept my earphones away to sit in quiet peace with my pain - a result of eating fudge-picasso pudding (which had me sitting up for half of the night) - now I'm in nowhere-land, right within

The black hole in my head where everything is dead, even letters jumping under my fingers to appear on screen seem slain & the moment's becoming a hole in the fabric of time, I am so helpless for now - but do not despair, I know

It's temporary - not long-lasting such as it was when a child; the pain crunching my back and affecting my neck won't hold sway and I'll not indulge again, not for a very long time as it is so much better to be able to feel joy in the

Mere act of breathing, of being in existence...

[11 July 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Feel Their Love [rev]

Anti-Semitism is idiotism; why hate & destroy a nation just because they succeed in living a moral life - why measure adolescent jealousy for them being superior to us when the fruits of their excellent work benefit all of mankind, why envy their talent when we have our very own unique gifts also, when OUR childlike

Innocence and different perspective enables us to offer our LOVE to the world in a warmer way than the ethical, righteous Israeli can? - We can choose to let go of frustration when we fail to satisfactorily pollute their minds in a way common to us, accept we can't make them as immoral as most to fit in - just as

Paul Gallico describes the puppet-master in Love of Seven Dolls, this puppeteer cannot bear his heroine's childish innocence & trust, tries to defile her, hurt her so much she will change into a hating animal too, but he fails spectacularly & he is won over by her love; such as shown by an Israeli firm in Haifa -

Pluristem Therapeutics injecting the lethal-radiation patients with placenta-based cells turning bone-marrow blood-cell production to normal within 48 hours, and will provide radiation antidote to the US when needed - we're trying to seduce Israel to begin hating thru our antagonism, tho we can't succeed

Due to quantum physics - the faith of this moral nation is stronger than the physical world's bonds; keeping them among the human races' commonwealth benefits all of us - just feel their love...

Feeling Of Accomplishment [revised]

Trying to interpret a confusing document, not able to deal with chaos, totally flustered in the end by a light-headed colleague who lives in mindless laughter and unspecified mirth, noise filling space with more presence than objects ever did - until my head seems to burst

Desperately counting words and trying to file duplicates, free-falling into a furious abyss where confusion reigns, completely overcome I simply throw extra pages away, start on a new document - and there a bronze guy with elongated eyes, pictures of bronze people, brought my

Mind to rest like clicking into place of a Rubik's cube, overpowering sound relenting, life good again - I could breathe. While sorry I lost the morning to stress I am thankful to be reconciled with my soul; for sure - my body and spirit are not friends at all, my spirit

Sets challenges my body cannot fulfill - what my soul is thinking no-one can tell. Although I like the raw feeling of accomplishment I cannot love this!

14 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Feeling, Colour And Meaning

Cannot see myself doing routine work today
cannot understand why this life on this planet
in this universe, feeling spiritually blind means
I cannot find a reason to do boring things - yet
my body breathes mindlessly, I am the ghost in
the machine seeking wisdom and insight as I can-
not feel anything and nothing has inherent priority

I simply follow the dictates of time to move through
this day to get to the end in order to be at leisure to
wonder some more, the day becomes one long maths
sum and I cannot do it, religion and spiritualists teach
we know the answers in advance and work backwards
from the end back to the beginning where I am sitting
now, but this knowledge does not help, I am still stuck

With a brain that cannot fulfil its function of relating to
the reality outside its own enclosure, my mind only exits
in short explosive flames of understanding which imme-
diately disappears leaving the inner me in darkness, I
love the ability to enact stories and plays yet cannot
create a script for today, left with shadows only I
long for feeling, colour and meaning

Margaret Alice Second

Feelings Converging In Wonderful Passions [revised]

An episode of Good Luck Charlie* makes me realise I need to reread 'The Enchanted Garden'; would be best to read 'A Little Princess' right afterwards, then Anastasia series – stories for younger children add more joy to my life than any other thing, reduce my fears, give me dreams for a winsome sparkle in the eye

Though real life is strange in my dreams I'm an idealist – investing belief in William James, American philosopher, Ayn Rand, author of The Fountainhead, Seth presented by Jane Roberts, Abraham as conveyed by Esther Hicks – that the universe is benevolent, formed by a universal loving, intelligent energy; that selfish rationalism and

Pragmatism imply ALL accepting responsibility for all that ever happened to them; wonderful warmth of this view leads to proliferation of all good things, though at times I consider what doesn't fit the little world that I constructed to be safe and kept out a cold world of cynicism while sculpting world view where harmony

Beauty, rhythm and music are the important aspects of an art world where eclectic and idiosyncratic views exist side by side because it all comes down to personal taste and feelings converging in wonderful passions...

*Good Luck Charlie and two episodes of Wizards of Waverley Place – programmes on the Disney Channel

Margaret Alice Second

Feverish Chills

The feverish chills of last night manifest
in failing energy - the Duchess' tale of
woe clouds my perspective - the image
of a little girl sitting alone without hope
is so strong when I think of my brave, if
overbearing, Duchess, how big a scare

She would have had when no payments
were made by any of her creditors and
the contribution for my father & mother,
Conan and his Queen of Hearts, never
came through, how terrible the feeling
of desolation must have been as she

Looked at the empty purse for domestic
expense - crying now would empty my
heart and enable me to be joyous - at
present I'm falling again, a descent in-
to the dark past of loveless martyrdom
such as Grandma Alice has known

Is suffocating and my throat is swelling
no breathing while my eyes' re watering
the dry air, I have to acknowledge pain
to let it out & bring back interest in my
little world, to lift up my eyes to my old
and trusted icons, open my ears and

Rejoice in a magnetic world that will
bring us the delight we visualise - far
away from the inner darkness that
makes me cry...

Margaret Alice Second

Field Of Home Calm (Rev)

Certain people - and certain mountains - were never supposed to meet, this crocodile and Adobe Acrobat Pro never meant to be - nor Climb Every Mountain to be sung for my Internet experiences - it was a grave mountaineering mistake, causing me great suffering, first losing the highlight function - and also losing

'Circled numbers' which could not be retrieved though I traversed the Internet, losing consciousness staring fascinated at sing-song terms 'dingbat' fonts & kinds of 'wingdings' and an 'arbitrary mask' which specifies the character types for a user - all sounding like whimsical psychology where the function of the ego as

One of many possible characters is described, but when I enjoyed myself with idle speculation, along came this: a mask setting of AAA-p#999 accepts input BOE-p#767 my brain exploded, shooting the little alien right out of his abode in my head into cuckoo-land & 'validation' means to restrict entries to specified ranges ensuring users

Enter appropriate data for a specified form field; sounds like a description of me learning what is appropriate to tell Scorpio to keep the specified field of home calm intact; & thus restricting this user crocodile to specific terms which pleaseth the Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle

Margaret Alice Second

Fifth Attack [rev.]

Tuesday 26 May - another Gaza Strip missile attack unreported by the BBC - a missile fired from the Gaza Strip exploded near Gan Yavne causing no injuries - later Israeli airstrikes slam terror infrastructures in the southern Gaza Strip

'Tis fifth attack since end-August 2014 ceasefire came into effect, & like previous missile strikes from Gaza a month ago & before in December - plus an October attack before that - it received NO coverage on the BBC News web-site tho'

It was factually aware of a missile attack on 27 May; a report on Israeli response was on BBC Arabic website - under headline: "Israeli planes attack Gaza Strip Palestine military resistance positions", the report focused on effect instead

Of cause preceding attack, relegated to par.11 to 13 of 15 paragraphs, BBC adopted Public Relations Language of Terrorist Organisation = resistance factions, since conflict-end in August; Israeli response to Palestine ceasefire violation

Agreement reported in ARABIC - NOT English - BBC does not fulfil ostensible public purpose "global understanding of international issues" by serially ignoring attacks being precursor of new conflicts between Israel and -

- Gaza Strip Terrorists -

Margaret Alice Second

Fight Against Windmills [r]

The only reason given for wishing to have a younger brain is material, people having the temerity to die, a great sin, leads to a global loss of €152 billion annually, nothing else of value seems lost - quality of life, happiness, enjoyment and optimism - is irrelevant, only PRODUCTION is taken into account

What if a "younger brain" does not enable us to enjoy life more, see the positive side of all challenges, believe in a better future, escape from the pessimism engendered by the belief there is no life after death: will studying and climbing stairs stop us grumbling, will we set high ideals & try to achieve these?

Will this optimum, financially-younger brain lead us to find a lodestar - to escape from a Don-Quixotian fight against windmills, will it lead to a higher degree of morality and work ethics: QUITE irrelevant questions, it seems, the only thing is higher profits globally - will it be used for infrastructure to distribute

Surplus food to the poor; will it help people fleeing their own countries, will the work of these clever, younger-brain-people improve life for the less intelligent, the handicapped, and will it be channelled to animal shelters? NO, of course not, this is not the point, life is measured in terms of global income

And this is the only criterion accepted in the media and scientific circles; NOTHING else: so be it; yet I prefer release from this life to their suffocating closed-circuit philosophy

Margaret Alice Second

Fighting Against The Odds

Letter by letter, always starting from the left
and word by word, I'm only on page 2 after 4
days of hard work, yet my resolve to carry on
does not waver, determination to keep going
is growing stronger, I'm learning all the time -

Though my brain is heavy and slow, though the
fear there are Black Holes in my mind in which
information disappears and I never find certain
things again - I'm mountaineering, scaling this
Arabic mountain one step at a time, working

Through lunch, listening to music when noise
in the office interferes with images created by
the languid Arabic letters creating feelings by
which I recognise some and deduce others -
dreaming of conquest & victory, but for now

Working like this is terribly slow, starting from
the left when typing the Arabic word while my
single-minded computer changes word order
and I have to type one word at a time on the
Arabic keyboard: first A, then L, next -

The pretty Queen with 2 crowns on her head,
then Weemoed, A again, Nina, next my angry
eyes Y, and last Nina repeats again, which is
???????? = "laws"

Next word: A then L, M, T, Bell, Queen, at the
very end Hartseer - fighting against the odds
by numbering every line and every word, thus
this is page 2, line 18, word 6:

???????.... = "applicable"

At this rate I shall be busy till kingdom come -
it's great as clever scientists said thinking &
walking every day keeps Alzheimer's at bay-

given the Black Holes in my mind I have no
room for any more problems...

Margaret Alice Second

Figures In There Somewhere (Revised)

Came home to a brightly coloured work text
with Edith Piaf's life resounding in my head,
read a Roger Bootle (Fortune magazine) écrit
on PIIGS (probable Euro-split, Portugal,
Ireland, Italy, Greece & Spain) explained

And Edith Piaf's life intervenes, paging too
violently in the magazine, reading a heading
Dad Doesn't Have Hobbies, He Has Passions
Tom Ricketts said; admonished by my love
I rest the magazine, time to get rid of

Edith Piaf's passions in my head, her words
ringing in my ears - what's the use of being
Edith if I cannot do what I want? It may be
why being Margaret Alice fails, I cannot do
what I want, becoming instead

Expert at hiding desire from myself; I shall
never know what I really want except that
music and singing and dancing figures in
there somewhere

Margaret Alice Second

Figurines (Revised)

Belatedly the sun's late rays gild my sweet
menagerie of little figurines each afternoon
I see and am enchanted knowing who has
sent the golden beams embrace, entrancing
chinaware in pairs (I do prefer they be in twos)
my two mermaids, the two small fairies on a
sailor's chest, the porcelain shepherdess

The sun is mischievous and clearly shows the
gathered dust, I'll have to get a glass dome for
my troupe to keep them clean, but watching
now just how the light creates theatrical effects,
no need to burn this image in my eyes to keep
it safe in dimming sun, I run into the study where
I activate the light to gaze in wonder at

Two miniature mermaids, the broken fairy, legs
covered in glitter, mounted on a bejeweled
mirror, oh, how I love these precious
figurines...

Margaret Alice Second

Filled With Sounds (C)

A steel-grey text, tasteless, soundless, meaningless, made me feel so depressed, trying to remember the fury of Friday by which I completed checking changes standing out against the rest, came to nought while struggling only worsened my sinking into the quicksand of emptiness until music lost its beauty, colours lost their symbolism - everything changed into a grey spiral taking my spirit further away from the sun, the delicate netting of my lilac butterfly became lustreless and my own thoughts became a black hovel which obstructed the entry to my inner citadel - my mental sanctuary seemed to have vanished into a Devil Sea of painfully short sentences of a distressful frequency, it found no resonance in my heart and soul, I couldn't concentrate as angst replaced coherency and descent was imminent - then a sweet caramel dish lifted my spirits enough so that a translation of André Gide's *La Symphonie Pastorale* caught my eye in the library and delight in such company awakened my feelings and opened the way to a joyous light filled with sounds of instruments - and perfumed with sweet incense -

Margaret Alice Second

Filled With The Divine

I take great care what I eat, making sure it's something sweet, then tidy my work station: washing teaspoons and cups in an old tub - pour boiling water into cups that have black algae growing in them, what with my seldom

using real soap, cover milk & coffee tins with pink and blue cloths, rearrange a pink rose in front of my keyboard, place the little sea horse on my see-through paperweight - symbolising the purity of crystal consciousness

Behind me a blue polka-dot sun screen and gangster cap are neatly placed upon striped paper while a lime-green paper plate is affixed next to a smiling Madiba & on my right, yellow paper plates represent the golden crown of

the highest spiritual aura; a purple scarf on my 2nd chair illustrates my search for wisdom & now I know why we must grow old and not die before our time: to gain enough wisdom to obviate the need for reincarnation in this universe, and to

move on to other planes intersecting our physical space, existing at such a high vibration we cannot discern them with our 5 senses, when consciousness finally leaves my body at death I shall shoot like a supernova, moving faster than light, into a

new dimension where we attain light consciousness; a feeling of being filled with the Divine, with love, peace, joy and ecstasy - quite impossible to relay in limited human terms...

[30 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Filling Our Hearts

Pictures of Madiba on my office wall,
revelling in the thought that Nelson
Mandela's Rivonia speech is one of
the most famous speeches of all time

That his letters to his wife, the faithful
Winnie, are some of the most beautiful
love letters in the English language, that
Madiba's inner life was in the public eye

Since his incarceration on Robben Island,
being purged in the fires of discrimination,
yet his spirit soured to produce the most
wonderful thoughts on great concepts like

Freedom and Forgiveness, his studies of
other freedom fights led him to conclude
violence is not an option, studying the
Afrikaner nation, the enemy, led him to

The Anglo-Boer war; he understood this iron-
hard nation better than they did themselves,
he realised killing them would rob the world
of its cultural diversity

And would entail total destruction, razing
all evidence of civilisation, leaving a smoking
relic of the erstwhile Apartheid land with its
infrastructure, farms and suburbs in flames

He decided political freedom at the cost of
a conflagration would be an empty victory –
though victory is assured given the superior
numbers of the oppressed Africans, yet

They would have to start from scratch, a scorched-
earth policy is guaranteed to bring results at the cost
of everything civilisation wrought in this lovely land,
the world would pitch in to support the African cause

The enemy would be annihilated, leaving a burning country to start anew without the guidance of the few who knew how to use technology - newly freed men and women would need guidance on good governance -

His hand stretched out with an olive branch had been ignored before but as South Africans were forced to their knees, the hand was taken by the oppressor who saw the evil of its ways with institutionalised crime

Where criminals led the fight against freedom consciousness, the small group of privileged enjoying that status solely by the colour of their skin - and not merit - the white population treated like little children

Not allowed to hear or see the oppression and pain, brain-washed by church and state into regarding the status quo as God-given rule - had to be freed from an artificial golden cage - Madiba saw everyone would lose

In a righteous game of justified vengeance against white men; Nelson Mandela was big enough to realise that receiving a hesitant hand from the enemy with a tearful request to spare their lives in a new South Africa, meant they were ready

To accept democracy, losing power and might for the price of their lives spared and the beautiful, beloved land saved from rivers of blood and bombs exploding everywhere - killing civilians while the works of man would be replaced

By the smoke of cities razed - how privileged the beloved country, our exquisite South Africa, that one Quixotic man, Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela, came to share the dream for the land and promised to save their lives if they shared

Everything - how miraculous that the oppressor chose life, stripped from the political power which they had misused for so long, stripped from propaganda and exploitation by religion to keep white people docile while enslaving

The majority of Africans in this land, Mandela patiently

repeated his request for freedom until the oppressor was on their knees, he waited and did not force it to do so at the cost of annihilation of the small white community

Mandela is our Moses who led the imprisoned, enslaved people into the promised land where all are free to prosper as well as they can; where all decide who should govern and everyone is free to go anywhere; the former slavery

And lack of human dignity finally gone, the white oppressor unarmed and overawed by the great, Messiah-like quality of a group of silent holy men, led by a giant whose legend continues the fame of the Old Testament's prophets

Whose forgiveness equals seventy-times seven as the group followed Mandela into suffering, losing everything, family, income, safety, making the ultimate sacrifice for the freedom of all in South Africa; today Madiba towers over our land

A man so big everything shrinks into insignificance beside him – thank you Madiba for waiting patiently until the old regime were forced into non-violent submission, not storming the oppressor's citadel earlier because the fires would have been burning still

The minority group massacred and the land reduced to ashes – thank you for your skill in leading the nation to reconciliation filling our hearts with love for you and all you represented...

[8 January 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Final Touch

My first Spanish translation – a Google-led interpretation – with few mistakes – oh joy, I'm busy with the Portuguese Phytosanitary Regulations - with Hanlie's template - and Annette showing me how to copy & paste tables thus no need to retype Latin terms

Never sat down today, standing in front of my desk rising on my toes doing pliées as my feet felt too much strain: maybe John Kehoe is right when he says good things happen when we affirm belief in ourself, even the alien in my head's peaceful -

This is the greatest victory – to be able to concentrate without his noise in my head, he just needs to throw a few tantrums on paper then goes to sleep – it's all due to your scrutiny which led me to scrutinise you realising I found a Master teaching

The art of cascading breathlessly and how to create mystery while your riddles show life as perpetual self-discovery, here the spiralling snowflakes on my walls turn the magic on and pink flowers with white bows add the final touch...

Margaret Alice Second

Finally Received The Nutcracker (Revised)

Finally received 'The Nutcracker' Mikhael Baryshnikov DVD, lovely moves, dancers executing steps to perfection - but those old-fashioned, unnatural facial expressions - my kids ran away;

A Nutcracker Prince who looks about like an idiot, Clara who pulls her mouth awry when she should be a child experiencing delight - wish that dancers were taught to be more natural,

No wonder Cheon and Eliana has such a hard time to keep in the game on 'So You Think You Can Dance' - excellent dancers but in the bottom three at times; seems in ballet they're taught

To behave like automatons, like Marvin the paranoid Android - it took time to defrost them - I wish that Baryshnikov and the Prima Ballerina had been defrosted before the DVD was made,

The camera shouldn't have zoomed in on those pre-set faces, especially as Clara the child's face looks so strange with all the dark eye make-up; if only she had learnt to look interesting Like the girl Wednesday in 'The Adam's Family' - then Herr Drosselmeyer, her magician-godfather, would have been moved to allow her to marry the Prince, that is, if the Prince could

Emulate Sean Connery's early Bond movies face - or Indiana Jones' mad joie de vivre - as for the inane eccentric expression of Herr Drosselmeyer - he should have had the face of a

Hannibal Lecter - cannibal par excellence!

Margaret Alice Second

Financial Advantage [rev.]

Navigated the minefield of your displeasure
almost successfully, only on two occasions
you told me to shut up, to stop commenting;
you're sheltered happily in your programme
Going Live - and say, stop irritating me with
comments inapplicable to the Dramatic

Situation Unfolding; - I realise the only thing
I can do is let you revel in your own misery,
you enjoy being a martyr to excellence that
you own far too much of - & now it's raining;
I'll take your word for it you say, & suddenly
you're successfully Going Live

Another thing I have no way of appreciating
except your joy at it happening - little me is
sitting here hoping I might get good results
from a moon boot sonar scan tomorrow -
but its irrelevant as it doesn't directly mean
financial advantage...

Margaret Alice Second

Find His Wings (Rev.)

I prayed when my son tested boundaries,
not to constrain him, but for us, knowing
he's finding wings, praying he'll discover
his own limits, formulate his own philosophy

Prayed we wouldn't drive him away by our
criticism – doing just as we did as youths but
worried because I want to protect him from
all that might cause harm

I need not have worried – felt glad knowing
he has to be purged in the fire of life now,
while he is still at home, rather than later,
when we are not around ...

Margaret Alice Second

Finding Adventure [revised]

Since my beloved believes my twin's teaching me independence (which he deems inappropriate) we have clandestine meetings - then power failure at work with exciting possibilities of explosions if too suddenly reconnected - and we are sent home;

my son loves poetry classes, maybe he'll become an undercover poet also; my daughter has a job at a studio though she hates commuting to and fro, mother has a new purple carpet - I inflict my love for purple & all its hues on everyone except my

beloved. I camouflage my new bohemian blouses under black boleros; mother has a flat screen TV in her room at the old-age home - with the fridge, table for writing & sewing and great piano to play in the chapel, she's enjoying a marvellous life

our roof has been fixed but my cell-phone died - forced to use a touch-screen, attempt ended in headache, it refused to reveal its secrets - with these kinds of nonsensical problems I realise how lucky we are as a cold wind reminds everyone

autumn is coming, so I dig out my new silver and white Ice Queen throw and dream of finding more adventure tomorrow...

Margaret Alice Second

Finding Happiness [revised]

Though he can't stand my chatting I know my husband loves me - and my colleague is kind, though she thinks I'm a brain dead idiot; such is life, a game of pros & cons, the only way to love is to be respectful - keeping a distance from everybody is the only way to survive life

Expecting nothing, offering affection & kindness, trusting those we love to reciprocate a bit of communication, trying to offer a tiny bit of understanding in return - finding happiness in abstract ideals: Wisdom, Honesty, Love unconditional - no clauses or demands

And no ultimatums, for me delight lies in the return to favourite books, continuing the very fulfilling analysis of people to be able to live in peace with them: knowing that the Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle is a Scorpion with a sting in his tail & my colleague will

Never regard me a normal human being since I present myself as the crocodile who cannot hop to another watering hole - while my inner Ice Princess offends wherever she goes; thus in knowing all this it's possible to get along with all - whether they know me or not...

Margaret Alice Second

Fire-And-Brimstone Justice [rev.]

The dawn 'architecture' expert becomes political analyst now watching CNN - French cartoonists executed at Charlie Hebdo magazine by Islamic extremists - a world-wide response termed 'Je Suis Charlie' defends press freedoms against terrorists unable to question their own belief but defend it attacking free people of the West

Why do intellectually suppressed try to destroy freedom brought by enlightened rationalism, why do some people accept intellectual manacles so easily, becoming radicalised by religious fanatics - is it because they find joy in causes that involve war wreaking tedium of a cynical, self-serving materialistic life without values or principles;

Delighted by causes creating bonds among men, and because poor people left behind by privileged capitalists enjoy peace found in religions' promises of a 'better life' heaven - and thus have to destroy any means that reveals glaring contradictions in all creeds demanding blind obedience; preferring to kill sceptics who question the dreams offered by

Their religion instead of leaving non-believers to a promised fire-and-brimstone justice of their deity to be served in the afterlife...

[9 January 2015]

[Revised 23 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Fireworks (C2)

I had a premonition that things would work out badly so they have, my life turned to mush and flat, plain-weave, 1-dimensional, bleak, brown hessian - no colours, no shine, no interest, and the voice keeps talking - raising & falling with a charade of staging a show of love on my behalf

Trying to pretend to fool themselves if not only me - and we're all caught up in this, I watched a comedy show with them - in which loud mirth was unleashed upon us in which nothing struck me as deep and real - finally the boys went off & peace descended, voice & dad watching TV

Discussing cars and cricket - without room for me, causing confusion bordering nothingness, now things are winding down and a dark mist is lifting, if only just; finally chaos is replaced with repose and I can talk to my changeling child to find that love truly lives in her heart; I'm content

She's planning a beach wedding such as I've dreamed about, this is my prayer: Lord, please keep her safe and give me the wisdom to offer support in the way she needs; thank you for the marvelous opportunity to have her to myself for a short while; thank you for providing the perfect

Mate to take her to the Cape, thank you for the Portuguese challenge awaiting at work - thank you for the bad time I've had up to now 'cause the moments of colourful joy, fireworks in the heart afterwards make up for the problems we face every day, thank you for the opportunity

To have children teaching me what life is about...

Margaret Alice Second

Fireworks 2- Emotional Life (C)

Sunday morning and I must face the chaos of yesterday,
reread and fix - why is it so difficult to face my emotional
storms afterwards - just now I washed dishes & danced
to a German Tiroler song, just as I wrote the first line the
Regensburger Domspatzen - Schlafe, mein Prinzchen -
in heavenly notes and I left the world on the melody

To rise to super dimensions of pure consciousness where
no physical body exists, merge with the lullaby to become
one with the theme echoing in the sacred silence of inner
space, the voices fading away & I return to the computer
forced by the cold wind to don warm pants and faded blue
jersey - now compelled to look at previous journal entries

Thus look at myself as revealed in all these emotions -
but then a call comes reporting a robbery at my eldest
daughter's flat - tears and distraction after we watched
Ellen Degeneres being generous on TV and all is quiet
then suddenly, my beloved the head chef getting ready
to barbecue and all in the kitchen where the computer,

the radio and I love to be alone with celestial music -
another German song stroking our ears with a swishing
schw-sound, time to prepare the vegetables so no time
to look at my previous writings - ah well, being willing to
edit my own messy writing already scored points within
my emotional life....

Margaret Alice Second

First Golem Dwarf

I am the first Golem Dwarf,
while short I am paid every
month for doing Golem work,
kept going by the chem in my
head which must stay cool like
all dwarfish heads, heat destroys
my silicone brain

Yet in spite of the chem that keeps
this Dwarf going like a Golem, it is
the chem in my heart that has the final
say, the message is it is impossible to
continue in this way, time to stop and
run home on short dwarfish legs and
give my Dwarf mind a break

Take the Golem chems to bed and seek
sleep in which I can commune with the
angels and other ethereal dream beings
in order to escape the drudgery of a
dwarfish Golem life

Margaret Alice Second

First Prize In Literature [rev.]

The post-modern Electric Universe model reveals that factual cosmology inspired ancient art, myths, religion and poetry and leaves outdated modern theories of quantum mechanics & physics with all accompanying mysteries - affording opportunities for poetic license – facetiously describing mental phenomena like forgetfulness as black holes - far behind, now it's old-fashioned to think of

99% of the universe as invisible black matter, Terry Pratchett created the spoof that visible phenomena required 9-tenths administration which was carried out by the invisible Auditors; paradigms of science have a short life until, as Kuhn said, a better-fitting theory comes along, thus the only lasting aspect of science is the poetry and narratives to which it gave rise: faced with the Theory of the Electric Universe

Which explains ancient rock art depicts electrical discharge formations in the skies of a cosmos in turmoil when planets caused upheavals on earth; the inherent logic of electrical plasma rules out the need for the dramatic posture of black energy that kept galaxies from flying apart; the explanation of electrical discharge formations seen in ancient rock art is less poetic & more basic - Occam's razor

Indicates it has a better chance to be true; the ancient myths and legends woven about the electrical events disturbing earth can already boast first prize in literature and poetry...

Margaret Alice Second

First Thoughts (Revised)

First morning back, holiday eyes strain through multifocals
which will not focus on a widescreen, work email won't open,
password can't be changed, no access to G-drive documents,
clearly some `me'-time here

Time to reorganise papers and drawers, fill in 2012 diary,
get ready for the Maya's predicted end, should their
calendar be right – I sincerely doubt this as doomsday
prophecies have horrible tendencies to be wrong

Hunger pangs remind me I am far from my kitchen,
cannot make pancakes with cinnamon, sugar and lemon,
sudden cold shock realising I am once again at the
mercy of fast-food restaurants –

Oh woe is me, the only joy in life left the elderly, eating,
becomes a fight for survival whereas at home it is a
24 hour delightful pastime!

Margaret Alice Second

Fixated

Fixated on wire containers adorned with silky roses craftily made to resemble perfumed bouquets I went on a quest to create my own wire holder and since you claimed it to be impossible to make me such a wire concoction I started dreaming of hanging a square of wire and adorn it to my heart's content

You asked which part of the house I would deface with my own decorations I thought the corner next to my bed would be perfect and to expedite my attempt at creating art I looked into a second-hand bookshop to visualise classic collections of leather-bound tomes with which I shall change my study into a replica of the Library at Unseen University

Chains to fasten the magical volumes down BUT I came away with The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady Handwritten quotes and comments with exquisite illustrations and I wish I could make such a diary though I cannot paint water-colours in the same way SO you are saved ALL plans for decoration replaced by a dream

Creating beauty through the sound of sighing words singing and dancing to delightful rhythms in the same way the visual world was created

Margaret Alice Second

Flee Being Me [r]

All's calm, boring sentences without charm, life quietly continuing its languid flow - I'm checking expressionless terms - suddenly all hell breaks loose, colleague's voice rising in cadences, I'm trying to find my iPod, unplug the earphones to find Chopin playing on computer adding to the rumpus, plug lost in growing confusion and a hot flush of frustration makes matters worse

Finally, plug located & La Cumparsita calms my nerves - but after this fracas my concentration - always on the brink of extinction, is lost, a new me in a different universe: Will she continue with the grey translation or go Internet-surfing to find Seth explaining a self is infinite, extent limitless, as yet she's typing notes on what just happened so I can't tell what she'll do next, but she's very

Compliant, quiet and self-reliant, I think she will continue where I broke off, live the life I have to flee being me...

Margaret Alice Second

Fleeing My Thoughts (Revised)

First I wanted to feel calm and satisfied, then only a little better as negative thoughts burst out of my mind, why do the wisdom I gathered disappear just when needed most?

Finding negative feelings intensifying, I got up, watched Animal Planet 'Roaring with Pride' – lions in Africa, it's better than the horrible thoughts rehashed by my unruly mind, dredging up every terrible event I have ever lived

Every lie told when threatened by teachers at school - every humiliation and stupid decision I made, it's better to stare at lion cubs or Monster Fish trying to eat men alive -at least this supposition sparked the programme;

Than to remember the past, though I'm sure tomorrow would not be all bad, I'm not inspired by Monday rituals, nobody could be unless changed into an automaton

Whether it be future, present or past; my mind changes everything into something I don't want to realise; fleeing my thoughts is the only way to go though I would much rather be asleep than sitting here

Margaret Alice Second

Flibbertigibbety [revised]

Mimi, soliloquising non-stop in an ongoing monologue, is driving me into the arms of singers like the late Bill Flynn who jests by singing senseless rhymes to arias of great opera, and also Dean Martin's decadence in - "When the moon hits your eye"

And Heino making me envious belting out his joy at being alive and free in traditional song "Lustig ist das Zigeunerleben"; - with volume lowered a tad her voluble voice is let in - getting louder in anger - yet voices of her interlocutors are never heard

Continuous noise in rising and falling calls for "Lippen Schweigen, 's flüstern Geigen Hab mich lieb! ";- to regain my composure and my love for the world, also sending a telepathic message to shut her lips; if only she could feel red-hot searing pain which

Unstoppable flibbertigibbety causes me...

Margaret Alice Second

Float Downstream [rev]

Singing happily, 'The Lord above is throwing goodness at you, but with a little bit of luck a man can duck, ' - and with these lines human history is summarised; since the day we are born we're taught to buck currents of goodness flowing downstream, we're given a pair

Of paddles and a canoe and told to row up-current immediately evading the goodness the universe throws at us, we're taught to be suspicious, trust no-one and, by implication, never be trustworthy ourselves; we're taught original thought is dangerous - and the

Human mind a devious sub-consciousness, a confused mess of deep Freudian longing that would destroy civilisation if we ever let the genie out of the bottle; so we spend our lives fighting ourselves, if only it were easy as in days of yore when people habitually

Fought each other - at least we could see our enemies - & with calm self-assurance take aim; now fighting our own inner being and rowing upstream against our logic and feelings of passion means we've no link to our own inner knowing; it's much better to

Join spiritualists saying the universe is a matrix of loving energy - and we humans manifest this in our instincts - we can trust our feelings, stop paddling, let an intelligent stream turn our canoe in the right direction - flow with the unending stream of love & self-

Confidence; a flow of delight & expectation, the dream of creation - to fantasise the new world of self-esteem and trust into existence as this is how the status quo was fashioned:

now it's our turn - we the living - to recreate

Civilisation as spiritual intelligence and self-trust which doesn't need the ever-increasing prisons and institutions to house those who find present manacles so unbearable - they lose their mind and feelings; if only we were taught to relax and float downstream

Right from the day we are born...

Margaret Alice Second

Flogged Cassock

Dont know how to find a path
out of this moment into another
realm without reading a book or
conjuring a story - checking my
run-on agreement with its sine-
wave repetitions

Herewith Lessor agrees to lease to
Lessee, who agrees to lease from
Lessor said Premises which is
situated and shall be deemed -
Lessor entitled to do this
while interest accrue -

The greatest mathematician being
flogged by a man in a cassock*, a
towel on his head, I furtively saw
as I glanced at the book on my desk;
Enchanted Horse and Charlottes
Web lined up for the weekend

Titbits to lighten life between chores
though not many left now that Carines
on the mend - if only time would flow
past this immobile moment

(Flogged by a man in a cassock* - From Pyramids, Terry Pratchett)

Margaret Alice Second

Flowing Forever [rev]

Nothing I thought or said made sense, the world remained empty - bereft of purpose and feeling: I ran away with Anne Fine's "Up On Cloud Nine" and then funny scenes of mock séances brought the lost magic back, turning me into a genie-like 'Shimmer & Shine' - while infusing reality with a

Virtual spark securely based on the finely crafted author Fine's cameo of an imaginative protagonist whose fantasies entertained as well as enriched his mates - I realised then the reason WHY I write

Is more important than desire to help someone, or learn something myself; & WHY's more important than the who, where or when of my dream:

My main objective's to learn how to evaluate and appreciate the shimmering shine of the mind, to express the experience, beauty & pain, in words left in public spaces to be freely used or ignored

By fellow human beings - I'm free to concentrate on the sacred cathedral of my mind, since there is no mountain to climb or problems to solve, at present, the only question is what to read next

Where to find an inspiring text by which to keep thoughts in hippopotamus mode - following the positive channels which will keep the river of inspiration flowing freely in my head...

Margaret Alice Second

Flowing Out [rev]

With Hanlie I can talk and laugh, wonder at
Hermien's celestial calm, learn from Annette,
create comic shows with Alet, admire Dea's
attire and delight in Mimi's high stiletto heels,
I can share my ideas with Thokozile, explain
my plans to Mapula - but I can't reveal how
I feel when not happy; fury & tragedy aren't

revealed with a stiff upper lip, imitating the
Queen of Hearts - surviving the destructive
voice of Conan, lovable Barbarian, my dad
and dealing with my Duchess-sis who might
blow pepper all over your face as soon as
she thinks her rights infringed; gazing at a
glamorous Cinderella grandmother whose

Mind and fingers were more nimble than
anybody's yet never won much love in her
life; finding refuge in an eyrie of a Phoenix
flying so high I only see him from afar & I
was alone in Crocodile Castle: then came
the confident stride of an army of poets who
knew the way out, led by the Mystery Master

Composing cascading melodies with such a
hypnotic rhythm, it resounded in my heart
and taught expression is free; thus my dark
despair and red-hot fury are flowing out
leaving me a sweet inner sanctuary...

Margaret Alice Second

Flowing With Metred Timbre

I thought the passage of time would have sweetened
bitterness and brought you peace of mind; they're still
yours, every single one - although no-longer in your
home nor in receipt of sure-footed guidance

You have another to care for, to give your best, reap
benefits of lessons learned; you have admiring eyes
watching every step, rooting for you and because the
reason for your loss - strong, self-confident decisions

Left little room for others to assert or insist on their
independence, the forceful aspect of which makes a
grand leader of you, an ideal person to lead the way
into the artistic future

Your loss is immense and we expect you'll never stop
crying for them - only please take note of bounty
that life offers you, don't ignore the friendship,
beauty and songs to be sung by you that await

Live for futures while paying homage to the past,
take hands that reach out to you, rest in grace and
welcome extended, take full draughts from the
cup of approval offered by those

Who love true creativity and know the price you paid
was too high, nothing can recompense loss of what
you loved most yet the only way to grow is through
this experience, analyse the event

And render it into your musical words flowing with
metred timbre to share what you have gained in
the most beautiful lines others have ever read...

Margaret Alice Second

Fly Away (C)

A crocodile, a restaurant: fillet without basting
jacket potato, a Scorpio, prawns & butter sauce
offered to a happy crocodile drinking water &
grape juice, an allergic result: the crocodile's
headache, insomniac again; the question is:

Which world, which me: Seth says we compute
parallel probable realities faster than we can
think and probable versions of the Self realise
every possibility: why then am I stuck in THIS
life, we live Moments inside out, to recreate

The world every time we bat our eyes thus
we recreate Past and Future all the time; my
chosen work is to add glitter to the pictures of
my Past, interpret those dramas in new ways
to give my cells new Memories of Health and

Happiness - taking medication helps, and a
a teaspoon of sugar in my tea, it brings Mary
Poppins' magical alternate reality with it, in
which I live as her ardent disciple; and The
Sound of Music which accompanies me every-
where, interspersed with My Fair Lady

Maybe I have too many alternate selves in
too many plays, chaos reigns - my vibration
is dispersed & my mental dial moves through
too many frequencies - for now I shall tone it
down by becoming the Dewdrop Fairy in pink

Comparing two texts while a cool breeze and
cobweb-spider-colleagues keep me company,
crocodilian aches are gone, I plan to fly away
real soon..

Margaret Alice Second

Fly On High (R)

Belastingconsulenten - consult & give consent to die in peace - plain and simple - white coffin - nothing ornate, the body laid out with hands folded on a violet top as I must wear its spiritual violet colour to the grave; music playing - Daughter of Zion - Whispering Hope - Bach's Cantata - Sounds of Silence: I'll be listening in Spirit

Will be disappointed if there's no music, no singing & people milling about with sweetmeats & treats, saying they wish I'd been less a dreamer and more of a doer; but I plead my attempts to do good led to depression - it was a lesson to concentrate on thought, not action, thinking's the only faculty for eternity

The rest's symbolic; a body as life's symbol does not last - eternal life is more important than racing about with a ball or a bat: cheering up people who enjoy the doldrums, are happily depressed to be forced out with violence, what's the point? - if that's what they want - resonating with sadness, ensconced in darkness

And relishing the fears they create themselves, if that's the script of their lives how dare we force them into the light, why release the grip of tragedy on the spirit if they want to be a victim in some of their earthly lives - while I need reconnect with my reptilian being and those walrus propensities, revisit joy of being a firefly, reclaim

Translucent wings & ascend on high; why listen to Radio Awful when Radio Delight is broadcasting music in colour I shall fly on high and regard the world from above...

Margaret Alice Second

Flying On The Notes (C)

I also feel the desire for vengeance exploding in my heart as I listen to Maria Callas, menacing Queen of the Night, singing a solo from The Magic Flute as she swears vengeance on Zoroaster - in my case it is the massacre of the talking voices in the office as the

Noise rises and falls and what little of my wits I still had with me, is lost in the unholy din - suddenly becalmed I realise her voice is loose and free among the stars in the sky as she swings like an acrobat between these perfect notes leaving laserlike loops, both short and

Long, shimmering and vibrating in perfect pitch via the sweet bell of her clear voice, in the air and in my mind, taking all listeners with her on an unparalleled flight between the stars and we find ourselves enfolded within the powerful might of her voice, resonant, magnificent

Who cares what happens to animal health certificates when in spiritual heaven, flying on the notes sung by an angel who once graced this earth with her art?

Margaret Alice Second

Follow The Light [rev]

A sad solo floats on by as the lonely soloist, haughtily disdained by a strong Valkyrian mezzo-soprano who just deals with slain heroes to be shuttled to the Feast in the Sky with Ho-to-yo; sings: 'Think of me - think of me fondly when we've said goodbye' - a soft echo in the empty stairwell where she's stumbling, distraught

Scorned as ingénue by the noble sisters of a cloister where words are slaughtered in a menacing silence, never a song is heard, she flees to hide from the condemning Abbess' eyes and from Sister Self-Justified ignoring Christine into non-existence; their disregard destroy faith and trust so she has to leave this place

Finding refuge in her Favourite Things, images from Nanny McPhee & Tinker Bell Fairy Dell supply proof that Good exists, although the arrows of disdain find their mark, life is sad as spinning straw the only way she can CANNOT endear her to the Holy See & she leaves in a dream sheltering in her inner cathedral

Where cloister-ideas are just a virtual reality without Valkyries, where Indra's pearls as mystical symbols glimmer and glow, uniting light & sound in a joyous new perspective within the understanding that darkness is required as background to enable mankind to find and follow the Light...

Margaret Alice Second

Follows The Sun (Revised)

Follows The Sun

Amazing, unique, individual, what we see of the world is derived from wearing coloured glasses

Some derive beauty & comfort in scary events, others hate wonderful ideas that soar me high into the sky

Some change everything into appalling experience - others find illumination in the meanest event

Shifted my focus, looked at all view-points at once, concluded emulating positive, inspiring people is best

Negatives come naturally - a dream is easily crushed by revealing it to dissenting opinions

I treasure fragile ideas, seeking minds predisposed to see life positively, respecting disillusioned people

Frequently depressed - but focus grows problems, I change perspective, trail the sun on the horizon

No matter how dark or determined the bad things can seem - life has changed so wondrously since

I adopted the magnificent plan of reaching for the light like a flower follows the sun...

Margaret Alice Second

Fools Like Me

You reached the end of your nursing skills,
one request too much, a damned demand
and you've had enough - from now on it is
doing things myself though you berate me
when I move too much since it will stymie
improvement of ligaments - yet

No offer of help is made, while you were out
I moved about on a chair - now you're back,
determined to be the provider but cursing as
maintenance jobs go wrong, you love in your
own way and it requires me to be independ-
ent hobbling about on a crutch

The heavy moon boot in place changing my
left leg into a dead weight - BUT your finer
qualities outweigh your inability to have
sympathy with the injuries suffered by
clumsy fools like me...

[18 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

For Reasons Oblique [rev2]

Conscientious colleagues watching me in concerted effort to share the load of my being; saving the time that my overworked, Chinese-studying supervisor & the dashing Madame La Pompadour have to devote to prevent me straying from the fold into the -

Pastoral panoramas of classical music and the lyrical landscapes of poetry calling to me since I'm so much a symbolist as in "Pelléas & Mélisande" - by Maurice Maeterlinck; given my forbidden, doomed love for the freedom of individual expression and creativity - thus

Earning high marks for kindness and flexibility & only enough for scaling mountains of nonsensical texts & E-filing procedures of these - though it should count that I analyse the Astrogenetic sign of the employees of His Majesty, the Zulu King and his 5,6 or 7 Queens

Having already corrected my new Job Description as prescribed by the new Work Plan which includes the translation from Spanish & Portuguese - and helping an unwilling Afrikaans Section to churn out letters for the Office of the President - - which are changed to

Suit the mood of officials tasked with assembly-line translations: terms, syntax & grammatical rules so the text never sings: alliteration, assonance, rhyme & rhythm all forbidden as in modern Afrikaans Bible versions, all for reasons oblique - it's beyond me

To keep track of the pedagogical prescriptions of our select group of modern language practitioners where this Mélisande has to be watched carefully

Margaret Alice Second

For To Sleep [rev]

A celebration to commemorate when my laptop came alive again; after playing possum for so long, refusing to start, claiming "battery low", with no recharging set of electrical current managing to cure this recalcitrant beast. It led to my having energy drinks before going to bed, & lying awake with burning stomach - sipping a soothing tea, eating sweet things - nothing helped -

Started attacking my own hair with nail clippers; after taking a foamy bath in the delicate fragrance of Italian soap, on the cool tiles spread a large sleeping bag & slumbered a while before hurriedly arising & charging to work full-speed at my work-station - to work for the Nation - but as Spanish cultural terms for Argentina's Government are delinquent - & refuse to be found

Fatigue's gotten the better of me - I relinquish diet & eat instant Hot Chocolate granules for a final energy blast before passing out during lunch; standing here as my ferocious chair attacks with 4 sharp claws and a fifth wheel making it mobile still - a menace indeed, is banished from my sight - although it hovers in the background, ready to scratch me again; I exercise

On my toes without much enthusiasm since the only ideal left is an escape into Morpheus' embrace while enjoying sleep's comfort; my neck bent while leaning back in my other FRIENDLY office chair - which has only ever tumbled me off when I lay too far back, so now I'm prepared ... oh, for to sleep...

Margaret Alice Second

Forever My Friend [rev.]

Finally time to order my thoughts - I want to focus on Tara, listen to her voice flowing in verse which impresses beautifully as tonal harmony in rhythmic melody so pure it caresses my ears - until now I'd never believed how sweet such lines could be

Tho' she's ill and quiet her voice - in sending SMS messages an inner fount of joyousness makes her words ring inspiring me still, reaching my heart with her sincere, emotional touch; Tara's beauty shines out of her mind brilliantly - I can feel her genius

Stirring my soul and I know she will write delightful verses again, I visualise a golden light of love and devotion making her feel strong & loved; I want to convey admiration for her special talent which as once manifest in her beautiful mind, will exist

Forever, the songs she sings in her passionate abandonment to living dangerously, expressing the feeling of joie de vivre in tumultuous lines & with enduring wit as she nurtures her gift and crafts the most incredible poems - will shine

Eternally: Dear poetess and mischievous friend, I'll always cherish your friendship & amity; when we get together we shall enjoy talking each other to death, rejoice in this wonderful world - which gave birth to the inimitable, irrepressible

Unique and sparkling Tara, forever my friend...

Margaret Alice Second

Forever Safe (Rev)

Like Penelope embroidering by day & removing stitches by night while faithfully waiting 20 years for Odysseus - I'm typing terms of a statistics text into formatted boxes, I move them attempting to see where they overlap, and they become mixed up & formatting lost, I have to Undo Text just like pulling out stitches & repeating it again -

While I'm chained by Calvinist work ethics to this desk in Registry, it feels like eons are marching on - alone and faithful to my oath to work till I'm old enough to go to a new life thus now I know how Penelope felt, so alone; then asked Azui - what Victory song we shall sing upon being released from self-assessment woes, I have it -

Courtesy of Rogers & Hammerstein: "I have confidence in sunshine, I have confidence in rain, I have confidence that spring will come again besides which you see I have confidence in me! " There, my colleague likes it, the walls in my heart release enough feeling to lessen the pain of shackles around my legs, bound to a text that doesn't

Live for me, so dead in its cold financial intent - but I'll survive because you will see I have confidence ALONE in confidence and all I dream will come true, especially when I meet Financial Dementors trying to suck all the joy out of me, secure in holding to the image of young Tiffany melting the death-threatening Wintersmith with

Her burning heart - while my heart is yearning, burning for life, I'm forever safe from the depression the grey Auditors bring...

Margaret Alice Second

Forfeiting Their Right [rev.]

As I read the history of the Afrikaans tribe in Africa my ideas came full circle; they'd fled colonial power & survived British wars just to turn into bullies - submerging Africa in a hundred years of their own, worse than

Slavery, suppression - forfeiting rights to custodianship of freedom given the non-respect revealed for human rights of other races, they were spared a bloodbath by Nelson Mandela & ANC; African leaders

Today need hurdle 500 years of colonial oppression & 100 years of intense hatred against them; where can their integrity & intelligence derive - where should they obtain land & possessions: the previous

Regime's men appropriated farms, built railway lines to their own production units - today they complain about Government? What did they do to prepare our brethren for governing this country - where are the

Colleges to teach African students about public service and moral integrity, all they ever saw were human-right infringements - an immoral State taking everything away? Boer British concentration camp survivors

Showed no mercy to African peoples, yet were forgiven - let them help bring about a new age instead of condemning growth of our stumbling, beautiful democracy...

[10 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Forgive His Hatred [revised]

Tried to stay quiet on Public Prosecutor Percy Yutar in his vindictive case against Nelson Mandela at the Rivonia Trial, tried to say nothing about his malefic rancour, sneering comments and smarmy, crawling obeisance to the presiding judge

Mandela's ascension to the Presidency destroyed his reputation; I thought it punished him enough as an invitation to reconcile with a former enemy could not save him - wanted to be magnanimous towards Yutar but reading how he revelled in public shows

Dragged attention to himself, sent team members to work behind scenes while he preened, strutted, & posed uttering falsetto cries vilifying the accused, failing to realise Mandela's integrity showed him up for the petty sot he was; reading how he crowned

Himself PR King - there I lost all sympathy for him - I never felt it for Haman preparing gallows for his foe Mordecai in the Book of Esther - Yutar had prepared gallows for all accused, tried to imply later he saved them when it was international pressure that did

I demurred on reading of the petty meanness used in presenting his flimsy case, even if had he faced demons its nastiness would have left me aghast; he lived in impenetrable fog of racial prejudice & political hatred for ANC and communist alike -

He should have learned from Haman where the punishment he proffered for Mordecai was visited upon himself; may I forgive Yutar his hatred lest I suffer the same fate ...

[6 March 2014]

[ORIGINAL:]

Wanted to keep quiet about Percy Yutar, Public Prosecutor who bungled through his case in the Rivonia Trial against Nelson Mandela and others, wanted to say nothing about his vicious vindictiveness, his sneering comments and swarming obeisance to the judge

Thought he was punished enough losing his reputation when Mandela became President, could not save Yutar from his fate by his invitation to reconcile with his former enemy; wanted to be magnanimous towards Yutar - but reading how Yutar revelled in the public show

Grabbed all attention for himself, allowing team members to work behind the scenes only while he strutted and posed with falsetto cries in his vilification of the accused, how he never understood the integrity showed by Mandela and his fellow accused, reading how Yutar crowned himself

King of public relations; I lost all sympathy with him - I never felt sympathy for Haman who prepared the gallows for his foe Mordecai in the Book of Esther - Yutar prepared the gallows for the accused, later tried to imply he saved them while it was international pressure that did it

I cannot keep quiet when reading with what petty meanness he presented his flimsy case - even if he were faced with demons his nastiness would have left me aghast; Yutar lived in an impenetrable fog of racial prejudice and political hatred for ANC and communist alike -

Yutar should have learned from Haman when the punishment he proffered for Mordecai was visited upon himself; may I forgive Yutar his hatred lest I suffer the same fate he did...

[6 March 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Fragile African States [rev.]

What a beautiful word 'fragile' is - fragile states are delicate, breakable, precious; objects to be treasured, to be loved and cherished - applying this exquisite term to unstable African states touches me, I see Africa a lonely and beautiful queen on her throne abandoned by vassals for lack of information & integrity, her state rooms falling to waste

Her beauty lost upon herself since all her mirrors are broken; her treasure chest is bare, Princes come from afar to fight the Dragon of Desolation and War keeping Africa at ransom, but her minerals are plundered by criminals who feed the Dragon to keep Africa weak and the Princes of Peace are destroyed by invading hordes like these...

[9 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Fragile Dreams

Sad at work as foreign language texts are outsourced to private companies by local Language Units and I'm left without a steep mountain to climb - or stormy seas to traverse, without a new challenge I drive myself out of my mind - much worse than exterior threats leaving my inner citadel intact since these internal revolutions entail my conscience attacking my work ethic

For not fighting to relieve all foreign language problems; without taking note of the fact that there is no work and it's difficult to challenge myself as nothing is relevant in terms of my ideal of beauty & improving the life of other people, my help in other languages led to such righteous indignation by a colleague - I was shocked into realising I don't meet the standard of officials gifted with

Repressed imagination & unencumbered by emotions to conquer official forms without boredom - whereas for me texts are a minefield of provocative ideas and my reaction is so irrelevant to our bureaucracy, the air seemed to turn toxic: I humbly grovel in gratitude for the privilege to earn a salary to pay for my children's education; also the Lord & Master of the Crocodile Castle can't understand

Why this crocodile is losing the emotional battle to survive in the over-regulated world where I'm just an anachronism, a dinosaur that should have been extinct before the advent of the modern assembly-line patterns which destroy unique feeling, individual expression - and fragile dreams...

Margaret Alice Second

Fragile Happiness

Of course my fragile happiness, splintering so quickly for no apparent reason, is the result of rampant allergy with attendant clumsiness and chemical depression – tonight the green beans burned, the curtain rod fell, I feel tired and angry about everything, falling about

Can't think logically nor chronologically - my beloved justifiably angry with me - all my own fault - at least I can be miserable in blessed isolation tomorrow in the office, laughter my only defence and humour the best shield to survive my brain short-circuiting; with bitter

Coffee and Lobsang Rampa's terrible Tibetan theory that illusionary life is a form of hell and the soul must return to this sphere until lessons have been learned thoroughly – maybe his book "Cave of the Ancients" is not meant for me as I believe life is wonderful fun

We can choose and change roles as we please while Lobsang's Tibetan Buddhism sentences every follower to a cold life deprived of all physical comfort - this is not a happy book to read while I'm trying not to fall into the black hole in my brain, but since I don't have anything

Else to read, the only way forward is to follow Lobsang through his Lamasery hell where he lives and sleeps in his robe day and night, listening to monks chanting, the scenes embellished by the added glamour of Terry Pratchett's Listening Monks on the Ramtops

Margaret Alice Second

Frail Sailing Ship (Revised)

Slowly wrapping my parent's presents in special paper,
decorating my sister's gift with gold and silver glitter,
putting the frail sailing ship made of shells and wood
in a box to keep its mast from breaking; it's a memory
of the time dad showed me how to draw a sailing ship
on the wall-painted blackboard when I was small

My mother's mauve-with-pink-roses pillow is in a pink
bag, I'm delighted looking at beautiful things, my lilac
scarf draped around my new straw hat, artfully hung
on my lamp-cum-hat-stand, I'm sitting in rich golden
sunshine, watching amazing animals on Nat Geo Wild -
this the best time of the year, just before Christmas

Margaret Alice Second

Free Access [revised]

With unrestricted Web access for investigating all viewpoints in writing - i.e., those of the mavericks, spirituals, the sciences, religions, philosophies & channellings, histories, cultures, civilisations, hidden knowledge, alternative viewpoints, holograms and quantum mechanics, interlocked particles, parallel universes and dark matter and relativism and mysterious portals and multiverses - we

Have a new mental freedom, an ability to window-shop in the marketplace of ideas, new perspectives and insight with access to previously inaccessible information; only those who cannot read or who's Internet use is restricted cannot overcome own education and culture - anyone wishing to gain wider views and make up their own minds will find the censure of those who profess to know better cannot kill wonderment offered by new

Ideas, free innovation and delight in amazing discoveries – it is a choice - my experience is enchantment with brilliant ideas, unlimited use of the imagination, freedom compared to my youth, joy in continuous research and the unstoppable flow of theories; a mental release I shall not curtail by adherence to any creed or groups with intersubjective indices...

[My reply to a colleague stating there is no freedom in the rules and regulations in which we live like prisoners:

Your viewpoint is very valid - that's how it used to feel to me. But the outline of reality which forms the framework in which we live, the guidelines of time and contracts and protocol and legal laws, governed by the autopilot ego, executing duties in a Zen trance, provides physical safety, giving the mind unlimited time to research the shimmering patterns of the mental life – and learn to weave new webs

of meanings and symbols to recreate the physical world as
we like, all in good time...]

[29 October 2013]

Margaret Alice Second

Free To Become

For me 'life' is electricity & we are 'computers' that send out & attract waves, construct personalities that fit our specific type of machine

Electricity continues to exist regardless of the number of computers in operation, it is never confined to a computer or other gadget

Our electric 'mind' - spirit or soul - exists within, above and beyond our physical world, just like we never destroy a broadcasting station

Or electric grid by switching off gadgets; our electric awareness and consciousness always continues without interruption without need

For any manifestation in the physical world, and everything is 'neutral' till we assign meaning to it by designing & acting the dramas & intrigues

Of the 'lives' we create - when electricity is no longer confined to a computer body, it takes its knowledge with it, free to become anything else

It wants to in any dimension - physical or non-physical - I respect other philosophies and our freedom to distil the essence of life in love...

Margaret Alice Second

Free To Do As I Please

Packing my red cowboy hat, going to
visit my sister, the rose-coloured satin
spread for mother's bed and the soft
pink fleece also, honey and chocolates
for dad, a teddy bear and small plastic
dolls, I want to give one each to mom
and twin sis, sunscreen and swimsuit,
laptop and camera

Pens and notebooks, ask dad to tell how
his family moved from farm to town when
he was small - where they lived when he
had to steal coal for cooking and smuggle
alcohol, how he left school and got a job -
met mom and got married though he and
mom never got along, jot down our history
for my kids, see the mosaics

My twin sis makes for her Rinkle Twinkle
shop, hear mom playing piano, see the
wide open fields, feel the freedom of
space, live life without pressure and
documents, take photos for happy
memories of a time when I was
free to do as I please...

Saturday 25 August 2012

Margaret Alice Second

Freedom For Everyone [revised]

There'll never be a time when war ceases my guru claims; if we desire acceptance of the 25% of the world we like, we have to respect the other 75% we we don't including those enjoying warfare amongst themselves - without forcing our ideas of peace on them, this makes sense to me

Another guru claims we are ready for unconditional love, people will be at peace & warfare will cease; it doesn't make sense - it means one group will force their ideals on others, the love-and-peace group shall violate the freedom of those not ready for this world of saccharine-sweet love

When one group forces others to sing the same tune, this coercion destroys their freedom; Western ideals cannot be forced on those who believe human rights and material wealth cause spiritual malfunction and loss of insight - which thus destroys their cherished religion and culture

If WE respect human rights we must honour the right of others to reject our principles; the Golden Rule is, do unto others as you'd be done by, it allows them the same freedom we assume to believe in our own creed, only when all parties can negotiate with respect for each other's freedom can there be

Freedom for everyone...

17 September 2013

[ORIGINAL:]

My guru claims there would never be a time when all war and strife would cease as we all want different things, if we want the 25% of things we like to be respected, we must

respect the 75% of things we do not like; we have to leave people who need the excitement and challenge of warfare amongst themselves to their own devices without forcing our own ideas on them – this makes sense to me -

Another channeller claims the world is suddenly ready to make unconditional love for everyone a priority, eventually all people will be at peace, all warfare will cease – this does not make sense to me - if everybody conforms to one set of ideas, it means one group will have to force others who want other things, to accept their idea of freedom – violating the freedom of people to think anything they want

Even the way we love varies from person to person; if one group forces all others to sing the same tune, coercion will mean the ideal of freedom is dead, life will become boring lacking creativity; human rights activists may not force their ideas on those who think Western materialism is the cause of spiritual malfunction and loss of third-eye insight while destroying cherished religion and cultural heritage

When forcing adherence to human rights creeds on Muslim fundamentalists or Syrians, the activists violate their own principle of freedom; human rights mean respect for the right to reject the code; the Golden Rule – do unto others as you want them to do unto you - means they have to be allowed so that we can enjoy the freedom we assume for ourselves to believe as we do, only then can all parties negotiate to

Live in mutual respect for each other's freedom to follow their own star - only when Western countries honour the freedom of others to believe and live differently – only then there will be more freedom for everyone...

Margaret Alice Second

Freedom Of Rational Thinking (Revised)

Worked without fatigue and anxiety, without
fear of the darkness lurking in my head, and
then you said, 'Do not take these pills regularly'
I thought 'but they enable my being a regular
human being instead of an imitation golem
equivalent to a paranoid android'

I prefer to be on an even keel to being at the
mercy of the wind, tossed about in the sea of
my own fears, and after tasting the freedom
of rational thinking less mental blocks to
interfere I reject the Dark Middle Ages holding
sway in my mind and imagination

To just sit and breathe without anxiety is such
a treat - I cannot give that up willingly!

Margaret Alice Second

Freedom To Breathe

When you are frustrated and angry, my ears
start to ring, the electric impulses created by
your wild energy feels like lightning bolts all
around me; though spiritual masters say

Your state of mind has nothing to do with mine,
I cannot ignore you and stay on cloud nine if
I want to be there, no Astrogenetic Cancer or
Scorpion has ever been an evolved spirit

On earth, being human seismographs, attuned
to feelings, we cannot ignore the vibrations all
around us, we have a little Aquarian girl who
wishes to cherish humanitarian dreams

And a Sagittarian boy who fights windmills, you
are upset as they have no material ambitions,
do not dream of being rich, both dream of love
and quality of life, therefore they do not

Study expensive handbooks in their holidays, do
not sleep with manuals in their hands - these
activities do not interest them at their age,
please understand and allow them

Freedom to breathe...

Margaret Alice Second

Freezing White

Weaving down the street, narrowly missing stragglers
not dodging when I bear down on them with impatient
tread, dreaming about visiting Russia one day, feeling
the passion and warmth of a people so different from
us, whose inner life is important to survive the cold

While we live outside ourselves, without introspection
because the weather calls us forth all the time, great
weather even in winter, grumbling if cloud cover dare
cover the sun for too long; what is it like where the sun
does not shine; melancholic grey skies, freezing white

Forcing all to remain indoors, to develop reverence for
art and beauty, for classical ballet, where innocence
survived the cold calculation of consumerism, where
rebels tried to free a nation from religious political
oppression, bringing about terrible upheaval

I wonder about the things I have read while remembering
Ivan Rebroff's deep, velvet rendition of my favourite
song, Langehovens Lullaby for Liefstetjie

Margaret Alice Second

French Class Interrogation (Revised)

To make us speak, French class was an interrogation,
we were rigorously questioned on our weekends, with
compulsory revelation of what we did at work - thus
agriculture has not only made my office life difficult,
the odious documents followed me to French class

Tried to steer examination onto my favourite author's
satirical works but no, painful grilling kept up, describe
translating agriculture and Poverty Reduction Strategy
Plans; I could not leave it at work, I feel effects of reality
oppressing me again tonight

Reality's a slingshot trampoline for imagination and
since my job entails destroying all feeling and fantasy,
I have nothing to say about it except that it is boring,
I dream deliciously of a new universe where feeling
and creativity will be set free...

27 February 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Fresh New Feeling

What a surprise to come home to a bedroom
all light and airy with the promise of perfume
exotic delight in the flowers I put everywhere,
white sequined scarf draped artistically over
one chair, the pink scarf with silver lining
decorating the other one

My Malaysia bag with shiny purple sequins,
the pink pillow and candle holders you made
from rusted iron - suddenly the atmosphere
of the room is subtly changed, the black and
silver duvet a wonderful background - I love
the fresh new feeling it brings!

Margaret Alice Second

Friday Afternoon Anecdote (Revised)

I wander into the kitchen to find you busy with soup, wonderful soup, we should dance a soup quadrille as the crying Mock Turtle stated in Alice in Wonderland – but I brought home work and don't want to start just yet ... thus

Like a cross between Henry VIII and Hamlet, an effect of grey leggings and my all-purpose black camp top while being short – Henry VIII is me; filled with enthusiasm for a few Arabic lines to be translated into English, each letter

Scrutinised to determine in which of its forms five each appears, every expression like 'ter marbuta' carefully analysed and finding the 'm' the easiest letter to recognise, I'll adjourn in a Friday afternoon anecdote

8 June 2013 Friday Afternoon Anecdote

Margaret Alice Second

Fried Alive (Revised)

The golden sun creates lovely silver sparkles within, shining directly, beautifully on these windows with the air conditioning set warm to bring heat to the ice-cold southern side of the building; heaven sent until heat accumulates, conspiring with the north side sun to reach 30°C & causing headaches, I have to flee

Mdm La Pompadour rarely visits but is compensated for dereliction of duty amply with a separate office and her own air-con; we brain-dead idiots come every day, lacking enough common sense to avoid the heat, to be roasted – hot air-con and the sun raising a delightful fricassee atmosphere of 30°C

As a brain-dead 'enjoying' a bizarre fate of hot air-con and sun combination I deal with chronic headache by upending bottles of water over me, then freezing when going outside – supposedly accepted mode of official suicide by fools insistent on being incumbent roasts, fried alive, grinning while sitting in their chairs...

8 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Friends With The Sun, Wind And Sea

Went into the shop seeking flowers, deliberating between two bunches, one yellow and one pink, when my eye was caught by a colourful top, finally I went away with two new tops and a new hat - the other hats did not work, as you can deduce, the wide-brimmed silvery one (do not mention the black Mafia one at all) was too large for my height, found a straw hat with purple hatband - perfect

Went walk-about by myself after lunch, found a new invisibility cloak (any large black top that makes one recede into the background counts for this) a white scarf - tying my new straw hat with the scarf, looking like Miss Marple on the Orient Express - also found mosaic tiles in yellow and green for my twin sis, bought a book on Maps of the World - Piri Reis included - for myself - what a brilliant find

Went swimming, finally caught those big waves at high tide, renewed my acquaintance with the sea at its best when the sea is my exciting friend, though I pulled in my legs to roll like a stone, the waves were so strong my legs unrolled in a back-somersault, my neck in whiplash, my affair with the ocean as passionate as ever, tomorrow we shall continue our relationship, the sea and I - being friends with the sun, wind and sea

Makes life so easy - with delight only a heartbeat away

[Thursday 13 December 2012]

Margaret Alice Second

Friendship Never Ends

I get feedback on my translation: You confused oral, verbal and vocal (I still don't know the difference, but confess it not) , you added full-stops where we needed none (I followed the English source text – but apparently that's a mistake, one should be consequent

The rest of the tables have none) so with the mantle of guilt firmly affixed to my frame, carrying the whole world on my shoulders so Hercules go free, pushing Sisyphus' boulder up the hill giving him a break; being the guilty party breaking translation protocol –

Why is it I never hand in something my dear colleagues' like; why do I have to receive criticism for my daily bread – how then shall I lift up my head, look up to the sun; the only thing left is to smile within the warmth of my African friends for whom friendship never ends...

Margaret Alice Second

From Alif To Haa (3)

Found a perfect rendition of the Arabic alphabet on the Internet, trying to remember the letter KHa is pronounced with a guttural G and the first vowel as "aah" while all the previous letters, from ALIF through BAA TAA THAA, JIIM to HAA, start with an A (pronounced like 'bAd') -armed with new knowledge I try to sing along:

A[bAd] OO EE, BA BOO BEE, TA TOO TEE,
THA THOO THEE, HA HOO HEE; KHa[Gaah]
KHOO KHEE - to a monotonous, repetitive beat
without melody - it feels as if the singer is trying
to hammer the alphabet into the listener's head by
cutting tunnels in the grey matter in my cranium,
it reminds me of my frivolous remark

When I told the ACALAN congregation we should
make Arabic the common language in Africa – then
we shall all be equally disadvantaged – seeing in my
mind's eye how we start singing the alphabet in
unison, aha, a new scene in my Government Service Opera,
sonorous voices, baritones and mezzo-sopranos, all
walking through the corridors while singing

A OO EE, BA BOO BEE, TA TOO TEE, THA THOO
THEE, till falling down, exhausted by the effort while
an exasperated Arabic teacher runs up and down trying
to improve everybody's diction at the same time...

ACALAN: Académie Africaine des Langues
(French: African Academy of Languages)

Margaret Alice Second

From The Inside [rev]

Strange, I can reach the subatomic consciousness of my computer, but not my brain's particles with its synapses firing at random & reacting to my eating oats with pain, can't order my ideas after receiving a confusing text of jumbled notes to be relayed as a clear melody - my brain refuses to kick in

No symbolic key turns on my mental ignition - why does my laptop heed requests while my brain cells refuse to cooperate, why does outside experience change as a result of my presence, yet my private thinking mechanism remains completely unmoved orbiting a secret inner universe beyond my reach

Maybe this body belongs to the little alien in my head not the outer ego I've taken such pains to cultivate - maybe in the eternal future I'll meet the real Gestalt who controlled my painstakingly constructed, almost rational outer ego trying to survive physical life - and the emotional Little Alien directing my actions

From the inside...

Margaret Alice Second

Frozen On The Threshold [rev.]

Our restlessly xenophobic Security Head locked my drawers - that was in the office where he can neither prevent nor solve crimes - so he justifies his existence by victimising easy prey like me, a mere language practitioner. Like our police, who,

Scared of real crime, persecute private citizens for minor offences while taking bribes - already recruited by the big, bad guys; like government departments where chiefs pocket public money, order little bureaucrats to account for each cent

Cutting funds for service provision - then go off spending the now available money on meeting and eating - all kinds of hedonistic fun and not heeding a need for strict stoicism and spartan sacrifice - only ever experiencing immediate

Gratification of sensory desires, so any future must take care of itself while they live in super-large Zen-Buddhism's now; Heidegger dancing for joy to see how the African continent applies Phenomenology - little did he realise Africa

Would be his most devoted fan in the end - and Nietzsche must be holding lectures in the sky about his Wille Zur Macht being a guideline for South Africa, the youngest imitation democracy, where the African locusts are happily united in

Appropriating and destroying everything created & usurped by Colonial Powers; Africa's purpose is a return to their roots in a continuous present tense, living an eternal Arab Spring that never blooms into a Democratic African Summer - so

The Tibetan Prayer Wheels can turn adding to a reservoir of time while Africa stays frozen on the threshold of life in an insatiable desire to devour

itself before anyone else can do it to them again

[29 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Frozen With Flowers (Revision)

Sitting among flowers burning with joy
of life - even the small purple ones have
yellow hearts, orange flowers seem warm

Yet it feels as if they are frozen as I sit in
the cold, then the dream - an Ice Princess
sitting atop a glass mountain

They're her only reminders of the real world,
a heroine and a prince will not come, for
all eternity the Princess sits among frozen

Beauty of long ago with ice-covered flowers
from when she still believed an inner world
of love could be realised by wishing for it

They are frozen tokens to keep her company,
she is happy, the ardent longing to find ideals
and fight for them have also been

Frozen with flowers...

Margaret Alice Second

Fun In Its Wanderings

Back to basics counting in French, listening to recordings of voices counting me to death, dug up a 5th edition of Basic Conversational French, p 66, Cardinal numbers, looked at the keys - 11 to 16 with ZE - onze douze treize 30 to 60 with TE - trente quarante cinquante

70 is sixty-ten = soixante-dix, 80 is 4 times 20 = quatre-vingts, 90 is 4 times 20 plus ten = quatre-vingt-dix - just seeing this gives me the shivers, reading aloud to get used to the sound is awful, a freshman at university sitting with my book repeating this endlessly to do Dictée

Today the object is teaching diplomatic staff to get around in France but I'm not going anywhere, learning this only serves to pass the time, I'm better off reading Mars and Venus by John Gray explaining why men and women can't get along, explaining the idea of martyrs

I'm a martyr to my cause of peace in the home, now it seems I have sold my soul - with that blasted soul gone I have nothing with which to go on, no wonder I feel so down, being only a shell of my former self - I hope my soul has fun in its wanderings

I seem to have none, repeating the same lessons without a chance of ever using these skills...

4 October 2012

Basic Conversational French, 5th edition,
Harris & Lévêque, p 66

Fun Will Begin

Tried to explain my terrible fully functional day to the friendly library ladies, they wanted to commiserate but alas, my way of explaining things had us all laughing so much: the hated political document that would lead to funding to be pocketed by delightful politicians in expensive Italian suits smelling of aftershave and behaving with such finesse

The poor rural community expected to run the projects on half or even less of what had been promised, all short-falls to be blamed on the inefficient rural farmer's mess and the funding community's distress on discovering how the unthankful rural population spent every cent while the politicians are blameless because they only took their fair share

Besides, convening such committees to concoct these brilliant projects are very tiring and they need contractors at double fees to use terms no-one heard before to embroider their tales of future prowess, as soon as the financial community's contribution is in their pockets, the fun will begin...

Margaret Alice Second

Furore In Class

Yesterday I demythologised the concepts of victim and aggressor, claiming women must accept responsibility for the reaction they elicit from men, as my classmates still clamoured about the poor innocent victims who wear mini-skirts à la haute couture then endure the unwanted attentions of amorous men because women must be free to express themselves at the cost of everyone around them, wear revealing or seductive clothing while men are demonised for lack of decorum

I insisted women enjoy their power over men and are accountable for the consequences if they cannot stop their victims from turning on them - all shocked in class - I added a lot of people deserve to be killed, including myself, we should accept responsibility for providing provocation to the killer instinct, it is a mercy we don't kill each other more often - there rarely is such a thing as an innocent victim once people are grown - what a furore in class, everyone exclaiming in shock

If we continue to put the blame on the people who are goaded beyond endurance, we shall be stuck with a dysfunctional society forever - oh wait, we ARE stuck with it, no reason to fear anything will change, provocation will always be called innocent victim and thus we are assured of the status quo - what a lovely prospect since society defends the true culprits and punishes victims, let us rejoice in nothing changing...

Margaret Alice Second

Fyntameryn As Fine As Can Be

Words conjuring images
more beautiful than reality
the horsethief passionately
whispering:

Dancer, all aglow with ribbons
and bows – a ladies' horse,
high-stepping, as fine as
can be

Teasing with a tongue-twister,
a black dappled horse and
grey also – magical images
of horses

A fiery copper stallion, a dark
chestnut and bright bay horse,
a brown roan, 'boknekperd' and
grey sorrel

The horsethief taming a horse
with strange, bewitching terms,
slippery guttler, His Haughty
Highness

Enraptured I read about yellow
finches in shiny mantles and the
reedy note of the 'klapklappie',
lady's heart grass

Green foliage and lacy twigs, as
fine as can be!

(Based on quotes from "The Horsethief"
HJ Vermaas, Tafelberg Publishing, 1974, pp.1-41)

Fyntameryn (Original)

Woorde wat beelde optower
mooier as enige werklikheid,
die perdedief se hartstogtelike
fluistering:

Danster, my glanster; opgeskik,
strikversier - mooimeisieperd,
fyntrapper, so fyntameryn
as kan kom

Terg my tong met `n ritrympie,
`n swartblesperd met flougrys
pens - magiese perdebeelde
opgetower

Vurige kopervos reun en `n
blinkvosperd, sweetvosbles,
bruinskimmel, boknekperd,
asblou hings

Die perdedief wat `n perd tem
met ongekenende woordekuns,
gulsbek, gliplyf, hooghart,
graniethart

In soete verrukking lees ek van
geelpiete in manteljasse en `n
klapklappie se dun fluitnootjie,
klokkiesgras, blarelower

En `n fyngetakte bos; so
fyntameryn - as kan
kom!

(Aanhalings uit "Die Perdedief" HJ Vermaas,
Tafelberg Uitgewers, 1974, pp.1 - 41)

Margaret Alice Second

Gales Interspersed By Hurricanes [revised]

In principle I approve of laughter, it is good for the heart BUT an incessant cackle accompanied by senseless hilarity rising and falling in scales washing over the office with force of several gales interspersed by hurricanes deforms the

Docile me into a wicked, murdering beast – can't wait escape tempests of the insane, takes refuge with earphones and iPod, mellifluous voice of Heino singing 'Ade zur gute Nacht - das hat deine Schönheit gemacht' – this emotion expressed in

Soothing German means 'Die Lustige Witwe' will create ambience & atmosphere to overcome the inconsiderate noise of bored colleagues passing another office day chortling incessantly...

Margaret Alice Second

Galloping Lines (R)

Wrestling with my text like a Matador battling the large, threatening bull, legal implications of a hired, borrowed or lent agent in a business, reading pertinent articles on the Web, an enormous animal information victorious over me, I can't continue after adding sugar to my coffee and lose my mind, the wrestling match must wait until I again think straight, my iPod's battery is flat, no more music

To keep the little alien occupied while I try to fly a straight course to translator's paradise where a pristine document, black letters proudly printed on a wonderfully clean, sheer, unlined sheet of paper presented with beguiling allure thus inviting the reader to fall in love with the succinctly relayed content - a beaming supervisor delighting in the accuracy of terms and verbs and clever turn of phrase because

Every annotation's daintily displayed like shiny facets of a polished diamond without the dangerous influence of any emotional denotation - ah, that's where I fail every time, to me emotion and life are intertwined, feelings decide choice of term every time - guided by rhythm and rhyme, the flow of words in song and aesthetic appeal; oh dear, I'd better wrestle the document some more to remove all traces

Of feeling in running, flowing, galloping lines

Margaret Alice Second

Game Of Life [rev]

I couldn't sleep - Nici's cat kept miaowing and peace was only obtained by scratching her head, checking her food and building a nest with a blanket stretched between her chair and Nici's bed, a wild-dog stuffed animal's fur against her neck: she's happy and I feel better after reading Nici's SMS - she'll return in six

Months; I've already started planning a homecoming: first day only her dad & I, Jacques with Tiaan to tend a fire for the braai; next day, friends she'd care to see - I'll take leave, enjoy the vivid sensation of her electric presence - like in chasing me from her room, berating me for using HER blanket

To construct a cave for her noisy cat, also her hating my hairstyle so much - she'd refuse to comment then tell me in no uncertain terms how stupid I was - and I will hang on every word the worldly-wise little madam uses, so glad to have my daughter home - and she'll complain with a wide smile - what a lovely time, the

Distance between us means she'll be able to enjoy her life, earn some money; fulfil her potential - the pain of separation is part of the game of life...

Margaret Alice Second

Games In The Head

Not looking forward to the day of tomorrow fighting against a blocked nose and the stench wafting up from downstairs then my cell phone whirred with a message left - Mme Pompadour texting that our building will be closed until cleansed - good news, couldn't stand life in that trench totally lacking in oxygen, the past few days were like a spell in hell

Hoping after this respite we shall sit tight without sewage spills to contaminate the air - freedom to read in peace tomorrow, living in the pearly glow of the golden sun on kitchen walls & enjoying the funny remarks of my son holding a mirror up to me, playing the same kind of games in his head I used to play - his characters are a lieutenant and a

Commandant and soldiers - while mine used to be Mr Coulibac & Mme Sarawak - it's strange to find our kids carry the same games and thoughts

Margaret Alice Second

Gaza Fired Missile

Tuesday night's rocket fired into Israel has a spiritual meaning: stricter observance of Shabbat ensures safety - Haredi news site, hassidic Kikar Hashabbat Sadigora Rebbe, says its a miracle it didn't injure, but due to

Jews who strictly observe Shabbat; Ashdod Israel Big Fashion Mall near where it fell has been given the most certain sign they need to close on Shabbat - and it is thus they will be stopping desecration threatening safety

The rocket is a heavenly sign that Shabbat's become doorpost Mezuzah, a city protector - and, said Shomer Emunim hassidic Rebbe: Shabbat is a blessing & with prayers of city's residents - manifests the Goodness of God

On Tuesday 26 May 2015 a Gaza-strip-fired missile landed near the Ashdod - Israel - Big Fashion Mall

Margaret Alice Second

G'bye Suicide (C)

Nici flew away into the wide world, to Mexico -
so far-off, I felt so sad on feeling the sparkles
of her dynamic presence fading from the house,
but as she started enjoying the training course,
safely installed in the ship's crew quarters and
her lost suitcase with her money returned to her,
life looked better - even under the dark clouds of

Granola-induced chemical depression which had
me planning homicide on her dad to be followed
by suicide - so I decided to embrace life, Nici's
trainer is an Afrikaans female from South Africa
and her roommate is from the Ukraine - Nici is
safe in the trainer's understanding her approach
to life AND she gets to know the exciting Eastern

European countries - now her dad says we might
accept an invitation to stay on the ship one day so
g'bye suicide, farewell homicide; life looks good...

Margaret Alice Second

Genetic Code

Our genetic code follows the same rules on which all human languages are based: syntax, grammar and semantics - and we can conclude language did not appear by coincidence but the inherent genetic code

Therefore we can conclude our gene code is influenced by the frequency of our words and thoughts - the code reacts directly to the meaning of our languages because these have been derived from the genetic code itself

Thursday 15 August 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Genius For Intrigue [revised]

Going underground just like the ANC in the sixties
when the Apartheid regime refused to negotiate –
since you categorically state it's a matter of principle,
just like Pik Botha did and all non-violent signs of
revolt were squashed summarily

The Duchess is too much of a maverick to be trusted,
you say, no reconciliation nor compromise is possible;
in this way my sisterly feelings are driven underground,
you have no faith in her genius for intrigue and courting
trouble not using her rational faculty

You will not listen when I explain the Duchess hides a
heart full of love behind her hauteur, will not take time
to pierce her armour - and it's fine, you can't drive us
apart, I respect your viewpoint and only ask that you
respect my familial feelings also

And it's duly noted - this subject is taboo...

[13 February 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Gentle Golden Light [rev.]

I send you and yours a golden light of love
each time I float in the turquoise pool, look
up at a soft blue sky tinted with light of life,
direct this energy to my far-off friend - and
the poetess I love with her music & song
sadly languishing in hospital

I wish my knightly nephew similar energy,
know he loves his little daughter with all □
his might - yet you continue in depression,
cannot reply, your voice is still, no humour
softens the sides of your mouth, I wait for
your comment on the poems I sent

But nothing arrives - and still your silence
does not stop the flow of the gentle golden
light of love...

[25 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Gerhard Knight - 'n Vader Se Gebed

Hi Kayley

Nou het ons ontmoet en ek het jou in my hart gevind
Jy is pragtig, betowerend, ek weet jy is my liefste kind
Ek wou jou in my arms neem - maar iets het my gekeer
Kom ek erken iets aan jou - dis vir my die eerste keer -
-Eh daar is so baie wat ek nog moet leer!

Die tyd sal kom - ek kan nie wag nie -
Dat ek jou kan omhels in al jou Prag
Ja, wat ek gesien het op daardie dag
Was 'n Ware Klein Engeltjie van Bo
My hart juig omdat ek altyd in jou glo!

So vriendelik in jou soete, liefste glimlag-lig
Glansend in porselein skyn jou gesiggie fyn
Dis waarom ek huiwer om aan jou te raak
'n Lomp, dom man is bang dat jy sal breek
Weet dat liefde vir jou my hart verteer

Ek bring my dank vir jou Prag-Ma vandag!
Sy't lewe geskenk aan my Mooiste Meisiekind
Mag sy geseënd wees, omring deur die liefde
van jou Vader, jou Boeta en klein Liefing-JY -

En ek bring hulde aan jou Ouma - Dankie Ouma
dat jy die hele pad met Ma en dogter gestap het
(Ek het nog altyd geweet jy het 'n Awesome Ouma!)
Ek kan sommer sien - groot bederf is aan die kom -
Geniet dit my liefsteling, my eersteling, my hartedief

Van hier af wil ek jou verseker dat jy wel 'n Pappa het
Hy gee waarlik om, wil jou leer ken, koester en liefhê
Die afstand is moedswillig*, maar Pappa en Mamma
sal alles nog uitstryk, altyd eerste na JOU belange kyk

Binnekort leer ons twee mekaar baie goed ken, my lief,
Nou bly jy in Moeder se bekwame sorg, my Liefsteling
Hiermee jy is op die beste plek waar jy ooit kan wees!

Jy, moederhartrowertjie, bly by die heel beste Mamma
in die hele wêreld - doe-doe my diefstetjie -

Weet verseker Pappa stuur jou sy liefde elke dag - en
Elke nag as slapenstyd nadertjies bid hy vir jou, klein

Liefelingkind, dat die Hemelse Heer jou veilig sal hou - en
al is pappa nie naby nie, bly jy vir ewig binne-in sy hart

Baie Liefde - Van Jou Trotse Pappa

[moedswillig* = aspris die woord gekies omdat by kindertaal pas]

[Geskryf deur Gerhard Knight]

[02 Oktober 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Gesticulating Discussion(Revision)

There it is, differences in our families: the rational in yours; calm, collected, no driving passions, dramatic sadness or manic agitation - everything controlled

Mine's all passion, melodrama, affectation, feral vigour exploding into eruptions of lava-like feeling; I feel the loss but love gaining rational calm and quiet respect

It costs; I sigh into delight knowing fury and destruction are too much, but we can't have one without the other, always moving between joy and despair, each with

pros and cons; at home noisy acting makes me feel alienated, here deliberate rationalism lacks in that vitality - yet Hans has passion for politics and job

Hubby and Sis freeze our fervently discussed analysis of South African politics, we escape their tight control and have a grand time - there was great rapport

We left today with hubby's Sis saying she stops Hans declaiming; I smile, we've made a pact to pick up again when a social call offers occasion to be by ourselves

We mean to solve South Africa's problems in big, loud, gesticulating discussion, shouting at each other, being melodramatic as a pair of Italian prima donnas!

20 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Get A Grip

Haven't solved the world's problems
as yet, haven't made peace with age
or the strange emptiness now the kids
are leaving the nest, feeling lost and
lonely, angry and bereft

Yet tonight I am going to make the best
of what life still has left, forget my fear
that ecstatic moments will present an
unbearable contrast to the general
alienation I feel everywhere

Grew up feeling hostile and rejected,
surely the latest bout of depression
will come to an end sometime, once
I get a grip on a wonderful mind as
expressed by the authors

I adore so much I shall go ahead,
full throttle, happily accepting my
enforced existence - once born,
we have to carry on...

Margaret Alice Second

Get My Revenge

Feeling impressed with myself I went to take
the pill keeping my psyche from over-secretion
of adrenaline; moving in a rose-coloured dream
I took my sleeping pill instead intended for the
hour just before going to bed, oh dear –

Tonight's activities are curtailed and tomorrow
morning at 4 o'clock I'll be up and about - does
not matter, tomorrow within a week we shall be
in Kwa-Zulu Natal at the sea-side - both kids
coming along, both teasing me but with such

Good-natured bonhomie I can't complain – well,
not too much, my self-esteem is going for a dive
yet at least they're still talking to me, more than
many another parent can say; sitting here in pink
Nici already retreating in a mock display

Of shock at my being so pinkly brash – hah! – one
day I shall get my revenge, grandkids are bound to
appear - and show her the error of her ways

Margaret Alice Second

Get Over It [rev]

Apparently I'm the only one being wrong - and I can agree since my twin sis, my daughter & you find me insupportable it must be my problem; if my son does not complain, and then YOU complain I take his side, so he's probably wrong, och weell, so be it, I'll drink some vodka & forget about stupid things like human rights, and yes, how awfully

Disgusting of me wanting to offer my daughter treats BEFORE she'd had time to come home - how like a SHREW I forced goodness on her when she felt like biting people, having read till 4 o'clock in the night - obviously I'm wrong & you're being right about me being the demon in your scenario - of course man, that's who I am, now get over it, already

Margaret Alice Second

Giant Web Of Awareness

No use joining the family, no chance to offer my opinion on modern music, I was told to wait until they had their say - was never given a chance to contribute anything, fighting back by increasing the level of noise, brought the radio into the TV room playing Verdi Il Trovatore, the TV on with lions' growling, crocodiles floating ominously alongside on Animal Planet

Thrown open windows and doors to hear the sound of rain falling outside - an explosion of noise to help me keep my poise and not get angry with the talking voice that leaves no room for brain-dead morons like me who fall silent under rebuke, let me not open my mouth, frogs and snakes might jump out when I'm angry - let me dream of beautiful jewels coming out of it instead - if I wait long enough

And then express myself with more self-restraint, meantime the radio is playing 'Oh no, don't let the rain come down' in contrast - looked up to find the TV already in Wildest Latin America with adorable baby crocodiles while the adults catch giant rodents on the banks of Lake Orinoco - Venezuela - consciousness everywhere, I shall never fear the world will end with my death, consciousness lives in a body

Just temporarily, the world goes on because every particle, atom and molecule participate in the giant web of awareness...

Margaret Alice Second

Giddy With Excitement (Rev.)

Giddy with excitement I run about gossiping about the waterfall in the office building; our parking garage's under water & the pension office's door is open letting waters through - with it tumbling down the escalator shaft & creating a great atmosphere - I love the

Challenge and adventure posed by my office life - always a new event, formerly sewerage, & not so salubrious I have to say - but still a change of scene without moving place - I'm grateful for the change of pace, laughing as colleagues joke about swimming in Our

Jungle; Madame Pompadour is missing out, she is in hibernation & doesn't come to work, without bothering about leave forms I'd add, her boss isn't here - so we minor officials in the trenches have all the fun; may the world rejoice with us, a waterfall at work sounds

Like a fairy tale - & so it is, a fantasy come alive to bring joy to little officials - like ME!

Margaret Alice Second

Give Up And Lie Down (Revised)

The light above my desk gave up and died, shock probably, caused by many documents on Strategy Against Poverty in Africa Plan to translate, I was forced to take down the sun screens against the window, protection for my eyes being light-sensitive, to alleviate my struggle to read

The light was replaced overnight - now the window has to be closed as I've lost the Prestik; today I'm 'life-sensitive' and my eyes hurt, yet with no Prestik I cannot put up my sunscreens so I'm factually blind, where is a water crisis or burst pipe when needed - just for today?

Best to buy what I need and put up the sun-screens, life is difficult enough without adding more discomfort - the headache is ready to kick in and my stomach threatens with hunger pains, the great, sugar-low hunger caused by allergy, the fever - feeling the heat - is already here

I might as well give up and lie down...

12 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Giving Praise (Rev.)

Cut my index finger preparing a glitzy scarf for Friday 5 September 'bling-bling' day at work; a great project - wrong time - never do this while watching a fantasy film on the side, of wizards floating in soap bubbles flanked by crystals of emerald and neon leaves

I wielded my pair of scissors just as a wicked witch deceived her people, seeing the big hats gave me ideas how to decorate my own hat in sequins but with bright-red blood everywhere preparation came to a stop as a burning pain took centre-stage, finally used the plaster kept

In my cupboard for an age; - typing had blood flowing again: the queen of Oz wouldn't reveal the wizard's weakness to keep hope alive and I realise every weak pawn can be used to greater effect if we're willing to employ anything without questioning, as long as we sacrifice pride

And self-righteousness - while refusing to be judgmental, we can change the world and see hope fulfilled, giving praise long before it has been earned - here's hoping these lessons learned shall be applied in my life and no more cutting myself with scissors or knife

Margaret Alice Second

Giving Up Life

Every year when we do Assessment with a custom-made Assessment Instrument and I have to explain why I have not changed into a machine as yet

When I have to hide my fear of turning into a robot and secretly rejoice that I have not lost my feelings as yet - and everybody despises me as a low achiever

And I receive a low mark for not being competent, at all - I go through agony, I would LOVE to fit in - would LOVE to turn into a machine if it could bring me a feeling of safety

But I cannot kill my soul, stifle my spirit and destroy my feelings, I don't know how to rejoice at the prospect of killing myself, while I abhor being the most lowly official alive

I live with the shame because I cannot disown my inner self, I suspect giving up life is not my decision, I have tried it before and it never worked - I'm stuck with being me...

Margaret Alice Second

Glad About Grey

Glad about grey clothes to resemble Susan,
Death's granddaughter-governess à la Mary
Poppins, an office in which to sit on a high
chair to keep my back straight

A fan to stir the oxygen-free air while the air-
con is broken, lovely books I brought to the
office to combat Not-Fully-Effective traits
when I cannot concentrate

French course starting this afternoon, though
scared of what endurance required to wade
through ice-cold rules, stifling tables & killer
facts; driving there will be fun

Enjoyed a meal at the local eatery with only
one metal piece in the food, I suppose from
washing, meaning the cutlery is clean, so
it's a mercy of course

Drops for infection in ears and fizzy drink
fighting germs, after the class I can hurry
home to seek solace in stories about
happy people and dreams

The only thing to lament is inability to take
charge of my mind to bend it to become
Fully-Effective and thus prevent it from
growing Totally Dysfunctional

I am glad I am here, I could never dig a
garden and drive a lorry while smoking
out criminals like my twin sis!

Margaret Alice Second

Glad To Say [rev.]

Time to stop pursuing food and find another way
to increase the interest in my little life with nothing
happening, diminished contrast and lack of focus
means it always stays the same and thus it seems
my mindless existence cannot serve a purpose

Time to dream of scary things to sharpen the mind
and find the great variety of the smorgasbord of life
with more options than in days past - there must be
a way to inspire our creative ability to live life in joy,
living like automatic pre-programmed robots is sad

Watching TV indiscriminately I discovered another
way of life where an undersized ugly-duckling with
oversized-bust proclaimed she lives life like a doll;
botoxed, plastic-surgery lips, cheeks & tightened
eyes made her life a total misery & she was glad

To say pain reminded her she's living like a doll,
her petite body can't support her supersize bust,
people stop & stare aghast -yet she just goes to
a psychologist who makes her repeat she has a
right to live as she chose and being a doll is her

Choice, she happily traipses down the street on
too-high heels almost falling over but overjoyed
at being an idiot repeating over and over - I live
my life as a doll: THIS kind of robotic existence
where the only creativity is inspiring abject fear

In other people, horrified by religious dedication
to stupidity; isn't for me - my dream is adding to
the Fount of Infinite Wisdom & Classic Beauty

Margaret Alice Second

Glamorous, Sophisticated

What a mess - what a terrible mess - trial and error is awful, I should have guessed; grey - I HATE grey, unless tinted blue, black and grey in bed linen are insupportable - to combat the effect I constructed a bulwarks of pink-purple covered notebooks on my side of the bed

I shall hide the black and grey pillowcase tonight, already covered my favourite pillow with something else, grey sucks colour out of everything - I wear black to disappear but my bed should be HERE; this is awful, one of my biggest mistakes - still, we were constrained, nothing else in the shop

I hate shopping in any case, my new T-shirt too large, the glamorous, sophisticated black and grey without symbolical meaning, I fight it with the pink and green of my paper doll - how did I ever acquiesce to something as bleak and menacing as this - oh yes, there was nothing else, I should hang myself!

Margaret Alice Second

Glass-Mountain Princess [rev.]

Never knew I'd pass as a 'frumka' - Michelin Man I thought, or from the Harry-Potter clan - yet here am I - now wearing several layers of clothing - two headscarves, leaving home at dawn with hair wet - blow-drier kaput -

Two pairs of leggings, one pair of socks to keep feet warm, fleecy scarf around me to keep insides from freezing, sheer sleeveless black chiffon top to hide floral blouse made by mama - & which makes Scorpio

Mad with its formless silhouette - & then, a fleecy sleeveless jacket - now the coup de grace; polar-fleece black long-sleeve jacket desired by my cold-blooded inner crocodile to survive a cold drive to the

Office as our sedate estate-car's air-con remains set to cold - my beloved Scorpio has inner phoenix-fires to keep him warm - so I'm pious & modest while dreaming of being as aloof as a princess on a glass

Mountain; my version of the burqa - with veiling mask, makes me a frumka and a member of the Haredi burqa sect - yet I prefer a vision of being a fairytale glass-mountain princess...

Margaret Alice Second

Glistening Honey Skin [revised]

A new beauty tip from food guru Nataniel's sis
who's a skin care & aromatherapy pundit, apply
lemon and honey to your face for a lovely skin,
I'm always game for anything that costs
nothing yet promises a secret way to beauty

I jumped in; here am I, face covered in honey &
lemon; do I smell nice, luckily at night there's no
fear that bees and flies will visit, pity the laptop's
keys are getting sticky, washing hands should
have been part of the instructions

As I cannot emulate Nataniel's cooking or fashion
sense, his setting the table with so much panache
and preparing dishes to keep you awake at night
I shall stick to his sister's tips; aren't you glad you
made me watch Nataniel's program with you

Why this discomfort with my glistening honey skin,
I got it from the TV you always beg me to join you
in watching – and I gain so much!

9 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Glitter Falling From My Hair (Revised)

Am exhausted, sat thru' two James Bond movies non-stop, Pierce Brosnan in 'Goldeneye', but only watched intermittently as I miss Sean Connery's mischievous, amused smile, then 'A View to a Kill' with Roger Moore - too many twists in the tale, woke when he carried the leading dame down a ladder from a building on fire, she glued her shoes to her feet - wore them right into a flooded mine and out of it again

Found a program on sea life in Wild France, lovely jellyfish - selling my soul to the devil by watching too much TV, glitter falling from my hair on the keyboard while typing - this morning sprinkling my hair seemed a good idea, now I remember a stand-up comedian complaining about glitter falling from Christmas cards and the irate receiver Hoovering the carpet, maybe this is too messy, even for me

It's raining once more, a show of clouds earlier today brought positive results; time to join the family who've watched a rugby grand final, I still think I had the best deal with 007

Margaret Alice Second

Gloriously Unleashed [r]

My feelings of impending doom have been vindicated; my ever-present depression just awaiting a chance to be unshackled to aggravate situations, has gloriously been unleashed; it's terribly upsetting when there's no intellectual challenge as it gives rise to feelings of the most overpowering existentialism

My bare existence on earth becomes frightening and meaningless when there's no difficulty forcing me to climb mountains and brave all those dragons - I feel wasted as a depressed human being if there's nothing to prove my fears correct, why waste my magnificent powers of self-doubt and childhood assumptions of

Idiocy on comfort - now I have a Portuguese Permit to relay into English, it's in small font, strange terms - so, cheerfully depressed I again plunge into the abyss of my ignorance, happy to be horror-stricken by my fate as I sink into the darkest dungeon of my deep despair, shouldering the responsibility

Of being the world's biggest loser in the intelligence stakes of the intellect, NOW I can breathe again, all I feared is coming true - thus my life will be justified: by being the village idiot and laughing clown hiding my tears, I make sure my life has meaning & I am right, even if it kills me...

Margaret Alice Second

Glowing And Die [revised]

The emotional colouration of mind, idea and construction which combine creating personality seems to be neutral for noble hard-working high-principled people here in the office. My personality craves excitement, change and joy in the form of making others laugh, a great time for all; listening to Contes d'Hoffman to block out laughter and silence alike, craving sleep to escape from boredom in

Learning about road improvements for which they need donors as money was spent on wars and criminal deals such that new funds are allocated the same way, and after administrators, politicians, law-and-order forces pilfer the fund, only a remnant will reach constructors of roads who split the rest complaining in grandiose African fashion they need more to get even the most basic

Job done – eh! Seems like my emotions colour all my ideas in black and white, good and bad in conflict all the time, the black of cynical suspicion growing bigger and overflowing all hope for Africa and its sad transport systems, people receive no education or moral principles to understand the wonderful result of cause and effect, doing your best and being on time; let me play the game of little official small bureaucrat toeing

The line while watching Africa's fires glowing, and die...

9 September 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Glühwürmchen-Idyll

Glühwürmchen - I used to sing along when I was very small, could not make out the words of this song, sounded like bumbuschim to me - later sang happily Shine, little glow-worm, glimmer - then heard the original song sung in German again - looked it up on the Internet, found the absolutely enchanting Glühwürmchen, Glühwürmchen flimmre, flimmre, Glühwürmchen, Glühwürmchen, schimmre, schimmre

Führe uns auf rechten Wegen, führe uns dem Glück entgegen, Gib uns schützend dein Geleit zur Liebesseligkeit - wonderful, though life is not happy, all hope in vain given all outcomes; ideals remain enchanting, good enough for me, every time I fail in communication I find my joy in sounds, in songs warming my icy heart frozen by human contact, dreams warm me again and inner light shines sweetly for consciousness continuously evolving for all eternity

And I repeat my delightful mantra - driving those who can't stand my noisy passage, so laid back in flip-flops and baggy tops, production nearly non-existent, reading Agatha Christie, fantasising being the killer revealed by Hercule Poirot - insane; I just sing my mantra over and over: Glühwürmchen, Glühwürmchen, flimmre, flimmre, Glühwürmchen, Glühwürmchen, schimmre, schimmre, führe uns auf rechten Wegen, führe uns dem Glück entgegen

Gib uns schützend dein Geleit - zur Liebesseligkeit...

[Tr. Lilla Cayley Robinson]

When the night falls silently on forests dreaming,
Lovers wander forth to see the bright stars gleaming;
And lest they should lose their way the glow-worms
nightly light their tiny lanterns gay and twinkle brightly,
here and there, and ev'rywhere from mossy dell and
hollow, floating, gliding through the air they call on
us to follow - shine, little glow-worm, glimmer, lead
us lest too far we wander, love's sweet voice is
calling yonder, light the path below, above
and lead us on to love

Glühwürmchen-Idyll

Melodie - Refrain - aus der Operette Lysistrata
von Paul Lincke, 1902 / MIDI: Bruno Alt

Wenn die Nacht sich niedersenkt auf Flur und
Halde, Manch ein Liebespärichen lenkt den Schritt
zum Walde. Doch man kann im Wald zu zwein
sich leicht verirren, Deshalb, wie Laternen klein,
Glühwürmchen schwirren und es weiset Steg und
Busch uns leuchtend ihr Gefunkel, Da tauchts
auf, und dort, husch, husch, sobald der
Abend dunkel: Glühwürmchen, Glühwürmchen,
flimmre, flimmre, Glühwürmchen, Glühwürmchen
schimmre schimmre, Führe uns auf rechten Wegen,
führe uns dem Glück entgegen, Gib uns schützend
dein Geleit zur Liebesseligkeit.

Margaret Alice Second

Go To Bed (Revised)

There's a depressed little alien in my head,
my physical life's outer-ego clown laughs,
jokes the alien's too emotionally scared of
moving forward

Two difficult documents to tackle, both
demanding study and not a ray of sun
light, life shrinking until all it contains are
these brutal texts

I shall have to read articles on Telecoms
fraud to understand the legal text, and why
so scared? Luckily, this psychosomatic
headache is making me useless,

I should have stayed in bed...

[ORIGINAL:]

The little alien in my head
is depressed, while the outer
ego clown which leads my
physical life laughs and jokes,
the emotional little alien is
scared of moving ahead, two
difficult documents to tackle
and not a ray of sunlight,
entailing a lot of research, life
shrinking until all it contains
are these two texts, I shall
have to read articles on
telecommunications fraud
to understand what is said
in my legal text, and why am
I so scared? Luckily, this
psychosomatic headache
is making me useless, I
had better go to bed...

Margaret Alice Second

God Of Retribution

A Little Mermaid walking on feet of fire
paying with slow death for the privilege
of feeling no more, every step painful,
feverishly burning - and worse: locked
out of the cathedral of her mind, estranged
from herself - living a disillusioned life

She discovered the cause of her painful
demise: a local quack prescribed poison
causing hallucinations & black-outs and
running the risk of paralysis as her body
broke down, the shock of discovery made
her lose her voice, brain deteriorating

Leading to the loss of mind, imagination
& the symbolism which confers meaning
to the world of things; she suffered in the
emptiness - reading with amazement that
some misguided souls insisted with near-
terminal stupidity on taking the poison

That destroys personality & life, people
too lazy to read the history of survivors,
requesting advice how to digest the toxic
lies of quacks licensed to kill and destroy
human lives; but respect for the freedom
of everyone to choose their own misery

Is the only moral value: FREEDOM is the
only way to wisdom and the only way to
show and engender LOVE & she rejects
the deception that destroys freedom by
changing victims into zombies made ill
to enrich big pharmaceuticals

Exploiting the guileless while destroying
precious lives: may revenge be visited
upon these medieval quacks by the Just
and Vengeful God of the Old Testament,

may He visit the pain they caused help-
less victims a thousand-fold upon them

Let me quote Psalms in which the Saints of
Old invoked the God of Retribution against
profiteers who exploit the weak & helpless
in society, may medical doctors suffer
every pain and ache they caused!

Margaret Alice Second

God's Servant Also

Employment equity, 79% black Africans in all organisations an impractical socialist view; the ANC alliance with Cosatu led to a Teachers' Union - SADTU - discouraging education in a dysfunctional system without morals and values

Cadre deployment, political appointment, reward-for-loyalty resulting in lack of capacity and continuity, also entitlement, avarice, conflict and violence - the ANC no longer a freedom movement with principles; the system staggering under

Corruption and incompetence, wrong ideologies, policies and self-interest - faith believes God is in charge; Zuma's government is God's servant also - let us be light and salt, pray for politician and state - and join the elections

Quietly working and waiting...

Has the governing party lost its moral compass?

THEUNS ELOFF, respected thinker and academic, gives his opinion..

Margaret Alice Second

Godliness

Lobsang claims a mantra is
certain words chosen by the
spiritual Masters for disciples
to repeat without knowing the
meaning though effect is sure

Following his example I listen
to Genesis 1 read in Hebrew,
trusting this long mantra will
be just as effective in my life,
my brain is slow to learn the

Hebrew tongue, but I believe
the Holy Words have power
to penetrate my mind - and
the Jewish ideal of a God
teaching them freedom

And integrity as highest ideal,
makes we wish to join in the
purity of ideal and life, when
the name of God is replaced
with the words Love and Life

Then Godliness is the alpha
and omega of my little life....

Margaret Alice Second

Gods Favoured Me

Heat – no air-con today – realising France’s dream of saving their coastline due to the Greenhouse effect, went for a lunch-break stroll singing all the way, refusing to contemplate office problems

The gods favoured me on my first day, email connection restored, now I am so privileged to read criticism of the work I did before leaving on holiday, I am still girdling my loins with positive thoughts

Before tackling heartbreaking rejection of words I wrote, New Year’s Resolution: never face today what can be deferred to tomorrow, stop and smell the roses, I can read nasty remarks any time

The mere fact of having an office in which to be miserable is such a source of joy and delight, not to be spoilt with feelings of inadequacy; why cry about the humours of those in charge trying to convince me I am

A disaster because I cannot write the words they dictate, cannot march to the tune they prescribe, kept in my place by them changing their translation rules every day - I am thankful that I can still think and feel after years

As a civil servant, I should have turned into a cyborg ages ago, yet the incessant stream of criticism proves I am still the same human I was at the beginning – people like me cannot be changed into robots

No matter how much criticism is directed our way, olé!

Margaret Alice Second

Going To Run Away (Revised)

I'm going to run away, even if I have to take myself alone,
I cannot stay and face the life I chose for me; this life is too
much and I cannot master it, the tasks are too difficult -
I did not master in dam-building, in either French or English;
the dam proved too much, a gigantic downfall -
if I were Lucifer, this is the point where I would be flung from
heaven because I cannot build a dam; and I never managed to
read the text in a way that made sense.

Going to run away, failed yet another subject seriously, this dam
-building is too much, I'm going to run away from the Poverty
Reduction Strategy Plan with cows, farms, roads and credits
driving me nuts, the endless tables, statistics in a continuous
stream, it makes me want to scream; I'm going to run away - I
chose this yoke myself, to become a bureaucrat, translating for
the client who said he needs the dam and Strategy Plan

And off I go again - French class became a threat, research is
what they want also, research on countries to create new tableaux -
I'll have to run away - the Great Escape - it's what I need, my
brain burnt out, I'm an error myself - I must run away...

Margaret Alice Second

Golden Fleece Of Music Lover's Pieces (Revised)

Golden Fleece of Music Lover's Pieces (REVISED)

Looking for a melody to inspire this inauspicious and headache-marked, long-sentenced day – all without inferring food for thought, wisdom or beauty, switch my iPod on, blocking out gaggles of harsh laughter, sounds which remind me of old hags

Any musical pause inflates undulating waves of chattering voices into cacophony; seeking respite I escape to the restaurant, find comfort in coffee with sweetener, eschewing anything that could anger already aching limbs

Reading 'Music Lovers Quotations' brings firm resolve to feel better at any cost, order an ice-cream with lots of chocolate sauce – but not as heavenly tasting as envisaged, ideas from my little book seep into mind rendering my brain incapable of settling for less than

Intoxicating melody, don 'phones in determined quest for the golden fleece of music lover's pieces ...

17 May 2013

[ORIGINAL:]

Looking for a melody to inspire this inauspicious day marked by headache and long sentences running on without conferring food for thought, wisdom or beauty switching on my iPod to block harsh laughter which suggests old hags at play

Any pause in a musical piece lets an undulating wave of chattering voices through; seeking improvement I went down to the restaurant to find comfort in coffee with sweetener eschewing anything that could inflame already aching limbs

Reading Music Lovers Quotations brings the firm resolve
to feel better at any cost and an order of ice-cream with
lots of chocolate sauce, though not tasting of heaven as
I had envisaged, ideas in my little book seep into my
mind rendering my brain incapable

Of settling for less than the most intoxicating melody,
donning earphones once again in a determined quest
for the golden fleece of music lover's pieces ...

17 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Golden Light (Revision)

Holy One, all I can say after our last altercation is Salaam, Thy Will Be Done; you insist Bad Things Will Happen. I say don't have prospects. You reply insisting benefit in negative expectation – look how you escape from near miss incidents –

You're a too-careful driver hesitating, overtaken by cocky drivers while I, the cheeky one, puts fear of death into road-hogs, waving and mouthing sorry, continuing at the speed of light, golden light of love and protection whining on us –

Including you, great effort to keep the light out, fearing danger everywhere; I delight in near-misses and incidents; sudden overtaking - you order 'Keep quiet' as you extrapolate on your bitter fate; haunted by the Lord Himself

Who can blame Him having to listen to your lamentations. He is probably just as fed up as I am – I wish you luck - while I choose to stay in the Golden Light

Monday 22 July 2013

[ORIGINAL:]

Salaam, oh Holy One, Thy Will Be Done is all I can say after our last altercation, you insist Bad Things Will Happen, I said Do not have any expectations, you replied you insist on the benefit of negative expectation, look how you escape from incidents of near misses

yet you are a super-careful driver hesitating overtaken by self-assured drivers, while I'm a cheeky driver who puts the fear of death into the

other road-hogs, I wave and mouth sorry-sorry,
continuing on my happy way to get home as fast
as possible, a golden light of love and protection
shines over everyone I love –

That includes you, you expend an alarming amount
of negative energy to keep the light from out, only
seeing negative events while I delight in the near-
misses as I create incidents, sudden overtaking is
part of the spice of life, you order me to keep quiet
when you extrapolate on your bitter fate - being
haunted by the Good Lord Himself-

And who can blame Him, having to listen to your
lamentations He is probably just as fed up as I am –
I wish you luck, and stay in the Golden Light

Monday 22 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Gone (Revised)

I must complain - show how insane
it is to fall into the Black Hole in my
brain - where my feelings are dead
and all prior concerns are erased -
where I can't access my mind

It is clear an alternative personality
in there takes over when my carefully
constructed harlequin-clown persona
loses claim to this physical body and
the poor, simple zombie left robbed

Of all ability to organise & understand
how to operate in my little world - the
chemical imbalance effect induced by
eating Swiss Muesli for a week - the
allergy's killing me, body weak, my

Thoughts toxic & sick, unable to fight
it I sit alone, fantasise about dying to
escape from physical bondage to this
allergic body - the cereal must go - my
head's become a swollen watermelon

My brain's alienated and it has turned
to mush; I'm in pain, depressed, dumb,
falling asleep from time to time - and I
wonder where my spirit and soul may
have gone...

Never Cereal Again

Being a martyr doesn't make me
a better person - pain doesn't work
for me; like steel chains around my

cranium caused by swelling until the
insides push so hard against my skull,

it feels like a train-smash in my head;

everything: every aspect of life, work,
feelings, relationships are destroyed -
and like a broken automaton I repeat

actions mechanically, making tea,
feeling worse, drinking hot chocolate
exacerbating everything, a psychopath

am I, without a single loving feeling -
neither for myself nor for others, without
anchor or lodestar, & I worked so hard

to put both in place; all will be lost until my
mind returns, I come to my senses knowing
I have learned never to eat cereal again...

Dreamed

By accepting I'm the guilty party in my bad feeling,
it is now easier to become humble & acknowledge
criticism; I had certainly earned scorn for shooting
myself in the foot eating allergenic food - got home
and accepted a glass of wine - and Nici enticed
with champagne: - now I realise that my pain is

Caused by my breaking the dietary rules - eating
cereal & wonderful corn bread my darling beloved
made, - & thickly buttered bread slices I dipped in
soup; I can revise my plan for life, start eating right
to function like a normal human being - the Swiss
muesli cereal went to the security guards

I realise suffering without explaining my feelings to
all my loved ones properly isn't fair because I want
to communicate & relate to their feelings - my cute
little daughter, wonderful son and my sweetheart,
my darling beloved; I want to be the ME I always
dreamed I would be...

Goodbye Christine

Sun, surf, holiday and sea - is that
what retiring from the NLS will be,
will Christine sing Take my hand,
I'm a stranger in Paradise* as she

Walks along the beach, picking up
pebbles and throwing them into the
sea*, knowing the Carnival is over*,
The Last Waltz is done*

Today she is leaving to start a new
life of freedom while she is thinking:
Say goodbye for I must leave thee-
do not let the parting grieve thee

Christine so efficient, smiling and bustling
around - untiring, busy - knowing where
everything is - ready to please, sharing
days of sweet delight in Kingsley Centre

Laughing and crying, despairing without
air-conditioning, facing the myriad requests
HR presents, doing innumerable quarterly
assessments

Dealing with bureaucratic routine resembling
a game of charades: Christine - you were so
warm and real in a sea of strangers; may you
be prosperous and blessed

And never forget the rest of your colleagues
continuing life in the trenches where termi-
nology and language will languish without
your happy presence...

* References to Popular Songs:

I'm a stranger in Paradise

When The Carnival is over

The Last Waltz

Say goodbye for I must leave thee - There Is A Tavern

Margaret Alice Second

Gorgon Hair [rev.]

If after Bombay Lamb Curry I feel bad & seem to project my worst limitations onto others it's because a dish with full-cream Greek yoghurt is one to die for - afterwards I do die a little bit & then think people around me are suddenly nasty; my hardworking colleague becomes a threatening Gorgon, her hair made of snakes ready to turn me to stone, and as I solidify, I forget its the allergy busy stiffening my spine

Until my chair turns into a torture machine and my bed a lava-flow smothering me when I try to sleep; my sunny colleague acts a beauty queen ready to accord me everlasting torture in being so dense; when suffering such allergy I am the stupidest creature alive, becoming a snapping crocodile but hide the fact by pulling a tortoise trick, retracting head into my shell, not moving out into the sun where evil trolls & dangerous

animals lurk, where I wish I were a human being instead of a crocodile

[ORIGINAL:]

Gorgon With Hair Threatening

I always try to project my shortcomings on others, when I feel bad after eating Bombay Lamb Curry with full cream Greek yoghurt - a dish to die for - and I do - die a little bit afterwards and then think people around me are suddenly nasty and my best hardworking colleague turns into a Gorgon with hair threatening me like so many snakes ready to turn me to stone - and as I turn to stone, I forget that it is the allergy at work stiffening my spine

until my chair turns into a torture machine and my

bed turns into a lava-formed rock smothering me
when I try to go to sleep, my sunny colleague
becomes a beautiful queen ready to condemn me
to everlasting torture for being so dense, and when
suffering allergy I'm the stupidest creature alive,
I turn into a snapping crocodile but hide the fact
by pulling a tortoise trick - pulling my head into
my shell and not moving out into the sun where

evil trolls and dangerous animals lurk - and I wish
that I were a human being instead of a crocodile

[27 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Grand Scheme Of Things [revised]

Finished a long text about criminal activities on several continents from Europe to Africa; thought I'd never see the end of this marathon – the sentences ran on for ten lines at a time – as if a breathless policeman or court official could not stop to take a breath while

Enumerating lists of criminals' transgressions. I try to be happy about finishing translating a French text into English but with a haunting feeling that in the grand scheme of things it doesn't matter at all – which spoils my attempt to be glad about the present

I am sorry, I cannot grasp the joy of 'here and now' as promised in channelling by Saul, Yeshua, Buddha, and everyone else – for me the dream 'new vision' is so much more enjoyable than the present, if an event is great it passes too fast and I have nothing left to

Remember it by in my mind; if current events are awful they last for eternity leaving a mark, I give up - seems we should be able to change the past, I will follow this idea and change everything overnight, becoming the dreamer I always envisioned myself to be!

Margaret Alice Second

Grandiose Deeds [rev]

Shabbat Shalom: An Israeli medico in charge of Save a Child's Heart helped baby Yehia born to Afghanis in Pakistan, steered by Zaheer Farhad in Jalalabad to Facebook towards Rescue group Holon Wolfson which have already saved 4000 kids from Gaza, Nigeria, Zanzibar and China

Ethiopia, Iraq and Tanzania with a \$3.5 million budget from Jewish donors; the 8-hour surgery has Yehia well and parents remain anonymous fearing reprisals for getting help in Israel through Facebook friend Mussman who called Simon Fisher [Simon in the NT - a fisherman of souls]

The Director - Jesus called him bedrock: what a bigoted world where good deeds are still a sin, forbidden, illegal & interdicted - prohibited in the name of culture & religion as it was when Jesus paid for carelessness towards prejudice of the Hebrew religion; flogged & nailed to a cross

Not toeing the line, being divine by refusing to follow a vengeful god's rules, an indictment of Israel who learned the lesson - now they freely help anyone and it also takes courage for them to accept help from another clan in another tribe in another land; we are supposed to

Die content in primitive cultures with mysterious religions courting power and wealth - we should pay the ultimate price for becoming man-made religion's minions following the Golden Rule "Do unto others as you want them to do unto you"; - Kill them like you want them to kill you

For saintly glory, playing Victors and Martyrs offers glorious adventure and if there is none, we find it in sport, films and electronic games as the soul longs for grandiose deeds, being

Quixotic, laying down lives while fighting the
windmills of man's desires...

Margaret Alice Second

Grandiosity [revised]

There's no grandiosity without the prestigious power of a Professor Higgins wanting to remain behind coulisses to enjoy people showing homage to his creatures; but let's make it clear, you have to be here to face the music and share with students since, my dear Pied Piper of Hamelin, you played the beguiling tunes that took us from stilted rhymes and military rhythms into the drama and sweet

Melodies of your inimitable poetry; a new and arbitrary style with idiosyncratic rules and lovely phrasings, with vowel-led chords divided by explosive consonants, to show us a new world of expression where language becomes carrier of sweetest delight. If anyone is to be grandiose, you have to be here as its your creation; the honour should go to the teacher I believe!

[13 June 2014]

[Original title: 'In A New Style']

Margaret Alice Second

Grateful Sorrow

The idea's wonderful - theory impeccable:
my daughter has a job on a cruise ship to
earn enough to buy a car & an apartment -
but in real life the situation means saying
goodbye for a six-month period, she flies
to the other side of the earth: to Mexico

She tested the alarm she'll wear in self-
defence, readied back-pack and papers,
a book to read & US dollars - I'm ready
as mezzo-soprano Valkyrie, breast-plate
heaving as I sing Jo-ho-ho-HOO, Jo-ho-
ho-HOO, she continues in Japanese

Tomorrow my darling will fly away to far-
off shores to work her way towards her
independence; protected by legions of
angels - we send a little firefly to light a
small part of the world - and delight the
hearts she'll touch and I'm saying my

Goodbye tonight, tomorrow she's leaving
and this wonderful future of hers is the
source of grateful sorrow...

Margaret Alice Second

Grave Distress

Throat burning, molten fire dripping,
winter extracting a high fee for the
desire to live, shrinking existence
to a small point of absolute
discomfort

This dreary darkness, every moment
slanted, almost falling over, pitchforking
emotion annihilating awareness of loving
presence, all sound empty of meaning, all
activity devoid of sense

Lost ability to find my way back, still on the
way down, must reach rock-bottom before the
tide can turn, doing nonsensical things acting as
iron posts in weaving my little story, I am trying
to manipulate

The narrative imperative, seeking a new perspective
on mundane activities, trying to find ways to enjoy
repetitions of things I loved before, the raw state
of my burning throat precluding all success and
when I swallow

I am in grave distress

Margaret Alice Second

Great Drawback

Wish I could say what I mean - wish I could express my feelings, wish I had a friend who could understand, wish there were one whom I could trust, who had the disposition and time to listen until I managed to say everything

Someone to help unravel the puzzle so I can become reconciled and resigned to my fate, to laugh at my shortcomings and tease me for being bad; having lost the ability to talk it is impossible to say anything – I find

Oblique reference in other people's words; trusting consciousness goes on after this physical existence; free from astrogenetic limitation in a different realm where the spirit is free to choose its destiny

Without limitation by a million variables - my current personality is a great drawback, a step back in the progress of spiritual evolution; but it will enrich awareness - though the price for the experience gained... is painful...

...in the extreme...

(I know the fault is mine)

Margaret Alice Second

Greedy Leaders (Revised)

Feeling infinitely sad realising the fate of Africa's poorest & underprivileged was sealed some 400 years ago when the small white tribe was abandoned in the Cape by their political masters - & isolated themselves to retain identity while dreaming a developed country, with migrant African aliens supposed to return to Nomadic & Nubian Africa

The small white community tried stemming the incoming tide of Africa by making self-destructive rules, eventually diffused by a Thembu priest-king preaching forgiveness - Africa gained dominion over Europeans - but sentenced their own people to serfdom - African moguls destroying the African communities' chances to obtain training -

Cronyism & socialism steal from tax-paying people; white & black governments failed Africa - international crime is undoing the priest-king's redemption as he's rejected by his own people; Africa's ruined by her absolute despots selling Africa's indigenous people into slavery - as has been done so often before - now the question is: can

Africa learn to take care of herself before her greedy leaders destroy the continent completely?

Margaret Alice Second

Green So Exquisite [revised]

Green is my theme, emerald in spring tendrils,
blue images tinted with avocado hints heralded
by lime dishcloths (for my cups) , jade facecloths
(for my hands after eating) , olive plastic bottles,
three separate bunches of verdant rose stems,
a delicate rose in shimmering silk, rose-buds
and four roses on their own

I keep facecloths near for an invigorating effect
of my eyes meeting bright energy of jade, a
power surge, promise of sunlight illuminating
tree leaves, softening pink of my blouse, this
illustrated paper background soothes; it helps
because I have just destroyed my document,
replaced the list with another now it is gone,
to be redone

But the power surge of this green so exquisite
in lemon and lime helps me to stay strong, I
sigh and put my document on a lemon green
memory stick to take home, the magic of
modern technology combined in one!

[ORIGINAL:]

Green is my theme, the light green of tendrils
in spring, the pictures are blue and the green is
brought in by green dishcloths (for my cups)
and green facecloths (to clean my hands after
eating) and green plastic bottles and the green
stems of my roses – in three separate bunches,
the delicate rose in shimmering silk, the rose-
buds and 4 roses on their own

I keep the green facecloths near me to feel the
invigorating effect when my eye are struck by
the bright power of the colour, a power surge,
a promise of sunlight illuminating tree leaves,

the soft pink of my blouse and illustrated paper
a soothing background; it helps because I have
just destroyed my document, replaced the list
with another now it is gone, to be redone

But the power surge of this green so exquisite
in lemon and lime helps me to stay strong, I
sigh and put my document on a memory stick
to take home, the magic of modern technology
and lemon green in one combined!

Margaret Alice Second

Grind To A Halt [rev]

My beloved's birthday has been hijacked by his company; the final contract won't be signed until midnight - his day's thus been ruined by a school of sharks, pirates, evil attorneys & their minions; gone's the pleasure of going to the sea-side and staying in a wooden hut under swaying, sighing fir trees; resigned, he bought a cake, accepted

A gift of whiskey, though he sits stoically - pining for release from uncertainty, for the final moment it's signed - and so then to relax, enjoy life again; I run about, rebellious and angry that his strife is caused by the whims of conniving colleagues - I want to watch TV & sleep, shutting out all of his heartbreak - how can I inspire joy & love when

I feel so disappointed myself, it's not a certainty all parties will sign and if not, the company will grind to a halt with all having to pay back debts, wiping pension & prospects; I sigh - sins of the fathers could affect my son's future too...

Margaret Alice Second

Grinding My Teeth [rev]

Must keep going till twelve when this translator-group celebrates a birthday in the local restaurant - hungry NOW, grumbles my stomach, unhappy NOW, adds my head - as a deeply troubled individual I'm sitting

Here with nothing but food on the brain as the Good Governance of the Public Service Commission text fails to engage my mind - every 2nd sentence more boring than the previous; instead of leading to the

Beautiful flowers of unfolding hours - lines quote expenditure framework & strategic plans - all ploys used in hell to keep Astfgl, the Devil King, occupied while the real fun of burning tar, fire & sparks goes

On unrestrained; it is a magnetic-electrical damage to my thought processes - in hopeless rebellion I'm sitting here, unable to express my feelings because SOMEONE has to endure Purgatory - why not me

Fact that it makes me desperate doesn't count - I'm totally overwhelmed by my colleagues' ability to enjoy working on this kind of document; grinding my teeth, I'm trying to emulate them - resulting in a mess that

Makes me feel so sadly inadequate, so depressed

Margaret Alice Second

Grinning Happily [revised]

I got hold of oats and chockbitz while doing research into electricity networks - overwhelmed by boredom, enjoying the process of eating so much I gave up worrying about medical advice to abstain for hopefully a pain-free life to exist, no salt, no sugar, no carbohydrates in excess, no wholewheat, no bran, no bread, no cake, no chocolates

No alcohol, no butter, no oil, no fat, only vegetables bland, certain fruit and meat once a week - after trying this and feeling super-miserable, caught in a despondent depression causing catatonia while being insomniac; I am compelled to dig my grave with my teeth, at least I shall have fun before stumbling over the proverbial banana peel and dying

Grinning happily, a chocolate in one hand and a classic James Bond Martini in the other – Prosit!

Margaret Alice Second

Growing Darkness (Rev)

Doesn't feel as if anybody has forgotten me, oh no,
much worse, it feels as if everybody should forget
about me as there's nothing to tell, nothing's worth
mentioning; my beloved explained that he doesn't
have the energy to listen to my narrative - after that
who can I trust to listen - and who can I listen to?

I am losing my self-confidence - the world seems
perfect & people are loving & grand - but I am not
part of it, I don't feel a thing - as if my feelings are
dead; the world seems to be out of reach, even my
kids, my mother, my twin sis, I can't reach out to &
I can't find words or interest, there's nothing to say

I can't discuss Velikovsky's grandiose history-view,
the changes made to describe reality - the terrible
planetary events that led to the Exodus, & Israel's
interpretation of righteousness - there's no-one to
talk to because I don't matter to anyone, and how
could I matter by feeling nothing; maybe, one day,

When my beloved listens to me my feelings might
come back again, maybe when I return to work my
colleagues will laugh and sing with me, helping me
rediscover my feelings again - living in silence does
not work for me, I could never become a nun - and
the silence grows into a hole - a huge black hole

In which nothing can grow, no feeling can live - I'm
empty & slow, struggling through the molasses of
thick nothingness, the world retreats & emptiness
devours everything - I can't even cry over my loss
as no feelings survive in this growing darkness

Margaret Alice Second

Guess Who

Guess who limped into the office this morning,
guess who limped out again even faster to the
nearest doctor to complain her foot's falling off,
ankle broken and ligaments burning with pain -
guess whose foot's so swollen she can't wear a
shoe, even open sandals cause a new array of
angry lightning pains to set my foot alight - yes;

I'm the guilty party who happily limped in carrying
two heavy bags with goodies then nearly fell over
in the attempt - discovering how terrible fury can
boil over & run riot in my left foot, not in the mood
for Stoic endurance & fearfully convinced of my
foot's imminent demise - the kind doctor gently
bandaged my foot & called the ubiquitous pest

That species called specialist who was missing in
action, luckily, before I could be coerced into pay-
ing another quack a thousand dollars just to be told
only time will allow the torn ligaments to heal; the
swelling is due to overuse and the current super-
hot weather, I came away with a letter as keepsake
to remind me of another lucky escape from the

Bane of modern life; the medical fraternity & their
conspiracy to keep people alive even when our
quality of life is non-existent and pain becomes
unbearable, leaving us mangled, blind, toothless,
deaf and unable to process the food we eat- the
medico's just love to keep track of how many
kinds of disfigured lives they can perpetuate...

[5 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Guilelessly Replied [rev]

I've just had the privilege of reading a treatise by exotic
Professeur de psychologie Pierre Philippot & ein ganz
fabelhafter englischer Psychologe - Robert S Feldman
claiming a dramatic discovery - i.e., that "People lie to
escape consequences of their deeds", mesmerised I
was - stupefied by their confabulation of a fairytale

Based on dedicated research & noting people's replies
to their amazingly intricate & convoluted question: "Why
do you lie" - their victims, forced into wasting precious
time by filling in questionnaires instead of lying (again)
to enjoy their lives, guilelessly replied "Because I want
to live in peace without persecution for breathing" -

This is touted as a most wonderful psychiatric discovery,
people lie to escape the wrath of revenge and justice by
the injured party; solemnly the pedagogic Philippot and
pedantic Feldman announced this greatest insight in a
human psyche: The young girl who crashed her car did
not tell her dad to escape his ire - Wunderbar! -

Students don't relate the details of their infidelity so as
to NOT suffer the hate of their mates - Merveilleuse! -
humankind's never received such illuminating insight
into emotional duplicity, thus, in short - everybody lies
to escape punishment - hold your breath, when THIS
conclusion is stated in grandiose, surreal terms:

"Theory and research support the idea Individuals (the
term 'people' is not jargon enough) use deception (not
lying - too common) to modify (not change) a situation
to alter emotional effects (not punishment for crimes)
on the deceiver" - märchenhaft, wunderbar - & Freud
would jump up and down confabulational with delight

Phantasmagorical & necromancing theories brewing
in his Freudian heart & Oedipusian subconscious as
he ruminates about death in a netherworldian, astral
dimensional frequency - with his consciousness free

to reign supreme without intrusion of all the intrinsic,
animalistic & pantheist cravings of human life -

What joy psychiatry brings to human sciences, it is so
bezaubernd, brillant, entzückend, genial, hinreißend &
phänomenal, sensationell, exzellent, exzeptionell und
superb, formidabel, spektakulär, überragend und auch
überwältigend - finden Sie nicht*?

[*Don't you agree?]

Margaret Alice Second

Gushing Appearances [revised]

The Duchess is gushing, saying - How are you? -
We must meet again! afterwards claiming she'll
not meet with them as her station disallows this

I don't get a word in, raise my hand for a turn to
speak when her impatience allows; why a false
bonhomie - why ersatz overwhelming delight?

She doesn't care much, why not be kind while
keeping distance dignified; I'm resigned, such
is the Duchess, believing her thoughts secret

But through telepathy people subliminally grasp
the feelings behind deeds - she complains they
are nasty when she meets them again, after her

Having been so friendly it does not make sense;
yet she lost her jovial mask when security was
tardy letting us in - revealing her true feelings

In screaming at him - the lowest social hierarchy
deserving of MORE respect than the rest, called
him spiteful though he obeyed rules; her erratic

Irrational behaviour won't endear her to anyone -
I dared to say rashly: Suspecting people of spite
creates telepathic expectation to be fulfilled by

Them - she told me furiously to back off, I realise
we use similar terms to mean different things, I
conclude she cannot understand people being

Offended at her working so hard on appearing
friendly, not understanding that only by being
open and honest can we give and receive

Real friendship and love

Half A Brain

There was a young man, gifted beyond measure,
his paintings and creative writing exceptional and
learning ability far beyond the norm, but plagued
by anxiety caused by his perfectionist tendencies
and four successful medical practitioner brothers,
his felt dissatisfied with being who he was

Instead of realising his inner artist he also wanted
to make academic study his field, but the stress
was too much for his artistic soul, he fell ill and so
schizophrenia was diagnosed and he could only
hold down a non-stressful administrative job which
frustrated his creative mind and much worse:

Since he heard voices he was given the dreaded
deadly psychiatric drugs that quieted the voices
by silencing parts of his brain until he was locked
up in an institution to wither away quietly, not a
burden to anybody, a guinea pig for unscientific
dangerous practitioners of psychiatry until he died

A vegetable in the end - dear reader, take heed,
do not live with too much stress - relax and enjoy
life and do not strive for perfection as it will drive
you mad and put an early end to your life, just be
content with who you are and do not compare
yourself with others of your kind: you are unique

Trying to be somebody else will surely stop you
from being you without ever changing you into a
successful person of another kind, you will end
up with half a brain and organ failure thanks to
the wonders of murderous Western medicine...

Margaret Alice Second

Half-Filled Notebooks [rev]

The study's a small room, adding cascades of white & silver lace makes it look bigger; now let's rejoice because my books have been unpacked, stacked in neat piles behind a façade formed by a duo of sturdy bags which the little alien has carefully hidden all his precious notebooks in

Greyish-blue-teal cloth - shiny like water in the sun - covers the bags to hide them; the tops are covered by shimmering white & silver glitter fabric, Scorpio loves the new look while the notebooks are safe 'til I can sort them; the little alien spent two days in the study cleaning it and my porch, moving furniture

And washing every ornament & glass bowl, small housekeeping tasks keep a fear of trying to decide the notebooks future at bay - sorting's deferred to another day & the house is clean: excellent ways of procrastinating, escaping pressing problems, but what to do with a host of half-filled notebooks...

Margaret Alice Second

Hallucination (Revised)

Reading 'I Shall Wear Midnight' I whirl,
hallucinating my own making, becoming
my own protagonist, everyone becomes
Wintersmith turning into eyeless men
stalking everything good

Prosecuted not knowing how darkness
would lift, Wizard Eskarina entered so
Tiffany could understand, she must
dance again; forces unleashed solving
enduring winter by giving a death-
dealing kiss to the snow spirit

Everywhere it threatens goodness; evil
of hatred created slain ages ago by witch-
hunting victim's frenzy of misguided zeal -
all social comment based on reality, a
Dark Ages Spanish Inquisition when the
religion of Om, the one god, misused

To suppress and subdue, the Age of Reason
yet to come to require use of verifiable
sensory evidence to determine meaning of
guilt and secure freedom for the innocent -
I had to stop reading, too much meaning,
overwhelming emotion and feeling

'I Shall Wear Midnight' - Terry Pratchett

Margaret Alice Second

Hallway Phantom Singer

I am the hallway phantom singer, singing
'Les souvenirs de mes jours passés, les
souvenirs me reviennent' until a passing
pedestrian glanced at me surprised - we
both laughed - serenading a fellow civil
servant in the foyer 'Think of me, think
of me fondly' from 'The Phantom of the
Opera' - It is good for whatever ails you

'Quand j'étais petit garçon je repassais
mes leçons en chantant' but in the quiet
office only listening on earphones; rather
less successful than singing along - when
driving home this afternoon there shall be
time for a thousand songs: 'Où sont passés
les beaux jours...'

Margaret Alice Second

Handsome Guys And Crocodiles

What's it with handsome guys and crocodiles?

Just switched on to watch while pasting labels on files
and suddenly crocodiles pulled me out of the black hole
which had been sucking all books into its unfathomable
depths - preventing the books pulling me out instead

All at once I felt at fine, safe in my own skin, peace of
mind as soft contentment bubbled up after living through
a miserable day where I shuffled along like a long-dead
zombie, more depressed than the paranoid android

From Hitchhiker's Guide; next episode in TV series, an
alligator covered in mud among angry Tasmanian devils'
growling; then Mr Handsome spending the night feeding
small animals brought home from the zoo; his poor wife

I'm perfectly all right seeing how good life is, ready to
share this with all those with black holes in their heads
and guess - it's Gator Boys next, watching them saving
more alligators and crocodiles - my evening a success!

Margaret Alice Second

Hang My Head (Revised)

A slightly disorientated alien on a strange every-morning planet, convinced I am in the wrong place, so busy with wholly irrelevant activities - feeling unwelcome

My office role confused - kept in solitary confinement on meaningless research, key is "meaningless" - this is another's life, it cannot be mine, no imagination required

Add one fanciful notion and an ethical principle of faithfulness to original text is compromised, looking up financial terms, checking every verb, uselessly comparing alternatives -

I hang my head and cry...

[ORIGINAL:]

Slightly disorientated every morning like an alien on a strange planet, convinced I am in the wrong place, busy with totally irrelevant activities - feeling unwelcome

Confused about my role in the office - in solitary confinement to do meaningless research, the key word - meaningless - this must be another's life, it cannot be mine, no imagination required - in fact

Add one fanciful notion and the ethical principle of faithfulness to the original boring text is compromised, looking up financial terms, checking every verb, comparing alternatives

I hang my head and cry...

Happiest Creature

Take criticism from whom it comes
if the people who criticize you are
not people you look up to, their
words should not disturb you

I accept my personality do not please
people I deal with - keep my ideas to
myself, started a new regime of self-
discipline, bury spontaneity

No more writing about my feelings, seek
substitute outlets, I believe in a better
realm than this faulty human one
which is so unsatisfactory

Withdrawing and living life in my head
I make life nice, when the process is
complete and I live in my head, I
am the happiest creature

Margaret Alice Second

Happiness Filling My Being

Waddling outside like a duck, legs stiff
as sweet chocolate and oily crisps take
their revenge; bought a second striped
pink playsuit to keep in reserve for next
summer when the first one will be worn-
out; and a thin striped turquoise blouse

In the office I fight the noise with Ivan
Rebroff's song: Kosaken müssen reiten,
Mimi & Thokozile can sing as much as
they want but when I sing along with
Kosaken I'm told to keep quiet - this
is not fair; who can stay quiet when

The song goes like this: Drinnen gluhet
der Samovar, Kosaken müssen reiten,
ihr ganzes Leben reiten - noch schneller
als der Wind - weil sie dazu geboren
sind - uns gehört das große weite
Land - the beauty of these velvet

Men's voices singing with Rebroff be-
gets such happiness filling my being!

[22 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Happy Being

In youth Learning is exalted in song, but growing older knowledge loses its charm and this leads to certain disappointment, in older age wisdom and insight into the workings behind ordinary sight, the invisible organisation behind life's scenery can be discovered, there are so many stories and various interpretations, following them all leads to madness

Applying everything we come across is impossible and criteria to determine choices are indispensable, usefulness and practicality being the best norms for determining ideals that confer beauty and magic to life, we all seek happiness & finding principles that lead to achieving this guides us wonderfully - in the end we follow dreams growing from chosen attitude

When mom berated sis for doing housework when great things should be accomplished, it was clear why I want to enlarge my perspective everyday & regard all routine action as a waste of time, even learning new things through translation isn't good enough, everyday has to contain something life-changing and beautiful - but today I'm going to

Be content regarding life on the African continent as the only thing relevant to my little life wherein lying in the sun as a dedicated crocodile's the very essence of being, the sensation of sun on skin the epitome of happy being....

Margaret Alice Second

Happy Decision [revised]

Decided on a new use for my lampshade top:
as a pink rose-patterned cover for a cushion,
so much better than wearing it resembling a
walking curtain; with my beloved deciding to
succumb to his nerves & sleeping so much,
I watch disfigured cancer patients on TV

Parts of their faces gone, reinforcing a cancer
surgeon's refusal to undergo treatment when,
in his turn, he was diagnosed with cancer 'All
those years, he declared, I'd cut people up,
removed eyes, noses, jaws, caused them a
constant embarrassment & pain yet seldom

Prolonged their lives beyond 5 years of misery
due to radiation - just adding them to a list of
'successful' statistics, not divulging many died
after 5 years meaning their treatment was just
unnecessary pain; I reject prolonging length of
my life at the cost of quality and I'm sorry for

What I did to patients' his words ringing in my
ears & since I believe consciousness endures
beyond this life, I have my own ideas regarding
use of medical science to force people into the
role of helpless victims & I shall take my own
counsel when proposed interventions threaten

My happy decision to move out of this life into
the astral or any other ethereal dimensions...

Margaret Alice Second

Happy On Our Own

Couples not sleeping together
twin beds or separate rooms -
cannot imagine how they can
stand it - I'm restless until you
roll in next to me, at first your
legs cold, you like it until we
cuddle warmly

I feel safe with you by my side
even when we fight, entwining
my legs with yours means you
are part of my world, there like
the sun, not grudging me any-
thing, interested in the kids, our
issues your world

You are our hero - thinking and
planning, devoting your life to the
home we have made, giving kids
freedom to breathe on self-help
weekends; frying onions for you
and me only like selfish teens
happy on our own

Margaret Alice Second

Hard-Working Bureaucrats [revised]

After talking about my sister's Gatsby wedding
and sending my nephew inspirational quotes
on fatherhood, I'm bored - and there's a text to
translate line by line; it's warming up outside -

I've had my fun, bought a Mandela poster and
pink rose for the study at home, now headache
interferes with my ability to concentrate - after
a block of swiss chocolate and eating a packet

Of cheese-and-green-onion popcorn there's no
turning back - even my miracle herbal tea can't
stop this descent into Milton's Paradise Lost; I
have been reading the meaning of periwinkle -

Littorina littorea, sea snail in vibrant violet blue -
the Snow Queen blue I had tried to bring into
my work-station and deposited on my son's bed
in a beautiful violet-blue blanket: the very same

Son who kept us awake last night, running with
the dogs noisily while his parents, hard-working
bureaucrats, unsuccessfully tried to sleep - no
wonder I can't keep my eyes open any more...

[30 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Hark Unto Her History [rev.]

Incautiously moving things about - taking
down a miniature mermaid she breaks; I
keep broken figurines zealously as they
have symbolic value for me: just as life

Breaks us where we're rigid & unbending
so we can increase in strength, choosing
to grow more beautiful OR become bitter
and vindictive - my figurines illustrate this

Allegory in the way I fix them; I glued her
upper part to her fish-tail today & returned
her to the goblin, pink fairy and miniature
mermaid companion - the pink fairy has

Been broken also - I added glitter where
she's been patched and there she shone
brighter perfectly illustrating how we can
increase inner beauty from our wounds

Or choose to grow bitter in disillusionment
when using false expectations - based on
symbolical and interpretative fairytale and
allegory, to make sense of inter-subjective

Experience; my little mermaid turned out a
fragile, ethereal beauty becoming a willing
illustration of courage and strength - - for
everyone ready to hark unto her history

[20 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Harps And Pitchforks

Came the clarion call – oh come, all officials, come
collect diaries and bags to prepare for next year,
obediently we trooped downstairs to receive a
mousepad flashing in orange fluorescence

Took an extra one for Madame Pompadour - missing
in action again; Hanlie took one for June who refused
to leave her chair, too enamoured of her computer
to move at all, this morning June lamented:

Vanity, vanity, all vanity; Hanlie checked Ecclesiastes
for grasshopper similes in four languages: Afrikaans,
English, German and French - June said she would
read the Apocrypha during December

I said I love Muslim stories about Jesus as a real little
cowboy when He was small – said to have shrivelled
his teacher's arm – Hermien objected, claiming 'The
little boy Jesus was as sweet as an angel! '

Hermien has three sons herself, how can she believe it?
Humming happily I returned to my desk, started to edit
recalcitrant documents thinking; soon I shall be in the
veld - golden grass and the glorious sun

In an ineffable African sky – why should I worry whether
Hermien has seen the Apocrypha at all - the picture of the
little Jesus will forever hold sway in my heart - and since
the Church Fathers rejected reincarnation

I accept reincarnation as fact, rejoicing about life ever-
lasting - beyond harps and pitchforks...

Margaret Alice Second

Haunting Beauty [revised]

If vibrational harmony means we have all we need to be healthy - illness illustrates the ways in which thoughts, feelings and mood alter our bodies; with medicine we control hormones and stop synapses from relaying signals of pain straight to the brain

□

My mental template is feeling anxiety and nobody can extricate the thin silver threads of happiness from the rusting mesh of sad feelings in which my life began; chemical imbalances which are caused by my eating sweets to fill the hole in my heart -

I direct my eyes to happy words and pictures to keep a lid on angst inside - I can't look at things that resonate with cynicism, inhuman conditions or clueless characters with whom I can't identify - it pulls me down so far that living becomes an

Impossible feat instead of the joy it is; vibrational harmony is my ideal - even though it's a Quixotic dream since my hands are burning with the fire of rowing upstream, while trying to pull them away, being still to drift downstream, is impossible - yet

I still sing of haunting beauty and cherish visions of exquisite loveliness changing life around me...

Margaret Alice Second

Have A Good Time [rev}

Stiff-necked, cross-eyed, mind blank;
couldn't sleep last night, ants crawling
through my joints & elbows kept arms
from resting on the bed, eyes refused
to close, even a pillow neatly pressed
on my head had no 'siesta' effect on
fatigue from an afternoon of strong
tea and coffee; trying to understand

The Electric Universe Theory implying
the Big Bang's redundancy makes me
grow incoherent; trying to tidy my work
station led to a landslide of documents
resulting in greater chaos - if the threat
of security confiscating all illegal things
be carried out I'd lose the two outlawed
floral tops adorning my hat stand which

My reptilian soul, enamored of bright
pink-hued fabrics, keeps at the office
where appearance does not count as
long as we smile & have a good time...

Margaret Alice Second

Have A Son (R)

A weekend of soft golden sunshine & blue skies,
an old table and chairs for the sunroom - having
an argument and clearing the air, then finding a
perfect gift for my son turning 21 on 15 July; I'm
amazed his being such a wonderful young man

Great sense of humour, self-confident and truly
a dedicated student - where's the little one who
cried nobody loved him; I rubbed his back to try
help him sleep at night, changed his diet to get
rid of the angst - how is it possible to miss

The little boy that he was while appreciating his
presence as a young adult; I do miss mothering
someone, I miss small faces filled with wonder
in reading "Which Witch" to my kids, tiny voices
joining mine singing "Because God made you,

That's why I love you" - now my son makes fun
by exaggerating my attempt at doing exercises
'til I laugh uncontrollably - I think it a wonderful
privilege to have a son...

Margaret Alice Second

Have Mercy On Me (Revised)

Introduce yourselves in French Christophe insists, this is what good Ambassadors do! Tonight I sigh, can't face another introduction like 'Hi, I am me, born here and working here with my core family, loving my job in my home sphere', please, no more, have mercy on me

Can't repeat Pollyanna phrases indefinitely; yes, I'm where I am because I've never been over there – yes, I'd like to see that world, but not at the cost of anyone living here; yes, I'd LOVE to speak French to those in the know instead of halting talks I might have here

But please, we need release from repeated introduction of who we are, need fantasy to give gusto to life – don't make me say I'm 'traductrice', it drives me around the bend, like a red cloth to a raging bull, give me leave to tell you about my inner self with the sweet fairy inside

A beautiful palace in a fantasy land, where the DiscWorld of Sir Terry Pratchett is as real as the map of Africa and Australia – please don't make me tell you repeatedly about broccoli and cauliflower simmering on the stove, it may make me go mad, begin frothing at the mouth,

Run off into the blackness of the Unknown Universe where even YOUR ambassadors have never been...

16 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Haven'T Turned Into Zombies (Revised)

Becoming Zombies

An open-plan office immobility of total silence -
it doesn't seem like an apex of existence, this
typing routine Interpol messages on stolen cars;
I can only sit still while nibbling my way through a
mountain of food, listening to unsuitable music
through earphones - nothing's appropriate - nor
is reading inapposite advice on my guru's website

I know not to interfere in other people's affairs but
it is awful when nobody sticks their nose into mine,
no reply to my emails requesting information, after
typing three words utter desolation descends to
complete my immolation, only one colleague in the
abandoned office bravely forging ahead with her
urgent government service document

The desolation of what we're doing being here is
closing in on us, it is all we can offer, without other
beings to interact with we are like the living dead,
strangely enough we haven't become zombies

- yet

Margaret Alice Second

Having The Experience

Knowledge of realms beyond this reality is non-verifiable, used in creating mental universes, not useful for constructing inter-subjective consensus, diversity is great for its own sake, the eccentric and unique are assets only when they are original, never made into a norm to be enforced

Unique experiences are individual possessions, we are free to refuse anything disseminated in a quest for sameness - I sometimes succumb to the desire for acceptance by joining a group, it ends in disaster, innate distrust of forcing one will on others prevents me from playing charades for happiness' sake

Unique experience seems too precious to be made subservient to another, the personal mental world is to be treasured, not elevated and disseminated as gospel rules, proselytizing militates against all I passionately defend and so I remain alone, neither leader nor follower, enjoying the

Illusions of collective reality; accepting only sensory information for universal communication, keeping feelings and thoughts for unlimited possibility, excitingly mysterious, valid only for the individual having the experience...

Margaret Alice Second

Hawaii [rev.]

If you want me to work in Hawaii - I'll dress that way, shorts and sleeveless T-shirt - without the beach and turquoise sea against a sapphire sky framed by emerald palms, without opportunity to dive into waves and ride bubbling champagne into the sand; we have to stay cool in the office at 33 degrees Celsius outside - which means -

An inside heat of 32 and sun a-shine happily on our north-facing windows, the internal air-con is u/s, we need make do with fans whirring stale air about, I boil my kettle to add steam with oxygen to the mix, turn a spray-can mister on everything - today I'm dressed for our version of Hawaii and launching a campaign against open-plan office

Conditions while Asst Mgr Mdm La Pompadour sits in her own enclosure - her personal air-con turned so cold she wears winter clothes, looks smugly down her nose at us, delights in belittling her underlings, the soldiers in bureaucracy who suffer welded-shut windows after burglaries - and therefore NO fresh air whatsoever...

[16 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Head Over Heels [revised]

Arrived at the beach, ran into the high-tide sea
to be turned head over heels and washed back
to the shore whiplashed with sand all over me,
smashed while tumbling in the waves, teaching
me the rule to be obeyed on every beach: wait
for low tide before you chargeee into the waves

Back at the flat I rinsed buckets of sand out of
my pants deciding to play it safe before entering
the fray - it made my day when I received sweet
chocolate treats from the kids; with potatoes and
runner beans on the stove and NatGeoWild on
TV, it might become a perfect holiday...

Margaret Alice Second

Heart Of My People

Nici invited me to go walkabout and I collected a dry twig just perfect to make a mobile, wild flowers and Japanese vocabulary as she teaches me; affixed the twig - draped with flowers - to a rail in the kitchen

Ate the dish prepared by Tiaan - perfectly succulent - and Nici's potato mix, life perfect when I can breathe, see and hear the beauty of my kids, appreciate the new TV system and rejoice about the tears I have shed about a text

Delineating Africa's problems, breaking my heart before setting me free knowing why we cannot progress when those in charge refuse to comprehend why the heart of my people won't heal

Margaret Alice Second

Heartache And Headache [revised]

Wasn't going to give in to feelings but my body did, heartache and headache of self-reproach; should've realised it impossible to fall in love in the blink of an eye, should not have supplied my advice without knowing exactly what was going on, should have asked

Who took the lead on learning she'd demanded commitment as soon as she came to visit, insisted on marriage within a week - a pre-determined plan, warned him this she-devil was a freak; no time to get to know him, no time to build a friendship

Only pressure by a woman suffering need of protection, playing that role to perfection; warned him no marriage based on strange and unknown is realistic, I'd thought it an old love rekindled while the fiendish she-devil engaged in a con - swindling him as soon as

Debts were paid, coldly telling her benefactor he's not good enough after 6 months constant complaints; stupid to leave him to his own devices when he needed guidance, we both have low emotional intelligence, that's clear, if only the con can be recognised in court

Forcing the swindler to deal with consequences of her atrocious behaviour, losing money she swindled, bringing him closure and making up for the times I did not warn him against this parasite

Margaret Alice Second

Heat Of Feelings - Life's Vertices (Revised)

Life becomes senseless without dreams - the one thing left, testing ideals by doing the opposite, discovering alternatives that do not work, breaking every rule to determine meaning

Pain for long-term gain is the only way to live happily; humanity the sole religious authority whose embedded ideals are fine as long as we're not forced to follow teachings - I dream about miracles, read how

Quantum physics explains all forms of spiritualism, how consciousness creates physical phenomena supposedly only perceived, how a wise mind can present inherently beautiful ideas conceptually

Cynicism kills optimism by abstract abhorrence; life's value rides upon rays of insight colouring the world with tinctures of feelings and emotions, created intrigues, but won't change inner traits

Musing as I climb life's vertices, falling into ravines of self-pity and failed self-esteem, trapped in the doldrums of hum-drum routines eating my brain-circuits - only a variety of constructed, carefully protected ideals to keep me going....

[ORIGINAL:]

Heat of Feelings

One thing left: the ideal tested by doing the opposite, discovering alternative does not work, breaking every rule to determine meaning - life becomes senseless without dreams

Sacrifice for long-term gain the only way to live happily, humanity is the only religious authority

I love the ideals embedded therein as long as
we are not forced to follow their teaching, I
dream about

Miracles, read how quantum physics explains all
forms of spiritualism, how consciousness creates
physical phenomena supposedly only perceived,
a wise mind presents inherently beautiful ideas
wonderfully

A cynic destroys idealism by employing abhorrent
concepts; life's value depends upon light of insight
colouring the world with the heat of feelings and
emotions create intrigues but can't change
inner traits

Musing as I climb life's steep mountain, falling into
ravines of self-pity and fears of no self-esteem,
caught in the doldrums caused by never-ending
hum-drum routines which sabotage all my
brain-circuits

Only a variety of constructed, carefully protected
ideals to keep me going...

Margaret Alice Second

Heaven Indeed (Revised)

Heaven Indeed (REVISED)

Modern publicity creates its own fantastic lore; feed
the family this yellow unsaturated margarine and they'll
jump, smile and kiss you spare, wash their clothes in this
cleaning product and they'll be clouded in achievement
ensuring success in work and class

Spray this perfume on your wrists for armies of elated
servicemen to follow you around, taste the new tooth-
paste and angels will smile through you, the shine will
lighten your aura too and you'll sprout wings lifting you
to fluoride heaven where a bevy of beautiful beings

Will serve you with more toothpaste; eat our ice-cream
seductively and the very devil and his demons will carry
you off to a wonderful hell of enjoyable decadence, get
your flu shot in time and ward off all pestilence – a list
of miracles goes on and on, one spray of this amazing

New deodorant and sparsely clad women will appear like
genies to do whatever you want, insure your car with us
and we shall return it to you even from Timbuktu – I
want to live in commercial land and watch an ape play
a ukulele before it steals my too-dry drink, I want to see

my clothes grow whiter with every wash and my body
shrink with every touch of wonder milkshake in a tin,
I want to swing down buildings and climb back up
again for an overpriced ice-cream, I want to see my
money grow in supermarkets while little supermen

Jump from cans and clean my home when I spray the
product in the air – this is heaven indeed – I fear

Margaret Alice Second

Heavenly Enchantment (Revised)

Pleased in a kitchen's heavenly
enchantment, washed dishes to classical
music's accompaniment, heart fortified
by the dream I cherish within

Graced in golden reflections shaped
by sunbeams' radiance on walls, green
hues so beautiful I float lightly within
the softened embrace of my dream

Empowered by this ethereal vision,
drifting in a current strong enough
to carry me across the stream
of a duty-bound life

Margaret Alice Second

Held Ransom [rev]

A clever Muslim spokeswoman said she covers her head since she need not use her sexuality to succeed, which begs the question: did nature make woman so bad they must cover up & why shouldn't men cover up too keeping women free from the same temptations; why do men need their

Sexuality to succeed? If everybody needs be a-sexual, hybrid characters as in George Orwell's 1984, we should ALL be covered from head to toe so nobody gets lascivious ideas and all the repression would lend such Victorian allure to what's under the coverings that any illegal delight would send shivers

Through men & women alike, a re-enactment of Leon Uris 'The Haj' would ensue - morally outraged fathers would slay their wives and daughters if they allow strangers to accost them; obviously, mere existence is "wrong" in the holy order set by the Creator - who actually wishes womankind extinct & men

Cringing on their knees all day as they fervently pray before dying holy & childless in hunger and poverty, a vision some religion would cherish, I'm sure; & as mankind can be held ransom for being a creature of the earth, priests can play mind games while they reign supremely as the only worthy

Ascetic beings - driving all humanity into oblivion - in honour of their Creator-God!

Margaret Alice Second

Hell In Deep Freeze

Only freedom of ideas is real, bondage simply is
a bondage of ideas because our IDEAS form our
reality - I am afraid I have run out of ideas today -
sitting here in the armoury where all is bound and
chained to their perceptions, limitation is the only
concept we know, limited to this time and space,
limited to saudade, nostalgia, wishing for peace
and contentment when hell is in deep freeze, my
head is burning with my soul smouldering in the
depths of Purgatory, longing for the oblivion of
sleep to melt the stone in my heart and give me
the strength to laugh at myself, looking such an
absurd, tragi-comic figure as a dwarf standing
at attention with an expressionless face just
as I learnt from studying Sam Vimes

Margaret Alice Second

Help Her Keep Slim [rev.]

A pixie lookalike Nici came home
with cap on her head - Dad said -
Are you staying or do you have a
date tonight?

Her reply, I'm going ice-skating
with Laptop Guy - if you feel I
cost too much to feed if I'm not
here when you prepare a plate

For me I'll eat elsewhere gladly;
immediately Dad faltered, sorely
defeated by her sharp acumen -
No dear, it's just that I'd like to

Know when you will be here; I
felt sympathy for him, she looks
the most adorable wee thing -
how can her Dad share his

Darling with the World at Large,
especially Justin & Eduard &
Wiehahn, Laptop Guy and
everyone else when he's

Last in the line of adoring
fellows; trying to tie her with
threats of starvation won't
even count - she sees

It a wonderful attempt to
help her keep slim!

[24 June 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Her Exaltation

Why isn't the world swirling with hope - why isn't the office bright in the expectation of the holidays to come, I asked my Beloved who just shrugged; a fellow soldier scoffed at my idea but she scoffs at everything I say, shrinking me with a withering look - scornful of my ideal to become a visionary and look at dreams instead of the iron-clad reality we live in; she offers darkness as living space

It provides a great background for lodestar dreams, yet my desire is reconciliation, I regard her antipathy as invitation to find the source of her discontent and fear of life and freedom - fear to drive alone, fear of admitting that ALL people are equal and individuals are powerful in themselves; I interpret her symptoms of dependence as I have problems with it also, I see how the soldier next to me navigates life's trenches

Hiding herself in the glory of her hero & referring to him as the godliness determining her life's purpose, her illusion of his grandeur exalting her as cherished treasure of her Prince, while I pledged my allegiance to the Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle - who gave me my own jealousy with which to instill fear in the unwary slackers on the road - the soldier next to me lives under a safe coverlet - without interfering kids

Maybe she loves her exaltation so much, she does not care about freedom and empowerment...

Margaret Alice Second

Her Golden Aura

When I retire, says colleague Hanlie, I shall read American history, I replied, Remember the free offer Learn How To Read Torah In Hebrew to use my free-time – it's changed

To a Free Trial and 29% off for the course - Beware, Hanlie cautioned, they will catch you in the end - then I remind; BUT you must read Pratchett's Discworld series when retired,

Imagine "Good Omens" Adam multiplied to Captain Carrot, Angua, Tiffany, and brilliant Death – I can't, Hanlie replied, It pains my realistic side when fantasy strays too far

From reality, though I like Death talking in capitals – At least try "Soul Music" where Death called Beau Nidle joins the French Foreign League presented as a Klatchian

League, it'd appeal to your wicked sense of humour, also "Thief Of Time" where my guru Lobsang Rampa appears as Newgate Ludd & turns prayer-wheel cylinders

To pick up time lost in classes to regenerate the universe; everything in Sir PTerry books is parody & satire, especially where he takes on poetry, pointing out nobody minds a poet

Praising daffodils or Young Maidens Dancing In May - as long as they need not read it; Susan, a Goth Mary Poppins, blanks it out by reading a book about Parody, Romanticism being the

Stepchild of all realistic translators, you'll love the serious Death and Susan - both eschew everything to do with feelings, yet can't help themselves doing good; Hanlie just laughed -

Leaving the office to inadvertently do good,
sharing her cheer & sunshine smile with
everyone, her sunbeam soul causing her
golden aura to glow...

Margaret Alice Second

Her Presence Is Comfort Indeed [revised]

A striking and beautifully strong autumn sun shining straight into the office creates a stifling atmosphere making me feverish, the text to be translated is utter confusion with words repeated even worse than any previous text, no wonder tonight I feel ill

When my beloved invites me out to a meal I decline, refusing his treat is an alien concept, I always accept – tonight I wasn't strong enough to eat anything, such behaviour makes me feel self-alienated, fatigued to exhaustion yet not tired enough to lie down

Bliss is only found if we become happy in ourselves, as yet there is no such thing in my heart, the world is the same – only I am not; and my daughter is here enjoying her project asking me to spell foreign words, her presence a comfort indeed – if only

Stomach and head would stop hurting...

Margaret Alice Second

Her Special Gift (Cor.)

My twin sis, the Duchess, is coming for a visit, want to get her a belated birthday present and a few trinkets - my finances in a bad state after my promising to help my Little Prince with printing costs of his notes typed in class - but I digress

Though I have to tell all that my work station shines to Saint Saëns' Aquarium piano lines, I'm so excited by the promised visit created by the magic of my lilac fairy dress which became a fairy top by tying petticoat and wrinkly upper rose petals in knots, wearing it with rugby shorts

Oh dear, I'm actually a goblin in this - can't wait to show the Duchess all my symbols for crystal consciousness and tell her she has also passed amphibian consciousness in childhood as illustrated by her being a haughty Duchess, I want to explain how we attain light consciousness -

I think it entails physical death - but it's a moot point, fact is we can become Light Beings and visit other life planes & need never reincarnate on earth again; hope she will enjoy the prospect with me - must hurry, nearly lunch, a short break to find the symbols I wish for her special gift -

[2 February 2015]

[Continued in 'A Bit Over The Top']

Margaret Alice Second

Here For The Rest Of The Day

Being technologically somewhat less endowed than my more advanced sistren and brethren, I ventured forth on the exciting path of discovering the features of the cell-phone I have been lent, a sophisticated Samsung that can play my favourite radio station through the Internet

After scrolling for hours from music-hub to play-station to Wi-fi and Bluetooth and everywhere else, pulling down screen after screen and riding them upwards and sideways and everything in between, I managed to find the radio icon, clicked on it, earphones in position, ready

To experience the marvel of FM Classic - but lo and behold, the radio settings work directly and the swish that sounds as I find 102.7 is terrible - unstoppable, running away from the icon does not help, the swishing goes on, after struggling like mad I switch off

The whole da*n phone, it is the most useless piece of modern technology with the touch screen keyboard being diabolically engineered to make it impossible to navigate with my fingers, I'm reduced to yawning and stretching and washing dishes to make the day pass

It does not work very well, the clock is still slowly moving to two and I have to be here for the rest of the day...

Margaret Alice Second

Hermit-Existence

Rereading "Ageing is an Attitude" I laughed when realising that what the author depicts as the more reflective, slower lifestyle of the elderly, applies to how I have lived from my youth; no wonder I do not see the distinction between young and old and what has to be changed with increasing age

Now I happily settle into my hermit-existence with more self-confidence - relishing my best Cinderella-dreams as the most glorious vision I could conjure knowing manifestation would only have spoilt them; glad that remaining as I am is the best thing while dreams shall lead to ever more magnificent visions

'Aging is an Attitude' Cecil Murphey – AMG Publishers, 2005

Margaret Alice Second

Heroes Small Enough [revised]

A new James Bond film Skyfall surprised & inspired me, I thought Daniel Craig could only play in terribly violent films of the series - wrong, in this instalment he showed devotion to duty & his stern boss, stiff-upper-lip lady M

Concepts of values, devotion to fatherland & loyalty to principle always quicken my blood, make my heart beat faster, confer meaning to life; having read of destitute families after fire destroyed their homes and seeing

A TV program about a little Chinese girl with fatal, and inoperable facial melanoma life was so sad - but James Bond took care of it, watching 007's adventures I feel inspired to make a difference in my colleagues lives

I must confess Mandela's life makes me feel devotional & pious, but it is too holy to inspire me; I feel small, insignificant when confronted with forgiveness he showed his jailers - I don't see anyone following his example

Enemies still fight each other; yet James Bond holding lady M as she lay dying, both remaining faithful to their country in opposing the enemy agent trying to kill them creates fiction enough to replace despair I feel seeing

Unconquerable, otherworldly morality set by a saintly Nelson Mandela. Thank goodness for heroes small enough to capture the fancy of us little people who cannot forgive our enemies the way Mandela did

[ORIGINAL:]

Surprised to find that Skyfall, the new James Bond film, inspired me – thought that Daniel Craig would only ever play in terribly violent films in the series – wrong, in this Bond instalment he showed devotion to duty and his stern boss, the stiff-upper-lip lady M

Concepts like values, devotion to fatherland and loyalty to principles always quicken my blood, make my heart beat faster and confer meaning to life; having read of destitute families after a fire destroyed their homes and having seen a TV programme about

A little Chinese girl with fatal melanoma of the face, too late to operate, life seemed so sad – but James Bond took care of that, after watching the adventures of 007 I feel inspired to try to make a difference in the lives of my colleagues – I must confess that Nelson Mandela's life

Makes me feel devotional and pious, but his life is too holy to inspire me; I feel small and insignificant when confronted with the forgiveness Mandela showed his jailors - I don't see anyone following his example, enemies still fight each other, BUT James Bond holding M

As she was dying, both of them remaining faithful to their country as they opposed the enemy agent trying to kill them; creates a fiction small enough to replace the despair I feel when looking at the unconquerable moral standards set by the saintly, otherworldly Nelson Mandela

Thank goodness for heroes small enough to capture the fancy of us little people who cannot forgive our enemies the way a freedom fighter like Nelson Mandela did...

Margaret Alice Second

Hers To Design [rev]

Telepathy? Of course, it works! Carine is moving to the Cape Province, she's in love and she's going to get an English Bull dog, and I put a Winston Churchill soft toy on her bed as a welcoming gift before she told me her news, isn't that perfect? After a hiatus of five years, she is moving forward planning a new life; she went to Italy to watch the Grand Prix and she's fulfilling her ideals of more work responsibility - her dreams are crystallising

Into a reality of franchising as she'll take the helm of a new food-outlet-entrepreneurial ship that's launched - and I feel humbly delighted that prayers for her have been heard since a kind, intelligent, omniscient super-consciousness reflects the vibration of well-being that has been projected; she shows a new independence and fulfilment while she is visiting with a new love and a new light in her eyes, the dark shadows are lifting as

The past recedes to reveal the bright new beginning that is hers to design and bring to life...

Margaret Alice Second

Higher Dimensions [rev]

From the engine room on this ship - darling Alet,
we translators in another cabin - she'd suffered
a long time, porous bone cancer & fractured hip
healing uncertain; how to support her - can she
eat chocolate - how to infuse her life with love &
light, make her feel appreciated and so special -
she always catered for anyone in need of coffee,
she always entered into my games, laughed

At my jokes, read my poems; will she be back or
shall we meet in the astral dimensions; she'll be
missed, but if she suffers unbearably she'll leave
and rise into an afterlife, a super-consciousness
as mastermind aware of her plight can decide to
minimise her suffering yet by convalescence - or
release her soul to higher dimensions where she
will joyously be conscious of her perfect soul

Free and delighted with Being as total freedom....

[Poem for Alet 27 June 2016]

Margaret Alice Second

Highest Virtue (C)

Listening to Bach 'Jesu Joy of Man's
Desiring' makes me realise humanity
should be measured by the beauty of
its ideals, religions in all cultures show
what man aspire to, respect each other
& bring happiness & peace in one form
or another; only one problem remains:

Individuals supposed to apply the great
ambitions failing miserably as Jihadists
explode Muslim brotherhood; Judaism
judges all nations as unrighteous - and
Christians believe mankind's sinfulness
is innate; unworthy till we accept certain
sacrifice, which makes no sense as one

Man must be seen as God made flesh,
a sacrilege to Judaic thought; Buddhist
monks praise poverty as highest Good,
elevate eating no flesh to holiness - to
help the poor accept their fate - religion
& ideal will be used to measure the life
we led - whether we followed our creed

With integrity; this is the highest Virtue...

Margaret Alice Second

Hindu Diet Principle

Finally figured out why diets never work for me: I follow Hindu principles when starting a new regime, at first a new convert's Medieval fervour for new food, free from cholesterol, caffeine and sugar - no chocolates, cakes and bread, only green tea, fruits, salads, almonds, honey and yogurt - then comes the backlash

A passionate desire for forbidden stuff, my old diet, a pantheon of gluttony gods crawl back and I eat the old illegal foods and the new healthy things - devoted to all culinary deities I just assimilate the new within the old and eat TWICE as much as before, paying my respects to all the gods dreamt into existence

In this universe - honouring ALL foods regardless of oil, fat, sugar, cholesterol and wheat content - every new diet is a new addition to the diet I love - thus I'm worse off than I were before the new regime kicked off; should I market the lovely Hindu diet principle?

Margaret Alice Second

His Damning Text [revised]

He quotes the Bible to damn & blast modern civilisation to hell, citing what is 'natural' and what is not - this reverend should examine Mother Nature & see what's natural indeed:

as is a sea-horse male accepting seed from the female & carrying it to fruition - another exotic hermaphroditic animal fights for who gets to play the female role, and those

astounding female fish changing into males when there's a dire shortage - so how dare people cite ancient texts of man-made origin dictating radical creeds to damn people who

feel differently to hell - & though reverend & flock vied off into another universe, I'm still stuck here with his damning text; oddly I've found a million other things to fill my time,

can spend scarcely a moment on his vilifying text - according to which ONLY holy-fire-&-brimstone reverend & flock are redeemed - while humankind is damned to rot in hell

but, fact is the only judgment faced in the afterlife is us judging ourselves, only pain faced is experiencing the pain we caused unto others; I hope Holy One can stand

the pain he caused unto me, the stoical translator, struggling with his damning text!

Margaret Alice Second

His Presence

A childhood incident explains the secret that opened every heart to Madiba: when he was humiliated by being thrown from a donkey, he concluded that humiliation makes one suffer in a cruel way, so he decided to defeat opponents without dishonouring them

This is how Mandela defeated his opponents in politics, honouring them in such a way that they gave in to his requests; only he held the key to their hearts to gently guide them into the dawn of African nationalism, only he could convince the enemy to destroy their own power and

Become aware of the dignity of all human beings, only Madiba could open the heart of everyone on earth: his respect and warm interest brought our most honourable feelings to the surface and his presence meant acceptance and friendship, his honour is still reflecting in the lives

Of all he touched...

[11 January 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Historic And Philosophic Ignorance [revised]

Africa's transport infrastructure requires 5% of the budgeted GDP while governments invest as little as 0.7% – they want contractors to build toll roads to fund the deficit so they can finance arms from state budgets to combat internal strife, all this instead of investing in their own welfare

Leaders in Africa see themselves as absolute kings who own everything, their subjects must provide for their own needs while state coffers are robbed by these monarchs, rewarding criminals who offer deals enriching the ruler and his minions by stealing from the state and the people; while education is

Lacking in Africa no Enlightened Leader volunteers to guide Africa into a new dawn, heads of state are just as subservient to principles and responsibility as the people they serve; Africa has not yet moved into political reform, its leaders sell out their countries and nations to increase their personal wealth

Unaware of leadership principles, morality and advantages of increasing general welfare; the only thing that interests them is personal gain, there's no moral conscience, criminals see Africa as a golden goose to be plucked without conscience, but who's to blame when Africans ignore everything taught

By recent history and philosophy?

Margaret Alice Second

Hold Him In Awe

After relaying the words of others today - a day in which I did not take off my moon boot - not even once, wearing a knee-high silk stocking one-size fits all except me, I've got the ring mark to prove it

Today for the first time after getting the grey boot 3 weeks ago I did not even open the Velcro, finishing my fragile-state translation more important than anything else on earth, still sitting here not even opening

The boot at home - tomorrow a physiotherapist will decide what exercises to do - a much needed gift ☐ as I pass out from lack of energy in the office without walking about - our security guard telling me

Tomorrow I must walk normally and my explaining this is a six-weeks boot for torn ligaments grade 3, luckily no operation but I have to take care, waiting for my Beloved I hop into the road, crutch in hand

Knowing he's impatient to get back into the flow of traffic though he warns me to take care - yet he is the one reason I take chances as I do not wish to impose on his lofty highness too much - I laugh

He doesn't even know how much I hold him in awe

[6 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Holding Happiness Transfixed

The words flow like pebbles in a stream
I hear them covering something deep,
unseen, it's only words as symbols of
what we really mean, yet reality of being
is too big to be contained in our small
melody, the song we sing as our emotions
grow within, a vision of another layer in
reality, the yin-yang metaphor, the
driftwood and tsunami's in the soul

I hear your far-off call and dream again
wishing for the freedom of feeling like
a kite roaming in the wind, free to dive
into the other layers of reality that
lead to trances, romances, dances which
are continuous without stopping -
holding happiness transfixed

Margaret Alice Second

Homage To First Dreams

Tidying my work station I look at all the books around me, Explication de texte by Boilly-Widmer, containing some favourites: Le Ciel est par-dessus le toit by Verlaine; Ballade des Dames du temps jadis by François Villon, also

Astrology, Palmistry and Dreams by Donald Law - though I use it to prop up my keyboard - still, it can be read should I want to look up anything about Astrogenetics and sun signs - even The Children's Encyclopedia is here - for remembrance

Childhood's fantasies brought me here, I shall always pay homage to the first dreams I had of being able to speak in many tongues, and the music of the songs my mother made us sing as toddlers - Frère Jacques and Muss'I denn...

Margaret Alice Second

Honesty & Warmth [rev]

I did not enjoy the latest Cinderella with Lily James - the opening scenes with her doting parents were so saccharine I turned off the sound - earnest upturned-face scenes with her father so irritating I couldn't allow sound; the horrible stepmother's whole bearing and expression plus extravagant dress didn't tally with my ideas of role-playing appearances

The body language of the simpering Prince gave me the creeps, the English way doing things lacked the conviction of Oz-cynics; finally I watched the victorious ball scene - the heroine's demeanour made it difficult to tune in, interaction & disposition spoiled by ethereal English poses making it impossible to watch - just like the Tolkien-Hobbit films

Everything is pretentious in the extreme -
I prefer content - all honesty & warmth

Margaret Alice Second

Honouring Those Who Persecuted Him [+ Revised]

Nelson Mandela spent 27 years in prison paying for the right to be spokesman for Africans oppressed under the policies practiced by Europeans living in Southern Africa; he made the supreme short-term sacrifice for long-term results - sacrificing a hedonistic life for a world in which equality is acknowledged by every player on the board

He set a quintessential example - changing the world by changing yourself, choosing persecution and prison - an irrational choice when he could have had peace; chose to set aside vengeance and anger - totally irrational, no dignity satisfied, no feud settled, no dispute laid aside - terrible, deplorable - acceptance of the inexorable

So the whole world was won, prejudices overcome; yet in South African political circles his legacy is trampled by the President following in his footsteps using public office to enrich himself - paying homage to examples of European monarchy; still, the reconciliation brought about by Nelson Mandela, our nation's Madiba saved a country from burning

Saved Africans from reverting to savagery; kept South Africa from becoming a second Zimbabwe - the former Rhodesia who revered a Mugabe as saviour, killing people on street and reaping despair at his hands - while South Africa rejoiced in the forgiveness of a Nelson Mandela and tries to live up to his superhuman example of unconditionally honouring

Those who mercilessly persecuted him...

[7 December 2013]

[ORIGINAL:]

Nelson Mandela made short-term sacrifices for long-term results: sacrificing a hedonistic life for a world in which equality is acknowledged by every player on the board, spending 27 years in prison paying for the right to be

spokesman for the oppressed Africans under policies
practiced by Europeans living in Southern Africa

Nelson Mandela set the example of how to change the world
by changing yourself, choosing persecution and prison – an
irrational choice when he could have had peace; choosing
to set aside vengeance and anger – totally irrational, no
dignity satisfied, no feud settled, no dispute laid aside –
terrible, deplorable - acceptance of the inexorable

And so the whole world was won, prejudice overcome; yet
in South Africa's political circles his legacy is trampled by
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Saved a country from burning, saved the Africans from re-
verting to savagery; saved South Africa from becoming a
second Zimbabwe - the former Rhodesia who revered a
Mugabe as savior, killing people on street and reaping
despair at his hands - while South Africa rejoiced in
the forgiveness of a Nelson Mandela and tries to

Live up to his superhuman example of unconditionally
honouring those who persecuted him mercilessly...

[Friday 6 December 2013]

Margaret Alice Second

Hooray!

Joy to the world, my heart is glad, it's joy and joy and JOY! Nici's suitcase went astray and it seemed an awful day as I watched, emailed & prayed, we asked what could be done, also she was not picked up at the airport due to luggage problems so she felt really bad and heavy was my heart, and then she did not eat all that well -

All alone in a totally different time zone, and I held a vigil just for her, a vigil - stoppering the hole in my heart with food I should not have - yet adrenaline prevailed and nothing made me sleep, alert I waited for Nici to be safe and yea! the email finally came - her suitcase's on its way, hooray, hooray, hooray!

Margaret Alice Second

Hopeless Project

Improvement indeed, staying away
from flame-throwing sugar - eating
salty cornmeal products instead -
turning chemical depression into
an ice-cold anger that makes me
hate myself and all existence

Escaping the interminable rise and
fall of voices by listening to music
full-volume on my ear-phones -
keeping irritation of meaning to a
minimum, facing an endless day of
inner turmoil caused by a system

So wayward it never stays on keel
for more than a few minutes at a
time, a frozen statue in front of a
computer screen, not allowing fury
at being a simpleton to boil over as
that is useless waste of energy

Knowing spiritualists would indict me
for lack of responsibility but in my de-
fence the headache came first and
nothing I did changed one iota of
anything, better to embrace this
feeling than trying to grow holy

A hopeless project to begin with

Margaret Alice Second

Hopelessness

I think I should drink until I am ill
or better still, until I feel different,
right now I feel so listless and
depressed, so hot and bothered
and useless, nothing but an entire
shift of consciousness can make
me feel better again

Let me to any intoxicating drink,
let me drown these feelings in the
glory of the vitality conferred by
mind-numbing soul-changing stuff,
get rid of the pains and aches that
beset my existence, flee the dark-
ness of non-expectation

And hopelessness

Margaret Alice Second

Hot-Wired Super-Fast Brain [correction]

I love Channel 182, Nat Geo Wild, there always is some programme about crocodiles, we were taught crocodiles survive temperature changes by hiding in tunnels deep in the earth, their heart rate slows until it rains again - tonight scientists teach crocodilians are quite intelligent, displaying learned behaviour

They know where to look for prey, now they say there were super crocs in the time of the dinosaurs, double the size of today's largest crocs, the super one was a terrible menace feasting on dinosaurs very often, they have a forty-year old crocodile still growing, nobody knows how big it can grow – scientists speculate

About a possible future croczilla with a 2-metre skull; no longer are fantasy & fairytales limited to children, tales of super-large animals are happily regarded by Serious Men - I like crocodiles just as they are with a hot-wired super-fast reflex brain which mammals also possess in the brain stem below the frontal cortex

Bypassing slow conceptualisation in language terms leading to immediate reaction without being deterred by slow evaluation, enabling survival in a threatening situation - hurrah for the reptile brain which keeps us safe, symbolised by the scary crocodile featuring on Nat Geo Wild all the time!

Margaret Alice Second

How Astounding Men's Love Is (Revised)

My son played imaginary guitar at the steering wheel while driving to work – marginally better than turning his steering wheel from left to right to the beat of the music; when he got out I drove home listening to French conversations recorded for my edification and to which he refuses to listen

Picking him up after work I told him about the Dutch Queen Beatrix abdicating, the Crown Prince was to be crowned King; my son showed no impression, making sarcastic remarks like how much he appreciated my information – without which he could not have lived down being bereft this uselessly 'important' news

I laughed, driving with Tiaan makes life seem such an adventure, he imitates old men emphasising certain words, at age seventeen his joie de vivre is irrepressible, his dad watches him with the care of a mother hen to make sure nothing untoward befalls him just as he is on the brink of a wonderful life – what love there is

In the heart of a father, my dad gave his pension to my younger brother; my beloved would bring the sun, moon and stars to our son if required – such passionate love, yet when the kids were babies, how little his interest – I had to carry both – one on each hip – when we were camping but today their dad loves them so much

How astounding a man's love is!

9 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

How Bizarre

The morally corrupt Afrikaner culture of racial discrimination still brands their government system morally justified - calling all its Freedom Fighter opponents Marxist & inveighing against the ruling ANC as communists

Rejecting Freedom Charter and Constitution as socialist, the Human Rights Declaration anathema to Afrikaners, pointing out corruption of ANC cadres long before they took the reins, hiding the same during Afrikaner reign

The old regime of good governance, laws and regulations, was immoral with racist laws inhumane; yet their propaganda just ignores the Apartheid crime - besides it's irrelevant whether exiled ANC leaders were corrupt -

Fact is Madiba used the ANC to bring peace when our country burned - although the ANC falls into the same traps that keep Africa back, failing to educate & improve the poor's situation thus seething masses destroy everything

Why respect infrastructure when poverty keeps them from enjoying benefits; cheap labour enables ANC to perpetrate the same slavery enjoyed by supremacists, but it's no longer policy to suppress any race

New regimes have to redress 500-year European Supremacy, without experience they must save an illiterate continent and refugees filter in every day - and some still arrogantly preach racial prejudice?

A religious people founded racial segregation on the Bible - now these people still tote religion as moral foundation for today's society? How bizarre, how quaintly absurd...

[23 February 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

How I Love (Revised)

The rain came with assuring displays of
Valkyrian thunder and lightning; at last
we can breathe again – showers have
cleansed the air and with an iniquitous
sun gone I can watch TV all day;

□

Tiaan stayed with a friend overnight, never
slept; sleeping now at midday. Nici said she
would like to adopt her friend's adorable
boa constrictor, agreeably feed him mice,
I warned I would leave our home

A joyful discovery – I am flexible enough
to watch TV in the spiritual Lotus position
just like my book's sweet protagonist;
watched Tales of Belle of Beauty and The
Beast; delighted – just how I would imagine

She must have spent her enchanted castle
days by herself with only servants under a
spell to take care of her – Nici so happy, her
friend is back, found her lost necklace
in the driveway

Texting us now with her Blackberry birthday
present from her room, at last we can plan a
proper celebration, she said with shining
eyes, condescending to share a restaurant
meal with her family –

Oh, I love my little world
with these wonderful kids...

Margaret Alice Second

How Shall I Escape

Allergy symptoms, eyes skew, world upside
down everyone I know is gone, only empty
shells of ourselves left, the iron clamp on my
Hail Mary head still tightening-mea culpa-oh
yes I know full well something is wrong with
my vibrational skills I attract problems like a
magnet today, every choice made is wrought
with great danger-although what will happen
next is Heisenbergian uncertainty

I suspect it will continue the pattern of Unheil
und schmerzhaftes Leidenschaft* - my early
morning attempt to change life into a lovely
safe place exploded and now I am lost at my
desk, the iron clamp tightening, tightening,
tightening still - and how shall I make my
escape - get a cup of coffee and regard
the world through a caffeine-induced
clearer eye?

*painful passion

Margaret Alice Second

How Superb [rev]

I get into the car fired up with bright energy; since a most arrogant person insulted those very people he's begged financial subsistence from for his vital abettance - regarding himself an artist so genially looking down upon all as his servants - by talking

I missed the cues indicating you've had enough - you burst out with wild energy - stop talking - shut up; I don't want to hear; you've been talking about the subject for 5 mins, quieten down, I don't want to know how you're testing my patience!

Being an idiot, I defended myself until common my sense kicked in; yes, you have no tolerance for any information about my feelings - I must keep it aloof for writing & just talk about the weather, cars, sport, the kids, the house, pensions, retirement, caravans

No news items, nothing read, no response to what's happening or theories - what a benevolent dictator you are; your magnificent magnanimous beneficence stretches unto heaven in spite of the fact that I irritate and bore you to death, you still take such good care

Of us; what idiocy it is to talk to you, the daughter of Conan the Barbarian is my being, I was destined to marry Bluebeard and here you are, a true Scorpion forcing the crocodile into hiding - how marvellous you arrange everything - how blue the pool, how

Well-mannered our son and daughter - why, it's a privilege to be silenced by you, to learn to count my words and write them down for posterity - and how excellent that your reticence teaches me to pluck the thoughts from my head and put them in perspective

They would have been wasted on you: how superb that you refuse to listen and keep me writing...

How The Dinosaurs Died (Revised)

How develop evergreen self-esteem when yesterday's
regime " 2 kinds of rolls, fresh and warm" can be seen
in swollen eyelids and facial expression effect

"Tis unfair to know all bread and dough is explicitly
forbidden, 'tis so unfair it strengthens my theory the
dinosaurs' extinction was also due to wheat allergy

Forced to subsist on grass and grain, they expired with
sinuses swollen, unseeing eyes, low blood sugar and
muscle weakness, all symptoms of food intolerance

It caused their universal demise; I shall not force my
surmise on science but until I die I shall be the only
one who intimately knows how the dinosaurs died!

Evergreen self-esteem ½ Coined by Terry Pratchett in
his new book ½Snuffi ½ [Lord Rust, p.62]

Margaret Alice Second

How Tragic Is That (Revised)

Power groups using civilians as pawns in a grand game of chess, Mel Gibson's Scots in Braveheart, Leon Uris' Arabs in The Haj - and African leaders imitate them to great effect

Libyan refugees victimised in the game between Gadaffi and the West, and equally Africa's leaders use their people for blackmail; responsibility and logical consequences unknown concepts

With such an attitude Africa is doomed; it is only when people take their fate into their own hands they achieve success - work ethic and expertise can save the continent, replacing proliferating

numbers of ignorant people, thirteen babies per woman who cannot learn anything while simply surviving, the unskilled manipulated like slaves by their unconscionable Heads of State

Who sacrifice their own subjects for their own political causes, demanding the West provide the advantages denied by poverty, then using help offered to enrich themselves

How tragic is that...

Margaret Alice Second

However Weird [rev]

Sallied forth carrying a cavernous Miss Marple* handbag in pink polka dots & bunches of roses - yet my courage failed & I hid it in a big black bag, unsure whether I could pose as a fluffy yet super-sleuth aunt, then my bad habit of sharing random snippets of life with complete strangers had finally asserted itself and the poor victim had to bite on his teeth while strange terms fell out of my mouth without my brain able to interfere & who knows if diamonds & pearls OR frogs & snakes appeared as in Perrault's fairy tales - the latter it seemed if gauging by my victim's strangled reaction - but now I `m glad to translate an Import Declaration

Ethical work covering a million sins bubbling in several intertwined states of consciousness as we live concurrent reincarnational lives spinning a web of intelligent energy where the PRESENT creates both Past & Future - resembling Indra's pearls hung in such a way every pearl reflects all the others; each time-space-pearl in our now reflects the light from every other life, a freedom which can't be hidden by persecution - although my intellectual name's lost in an unending quest for esoteric wisdom & playing childish theatrical games, these exciting dreams endow life with a wonderful meaning and make me feel so alive

However weird I may appear to rational people

Margaret Alice Second

How's That, Nietzsche, Goethe - Et Al?

As an Astrogenetic Cancerian Alice (with apologies to
Linda Goodman and Lewis Carrol) I dutifully called my
Leonine mom, the Queen of Hearts, who was happily
Ensnared in a Seance with her Myrmidons

Then I inadvertently tread on the toes of my Scorpion
Beloved whose uncontrollable urge to sting all touching
Him, made him retaliate... to add insult to injury, when
I withdrew into my shell, he accused me of hurting him

With no concern for the way he stung me - so when my
Aquarian daughter called me to task for leaving my new
Plastic cushion in her bathroom, I threw the cushion out
Of the window, causing general upheaval

Such is the joys of domestic life; let it be known I'm leaving
The reincarnational cycle and will move on to non-physical
Existence after this stint in the solar system; I find it a most
Ridiculous and self-defeating situation - and

I do not plan to ever engage in Astrogenetic life again, it is
Time to make communication between dimensions possible
And to that end I wish to move between as many dimensions
As possible. Aha, at least and finally -

I have formulated the purpose of my existence in my
Biography, how's that, Nietzsche, Goethe - et al?

MY BIOGRAPHY

Margaret Alice Second

Human Comedies (Revised)

Something I love, something I enjoy so much
I do not care whether dead or alive – turning
attention back to an Interpol document about
a foul perpetrator of a heinous crime, a drug
mule profiteering from drug abuse

Gone is a deeper meaningfulness gained by
life's pensive evaluation, quiet contemplation
of beautiful thoughts, a laser beam diffusing,
diffracting, scattering in another dimension,
away from blind consciousness – gaining

Sense of purpose & satisfaction – but back
to rhythms of repetitious routine lulling me to
sleep, hiding the dazzling joy of creative
activity; blissful experience has to be few
and far between to remain unique

A place in daily consciousness for human
beings to live in small bits of time chipped
from cycles of infinity – where timelessness
is insupportable if we did not design and play
in these intriguing human comedies

Margaret Alice Second

Human Psyche

Look at the nature of reality and learn to
manipulate it intelligently, our thoughts
are real and create physical reality

We take our knowledge with us when we
leave, if we don't realise we create reality
ourselves, we have to return

To learn that what we encounter is inner
reality objectified, love originates in our-
selves, not in what we see

We envision the beauty we seem to per-
ceive and everything starts and ends
within the mind, therefore

I wish to cultivate mine, try to invent new
dreams and seek the meaning of life
in the human psyche

Margaret Alice Second

Human-Free Tomorrow [rev]

Land ownership's just a Western concept; settlers couldn't steal it from indigenous Africans altho' we settled everywhere - governed by glorious tribal power - just like survival of the fittest as land must be ruled today - so let's take Southern Africa back to pre-European times, let's return to natural land

Sans infrastructure & deep mines, sans libraries & schools, let's return to the sweet San People's stone-age; skin wearing, stick wielding, primitive huts & carrying things despising spiritual evil on rolling wheels; let's imitate Ethiopia - land which has not been colonised, a most desolate place

Let's imitate Zimbabwe & ignore 1945 Germany flattened to the ground and torn in half, 15 years later West-German Economic Wonder, apartheid end - Germany re-unified, 15 years later a global leader; rather create Zimbabwe for ourselves, as once a greenhouse-precursor wealthy country -

Currency outbidding the US dollar - let's compete with Ethiopia to be the most glorious desolate place yes, let's take land back to the tsetse fly & Malaria so no-one can settle or graze cattle & Mother Earth can become pollution-free again; let's take our world back to living without money, capital & wealth sparing too

Much life; let's destroy infrastructure to return to pre-Western times with nature & man living in harmony: a short, primitive life will take the earth back to former glory, let Africa give birth to a human-free tomorrow...

Margaret Alice Second

Hunting For Dreams [rev.]

Repeat function - playing Bach and languidly
gazing at underwater pictures; African Safari
moving me up and down until growing cross-
eyed, Skater's Waltz to see what will come of
it, deciding pastel reflects my mind-set best

Burning desire to seek pastel flowers & table-
cloths fires me - living on credit - but Tiaan's
delighted with his birthday presents: a flask,
Men's Toiletry Bag, a misting spray-can for
his beloved plants, a Marseilles pocket-knife

I want to replace my autumn bronze blooms
with pastel pink hydrangeas, toyed with tulle
last night - one eye on the TV - where young
brides swanned beautifully in chiffon & lace
confections of dress - covered in layers of

Cascading tulle; I tie transparent bows in my
windows mesmerised, dream of Swarovski
crystals in my hair - this morning I want to
try on a wig to improve my looks, feeling so
inspired to try new things today; the Skaters

Becoming insipid in violins' satiny slides,
on to Saint Saëns whose piano lines create
more underwater scenes in my mind's eye;
must leave the office to go hunting dreams,
beautiful things, to think of pastel schemes

Rose-patterned anything to infuse my new
conception of heaven...

Margaret Alice Second

I Am A Part Of Them [revised]

You had no interest in what I did and treated me like an invading pest - but mad activity changed the event into adventure, a challenge to load a million packets, bags, a radio, fridge, TV and its stand plus chair into the pick-up truck; finally we drive to the nearest mall where in one restaurant mom & I ordered warm tea

While the Duchess waited impatiently in another, we had to change tea to take-away and go over to sis - there was no time to be sad, or to sing a farewell song, mom gave me three beautiful blouses that she'd made and I gave them my present for dad - then they drove off to the Cape and I came home

With my gift of pot plants - but all you did was frown, giving me a speech on how unwelcome a gift it was; but I didn't take umbrage, knowing I could write it all down, my surprise as the Duchess apologised every time she was impatient; looking at them I see myself, they are part of me - I am a part of them

Margaret Alice Second

I Am In Love

I m glad it makes you feel tough and big
when you humiliate me, glad you think you
grow in stature when you turn upon me

Only sad thing is I m not a worthy opponent
I sincerely believe that bullying me reflects
negatively, luckily my words have no value

My ideas are lacklustre and boring in your
exalted eyes, you have weighed me in the
balance of your opinion, found me wanting

I have learnt to happily desist from trying to
tell you anything, such sacrilege has been
destroyed totally; in spite of what you do

My core is sweet, filled with ideals, books and
dreams, I fill my cup at the fount of the best
thinkers and teachers I find, I live my life

In my mind, you win every argument by power
and force, aggression and noise; but you can-
not touch my soul, your unkind attitude

Cannot destroy my delight in kindness, my
belief in romance; I am in love with the
intelligent energy of awareness, Nothing

in this world of illusion can lessen the divinity
I see in unconditional acceptance

(.....Manifesto for Women Everywhere)

Margaret Alice Second

I Am Not Coherent Anymore

Now I'm the proud possessor of an iPod Shuffler in its small box with purple disk and miniature apertures, I am bemused - this resembles the little gold and white booklets I discovered as a kid and used to play my version of 'The Magic Flute' by making them into magical objects opening into the bewitched worlds when presented to the guardians between this life and their enchanted space

I cherished these booklets and now I have a small tablet which plays music in my ears, another dream come true, switching on the Shuffler I am thrown from Dean Martin's crooning 'Ma Bella Mia' to 'The Merry Widow' then straight into Strauss' 'Also Sprach Zarathustra', from there into 'Ave Maria' sung by Lesley Garret and Hoffman's Tales - the chorus about 'Klein Zack' back into 'Das Studium der Weiber ist schwer'

Then into a Prelude by Chopin - you'll excuse me when I am not coherent anymore, how can I be after this mélange reducing my powers of concentration to nothing - I still hate Vivaldi when his music crops up in between, you'll notice I do not mention it or any song which gets on my nerves - oh delightful life that abounds with magic everywhere!

Margaret Alice Second

I Am Swimming Away (Revised)

She lives in her own bubble - doing what she deems best for her budding business - trying to ignore things irking her into impatience - yet resentment makes her ugly in expressions of bitterness - invariably the cause is mother's blithely yap-yap-yap way of talking

While everybody else just wants to get on with their lives, drinking morning coffee in silence, planning the day, ordering the workshop and helping clients, while she has to face the one who controls her with a hand of steel and she has lost the will or ability to be friendly, to

Treat others with respect, no self-control left, no good manners or etiquette, plain straightforward accusations and irrational actions to put the blame on others - everybody else is guilty except herself, she used this kind of assistance once - now she pays eternally for

The privilege - a situation so negative in its extreme I don't want to get caught in it, this driving me about since I cannot drive myself, this getting me involved so I can take over from her - isn't working, I do not agree with anything, there's nothing honest or

Real, nothing true or eternal in this - the story changes to suit the protagonists and to draw me in - but I am swimming away...

Margaret Alice Second

I Don't Know [rev]

I shall be researching it forever - this statistics document
created in hell to send suffering souls like me to Purgatory
forever - then into eternity while humming with bated breath,
tears streaming - snail-like creeping to the Registry desk -
far from the complacency of my own happy nest, & singing
a Spiritual Lorelei Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten;

I don't know what anything means - Dutch Statistics striking
me like a feral snake in my Achilles heel - no, a basilisk, the
Leviathan of primitive times towering over my running figure,
only the knowledge my dear colleague Hanlie would suffer
in my stead if I were to leave, and that my kids would suffer
hardship keeps me here, perched like a bird in fear on the

Edge of the Registry chair, my back curved in angst - I can't
build high towers for the computer & be a stand-up translator
here, flying under the radar, listening to the happy chatter of
my privileged African colleagues, I struggle through the pitfalls
of every word and phrase to be looked up, improved, tested,
rejected - to soothe the eventual reader, poor fellow, I see his

Brains burning on wading through this destructive document,
no place for heart or feeling - or anything....

Margaret Alice Second

I Hate It!

This is why I agreed to buying meat already spiced though I can't eat such condimented meat, and now I can sip a vodka without fearing the backlash - all because trying to do things right had no effect whatsoever, I might as well give up and die right now

This is no life, not even a half-life, every zombie and professional vampire will probably tell you their sub-zero existence is exciting enough, fighting the living, but I have to play the role of someone alive; therefore able to survive and forced to translate a technical text

Which bores me to death - yet I cannot die, more's the pity - I HATE IT - I HATE IT - I HATE IT!

15/01/2013

Margaret Alice Second

I Have A Song [revised]

Two of my projects are working beautifully; first is T shirts worn back to front, the low-cut V-shaped neckline meant I was always cold, reversed I'm warm & decent, besides a high neck-line reminds me of My Fair Lady's old-fashioned Audrey Hepburn elegance

Second is to ensure I have a song entering and leaving the office building morning and afternoon, I love the delight shown by electronic gate security guards, they laugh or smile at my song – today I sang Domani – 'Let's forget about tomorrow 'cause tomorrow never comes'

Engaged several people refusing to believe not realising once tomorrow is here it is today – so tomorrow never comes – in debate; I plan to sing Butterfly – 'Fell in love in the wink of an eye with a girl who was called Butterfly, she said she loved me so, she couldn't let me go...'

Already sung 'There is a Tavern in the Town, Fare thee well for I must leave thee, do not let the parting grieve thee', might sing it again Friday; 'Mädle rück rück rück' is always on the cards too, maybe for Monday I get the song 'Never on a Sunday' – for a really blue Monday ...

Margaret Alice Second

I Have Earned My Rest (Revised)

Still between worlds infused with crazy desire to
complete my terrible text - but overcome by tragic
discovery my courageous attempt to thrive on dry
beskuit led to symptomatic resurgence of allergy

Soft rain and loud thunderclaps mirror a desperate
prayer earlier today when stuck in an endless
meeting; there I could tune out the meaning of
spoken inanity, but not the resonance of it

Could not escape metre and timbre of King Kong
and her henchmen, Crying Mock Turtle delivering
a speech with many sighs and innumerable sobs
and Mr Dream-A-Lot riveted to his own spot

Being driven into the deep sitting in this big old car
of a meeting, gnashing of teeth trying to escape
the voice floating over me, nearly falling asleep
but remaining disdainfully awake, thinking of

Slashing my wrists and spraying blood on the
listeners as a clear sign I've had enough when
the end came, and after an anti-climax of more
sorrowful whining by Mme La Pompadour

I ran from the meeting only to find my powers were
spent, no more concentration to be obtained from
my brain, I did try to get back into step, in vain
chasing elusive meaning & strange formulation

In the end I conceded, came home to lie in your lap,
feeling I have earned my rest...

Margaret Alice Second

I Have Just Repeated It (Revised)

Olé Guapa is happening while sitting here with
local development planning & financial assistance,
Andre Rieu conducting with nostalgia, the melody
and dancing as promising as it will always be

Fingers flashing over keys, Death and Renata
Flitworth at it again, dancing up a storm at the
Village Green, dancing on upturned boards, the
rhythm unflagging, augmented by

Languorous lines punctuated by sharp movements
of head, arms outstretched, images repeated again
and again, crying for Saudade, sweet moments
lost in time - I joyously hold on to them - and

The Theory of Relativity - everything that ever was
exists forever and can be repeated whenever we
want - oh, I want, I want, I smile - I have just
repeated it...

Margaret Alice Second

I Know My Problems! (Revised)

They create TV series showing people under emotional stress continuing their work - well, according to books people do that, probably - ideally - but I can't, I can't do a thing

Reality is unbearably powerful and big, my alternative universe is small, unreachable, high hopes I had of being able to deal with this day evaporates under that heady realisation

No problem at home has been resolved, only clearly labelled, painstakingly filed - for later attention - meantime, I have work on my desk - yet my mind refuses

To complete circuits required to bring about logical thinking, looking up things and writing down lines; but at least I know my problems are psychological

Margaret Alice Second

I Love Him

Could not focus today, pain in my head
could be forced aside but it never died
as my twin, the haughty Duchess, said

she would be driving dad, our very own
Barbarian - to the Cape under duress
'cause it's so difficult to deal with him

Tomorrow I've got leave to try and treat
dad with birthday cake and a gift, he is
86, only toiletries interest him

Claimed by our omniscient Duchess,
easily obtained; but oh, I wish dad
would accept the sailing boat

I gave him in memory of the time when
he taught me to draw such a one - and
I wish he could remember the story

Of robbers he told us; how they removed
a stone and carried the King's fortune away
without his realising anything

I wish he could know that I love him...

Margaret Alice Second

I Love Time [revised]

One big NOW is a fallacy; simply one big now does not suit me, I can see why scientists say time is not an absolute entity, just the beat marking life's dance but I need it all the same, without it, without rhythms and routine, I'm lost at sea - literally

Time means safety to me, with time everything will cease and earth will blossom again, every fairy will touch the clouds once more - and every dream will bloom somewhere, time is only a space-dimension & I don't care, it matters not to me what scientists call the things we feel - time is my friend

Time brings healing, self-confidence, love - without time I was lost in my youth; today I'm in love with it, as long as it keeps moving on - I love time

Whatever it is...

Margaret Alice Second

I Love You For It

I love your discourse on feelings and poets,
I love that you're honest, chivalrous & good,
my world needs heroes like you, my love for
you doesn't require you to change anything

Your being unique, strange and wonderful
keeps you in my heart for all time – I thank
you for teaching me to be brave & explain
how feelings feel, how to describe my heart

Racing when falling in love, loving the mind
of another is a gift – and I love you for it...

Margaret Alice Second

I Love You My Son

I bought your birthday card months ago, dad
got you new sports shoes, I got you a cushion
to go with the yellow pelmet in your room that
I painted when you were still in primary school

Today you are 19 years old and every year of
your existence has been solid gold, your sense
of humour and chivalrous disposition bring joy
wherever you go, I prayed for you before you

Were born and always remind your guardian
angels to make sure they can find you to keep
you safe, your woes and victories are precious
to me - I never prescribe what you should do

Knowing you will follow my example, whatever
I say - I love you, treasure your presence and
enjoy seeing your crumpled bed reminding us
you are still young, it's a privilege to have you

Around, your barbecue skills and willingness to
help when I falter and make mistakes endear
you to me and you bring friends into my quiet
life - I love you my son, and always will!

[For Tiaan, 15 July 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

I See A New Scene

Physiotherapist advice, neck to be fixed,
moving like an Egyptian backwards only
I See A New Scene for the Government
Service Opera; a line of civil servants in
front of computers - a bell rings and all
move their heads in Egyptian style

Wagner's Valkyries arrive on their flying
steeds singing ho-to-jo - and when civil
servants fall forward, dead in their chair,
a Valkyrie flies them to a special Govern-
mental Valhalla where they are treated
to an eternal Governmental Indaba

A Vision and Mission Statement event
at a dusty lodge, endless speeches fol-
lowed by team-building games; all acted
out with great gusto to warn civil servants
not to die in their chairs...

Margaret Alice Second

I Send My Thoughts

Godliness is in need of female characteristics
- Godhood is such a limited concept with eyes,
Ears, nose and hands; for me a god-concept
Should be BIG - being ALL vision, ALL hearing,
ALL knowing, ALL feeling

A Consciousness permeating the universe so that
Every lifeless thing is aware of being in existence
Without the need for five senses nor to appear in
Human form; a bright golden energy shining like
A light will suffice - all loving and intelligent

I send my thoughts into this force where they gather
Momentum to reach you with all the love in my heart,
Thoughts of joy and prosperity; wishing I could make
You feel these good wishes through your five senses,
Maybe telepathy will come to my aid...

'A la façon dont Il nous a traitées, on voit bien que Dieu est un homme.'

Mme de Tencin

"Looking at the way He treated us, it is clear that God is a man"

Mrs de Tencin

Tuesday 23 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

I Still Dream

Are my desires still delightful - though impossible:
to be Elizabeth Bennet in *Pride and Prejudice* and
Miss Marple in frail sleuth beauty - to be at the ball
able to enjoy rock and roll - to win my appreciation
of myself, enjoy my own being without reference to

A point outside - to be in harmony with my soul and
strive to fulfil my own goal - without seeking anyone
else's approval; I'm fighting with the soldiers in the
trenches, yet I still harbour the ideal of a wonderful
trip to Pixie Dell where I can fly with Tinker Bell and

Feel the wonderment of fairies visiting incredulous
human beings; of having fluttering transparent wings
which are carried by the North Wind who will prove
to be my friend - yes, these desires are still intact;
maybe to manifest as a play on stage, illusion and

The imagination; I still dream of merging with these
impossible dreams; I'm still fighting windmills with
Don Quixote - another ideal I will not let go; after
existing in readers' minds for so long, he might be
alive, maybe Don Camillo is lovingly painting the

Image of the Baby Jesus and Comrade Peppone's
helping him, claiming his belief is beyond religion -
in the goodness of man and Jesus will agree with
him - my desires are still as wide as my reading &
reality is criss-crossed with silvery lines weaving

Our knowledge & stories into exciting new designs...

Margaret Alice Second

I Understand

She believed she was a gift to the world,
a gift from God, therefore others should
provide while she made the plans, dreamt
the dreams, cherished visions

She believed she was a holy person, a martyr
for God's work, all money was hers to dispense
as she pleased, she dreamt for everyone in the
family but they had to provide for themselves

Possessions left in her care were quickly given to
the poor, munificent care for criminal welfare, taking
everything family earned to spend in lavish gestures
of charity, never telling who the donors has been

Using her mother's pension and her husband's income
under her own name, neither told her children who they
should thank for food on the table, nor told her daughter
her father provided the money mother gave so graciously

There are no mysteries, when I look at what is happening,
I understand...

Margaret Alice Second

I Want

I want the excitement and
adventure of creative en-
deavour, I want the same
feelings, not the same

dreams, my soul should
have been sold ages ago
for the highest passion
human beings can know

for adrenaline-laden chal-
lenge and new interest
taking me to new levels
of existence, I am in need

of a new consciousness -
the old awareness is all
worn-out, driven into a
rut of routine - I need

to formulate new ideals,
devise how to steal new
energy from the heart of
the gods, to embark

on a new course, change
tack to sail with the wind
instead of fighting the
undertow with my mind

Margaret Alice Second

I Want Them All

Went for a walk but stopped at the Chinese shop, a pink sling bag, just big enough for my cell phone, a leathery flower on the side, immediately abandoned my project of buying a small fairy basket with shiny silver sequins, the sling bag won hands down so now every dull black and grey outfit of mine – 95% of my wardrobe - will be enlivened with a dash of bright pink

Waved to the dangerous Russian-in-a-roll lady on my way back, the friendly receptionist at the optometrist, ran into Mandy, the apartment block manager and we sang "Smoke gets in your eyes" on the sidewalk, then "Sounds of Silence" without a backward glance – after all, this is Africa, everyone does what they like, nobody cares as long as you wear a broad smile

Back at my desk with earphones full volume to escape the infernal noise and think of my next step: what to buy tomorrow, the fairy basket or more white flowers for my hat - I cannot decide as I want them all...

7 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

I Was In Being

lifted off, flying away for the first time
in ages, reached the dream universe
where spiritual experience reach the
sublime - when my characters were
enclosed in the ambience of magical
feelings and conveyed the sensation
to me I was there, in virtual reality,
where I can experiment with
alternative ways of being...

so keep on whispering, it is working,
keep on flying, destiny is waiting, joy
indescribable - I thought it lost, but I
was wrong, it was here all the time
waiting for me to catch up - it took
all my imagination, conjuring a
myriad characters; only when I
discovered who was the key
and tried to use it

the door to magic opened again,
I was in...

[Sometimes the door is in your head,
sometimes in your heart, you can
never tell until you try]

Margaret Alice Second

I Was Right [rev]

It was dangerous advice from a kind guru who wants what's best for us, saying don't tell it like it is - but tell it like you want it to be; here I am - struggling through the day, limping home and hanging about in the heat, my beloved fixing a broken PC: - suddenly, he says

If you have time, come to the study - and here is your Christmas present, a brand new PC you can take with you on holiday; how can I speak of reality as I want it to be when it's so perfect already? The only thing left in my life that I'd want different is to be healthy and

Groomed perfectly, all of the rest's already perfect; its just my ability to look well-groomed lags behind - my beloved is sweet, kids darlings, colleagues kind and coach the best teacher there is - plus my parents are still alive and my duchess is happy

The sea is waiting for me and right now the clouds are gathering under my friend the Wind - it is a conspiracy of well-being - and I always knew that there had to be a conspiracy somewhere - & I was right, you see!

Margaret Alice Second

I Wonder Why This Is So (Revised)

I Wonder Why This Is So (REVISED)

Invigorated by new diet I worked like mad checking my Airports in Africa translation – illustrated with the right pictures, not strictly necessary but making the script more interesting

Worked through lunch and teatime, only getting out of my chair to do back & neck exercise, get my meal, lentils –so bland, so healthy– drink one cup of coffee – one terrible hot flush and I

Could work again, rushed home to discover a wrong email forwarded; pity that pills enabling me to work like a robot do not improve my IQ, but at least my mood today was excellent

A joy to feel like a worthy member of society, grounded in the moment and in communication with my Higher Self – strange that afterwards it does not mean as much as a day spent

In the furnace of the allergy – I wonder why this is so...

27 June 2013

Margaret Alice Second

I Would Rather Be Torquemagret

Finally managed to read through my political document
lamentators in sackcloth, strewing ash upon their heads,
explaining how Africa's slavery is continuing, wallowing
in victimhood, descrying Ghadaffi's demise

It cost me blood and tears to read through, anger made
my eyes go out of focus, luckily I heard life summoning
is important, not completion, the document helped me
to identify a desire which summoned life energy

It became my fervent wish that these self pitying martyrs
should embalm themselves in their happy victimhood;
I realise a bloodthirsty spiritual life is just right for me
being a member of the Spanish Inquisition

To help rid the world of people who insist on being victims
in the face of all contrary evidence, to purge the universe
of self fulfilling prophecies of doom and damnation and
all self defeating attitudes!

Margaret Alice Second

I Would Rather Be...

Thirteen pages of absolute nonsense, pure propaganda without an ounce of truth, crass materialism, prejudice, lack of understanding and insight – and you want me not only to read this junk, but to translate it also?

I would rather be consumed by a legion of ants, be stung by a myriad bees, face a ravenous lion or a rabid dog, rather be crucified or stoned to death, than read and translate such stupidity, rather start digging to find the Tibetan tunnels

Mentioned in Good Omens, meet hostile aliens conducting strange experiments on human victims, seek for the ancient underground cities described by Von Däniken, rather walk barefoot over glowing coals, be stuck on the SS Eldridge ship of the

Philadelphia Experiment, moving in and out of time, running the risk of deep freeze as explained by the elusive Victor Allende, rather fly over the Bermuda Triangle or confront the Japanese Devil Sea, rather be stuck on the moon or fall into

An interminable rabbit hole, than read and translate this document; every time I look at it, the skin on my head starts to shrink, I would rather be skinned alive by the last of the Mohicans, have my heart torn out still beating while I am alive

In sacrifice by the ancient Mayans, than work on this piece of utter stupidity...

Margaret Alice Second

I'd 'ave Begged For More (Rev.)

Blue poncho, lunging with magenta umbrella sword for an impromptu rendition of "Singing In The Rain" - which my audience completely failed to appreciate; I rediscovered waltzing & deliriously happy got into the swing of things

Dancing with new joy in my step as I have very seldom done these last three years & stepping high in the anonymous fog - less than 1 000m visibility, covering the Union Buildings, forcing me to walk into the grounds to finally make out

Madiba standing there - hands aloft to bless us all, singing as I go "It could've rained all night & I'd still 'ave begged for more" - certain Madiba's image inclined towards me in a fine gesture of warm acceptance of me as one of the lost flock

Brought home safely

Margaret Alice Second

I'm Dead (Revised)

I'm dead, don't know how or when I died
although I do know why – endless lists of
French political news items broadcast in
stereo-audio booming with journalists'
machine-gun-fire voices have destroyed
my ability to prioritize

the senseless violence in African and
European countries facing like financial
crises coalesce into a grim grey stream – I
realize I cannot read these journals sanely,
much less memorise for language class,
my empty mind inanely vacillates

I do not care – with no substitute aims and
no alternative my mental gyroscope becomes
unsteady, even if I could seek help I'd still
lack the terms to describe my dilemma,
I cannot formulate the problem – unless
the explanation is I'm dead already

Margaret Alice Second

I'm Freezing – Diary Notes

Trying to sing the sweetest notes at the beginning of Ave Maria in a shopping centre right after listening to Maria Callas is a great disappointment, though sacred feeling is alive in my heart and seems to follow me like a misty silver-blue aura while I float down the stalls, it reaches nobody else and I sound more like dying all by myself; saw the most beautiful roses you refused to look at as you are focused on your own mission

Quickly get things then running home, I run after you like a demented athlete at the local zombie marathon; now sitting outside a martyr to my hearing as there is a high, thin staccato voice on sports TV drumming into my skull, just this morning I got my son to tune out the heavy bass in his music as it drives me mad and now this – sitting in the cold with earphones, safe from the invasive noises of radio & TV while my ankles freeze

The problem is that the new earphones put pressure on my ears and I dare not complain as I chose these myself and you bought them as a gift - let me try to wear them out some, take off my glasses and not breathe a word of distress; the pressure increasing and I'm freezing...

Margaret Alice Second

Ice Queen Ran Off (Cor.)

The Ice Queen ran off, blue accoutrements
left at work, clad in pink like a mischievous
sprite she bought mama a soft throw and to
top it off, pink basket and dishcloth, working
on a pink colour scheme for mama's room in
the Home - to be handed over tomorrow

Together with the lacy blouse in white she
found for mama yesterday - when she also
bought a lilac knitted top which turns her
into a frozen version of herself; swimming
in her fantasy flow makes the world more
interesting and there is no good reason to

Stop doing so, especially since the dream
of a free country kept Mandela's spirit so
strong while he was held on I'île Robbin
for so many years: Dreams are valuable
and keep hope alive...

[14 March 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Ice-Cold Eyes (Revised)

A hostile and vitriolic atmosphere where
whatever is said is rejected with complete
and utter rancour – every opinion refuted,
dark suspicion, hatred and bitterness seek
eager company together

All optimism, expressions of benevolence
and uplifting interpretations evoke odium
of ice-cold eyes – sorry, I cannot agree to
such dour camaraderie, my dream-time
space is always sweet

I base my life on knowledge that human
consciousness changes what it sees while
it is changed by what is seen, I have tried
to keep my eyes focused only on things
that will fill me with hope

Things that create a world of love – while
I respect your right to be angry and bitter
with life, to dislike me immensely, it allows
my eyes to turn away to my thoughts and
rediscover special books

listen to music that energises my soul
with new melodies...

Margaret Alice Second

Ice-Cold Preservation [revised]

PRESERVATION

Life is a marathon, not a short sprint,
spiritualists teach cold hearts are only
frozen in this universe without room for
high ideals & unconditional love chosen
when humanity dreamed noble ideals

Ice-cold life is preservation, has frozen
resolve to stay ethically true to dreams;
almost no amount of heat can melt
feelings frosted within us when we
were small

But joy is ice-covered only, underneath
is warmth & love, we're NOT made of
stone, by retaining an icy state we can
strive to live with integrity, try to be
true to our words

Though frozen we've the best intentions
which shall be realised at a future date -
in existence of a different sphere

[ORIGINAL:]

ICE-COLD PRESERVATION

I see life as a marathon, not a short sprint,
spirituals teach cold hearts are only frozen
in this universe without room for the high
ideals and unconditional love chosen when
humanity dreamed of noble ideals

Being ice-cold is preservation, life requires
an ice-cold resolve to remain true to ideals
and dreams; almost no amount of heat can
melt the feelings frosted within us

when we were small

But our joy is only frozen, underneath all is
warmth and love, we are NOT made of stone,
by remaining in the frozen state we can strive
to live with integrity, trying to be true
to our words

Though frozen, we have the best of intentions
which shall be realised at a future date - in
a different sphere of existence

Margaret Alice Second

Ice-Cold Refusal

Act of God Graham Phillips - a very academic account, the first 200 pages are bone dry but I forged on, set on reaching wonderful theories about cataclysm & history, nearly did not make it, getting buried under a dearth of facts, names, funerary rites, conventional Egyptology

Ice-cold refusal to consider Graham Hancock theories about pyramid age determined by precipitation marks - all irrelevant, I'm only guided by a need for the enthusiasm of the inspired researcher but the first 200 pages fail to touch the reader

After suffocating in a desert of words, names, facts and conjectures, the author promises to prove that the Egyptian events were the effect of ancient cataclysms, I hope to reach this part of the academic dissertation before losing my mind in boring reams of facts

It's clear why maverick Zechariah Sitchin is so much more interesting to read, especially when one has no use for the ancient lore in designing a dreamy life...

Act of God - Graham Phillips, Pan Books, 1988

Margaret Alice Second

Icy Cool Air

The Snow Queen returned, secretly, stealthily, softly, I did not notice her return but realised she was here as soon as the rose petal blanket was affixed around me serving as a Peruvian skirt befitting the Machu Picchu icy cool air such as we have in the open-plan office where

The Air-Con Monster System burst into life - as monsters go, this one isn't nice, blasting us with ice-cold air and we have to wear fleeces and polar gear, BUT the Snow Queen loves the Monster Air-Con and lovingly whispers sweet nothings to her favourite Weather System - Alpine Swiss air

And Terry Pratchett's lazy snow storms everywhere, everything palpably reminds of the Siberian Taiga and the thick snow layer there, the Snow Queen sits in my chair enjoying the Frozen System, I'm nowhere as the alien in my head is floating above dreaming of gleaming ice floes and terrifying ice-bergs

And hibernation in a secret ice lair - nothing gets done as the fantasy goes on - floating above everything I feel more cold-blooded reptile than ever before, the beautiful dream goes on and on...

Margaret Alice Second

Idea Of Infinite Dimensions [rev.]

As a child I wondered where the world was before I was there to observe it, wondered what non-being felt like and how the world could continue to exist after losing my life

Today I believe there will never be a time when we won't exist, we are eternal spirits, part of a large gestalt - a soul - and no-one will sleep for all eternity, death is a return

To pure consciousness which comprises an intelligent, loving and vibrant energy stream creating new thought-forms, ideas, concepts, free to choose what form of life to experience

I dream of leaving all the reincarnation cycles of our planet and move on to another life-form in a different universe: not because life here is bad, but I want to find out what lies behind our

Horizon, I love the idea of infinite dimensions where all possible, probable and imaginative thoughts are given life, where thought has the power to create all by itself, in short, I want to

Embark on a never-ending journey through all the wonders that mere joyful existence and being can offer a loving consciousness!

Margaret Alice Second

Ideal Of Love

I live out my ideal of love by never setting ultimatums or threatening while you live out the complete opposite: enforcing obedience through threats and control, criticism and aggression

You believe in brute force while I put my trust in emotions and the rational mind; this creates the perfect synergy as I accept strict rules in exchange for the advantages of friendship and help

You are a benevolent dictator and I pay the only price required - loss of freedom - with amused complaisance, resigned to my fate, given that freedom to be miserable and lonely does not appeal to me

Loneliness is worse than death - while you enjoy the benefit of being served with respect by a willing subject; I enjoy the protection and help of a most loyal oppressor who is completely trustworthy

And acts with integrity: all these qualities are so much better than a charismatic, charming lover with sweet compliments who is unfaithful and false - YOU are always honest and benevolent

Wisdom taught me it is better to give up superficial freedom and dignity for the advantage of a kind companion who has never let me down, who never cheats, who always puts the kids first; creating a safe home

Where my mind and thoughts are free to roam in a future universe where true love leaves room for freedom and dignity also...

Margaret Alice Second

Ideals And Ethical Dreams

There goes Lobsang Rampa flying out the door having failed two spirituality tests: he says the end justifies the means and extrapolates with an impossible situation - such as Ayn Rand would have shown him up claiming such hypothetical situations never arise in reality, and I believe

The means becomes the end as explained by Seth and Abraham, then this bright-eyed and bushy-tailed multiple lifetimes reincarnating - kind and refined Tibetan gentleman lovingly informs his followers those taking alcohol and drugs should be removed from society like

Weeds - they should not be allowed to have children - said without compassion, without a nuance of understanding nor any depth of interpretation, he diverges radically from Seth as channelled by Jane Roberts, saying no-one has the right to infringe on another's freedom

To make and experience their own choices to learn in this way, we can respect each other without bombing another out of existence - Lobsang enlarged my imagination, banishing boredom and now he has also taught me how to detect lack of respect for multidimensional

Reality, how to choose criteria and measure self-styled spiritual leaders to catalogue them in their own place far away from high ideals and ethical dreams...

[28 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Ideals Of Views

Is it possible to respond to disappointment with the honour, dignity and courage as prescribed for a meaningful life that brings happiness and pride? Can we respond to all temptations and challenges in the same way? Trying to find out

I'm meeting today's disappointment with as much dignity, courage and honour I can muster, reading quotes on the Internet about the true source of real happiness; turning my mental station to FM Classic, listening to soothing music while thinking about my

Ultimate goal, the relief found by releasing mental pressure in words appearing on screen, dreaming of being a beauty queen - the most difficult of all fantasies were I ever seen; luckily imagination is stubborn and refuses to conform to reality

I still run and dance everywhere in my mind, having a tomboy life, achieving nothing more than enjoying spring mornings on pristine snow-covered hills, also watching the ideals of views I desire to see growing in my mind...

[26 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Identify New Perspectives

To be extraneous at work, listen to voices proclaiming the overwhelming amount of work, knowing I'm the cause of my own non-participation, see my inability to string vivid sentences in legal parlance as I translate into Afrikaans, knowing I contribute nothing to the excellence produced in the assembly lines - is unnerving, especially when

Checking my own work and losing faith in everything I said, changing every sentence until a mutilated document bleeds profusely in front of me - my spirit failing until I read the encouraging words - tell the story of your life as you want it to be - meaning I should tell of my strength, enthusiasm and delight in little things, the beautiful prospect of

Contributing to solving the civil service fragility in African states, my determination to streamline every sentence, my dream of writing something stirring to energise my compatriots, to pinpoint problems and help solving them or identify new perspectives and indicate new leads to create a new form of being where individuals accept they create their own

Worlds - and can change them also

[29 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Idiotic Egotism (C)

Meet a moribund Moral Renegade Movement,
joke acronym MRM, R2 million received from
Department Arts & Culture to provide comedy
Material Trevor Noah & Evita Bezuidenhout

Jacob Zuma's the original patron, it's hilarious
with a beseech-the-fairies-wish list in the face
of ANC politicians' corruption - devouring their
own brethren through self-enrichment on the

Gleeful gravy-train, President and Parliament
dancing on the Constitution with Nkandla-fun
foxtrot & Zupta-shenanigans-rumba; thus the
Moral Renegade Movement exemplifies the

Essential ecstasy in lack of respect & integrity
combined with joyous criminal ethics, stealing
from the poor to enrich the already rich; story
of the continent of Africa devouring itself

Through delighted immoral citizens sacrificing
its own people to interesting criminal groups -
Africa destroyed, jubilant because no imperial
forces involved, innocently, cheerfully engaged

In ravaging industrial enclaves as the beguiled
conclude plundering is their moral duty & they
are ordained to trample their own people until
all returns to a primitive, primordial state

Accomplished by loving indigenous races and
not by hostile outside forces, the main goal is
halting progress inherited from suppressors to
regress to a previous tranquil phase where

The foreign story of Robin Hood never can be
enacted by the political grasshopper swarm -
exulting in suppression of their own people by
their own people - sounds like a winning

Combination, puritanism replaced by hedonism,
Mandela's stoicism & reconciliation is regarded
as a weakness to be erased and replaced with
grandiose idiotic egotism

Margaret Alice Second

Idol [rev.]

Butterfly struggling to exit a cocoon's teeny hole,
by snipping it larger a kind onlooker aids - & the
lucky larvae emerges swollen-bodied, shrivelled
wings - watcher waits in vain for their expansion,
body to contract - but whole life is spent crawling
on the ground with still swollen body & eternally
shrivelled wings - never to fly at all -

Sollicitous patron doesn't know a cocoon's design
needs the butterfly to struggle in squeezing thru a
tiny hole, so its body fluid is forced into wings and
readies them for flying - hard work for its freedom:
just like us - we also need struggles in our life, no
issues and we'd be paralysed - never growing as
strong & free as we should have been -

We would never fly; a small child winning a contest
is like this; stardom-imitated, high-heel in grown-up
make-up, & lavished early, growing anxious to gain
admiration, approval of fans clamouring for more of
this - leaving no space to stop, to decide on the way
forward, no time to strengthen vocal cords; no age-
appropriate repertoire to support a body under

Hormone change; muscles strained - a once-clear
voice now darkening in tone & timbre which defies
attempts to keep the sound as pure and sweet as
it was once - when the child was a 9-year-old idol

Margaret Alice Second

If I Am To Become A Melody

If I am to become a melody
this is the song I'll be:
Brahms Waltz In A Flat Major
Op 39 No 15 mp3

I'll be a note in the chords of
a minor and b minor, I'll be
living in the rhythm of the
notes flowing like a stream

down into the wide ocean
of sounds all combined
in one big symphony

[Listen on the Internet:
Brahms Waltz in A Flat Major
Op 39 No 15 MP3]

20 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

If Only

With great sorrow I read these lines
over and over: 'Your body is a pure
reflection of the balance of thoughts
that you think' - a headache caused

by my addiction to taste and quick
pick-me-ups; attempts to break this
enslavement by sitting still without
sensory stimulation except for

words on paper and a screen with
pictures in between - terms which
do not sing, meaning unrelated to
spelling & sound is all that counts

The only sensation the unalloyed
boredom of being ensconced on
a high chair to straighten my back
only the air-con's soft susurrations

And voices - relaying information on
work problems - if only I had access
to metaphysical thoughts to lift me
up like a spiritual Indian Fakir

My body would have been happy to
exist in limbo without experiencing
any kind of sensory stimulation, a
sense of taste is the only thing

That makes me think I'm alive - the
official lines on death, destruction
and fraud leave me cold - dead
in my chair - dying some more

Margaret Alice Second

If That Be Possible

Sis arrived in a flurry of words, Nici coughed and sis gave tough love, you had better eat and sleep, not try to stay thin while working all night on your project and tasks, off to get medicine, new pain-killers then to the new plastics place and found a flat container for mom, the new Chinese shop

New lipsticks, came home Nici took two of every kind of pill, now I'm free to admire my new tray and new mugs sis brought me, a blue and white Christmas scene, ideal to offset the lemon green in my office, perfect with the subtle, washed-out pink I love, watching the music channel with sis –

Then in a moment of utmost weakness I asked sis to turn down the volume, she sighed and turned the sound off, her temper flaring again; how dare I suggest the volume too loud when she's in charge, she stomped off to bed and I put the TV on mute, she stayed, we turned the sound on again

I'm on thin ice with her around, wedged between my beloved demanding I follow his orders and sis who challenges any authority all round – my turn to sigh, already once tonight I burnt my fingers by urging sis to keep my confidence - no more trust, asking her to understand is just too much

She prefers the straightforward running over every obstacle way, if that should estrange my husband, tough luck, she says – yet I know the pros and cons of my beloved's mind, know the margin of error is small but the dividends high, I'm willing to sacrifice tonight to keep everyone happy, if that be possible

19 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

If This Is What It Takes (Revised)

What It Takes

Imagination failed me,
staring at words without vision
without emotional meaning,
without music or rhythm or symbolism;
cannot meditate to transcend
or lift off into a parallel dimension,
my characters deserted the stage,
I seek them everywhere, looking
into the depths of my mind

Only me without a story,
without events in my head,
seeking redress in a colour palette;
finding nowhere to rest my lonely
spirit, my twin has the same problem -
I can hide sitting here stringing words
in translations but she has to keep going
as her employees fail to heed her peppery
tongue, and she's taking pills

I'm taking a different set
yet it is all the same thing in the end,
we struggle with easy tasks;
Wonderland Alice in mauve,
purple magenta & pink & the
Duchess in Snow-Queen blue
with silver glitter don't feel healthy and bright;
is it a spiritual disturbance?

Maybe we were both meant to be
spiritualist mediums, heeding the voice
of departed spirits - since we never developed
this faculty we might be persecuted by
angry spirits who want to break through -
I am willing to tell you your fortune if this
is what it takes to feel better again....

Ignite A 6th Sense (Rev)

Using a most unexpected strategy - and so unaccustomed in that it opened doors of reality by letting common sense shine through in a new way such as I've never seen before: by PLANNING ahead of starting hacking away at a Spanish Phytosanitary text - first analysing the kind of salt mine

Facing me, measuring blocks of terms, comparing them to previous renditions carved in crystal and lighting the way for wary new miners in a scary minefield of technical terms without aesthetic content - the addition of which seems like anaesthesia lulling a rational mind to sleep to ignite a 6th sense - I carved

Blocks of legal salt mine words following the Spanish word order giving an exquisitely foreign twist to usually boringly uniform salt crystals - recognising the already rendered parts of Articles and Sections, adding my own roughly carved imaginative sentences from Spanish signs - you can't expect me to show common sense

All the time; the little alien in my head confuses me to the point of incoherence - but by using different coloured pens I kept track of the excellent Regulations; my minimalist art, with every scientific term tested to define specifications, polished & inserted in just the right place, I hope, changed this enormous Spanish mountain

That loomed before me, and my seat on the burned-out ridge, into a beautiful morning scene while the dew of self-esteem and sweet incense of joy filled my inner sanctuary, perfectly balancing my mental gyroscope upon a point of quiet enchantment...

Margaret Alice Second

Ignoble Achievement

Conflicting ideals create chaos in the mind,
on the one hand, nobility of self-discipline
and virtue of patience - I tried to acquire
these virtues when I was small - and -

Found it impossible - on the other hand,
the spontaneity of creative fun, finding
happiness in unbridled activity; how to
reconcile dreams of Biblical discipline

With spontaneity - self-discipline requires the
sacrifice of short-term advantages and lesser
goals for long-term benefits, creating a need
for wisdom to know what are these - yet

Love, unconditional acceptance of what-is, still
is the highest ideal; though subject to insight,
knowing which deeds will benefit others and
which won't - this requires quiet reflection

Violating the rights of others in serving our loved
ones always has bad effects because the means
simply becomes the end - using ignoble means
to achieve a noble purpose quickly degrades

The achievement to the ignoble also, the saddest
effect of any human deed - and -
where does this leave me?

Margaret Alice Second

Ignorance And Arrogance [rev.]

Never been good at remaining unaffected by wilful ignorance and arrogance based on nothing, even 'best recommendations' substantiated it makes me mad, so when an arrogant and loud young person takes over my home, makes derogatory remarks

About everything I love my nerves fray as I find its self-righteous face so insupportable I feel murderous - my secret indulgence - listening to German music, is relegated to the mentally insane by this ingénue who states German music is only Ram Stein

Just like the idiot declaring Amira superior to Maria Callas when her rendition merely is an incomplete copy of a perfect Callas original, if people make such remarks my spirit is perturbed; I don't know how to stay calm in face of so much

Self-opinionated stupidity....

[ORIGINAL:]

Never been good at remaining unaffected by wilful ignorance and arrogance based on nothing, even based on the best recommendations it still makes me mad, so when an arrogant and loud young person takes over my home, making derogatory remarks

About everything I love, my nerves are frayed as I find the self-righteous face insupportable and I feel murderous; my secret indulgence - listening to German music in the kitchen, the only place where the radio can receive that station, is relegated to the mentally insane

By this ingénue who states that only Ram Stein
can make German music; just like the idiotic guy
who declared Amira so much better than Maria
Callas, when her rendition is a just an incomplete
copy of the perfect Callas original - when people
speak in such a way my spirit is perturbed

I don't know how to stay calm in the face of
somuch self-opinionated stupidity...

[28 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Illegal And Forbidden (2nd Revision)

Changed chameleon-like into my
purple-pink office regalia - symbolised
by fleece, blanket and flowers in pink,
changed to blue by windscreen shade
held in place by green cool drink
bottles and blue dictionaries to block
icy air-flow from our Siberian air-con
wearing a man's blue jacket illegally
negates attempts to blend purple
and gold; chilled I drank illicit coffee,
ate forbidden chocolate; showed my
pink, purple, violet and green note-
book to my friends, Ulrike, Hanlie,
Winston, a waitress and Alet
blue aura amends to Tinker Bell green
but pink fleece vanishes into indigo
sheen - after mind enriched tooth
brushing I'm ready to tackle menacingly
illegible arrest warrants advising
heinous criminality tho' delinquency
like mine remains unnoticed

Thank God for that...

Margaret Alice Second

Illegal Pink Proliferating (Second Version)

Found an electric warmer pad for Nici and the illegal pink fleeces are proliferating, found the softest pink fleece with a heart design for her, she loved it and promised not to tell her dad what a spendthrift I have become, now to clean my corner in the lounge housing my figurines and crystals, not to forget the special fairy, then to cover the table with a new embroidered white cloth my beloved bought under duress as he found my behaviour while shopping exasperating

I can't wait to see the effect and in a celebration of the new-found love for pink I'm wearing pink pyjamas which might easily be mistaken, with a little bit of imagination, for a track suit; a rose-coloured glasses perspective makes life seem so wonderful - the world concurs because the sun has just escaped the cloud cover and the whole world starts to glow; but it is time to put the computer away and stop procrastinating, I want to start cleaning the glass table corner - life is delectable

When simple pleasures like these put me in a Zen trance of quiet, satisfied tranquillity...

19 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

I'm Bewitched [r2]

Once you asked me about my vision - I
thought of times when I stood with a red-
head girl in a dreadful home economics
class, exchanging jokes which charged
the air with thrilling, bright-hued haloes

I remembered bike rides to school when
the grass was intense green after rain -
and the marvellous sensation of the wind
in my face as we raced down the street;
my initial discovery of *Pride & Prejudice*

I felt secret portals opening until I was in
another place, another time - memories
made my vision clear: to enjoy wonders
ecstatically, creating unending strings of
delight connecting steel-grey, ash-dead

Menacing cast-iron frameworks of reality -
a starting place for long leaps to heights
where only dreams exist; my vision is to
create a life of unfolding insights, sudden
understandings - flowers blooming from

An effervescence of shiny, overflowing
feelings recalled within eternity's infinite
reams of translucent pearls - dazzling in
life's colours; it's hard - yet experiencing
such perception is endlessly wonderful

Because then I laugh and run and offer
overflowing joy to others until there are
only smiling faces all around - and we
share a passionate affair with life: I'm
bewitched by these joyful pulsations

Creating a uniquely beautiful life...

I'M Blessed

Feelings all bottled up, no discussing "Long Walk to Freedom" autobiography of Nelson Mandela, comparison with "Shantaram" forbidden, everything precious to me kept secret to prevent you from blowing your top, spoiling the happiness of the gifts I prepared for mama and my sis

I feel like crying, then medication steps in and stops my feelings from increasing secretion of adrenaline and I regard you calmly again, in fact – why should you share these feelings with me? There is Ulrike and my favourite poet – why should I look to you for discussion? You take care of everything:

Finance, groceries, holidays, transport, food – it is unfair to expect more - only when we clash about the Embargo on all things Mandela do my feelings become overwhelming and it is wrong: I'm already blessed by Ulrike and Karen sharing my passion for discovering the history of our hero

Angelic Nelson Mandela – which we missed....

10 January 2014

Margaret Alice Second

I'm Just Me [rev]

This is the dark hour for Madame La Pompadour,
she lost her mother last week so she can't grace
us with her presence; in mourning she's awaiting
the death certificate because without it her parent
though buried or cremated, can't officially be gone
and poor Mme La Pompadour can't drive to work
without this important proof of orphanhood

Though we collected for a commiserating platter,
edible snacks as flowers are passé Sister Long-
suffering said, shuddering - while our Sister Self-
Congratulating's bustling around spreading news
about moving Pension Government Departments
and uncles inheriting but dying sans entitlements,
and who's to be punished, she hollowly asks

And Sister Longsuffering is assisting some who're
constructing robots while Mother Abbess runs up &
down, her kettle boiling in the kitchen, she's afraid
of plugs exploding in our work station while I keep
singing "I have become a can-do-mom, bought a
heater for my son" - Mother Abbess is looking for
legal Afrikaans to inflict upon me, though my son

Studies in English with an international reach, I'm
to hold the burning torch of my mother tongue that
I can't speak without making all sorts of possible &
impossible grammatical errors; why should I suffer
thus - can't you see I'm beyond redemption when -
I'm just me?

Margaret Alice Second

I'M Mute (Revised)

Today is lost, I could not navigate
a steady course, mind disturbed,
nothing claims my concentration,
surfaced now and again to where
my head is snared in a net of
meaninglessness

Could not create a purpose or set
a Don Quixote task, cannot dream
the impossible dream for mother,
a hip replacement which financial
constraints make impossible, pain
her constant companion

No state hospital operations, only
self-funded private interventions
so how long should she need to
suffer? Nor can anyone alleviate
the pain – only her trust and faith
will pull her through,

To know she has to endure the
destructive agony of pain dims
beauty of life, makes me unsure
of myself and the meaning of
spiritual growth I assigned to
simple existence –

I could not breathe without it or
hear music; she must be released
from jeopardy, freed of pain, I am
mute in face of her suffering, my
head aches as my heart burns
shrinks into oblivion

Margaret Alice Second

I'M To Blame [revised]

I tried my best but oh, it is difficult to remember
that every argument is my fault, that everything
you blame me for is because of my guilt; and I
tried to make peace with me being the culprit -
but tonight at best I simply wavered in my step

Felt self-righteous indignation when once again
you claimed the argument was caused by my
wrong-doing; accepting responsibility means
I can change the situation by doing things
differently, but I cannot kneel all the time

But yes, it was wrong of me to interfere in your
good deeds, I've made my peace, as of now I'll
keep quiet while you act with such munificent
benevolence; I'm sure you're right that I'm to
blame in this argument - it logically follows

I'm to blame in everything that evokes your ire
in your otherwise perfect life...

Margaret Alice Second

Imbecile Like Me

Love it when kind people tell the uninformed like me
their definition of a poem and poetry, how outraged
they feel when they come across accounts of small
time events which I force on those who innocently
wander the sacred portals of real poetry

Knowing such highly gifted and perfectly informed
critics are around makes all feel safe, they carry the
banner of rules and regulations, metre, rhythm and
rhyme, we can all sleep safe while these Sherlock
Holmian custodians of literary device and charm

Sleuth a Scotland Yard for us; making us follow the
classical poetry of Ovid and Vergil and seeking to
promote the Italian sonnet, to be repeated in just
one way; although it is impossible for an imbecile
like me to improve, I appreciate their solicitude

I beg them to kindly forgive my maverick effusions
as joie die vivre at being free to do my own thing
when not translating boring source texts, leads me
down the path to literary perdition, free innovation
and enthusiastic improvisation, there is no hope

Of my mending my ways while words are running
untethered and free in my head; I refuse to don the
mind-forgéd manacles William Blake lamented, do
not walk the streets to comment on suffering; but
read little books for little people to uplift my soul...

Margaret Alice Second

Immensely Dear (Revised)

A personal favourite is Symbolism, I prefer
symbolic special objects to the real, love the
purity of crystals with their ethereal power;
yet to convince me thoroughly snowflakes
need only ersatz imitation crystals

Charmed by symbolism of religious books
but dry catechisms are abhorrent – love the
significance of diamonds but do not want the
real thing – only symbols to magnify light,
the diamond itself is much too cold

Preferring as a child to play with boxes
and twigs clad in tinsel representing houses
and magic wands – anything suggesting
what it might be, then becoming whatever
I dream – drawn inexorably,

I love glitter – it says sunlight is creating
pearls and crystals of delicate things like
cobwebs and streams, I love the diamonds
seen on sprigs of grass early in spring but
do not try to entice me with real pearls

Diamonds or precious crystals are real and
cannot morph into other objects, although
I love seeing them behind glass in expensive
shops; but for my satisfaction I want only
symbols of these beloved objects,

I adore small fairies made from artificial
materials, not golden statues of saints and
angels – want to imagine what a thing might
represent – such symbolism is immensely
dear to me...

Margaret Alice Second

Immensely Enriched [rev.]

Just been enriched immensely by the task list addition of 2 letters to our beloved President; one written by a self-styled Sir, an unrepentant reprobate offering himself for the highest office in our country, yet quite content his frequent letters remain comment-less, only receiving an automatic acknowledgement, & the other

From a almost illiterate poor lady begging help to apply for a state grant as her husband's bad back prevents him from working, least it seems it might be - handwriting is illegible, sentences lack connective words, 'hope early reply tired of suffering, pumpkins, house rent, daughter yard onions' - she must grow her own vegetables -

Describing heart-rending events; difficult to pull myself back from global warming cries as we're actually entering a new tho small ice-age; sun's an electric phenomenon with spots causing cold filament streams preparing a deep-freeze for the northern hemisphere: all this against the even-cadence rippling streams of my colleagues

Having endless conversations on the telephone & forcing me to raise iPod volume - swaying to Johann Strauss while clinging to my desk having lost my sanity ages ago, living in the Mad Hatter's world can be made safe by withdrawing attention from what others do into a meditative cocoon of my coming swim in an autumn pool -

Drinking hot tea & coffee with spoons full of sugar to keep my system going, abstaining from eating protein, meat only weekly: time to start relaying the sad one-word exclamations of the Lady-In-Distress in elegant English for help in her plight, she needs the sugar spoonfuls more that I do

Immoral Foundations

Eyes feeding newspaper facts into the brain scaring the feelings so much this Sunday is lost: a President giggling like a hyena - while the country is burning - enough to break the heart, the sky loses colour and the trees turn grey, the state run aground by self-serving innocents incapable of making decisions - this is so sad - it seems useless to try any reforms

After a day spent in grey I realise the country is not mine to control and save, no individual can do such a thing, we can only visualise a glorious future for a democracy in Africa where the concepts of human rights and responsibility do not mean anything - & freedom fighters without expertise gain power to govern without wisdom - yet they are innocent

Following the example set by previous masters who taught their suppressed subjects to ignore the powerless, the governing factions exploit the poor irrespective of race - the only concession to democracy in Africa is that the poor shall forever be poor, irrespective of race - while the wealthy masters will never spend their stolen money on

Uplifting people - in Africa democracy means the freedom to be exploited by sly criminals without reference to race - while politicians exploit their own countrymen, which makes it impossible to develop infrastructure and good government - building on the shaky and immoral foundations left by their Western masters...

Margaret Alice Second

Implement Immediately

A desperate letter from the Cote d'Ivoire, help me put my country right & an article explains Africa needs central dictatorship like China & Korea, for urgent economic reforms, get rid of sham elections of useless government parasites violating laws and the human rights of all their people

Appoint only self-employed law-makers 3 months a year till economic stability is reached & one African High Command to keep the peace in the whole continent, artificial colonial divisions to be changed to accommodate races & stop interracial wars & all countries to demand a bigger

Share in foreign profit and stop signing contracts with a meagre 10% royalty on oil exports; Africa to own its resources - demand 51% share in foreign enterprise, countries to trade amongst themselves; at present Ghana trades with Liberia via Spain & Togo converts currency to euro

And dollar to trade with Nigeria, enriching foreigners - it has to stop; Africa needs its own international currency - and although Africa lacks expertise - its resources are unique and indispensable - if all African countries unite in demanding worthwhile deals; foreign countries would have to

Accept their trade conditions: there's merit in this theory since economic success precedes social stability and democracy; wish we could implement this idea immediately

Margaret Alice Second

Impressed By The Edifice

Impressed by the edifice constructed by Tim LaHaye; distilling the essence of what he says: dealing with our temperament enables us to rectify problems with anger and depression; empowering individuals to take responsibility for what happens to them

As pastor of a Church he provides community context within which people can apply their new gifts, I like the society he depicts where people find joy in serving each other, the philosophical question whether God exists, is irrelevant when those who dream up such ideals

Improve the lives of people who follow their precepts, an intelligent stream of love creates the benevolent universe and manifests as thinking people who inhabit it and can think up religion and rational self-interest; and who can mould themselves to represent any Deity

Every individual is free to choose where he wants to be, a person with integrity lives morally superior whether as atheist or by following Muslim, Buddhist, Christian or Hare Krishna systems; one with evil intent will manage to bend the ethical system of any faith to suit his own purposes...

Why You Act The Way You Do - Tim LaHaye,
Tyndale House Publishers, Living Books
edition,1984

Margaret Alice Second

Impressed: Anger Is A Habit

Tim LaHaye is an excellent psychologist, he devised seven steps for curing anger, resentment and bitterness:

Recognise anger as harmful and counter-productive, a problem to be overcome by achieving the victory

Clearly express anger while repeating the decision to let go of angry thought-patterns over and over

Forgive those who caused anger, knowing you have done, or have the capacity to do the same or worse

Repeat the procedure when hostile thoughts return, giving thanks in every case of insult, rejection and injury

Be thankful for everything as thankfulness is therapeutic, helps to reduce the flaming anger and brings positive thoughts

Filled with love for others, including object of wrath - then you cannot be plagued by anger and hostility yourself

Anger is a habit of temperament ignited by any distress or unpleasant conditions; anger can ruin your mind, health, business

And family life; repeat above formula whenever you get angry because doing it only once cannot help immediately

The formula has to be acquired by carefully cultivated habit which can then become second nature

pp 280 - 282

Why You Act The Way You Do - Tim LaHaye,
Tyndale House Publishers, Living
Books edition, 1984

Margaret Alice Second

Impromptu No.4 In A-Flat Major

Freedom to choose, oh yes, I can choose
to focus on translations - or write a poem
and delight in singing lines, feeling guilty
about my escape from tortuous life

I may not escape my job of grinding words
and lines, crunching melody, rhythm and
sound - leaving meaning only - which
pays the bills and buys pretty things

Reading discordant and dissonant texts
that hurt ears and eyes - but all choice
entails responsibility for consequence:

Who can be free in choosing between
the devil and the deep blue sea, why al-
ways negative outcomes irrespective of
choice? If you do you suffer, if you don't
you simply suffer another way

Freedom means choosing between all
kinds of suffering - whatever we do, the
result is guilt and misery, meaning we
can only choose how to deal with life

Smiling while praying for quick release or
cynically surrendering to life's vicissitudes
bowing in bitter resignation - freedom be-
comes a choice between attitudes

Acceptance or rejection of every condition,
it's tiring to be angry all the time, easier to
laugh, La Comédie Humaine is fun, we all
fall down and get up a million times

Crying would spoil the mask we wear, lay
our secret feelings bare - we can gravitate
towards laughter wherever it rings, as long
as we can resonate with its happiness

In spite of sinking in quicksand, we can sing,
until we are beheaded at the guillotine or
hung upon a cross, we can be as pious
or as raucous as we choose

I choose piety because it is more beautiful,
if our lives have to end in tragedy, I want
mine to please with harmonious lines -
listening to spiritual renditions of

Schubert - Impromptu No.4 in A-flat major,
Boccherini's Minuet, Debussy - Clair de
Lune - while taking leave of life to
continue existence somewhere
beyond Planet Earth

beyond this universe where visual forms
suppress the sound of metre and melody,
only one meaning allowed, symbols
reduced to define a reality

Stripped of all emotion, where association
and connotation are outlawed - we are
changed into a workforce bearing the
yoke of life while being robbed from

Imagination and feeling...

Margaret Alice Second

In A Music Box [rev]

Poised above 3 documents on the high edge
as serenely as a ballerina in a music box and
spinning delicately, delighted with my elevation
and unwilling to let go of the temptation to rise
ever higher above ordinary feeling & reach for
ecstasy since nobody knows my whereabouts

Tho' my body is standing here, my soul's more
corporeal & my spirit gleeful since this daunting
perspective's a huge challenge over safe reality;
adventure's calling in diagonal, perpendicular &
vertical lines to other universes splitting off from
my work station; balancing on my mental toes

I let go of the railing & start free-floating - giddy
with the joy of levitation & waving at a Doctorate
Degree Dr Bloom PhD while I point to my green
sleeveless top - clearly the fairies gave it to me
as it was up for sale, I paid next to nothing: - it
says the fairies welcomed me into their Fairy

Ring in the city, down the Jacaranda-lined lane,
the pink fairies of my dreams are landing in my
beautiful pink work station: the letter of a manic
depressive open and ready - yet I'm flying away
carried up by a current while still immobile in my
office, quiet as a miniature ballerina in my mind

Smiling at a page, following melodic lines sung
intimately in my ears - momentarily derailed by
loud summons of my Chinese-class-colleague's-
phone, a quick reply - return to my desk where
dreams merge with the essence of the singer's
vibrato-song imploring Santa Maria, symbol of

Redemption through painful sacrifice, starting
softly, swelling slowly into rounded sweetness -
and I'm rising with it -

In A New Light [revised]

Taking a life to appease an angry deity's wrath makes me feel terribly depressed - when death is seen as godly punishment life loses meaning, life rejoices in unconditional love which needs no atonement to please offended deities who are represented by a caste of dour priest

I believe in superconsciousness as intelligent and loving electro-magnetic energy manifest in all life-forms, and every mind with unique interpretation colours the information as each presents the universe in a new light - and life exists in the joy of creating new things

By investing belief in a creed we can bring it about as we embrace unconditional love; trust has to be earned - but true love sets no such constraints respecting the variety and beauty in every life-form, real love has no place for threats of eternal revenge

When we make our goal joyful being instead of cold non-existence, offering unconditional love as acceptance of everything - in awe and delight - nobody having to suffer or hang on a cross for this imagined godly judgment of humanity's seemingly sinful fallen nature

We shall live in a free universe where all can choose how to live life within a framework of respect and unconditional love...

[Easter 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

In A Safe Place (Revised)

Return to quiet, empty room glowers contagiously
filled it with flowers and laughed at Tiaan's absurdly
outrageous satire; he says losing a patient to care
for becomes the greater shock, I regret mistakes
made giving guidance to help Carine to heal

Began reading 'How To Be Motivated All The Time'
where Peter Daniels explains the importance of
setting long-term goals; at the moment I am numb,
cannot take in a subject like this, motivation gone,
I feel oh so tired

My one chance to make a difference in someone's life
is ended and I cannot say whether my efforts aided
rehabilitation, I miss her presence bringing extra life
and sound, an ambiance that made vibrant
expectations shimmer

Though I know it is time for the patient to tackle
life on her own my heart cries that it is not right,
she is not ready yet, while my mind says she will
never be ready if she stays comfortably
in a safe place forever...

[ORIGINAL]

A sudden return to quiet, filled the empty room with
beautiful flowers, laughed at Tiaan's absurd satires
losing someone to take care of comes as a shock
I regret all the mistakes I made in giving guidance
to help Carine to heal

Started to read How To Be Motivated All The Time
in which Peter Daniels explains the importance of
setting long-term goals, at the moment I am numb
cannot take in a subject like this, motivation gone
and I feel oh so tired

My one chance to make a difference in someone else's life is over, I cannot tell whether my attempt was good enough, I miss the extra presence that brought life and sound into the house, though it is time for the patient

To tackle life on her own, my heart cries that it is not right, she is not ready yet, while my mind says she will never get ready if she stays in a safe place forever...

"How To Be Motivated All The Time" by
Peter J Daniels - 1987 House of Tabor

Margaret Alice Second

In Agony

Wondering why I'm in such pain then the memory came: had a breakfast croissant now my system's up in arms - neck stiff - brain short-circuiting, my head in agony, nose, ears, back, lost all interest even in music and exciting Bible prophecies, no more summaries of great ideas, no more attempts to decipher great theories, can't read my own work, much less that of anybody else - let me sink into the torrent of pain to hide in the centre of this tornado knowing tomorrow I'll be sane again....

[20 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

In All Its Glory [revised]

French oral test tomorrow, I dig up my most precious memories of the enchanted week I worked as interpreter during the NEPAD conference. Though no chance of recounting that magical experience, it is inspiring to remember how we scurried about preparing venues and plenary for the meetings and workshops.

We placed delegates' name tags on their chairs; Corney called a name, whoever had it (we'd collected them randomly) ran to the designated chair and affixed it - the best ushering experience ever. It was also fun to welcome delegates,

Take them to their chairs, facilitating communication between Francophone and Anglophone delegates - I enjoyed talking about French poetry with the Minister of Education too much and preferred engaging in topics like Precession and Black Matter that comprises more than 95% of our universe.

I felt energised, enthusiastic, motivated - may the memory of that life force suffusing my whole being be an inspiration whenever recalled in all its glory!

Tuesday 5 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

In And Out Of Existence [rev.]

As an Italian song, Caro Mio Ben did not please
when presented for conquest in a singing lesson,
with great trepidation I switch on sweet Amira's
version - and lose my heart listening to silk-like
caresses of voice that stretches, glides, flows -

Now there's no turning back - a soothing sound
of vanilla ice-cream her song became the most
wonderful experience rendered in this little girl's
rounded diction; my singing teacher has been
vindicated, it's clear the deficiency was all me

Without a voice to do justice to amazing songs I
sing with Amira, experience sound vibrating thru
my body yet can't equal her performance, higher
notes forever out of my range; my passion at least
enables me to appreciate these songs made

Superb experiences by her mellifluous voice, the
falling notes mesmerise, she sings chord sequence
in minor key, lost to everything practical, pouring
my whole being into the pure minor notes -
wishing I could turn into a melody weaving

In and out of existence..

[25 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

In Delft Blue [revised]

I'm floating with snowflakes on blue clouds
as the main decorating theme - bobbing on
a bright electric-blue consciousness stream
knowing my daughter is happy just playing
a miming prop in TV scenes: a quiet nurse
reappearing later as a background patient;
revelling in my eldest daughter's plans for a
beach wedding - adverse effects of trying a
blackened eyeliner to be Goth like she is -
I'm dreamy in Delft blue with silver lines

Silver lines, Delft blue blouse, a blue & white
snowflake-paper-covered box holding papers,
cascading white lace folds around me, and a
white-and-silver box for easy access to a PC
mouse - a small box covered with pink roses
& gold lettering, ceramic cat-brooch with pink
flowers on my console, turquoise pen-holder,
tray with snow scene under my kettle, and a
new, wide-brimmed straw-coloured hat with
pink scarf and silver fan on my hat-stand

[Tuesday 24 January 2017]

Margaret Alice Second

In Exciting Tones

My yesterday is a glorious miniature cameo framed against today's ordinary existence: yesterday brought 3 Pratchett books into my life, I was free to float in the pool all afternoon like a sun-bathing reptile - without the sorrow of responsibility like a child on an eternal break from school and content with my achievement of graduating within the narrative imperative - while deleting the categorical imperative since it broke my heart because I never managed to achieve the ideals

Set by the musical Queen of Hearts: though I couldn't discard the sweet rhythms in lines taking precedence over rules which constricted my translations till death seemed the only way out, poetry flowed in unfettered expression saving my overwrought mind as dancing words delineated my theories and spiritual ideas - & my Big Bro unraveled the reference & perspective by removing the chafing chains resulting from having to be someone else, denying my soul-spirit the life that it desired; only a Poet can teach me how words can

Dance in vowels while consonants create patterns & templates that channel the shine of inspiration and understanding as love flows in the grooves sculpted by wisdom - today started at a slow pace as these unfocused eyes saw a bleak world - but after sweet coffee I remembered yesterday's treats when all my passions flared together: family, the best poet ever, New Fairytales & Pratchett's "Soul Music"; playing in my head in exciting tones...

Margaret Alice Second

In Existence [rev]

As temptation didn't come eagerly to me I went out
looking for it, found oat biscuits and thus caused my
falling headlong into existential emptiness - with the
allergy dragging me disingenuously down; I've

Constructed a glittery pink cocoon in the study, a fine
transparent fabric of ice-pink flowers, fake snowflakes
and white lace yet after a good look around the world
loses its charm and the fall continues; but, whereas

Alice's rabbit hole journey discovered interesting things,
bottles & directives to eat & drink, my fall is punctuated
only by musical notes, my salvation now lies in Velikovsky
explaining the birth of planet Venus starting as a bearded

Comet - and I like this kind of misery - feeling an alienated
isolation is comforting, enabling me to do more reading -
moreover, this negative feeling always leads to neutrality
instead of the effervescence from bubbly joy

Feeling so alone makes it possible to accomplish more
though I do prefer passion, even inexplicable anger, to
this grey emptiness, where 'runcibles' of words are the
only things in existence...

Margaret Alice Second

In Flagrante Delicto

At least the mood swings are still the same,
came home as a martyr in distress - no pill
can stop one from being an idiot - mistakes
proliferate and clearly indicate I can't make
the grade - cannot concentrate

Using the Internet is only sometimes right
and mostly wrong, I can never guess which,
should read the green law dictionary to stop
being caught in flagrante delicto for not
using a really authoritative source

Cannot force myself to care enough about
every little rule in every obscure didactic
book, sorry for myself - just to find my
sorrows disappear, I become as happy
as a woodland sprite because

The world is such a wonderful place, nothing
people can do to me can change the marvels
hidden within reality and though I can never
please my peers being me, I cannot become
someone else, not in a million years

It is a miracle others put up with me, in a just
universe I would have been stoned to death or
cursed for my inability to express in prescribed
terms - I'm privileged to be allowed to live!

Margaret Alice Second

In Heaven

Two Leo's in class – French professeur from Alliance Française and student from le Service du Changement Climatique who wrote a a theme song for COP, oh wow, what joy, my professeur hates grammar and politics as much as I do

Speaks Afrikaans fluently, hates acronyms, refuses to look at them, loves teaching, gave up translation as boring, talks to her computer; Shumi, student who sings songs & dresses beautifully; starting on Gaulois, ending up with Camel before Marius ran off

We talked about maquillage - not wearing make-up and having fun – finally my patience paid off, no need to fall asleep in a class discussing cut-throat politics – I must have died and woken in heaven - methinks!

Margaret Alice Second

In Heaven Also (Revised)

The worst thing about heaven is it only boasts
two world-class composers: Liszt and Elgar,
the best of the rest – Bach, Beethoven, Brahms
and Mozart apparently all went to hell:
I shall gladly join them there

Hope to meet Bizet and Strauss as well and that
some enchanting demon finally teaches me to
dance properly, preferably a waltz and a
wonderful tango – like the one Death danced
dramatically with Renate Flitworth

I hope Vivaldi with his regular beat and
Stravinsky with his musical themes in
single row explosions are in heaven
also where I shall not be – and never
need listen to again

“Good Omens” – Terry Pratchett
Corgi edition published 1991
p 55

Margaret Alice Second

In Her Dark Citadel (Revised)

I am so glad to be led by Madame Pompadour,
her employees are irksome self-motivated prigs
dissatisfied as their central value, the ethic of
the hard-working Calvinist, showing a lack of
ambition; is trampled beneath Madame's feet as
only dishonesty pays, she is ashamed of her
underlings; she says

Madame Pompadour shows grand ambition by
sneering at work ethics and showing utter
disdain for everyone except her own arrogant
self, she spreads the bitterness eating away
at her soul by destroying work enjoyment, re-
lationships and processes, she thrives
on discontent

She detests the culture of her underlings, their
behaviors, attitudes, assumptions, beliefs; it's
an affront contravening her ideal of sharing un-
happiness equally; she stamps on undue diligence,
the unspoken, unwritten rules followed by those
coming in early, leaving late, making every
due date

She counteracts them by staying home, not
being on time, shouting at clients and service
providers alike, playing cards at work; this is
her way to fulfill ambitions her behaviour
proclaims, belittling everyone without rank
or status to fight injustice when she rates
them badly or refuses permission to leave

She runs her world to her satisfaction, no ethic
or moral principle is brooked in her reign of
terror, making a stand Voldemort would envy,
a representative of Nietzsche's Ubermensch,
hooray for Madame La Pompadour - supreme
in her dark citadel!

[ORIGINAL]

I am so glad to be led by Madame Pompadour,
she says her employees are irksome by being
self-motivated prigs who are dissatisfied as
their value of a hard-working Calvinist ethic,
shows a lack of ambition in a world where
only dishonesty pays, she is ashamed of
her underlings, she says

Madame Pompadour shows grand ambition by
sneering at work ethics and showing utter
disdain for everyone except her own arrogant
self, she spreads the bitterness eating away at
her soul by destroying work enjoyment, work
relationships and work processes, she thrives
on discontent

She detests the culture of her underlings, their
values, beliefs, assumptions, attitudes and be-
haviors, are an affront that contravenes her ideal
to share her unhappiness equally, she stamps
on undue diligence, the unspoken, unwritten
rules followed by them by coming in early,
leaving late making every due date

She counteracts them by not being on time,
staying home, shouting at clients and service
providers alike, playing cards at work, this is
the way to fulfill ambitions, her behaviour
proclaims, belittling everyone without rank
or status to fight injustice when she rates
them badly or refuses permission to leave

She runs her world to her satisfaction, no ethic
or moral principle is brooked in her reign of
darkness, making a stand that Voldemort would
envy her, hooray for Madame La Pompadour, the
embodiment of Nietzsche's Will to Power -
in her dark citadel!

[Based on an article found on the Internet, Voltaire's Candide and with a reference to Voldemort, the evil protagonist in the Harry Potter series by JK Rowlings]

Culture is the work environment supplied for employees. Employees are motivated and most satisfied when their needs and values are consistent with those manifested in your workplace culture. Culture shapes work enjoyment, work relationships and work processes.

A particular culture is developed by the employees who work in a company. Culture is made up of the values, beliefs, underlying assumptions, attitudes, and behaviors shared by a group of people. Culture is the resulting behavior when a group arrives at a set of unspoken and unwritten rules for working together.

The manager controls the key factor necessary to add to motivation, her relationship with each employee. The second factor is creating a work environment that fosters employee motivation and engagement.

Margaret Alice Second

In His Dreams

Hitler-Hubbard started Dianetics which just is science-fiction, how to grow rich presented as religion for tax-exemption - and a joke on his sheepish flock working as slaves to augment his income, not theirs, paying for every stage required in the religion's misleading, useless

Courses, & sign a thousand-year discipleship contract - the scheme thrives on selfishness & greed, degrading disciples by indoctrination, problem is Hitler-Hubbard had far too much imagination and believed in his dreams as a means to wealth, free to lead an immoral life

America's Human Rights protect cults - which deny freedom and education to their followers, enslave children and destroy family life, which proselytise under false pretexts, brainwashing subjects causing mental and emotional injury -

Why protect criminal masterminds under the American constitution and ignore the victims' right to protection against dangerous money scams - some are too gullible and ignorant to realise it's the fantasy of a pulp-fiction author

To be read just to stimulate the intellect, not to be realised because a death-dealing, soul-destroying, mind-blowing scheme endangers everyone involved in it: Government should protect these kind souls, so easily exploited, against themselves -

Margaret Alice Second

In Love Ever-Lasting

Love cannot be a profitable
concept exploited for money
while true affection can come
into being through dedication
sacrificing various things for it

If a 'beloved' does not require
anything from a claimant, love
is non-existent; only once we
know how much we gave for
something can we claim

True love; devotion, like trust
requires work to be immortal
spontaneous love for the sun
& people by showing consider-
ation, abounds like sand

Loyal love tested and purged
through experience is rare -
treasured by those seeking
wisdom and insight to live
in love ever-lasting

Margaret Alice Second

In Love With The Sun

Imagine I could be someone else who could
sing all the songs that I love, who could join
the dance, free to express the beauty I see
in words that charmed the sorrowful heart
- wouldn't life be meaningful then?

Saturday 22 September 2012

The world around me is beautiful
the bejewelled swimming pool, the
emerald grass, soft breeze, lying
in the sun - dreaming

Waking with a smile, floating on the
dream, preparing lunch, listening to
Chopin - Les Sylphydes - happy
to cry with the melody

Looking at what I wrote yesterday
I smile, if I cannot express beauty
adequately, at least I can keep
the memory alive

Waltzing in the kitchen all by myself,
heaving like a ship in stormy seas
moving in circles, satisfied that
the feeling of delight

Is still there, my imagination set free
still makes me feel like a dancer
expressive on nimble feet - I'm
in love with the sun!

Sunday 23 September 2012

Margaret Alice Second

In My Daydream

In my daydream we are back in school
and my nieces sing at the school concert,
Ave Maria by Gounod - just like Maria
Callas - and Stille Nacht just like the
Vienna Boys Choir - and there

My story stops as I replay these songs in
my head and listen every night, then my
highest ideal manifests again, I become
a young Christine who sings to a scarred
Phantom and wins his love and

Forgiveness through the beauty of my
devotion to heal the hole in his heart, in
my story, I leave with the Phantom and
see to it that he has a wonderful life, the
way I dream my dad would have had

If he had met his own Christine instead of
mother, the Queen of Hearts, shouting
"Off with his head" all the time...

Margaret Alice Second

In My Head

It's raining full-throttle, then the pace slacks off
and all the time I can play a game with the rain
that brings me joy; & far-off against the horizon
sunlight escapes into silver translucent clouds
which infuses the grass an inner shine creating
a bright-green light; the crocodile pool becomes
a shimmering topaz against the wet paving

The rain throttled back completely & the colour
in the garden intensifies, my game is going great;
if only I could enact this fantasy like a Jim Carrey
wearing Loki's Mask in the movie, so others could
enjoy the scene with me, but explaining the game
would sound too much like self-aggrandizement
while it's merely inserting a fairy-tale narrative -

Which inspires all dreams - into reality's scene,
delightful as the rain languorously winds down
and comes to a sinuous stop for only a moment
before setting off again - and I have no objection
against the same wonderful dream repeating it-
self over and over in my head...

Margaret Alice Second

In One Life-Time

The symbolism is clear: all pink and purple flowers and cloths grouped together on my right, the warmth and love evoking a feeling of pleasure - while all the blue cloths are in front of me and to my left - with a cool and austere professional effect - & behind me yellow flowers with life-giving powers because I did not become an ice-cold professional as seen in my

Confession which should have accompanied my sad production sheet: received and completed ONLY four documents - nobody required our services - luckily the tragedy provides content for my eternal lament on our physical life being without meaning; the five miniature dolls on the console accuse me of delinquency given that my existence is quite superfluous - and I lost

A very good reason for sorrow: my computer screen was dying, but was removed by two irate colleagues who firmly pushed me out of the way, unplugged my dead screen & brought another - changing plugs and adroitly spiriting away this cross and thus leaving my poor soul without justified suffering; as all the allergic symptoms abated & headache disappeared, my soul could only find one reason for its sadness: the lack

Of challenge and adventure in the freezing routines of an office job, yet there are warm orange flowers and bright lime-green cloths behind me showing that life and hope always shine far beyond this office and that life is bigger and wider than work - because we build things then pull them down and we only retain the whole gamut of feelings we experienced while occupied. So this became my overarching quest:

How to be happy doing whatever is at hand, which is an immense distance from the noble-suffering-ideal of my youthful fantasies based on dark assumptions, now it's hard work to remove these festering theories from my mind - it seems to be an almost impossible

task to carry out in one lifetime...

Margaret Alice Second

In Pink And Blue [revised]

A pink umbrella equates
to rose-coloured glasses;
Hanlie grins - says your
poncho-burka will keep
you safe from the rain

in zenith-blue oversized
jersey & lilac scarf I'm
ready to venture out as
symptoms of allergy try
to ruin this purple day

what is my song, shall I
sing "Could have danced
all night" like yesterday -
or "..and with every falling
drop I Love You More" -

where shall I go - bought
a pink shoelace to replace
the black lanyard I needed
around my neck for keeping
my entry card safe

no dark colour allowed
to spoil an electric effect
of dreams blooming in
delicious hues of pink,
purple and blue

Margaret Alice Second

In Purple And Silver [rev.]

The purple fairy took off her purple wings and stashed her shimmering fabrics to make way for translating - converting a picture of Arabic script into a typed Word document

She has to know when beautiful M changes into a budding bloom, how celestial H forms in a heart or a bow, to learn and see why the letter Y is always frowning in anger and that

The letter T is always happy and laughing with her, why the D has a star on the head, why the fairy F is wearing a quaint old bonnet, why the Queen has two jewels in her crown - then she

Discovered letter C has three stars - easy to explain this: acronym QC is quality checking, only the Queen orders QC and the C is King; cross-eyed and weary, eyes-unfocused

The fairy misses her purple wings, yet mental flights thru' exciting domains of exotic cultures give delight to the intellect and she berates the little alien hanging from rafters in her head for

Sabotaging her attempts to become a scholar of renown, albeit dressed in purple and silver - listening to Chopin's nocturnes...

Margaret Alice Second

In Retrospect [rev]

My Portuguese dragon turned into a Portuguese dream, for the first time I found ALMOST all the documents required to interpret animal health in suitable terms & I envision the joy it will bring to finish it - of the happy hours of research after it became clear we really live in the safe universe that takes care of us all and though safe in the protection of the general well-being I fell while walking for exercise

Yet with no money or purse on me, the overzealous pick-pocket had to admit defeat so just my left thumb is numb while my right knee had to bleed a good deal `ere I came to realise that applying a plaster while my leg is stretched, meant the wound opened when I bent it again & tonight I shall fix it - the best is we have no plans for the weekend, anything wonderful could befall - have to pay the doctor

Though, but no matter, tonight is bright with starlight and I survived the heat in the office - sleepily, somnambulant, catatonic at times - everything's beautiful in retrospect...

Margaret Alice Second

In Royal Graciousness

Mother, Queen of Hearts, sure of her charm, rejects criticism as non-existent, I convinced her (since my sister the Duchess could not, though she showed such disrespect) she is unwelcome on the farm

The Queen chose to stay in the old age home, there is no other option left; my Duchess-sis overjoyed, the Queen graciously informed her coterie of friends she stays with them

Playing piano, doing exercises, visiting Alzheimer patients; though the Queen feels sorely put upon that the Duchess dared to send her away, she has no access to things to give away

Sis livid upon discovering mother had disposed of her furniture; dad fumed when mother gave his pension to Tom Thumb, her youngest son; Peter Pan, another son

Was shocked when he discovered mom had spent the sale price of a house so it was lost, mom throws money about like a queen, using sis' income - sis needs help

To break the stranglehold mom's growing debt -unlimited credit- has upon her still I cannot help, my own credit already is bigger than my salary...

Margaret Alice Second

In Sacred Space [rev.]

I was a walking corpse before poetry fired
my veins - offering respite from frustration
wielded by an allergy that seemed to steal
my life from me; then you picked up on my
verse, stoking fires to burn away dross and
anger at a life lost, aiding me rehearse my
life anew, with poetry its guiding light, and
you strolling ahead, nurturing the flame

It is one of the reasons why I feared your
loss, since you're the leader of my team, &
the integrity and honesty revealed beneath
a bitter persona you portrayed assured me
art can be created by normal people also -
I had thought only the immoral and amoral
could ever lay claim to creating art, yet you
made a space where I could be my naïve

Self & continue writing poetry; your role was
more than just the twisted artist to be saved
from self-conceit - showing me EVERYONE
has a right to be themselves in verse, I can't
thank you enough but that you already know;
enjoy the rest of this soft afternoon - I hope
you'll find that celestial rugby game you've
visualised - out there in Sacred space...

Margaret Alice Second

In The Bathtub (C)

In The Bath (Revised)

I missed my colleagues today, I missed the sisters of mercy & grace and Mother Abbess; with pain in my head realising I could not face the day unless there was time for contributing something to the general well-being in the world, did my best buying gifts and solving puzzles of Arabic design, yet here I am in distress - pain simply getting worse, gifts unwrapped - could arctic cold reigning in the office because of an illness that felled my colleagues, and is it now affecting me too?

I tried to escape in a book, planned a surprise for all those indisposed on sick leave - now I'm the wreck - nowhere to hide from myself, the pressure in my left ear like a balloon fit to burst, feeling guilty for not appreciating the kindness of everyone at work, for not finishing the task on my desk - whatever happens now I can't cope anymore and the only solution is to soak in the bath, let the steam open my ears and alleviate the pain in my eyes; this crocodile is giving

Up, no more fighting the tightening muscles in my neck, just going to lie in the bath praying that the ringing in my ears will go away and I can enjoy being here - right now I feel incarcerated in my body, absconding's not an option, I tried it today, a painful head stopped my flight 'ere it began, this is downright miserable, let me drown myself in the bath...

Margaret Alice Second

In The Extreme

Appreciation of self, the guru says, is the beginning of everything, with scratches on arms and headache from too much sun and imprisoned in the kitchen by kids usurping my TV and dad using the big TV to play his cell-phone music while watching images of lions killing everything from giraffes to baby elephants on Nat GeoWild, I'm trying to work up appreciation for myself: the only way to go is to take a bath and soak the headache away, appreciation of creature comforts is all I can think of, now my left arm hurts - the cells know what to do and I'm supposed to help them with neck and back exercise; appreciating life experienced through the medium of me as a prism is difficult in the extreme right now...

Margaret Alice Second

In The Light Of A Dream

After such a mad dash through the minutiae of adrenaline-driven reactions in a fantasy world seen from a teenage perspective - and denied the pleasure of reading book 3 as my daughter is still busy with it

I am left with ashes, the fires of the characters' play-house emotions burnt out leaving the reader with nothing to take on our various versions of Pilgrim's Progress, the excessively handsome protagonists gone

Their artificial emotions in response to angels and demons in conflict, their superficial life-threatening injuries which heal immediately showing no correlation with reality - left no imprint on my psyche, wrought no changes in my ideas and feelings

No catharsis experienced, a meaningless romp through an imaginary world where the storybook interactions of the super-human characters are woven through the tale like a silver chord shining in the limelight of adjectives

The theatrical effect adorned with strobe lights and applause and afterwards there is nothing to take along, nothing changed in my world view - since my purpose is to understand society's shortcomings and finding ways to change these

I resume my quest albeit with a sigh, escapism is such an addictive drug, such a wonderful thing, a moment of repose in the light of a dream for which there is always space

according to quantum physics with its
postulate of infinities

Margaret Alice Second

In The Merde

In a spate of condescending kindness
Mme La Pompadour sent me a book,
something to read when the hot air in
the office become hours unending

Most obligingly I started reading but
found the prose not to my taste, sitting
in Purgatory the title - "In the Merde"-
is making things worse, makes me sad

Clenching two bottles with iced water
under each arm, oblivious to cold burn,
to cool down as temperature soars and
apologetic messages from desperate

Auxiliary Services assure us that our
bravery working in the heat of hell is
to our credit; problems with the air-con
are being solved; they're working on it

I'm in the Merde today and nothing I
can do or say is making it better, even
Saint-Saëns' Aquarium only makes me
cry, nothing can be done when it's dark

In my heart, when I try to sing Gounod's
Ave Maria & find my vocal cords are too
short, my sense of timing is atrocious and
I can't master pronouncing the Latin words

Nothing worked out except my translation,
a fellow claiming he wants to build a school
for happiness - making a profit and reclaiming
his dignity and joie de vivre as an Ivorian

Living in Algeria - sounds like he's in the
Merde too and all I could do was relay his
French claims of existential pain in the
Queen's English, I'm running from this place...

Margaret Alice Second

In The Same Way [rev]

European statesmen debate 'occupied territories' in Israel
altho Europe harbours colonial relics like Corsica invaded
by France in 1768 - after 250 years Corsica yearns for its
independence of Paris' attempts to Frenchify the island;
Catalonia, separate nation with its own language, desires
independence from Spain after 3 centuries occupation;

Falklands taken from Argentina by England, a continuing
colonial occupation; Norway seized 2.7 million square km
of Antarctica simply because they were there 1st - BUT an
independent Palestine's NEVER existed in all of history;
Palestinian Arabs don't have their own culture, language,
nor excel in science or the cultivation of land - & Jewish

Culture PREDATES the founding of Islam by 1,500 years
in Judea & Samaria, Jewish civilisation's cradle-heartland:
Israel has a moral, historical, theological & military right to
be - maybe Israel should send human rights monitors to
Corsica & Catalonia to prevent European powers from
trampling on rights of the indigenous residents - and to

Denounce ongoing European occupation of many places
around the world; maybe Israel need treat Europe exactly
the way Europe treats Israel!

Margaret Alice Second

In The Silence [rev]

Blue Tango plays in my ears as I close the door to its outside world - concentrating on my work, to find myself leaning forwards like Mr Bean and moving to the music as he does - knees always touching and feet apart - being Mr Bean carries me through a translation without my noticing, & then Maria Callas sings Bach's Ave Maria and I become Salieri gasping upon discovering new music- with an unfulfillable longing in the notes reflected in his face; I lip-synch silently and the

Longing for positive expectation nearly becomes overwhelming, my face contorted in passion, yet no-one notices anything; in the open-plan office we're isolated with other people present only as warmth - after my grandiose dreams I am but a demon serving in a demon king's bureaucracy & part of the universe's 99% invisible black energy, a grey hooded Auditor without a face, recording people's great deeds & as I compare Nureyev's biography with my life, which seems bereft of

Feelings except LOVE - love for my family, and fellow authors who are never read as we entrust our secrets to a Poetic Internet Pensieve - where they will remain eternally; now I'm looking for a reflection of my feelings in music, JS Bach & The Skater's Waltz & Mozart, but sadness unleashed by reading of Rudolf's Nureyev's death - and his creative passion lost from this world - still keeps me cold in its clutches - with throat constricted I face my quiet duties and life regulated in the

Silence of the Crocodile Castle...

Margaret Alice Second

In The Wind (R)

This violet - that is me, is wilted completely - air-con water-pump sent in for repairs - the only way to cool down is to douse ice-water over my head destroying my attempt at sporting my hair in frontal bouffant - it leaves me dishevelled; have to keep cool to prevent my brain catching fire from heat's accompaniment in soup and weak coffee, it does not make sense that discomfort is unbearable - & when it's over

We have nothing to show for it - in my case, a sadly disfigured Adobe Acrobat Pro text's all I have to meet the Auditors who examine our technical jargon as we relay Dutch written by cool, scrimping & saving Dutch businessmen whose practices have no relevance in the dry desert heat of Africa where rain stays away & every line in Afrikaans Hymns repeats the request to please send rain as we are worshipful and humble

Need to eat - the same dark characters who happily suppressed ALL other races regardless of colour to become top dog - with the audacity to be chagrined that NOBODY appreciated their excellence as it had no Wisdom and Love in its principles; today the old structures are destroyed by African peoples bent on doing their own thing, ignore America, put their faith China and Russia - countries never known for their

Altruism, yet reviving Communism with a happy smile is all the inefficient ANC leaders wish to accomplish at the cost of destroying the country they inherited from colonial masters governing without love; ANC heads withhold everything from all except themselves, their cronies & minions, content education's non-existent & announcing destruction of schools & universities still functioning - goodness gracious, I'm turned political

Commentator and violets are only supposed to wave in the wind....

Incorrectly Plugged

Admiral Teutenberg, Teutonic Titan Rear Admiral claims R34-million+ per year is needed to operate South Africa's fleet of three submarines stranded in dry dock for operational repairs

Author Andrew Feinstein cries foul play, saying dubious quality equipment was sold at inflated prices-yet Commander Handsome Matsane's officers on the submarine called:

The SAS Queen Modjadji claim they did not even notice when they struck the ocean floor and the SAS Manthatisi crashed into a quoy damaging the steering mechanism - while -

An incorrectly plugged power cable into the power-supply on shore caused damages, looks like human error caused the Modjadji bump and the Manthatisi crash into a quoy, doesn't it?

Feinstein might find blame in the personnel operating high-tech submarines produced in Germany - this is also applicable to the complaints of Greece and Portugal, I would speculate...

Summary and Quotes From article 'High 'N Dry' by Robby Jordan, in the Sunday Times 12 August 2012 on p.1

Margaret Alice Second

Incorrigible [r]

Oh, I wish someone could teach me English: working in an assembly-line government unit, it would help so much if I knew how to write proper English, if only to relay other languages in a perfect way - such as my

Accomplished superior seniors can, it's a pity that all my alternate selves are incorrigible in the extreme - finding it impossible to convey any text according to the rulebook that reigns supreme in the life of every

Well-adjusted, gifted rule-bound editor, especially given the amazingly beautiful and clear-cut, streamlined source texts which thrill the true official to the bones, but which my alternate selves can't fathom

Sentences - atrocious, pronouns - disgusting & all verbs shocking with terminology a hanging offence, the original text could only be saved by rephrasing everything: who assigned a complete Taugenichts

To work for the poor, unfortunate soul who presented such a lovely source text explaining why he's so lost, so sad, so victimised in his victimhood, my version of his sad tale was taking this poor, unfortunate soul

To destruction, luckily the rulebook-coterie came to his aid with a pristine depiction of all the crimes committed against him in flowing lines of the purest poetry, perfect in syntax and meaning, lovingly created to caress the

Eye and ear of the reader and please the palate; something I could never accomplish in a million years...

Margaret Alice Second

Increasing Circles

With neutral mien and happy heart I entered
the office ready to face what life bequeaths to
me, but a 43-page document pitched up to test
my faith in Pilgrim's Progress on earth & Hope
left my heart while poor Faith hung her head &
Wisdom's stern expression turned to stone -

Only LOVE, love for my colleagues who face the
same dark stream of challenges, remained at my
side - her halo bright and face turned up with the
sweet expression I adore so much: with my spirit
depressed I tackled the job at hand which isn't all
that difficult - I only need to tune my mental radio

To a positive broadcasting station where physical
limitation does not affect hormones and dopamine
doesn't leave the brain just when the cells need it
most, where the joyful taste of caramel, chocolate
and home-made toffee stays in the mouth forever
and happiness lives in the heart regardless; I wish

It were easy to change my energy alignment after
eating so much bread during the weekend, I wish
I could manually reset my brain & ban all allergies
from my body - but let me not waste time, there's
work to be done and the constriction of muscle &
veins will let up sometime - then the sunshine of

The joy of just being alive, breathing and singing,
will open my eyes to the beauty in everything we
hear and see, the harmony of life spinning in the
increasing circles of eternity...

Margaret Alice Second

Independent, Free...[rev.]

Finally found the perfect final scene where Chiaki says you wander away then wander right back again, he's saying it to Nodame; what a wonderful declaration of love, both angered, growing furious enough to fight aggressively - then everything turns right back to perfect again

Nodame playing Mozart using "Twinkle twinkle little star" to illustrate his style - just as my eldest brother did when presenting melodies on show at school; then I did not know that this was an old practice trick by agile performers to show off their skill - I only knew anything my brothers did

Was wonderful and the feeling of delight on listening to them - the gods in my little childhood world -never went away; I can still remember real leather smells when I opened their book-cases to read their prescribed books; I envied them as my twin sis and I lagged behind,

Because they already were where we wanted to be - independent, free...

[3 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Individual Sanctity [rev]

Cuba's government winnows 95% of the money received by workers from foreign companies and claims to use it for public health: covert research reveals a run-down health-care system, shortages in medicine, state clinics & hospitals in bad repair with doctors badly paid

Fabricated health statistics add shine to Castro's revolution in Cubans' segregation from decadent tourist beaches, hotels and hospitals with the best medicine & service - they're second-class citizens forbidden to enter beautiful tourist facilities, no discourse with tourists allowed

The State uses profit from workers & tourists to fund the lavish lifestyle of the officials who enjoy free medical service in tourist hospitals - while the so-called 'free' health care system is used to spy on the people & report insubordination when an individual objects to having no Internet access

No cell-phones & satellite TV keeps them from Western individualism contamination while they must provide cheap slave labour for the wealthy government. Money & power corrupts & destroys moral worth, the greedy become more insensitive and take ALL from the suffering

Why should the poor grow poorer as the rich increase in wealth? Maybe this is the chalice they chose, the fire by which true worth will be revealed - which would otherwise never have known itself as good growing better and bad rotting completely - these people are forced

To face themselves in a testing ground of true nobility; is it by their own free choice to define themselves within a socialist system? Why is this happening to them otherwise? But my wish

for them is, may the oppressed rise to fight for
their freedom, may they discover the delight

Of individual sanctity & egalitarianism...

Margaret Alice Second

Individuals Make A Difference

I'm in heaven, all my favourite elements blending together,
Sister Act on TV, a storm building outside, interminable
reruns of James Bond free for the watching, doing French
homework l'imparfait of being as - continuing forever

The rainstorm upon us, the grass seems to magically shine
illuminated from inside, the sky opalescent, the cloud-break
and rumbling thunder interferes with the signal, no more
Sister Act for me, the grass is glowing with magic power

As the rain slacks off the images return and I am ready to be
wooned by Whoopi Goldberg and her crew - I cannot wait to
watch Timothy Dalton afterwards in License to Kill, isn't it
wonderful how two diverse movies enchant the same mind

Both films present fantasy worlds in which individuals make a
difference in their own universes where all factors are geared
to bring out the best in them, Sister Mary Clarence and James
Bond, leaving me with the strong impression that my own life

Can also hold meaning in this reality where all things conspire
to promote our lives and give us the freedom to choose how
to try making our own mark in life...

Margaret Alice Second

Indra's Net [changed]

In the god Indra's celestial abode a wonderful net is stretched in all directions and there is one glittering jewel at every node shining brighter than the stars because the polished surface of every jewel reflects ALL the other jewels; the reflection continues indefinitely, a beautiful metaphor for reality

The jewelled net is a hologram every part of which reflects all the information of every other part; scientists use this analogy to describe the cosmos and the human brain - touching any jewel affects ALL the other jewels, all being interconnected, each node representing a person reflecting the qualities

Of all other people hinting there is no inherent self - all people are simply reflections of each other lacking one original source to explain all existence and the reflecting nodes also illustrate our inherent core of transcendent wisdom, every physical thing moulds, colours and expresses these infinite

Reflections uniquely, shaping the information flowing through it and I would like to think reflections of love are also uniquely shaped, coloured and expressed by every individual as it would enable me to love the Duchess who expresses her sisterly love with great impatience but even

Greater gifts....

Margaret Alice Second

Ineffable Spell [revised]

Tired I return to the New Testament thinking of books already read, heart sore and mind empty, I've looked everywhere, my spirit dead, there's no refuge from the fact that I must learn electricity terms; only by turning right back, withdrawing into deepest caverns of my

Soul, reading old men's words who, according to Seth, presented a Miracle Play of Medieval proportions to teach what living meaningful life meant, presenting a wonderful way for us to meditate, which according to Abraham, gave advice that is balm to my feelings,

Is medicine to my shrinking self-esteem; in words of the King James translation: Leave all strife and vainglory behind and in lowliness of mind, esteem others better than yourself., this helps, by realising selfish ambition and vain conceit will only bring me

shame - while humility, valuing my colleagues above myself, brings sweet resignation & quiet acceptance of noise levels fluctuating with misunderstandings proliferating until we are cocooned in loneliness that no amount of togetherness can really change

Quiet within my cavernous soul reverberates around me and the soft feeling of being at home in my mind fills the office with the lovely words all weaving their ineffable spell...

[Reference to Philippians 2: 3-4]

[31 October 2013]

Margaret Alice Second

Inexpressible Joy (Cor)

I want to write, the Duchess said, a book about all the memories of our youth - how I cried each night about Peter Pan's plight in getting a hiding every night - and asking Alice to assist since she can remember nothing else and asks: what else

happened when we were toddlers and beyond? Alice thought of the music and the singing - & of playing the game of speaking other languages, of swinging on the jungle gym, swimming in a small zinc pool, of a decorated wheelbarrow full of

presents ostensibly left by Father Christmas - of wearing long white gowns & being angels as our brothers Attila and Peter Pan were shepherds; the Queen-of-Hearts reading us Lewis Carroll's 'Alice' & The Scarlet Pimpernel, singing lullabies and

playing piano so we sang along, also the Duchess & Alice running about ecstatically on aunt Morticia & uncle Machiavelli's visit, the fun it was when we jumped on beds from cupboards above - with well-deserved punishment afterwards, watching home-

movies screened on a sheet, riding horses on the drive-in* magic Merry-Go-Round, Conan buying us a large chocolate each and serving fish-&-chips on newspaper - the Queen-of-Hearts nearly fainting on discovering this heresy, grandma Alice-Cinderella

waking all with sweet tea in bed every morning, and taking Alice to get glasses and she could see clearly for the first time ever - an inexpressible joy, so many memories, so little time to write it all down...

Margaret Alice Second

Inexpressibly Happy [revised]

So caught up in my sombre thoughts I forgot ideas are eternal, harmony remains the same, the Golden Section never changes - new expressions of every well-known idea are original creations representing personal works of subjective art

Ideas remain unchanged as do circle and triangle, this came back to me when I listened to Vilja Lied from Die Lustige Witwe performed by an unknown soprano, so different from my favourite rendition, The Pearl Fishers from Bizet moving my heart

I waltzed to Strauss, found delight again, became The Snow Queen in her ice-blue palace; all ideas and fantasy I love readily animated in any unique existential moment, just like love continues though lovers continually change – and this realisation

Made me inexpressibly happy...

Margaret Alice Second

Infinite Being

The Bible Code by Michael Drosnin - read it before - it is pure joy, started at the back with Chapter Notes - p.185 - because it's difficult to focus on explanations when a great book ends

The Bible Code mentions a fifth dimension and Alan Guth, physicist, confirms it exists though only defined in paradox: being smaller than the atom's nucleus, yet containing the whole universe

We live in a five-dimensional world: 3 of space, a 4th of time and a 5th of all things spiritual - what mysterious ideas - just the thing to awaken a dream on possibility of infinite being...

The Bible Code, Michael Drosnin, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1997 - pp 185 and 196

Margaret Alice Second

Infinite Consciousness

Perception of solidity
is the brain's interpretation of
various frequencies

Received as biochemical and
electrical signals from the
physical senses

Which the mind weaves into
the beautiful illusions of
reality

Consciousness energy creates the
universe by projecting through
the interference patterns of
waves of energy

We and all we perceive are manifestations
of the consciousness which created
this - our universe

In fact, we ARE this consciousness that always is,
that is never gained or lost, that only changes form

We are part of Infinite Consciousness while
physical form is just a receptacle, particles
which began as infinite possibilities in the
wave-interference-pattern

When conscious energy is applied like light
shining on a three-dimensional holographic
image, the particles become fixed in time
and space to create the illusion which
we call The Universe

Margaret Alice Second

Infinite Flow [c]

A swimsuit-hunt is never a happy event - trying on a million swimsuits aiming to be inconspicuous in my black camouflage, to fade into the background so I can bathe in the sea rolling to and fro in the shallows where sand fills my swimsuit until I look like the Oros-colossus; ended up trying on a million swimsuits in 5 shops, finally bought the magic-making-me-disappear-one at the 6th shop, but it offers no protection against the high breakers in which I love to tumble, shopping again, another million, then found an amazingly-awful

Garishly-coloured-design top to reinforce the weak swimsuit - a most unnerving search as prerequisite for the exquisite experience of bubbling waves; we'll also visit Conan, the Queen of Hearts & my Duchess while there - mother dreams I'll sing 'I Will Follow Him' to her piano accompaniment; dad looking frail yet determined to keep boxes with suspicious contents next to his bed - his delight on hearing his favourite music while I tuck him in - I'm weaving these scenes in my virtual reality - strengthening the Positive Vibrations

To become a strong, beautiful design to bring about my currently transparent visions in at least one of the many parallel universe-tributaries into which our lives keep flowing as ALL possibilities are fulfilled, and I'm working with these thoughts to dominate all the others which play out in the infinite flow of the never-ending River Of Life...

Margaret Alice Second

Infinite Space (C)

Allergic to penicillin - the world stretches & contracts every day - yet I'm glad to say when hallucinating it's your love that keeps me safe, the inner turmoil of an inferiority complex due to an untreated allergic youth, has been calmed by your affection - your passion for life and love - thank you so much - your assurance

That my words touched your life, your mind and your heart, imprints love on my soul when caught & held aloft by you, knowing that allergy pain simply opens space for more love - hallucinating in spiritual arms safe from emptiness in an eternal moment sharing one mind, one love like a mystery play, fleeting like a breaking wave, still lasting forever in eternal light

Never extinguished even if we have other ecstatic moments followed by another and another - as the infinite spirals of a conscious universe let us create more wonders and offer us a chance for more love which fills the mind's infinite space...

Margaret Alice Second

Infinite World

It's impossible to know a real objective world as all knowledge accrues through a student's point of view, knowledge is determined by the viewers' interpretation & relativism is what we have to analyse a changing world which also

Changes preconceptions and assumptions, the holographic world consists of interlinked symbols which infinitely refer to each other; reinterpretation and ideology seem to alter the world we THINK we see - words seem

To obscure truthful accounts as relative with regard to our real first-hand experience, nothing is correct and final in an infinite world where everything will forever evolve & thus be forever incomplete - every success is

The beginning of a new challenge; it makes sense to relax knowing all we achieve just ends in dust, & enjoy the ride through the little bit of life that is ours for a time before everything changes again and our great

Accomplishments are lost; we retain only one thing from our lovely life: the vibration we achieve - by which we are tuned to a specific harmonic, we belong to a chord & our consciousness will continue there

I hope to find my friends and family where I shall be the note 'b minor' myself within a phrase of Tchaikovsky's melancholy "None but the Lonely Heart"

Margaret Alice Second

Infinitely

Look into the mirror of my affection
and you will see how worthy you are,
my Beloved, look at the handsome
reflection on the shimmering surface
of the glittering waters flowing with
infinite love to see your own goodness
looking back at you and know this is
how much I love you: Infinitely

Margaret Alice Second

Infinitely Different Ways

Reading the Apocrypha, speculating why Church Fathers said young Jesus taught scribes while rejecting the content of his lessons delineated in the Arabic Gospel; did they realise only vague mysteries would survive?

Enjoy reading how Maria cured ills with the water of Jesus' bath, how He explained Aleph-Beth to ignorant teachers - the Bible Scribes knew they could only get away by presenting not too incredible incidents

Using subjective criteria to decide what would make the flock subside before religious power; I also devise my own criteria for choosing that which would make my life a work of art, ignoring pedagogues' restrictions because

Expectation and belief can create anything - I put my trust in all things that increase freedom, beauty and happiness, never force my dreams on anyone, respecting the need for experiment and adventure, all prefer painful experience

To verbal examples, it is our right to enjoy suffering as much as we like, learning that dealing with consequences is the price we pay for freedom, having fun in infinitely different ways

Margaret Alice Second

Infinitive Of Rire

After conjugating verbs in French class
seeking the infinitive of rire, nous riions,
but we did not laugh because we watched
a French film noire

A romantic series of pictures ending with a
lover telling his girlfriend never come back,
ne reviens pas - that is why I love you so
much, you are always loving

I feel safe with you, my youth was without
certainty and you arrived like a ship in a
storm, today I trust more people than ever
before and you taught me this

Thank you for the discipline you brought into
my bohemian existence so that I always feel
safe in an ever-changing world

Margaret Alice Second

Inflict My Thoughts(Rev.)

In-between a heart-breaking translation, next week's holiday at the beach, my son's law examination, the obsessive-compulsive cleaners and people living like pigs, a lady keeping goats in her apartment in town, various undercover millionaires & our miserable cat threatening hoarders, keratin fixing my very dry hair & nail clippers that I cut off too much hair with so now my hairstyle looks worse than before

Drinking endless cups of tea, reading Reaper Man, falling asleep over my fiction, watching pretty girls try on beautiful wedding gowns & people without faces who undergo surgery which sensitive viewers should eschew, spoiled divas spending too much but insisting on their fathers' paying and their partners' respect - I realise being haunted by a small thing like you refusing to listen when I try to tell you what I think, simply pales

In comparison with really important issues in life; you love me - though you hate what I say - so I inflict my thoughts onto this page...

Margaret Alice Second

Inherited Eternity (C)

Picking up the pieces is never easy - makes you wonder why bother to blow beautiful glass objects, fragile and delicate - easily shattered - when these fall there is such heartbreak, you set up the scene for suffering when blowing glass, breaking brings

Such sharp pain - why not let go of these ideals & live in a world of practical realities with its wooden utensils, metal objects and ornaments, unbreakable: yet the reason glass appeals is its delightful, delicate fragility constituting ethereal beauty; though broken

Shards pierce the heart, it passes quickly & blowing starts the joyful process yet again, just listen to the tinkling glass harmonica in Saint-Saëns Aquarium in Animal Carnival, in this world the creative life process never stops and make-believe 'as if'

Manifests everything to make me ecstatic & afterwards peaceful & resigned - not quite sure of any possibilities given my limitations, I go to a dream-world with infinite scope; I am The Little Mermaid who received an eternal soul by refusing to kill

The prince who scorned her love after she acquired legs painfully, she was required to spill his blood with a long, sharp knife to save herself and return to the sea existing as a mermaid without soul - though so lively and alive - her death after many centuries

Would be forever, but victory was assured when she so loved the Prince she saved his life - her sacrifice giving up her own being & embracing eternal night brought enough light to bring a soul to her so she inherited eternity, great compensation for misery...

Margaret Alice Second

Inner Beings [rev.]

How to describe wonderful things read on the Internet - our body cells are World-aware half a second before the slow-moving mammalian brain registers anything - training forces us to ignore & suppress our intuitive & psychic

Experience; severing much of our awareness of events by which we could save our lives; & this information explains why I'm blessed with an inner crocodile, and a prescient little alien hanging from the rafters in my head

Why crocodile & alien have to interrupt my life to draw my attention to anything at all: having been taught to suffocate my true inner being - a knowledgeable reptilian brain-stem sensitive alien almost had to kill my strictly controlled

Mammal brain to focus me on really important things, how glad I am for suffering for so long under these inner entities wake-up calls; - the best is, we all have such inner beings!

Margaret Alice Second

Inner World On Fire

You ever read a book until your eyes refused to focus - but you pushed on, squinting and adjusting your glasses, until you had a headache when you put it down?

A book bringing vistas of intense colour, sharper images in stunning landscapes with scent of agelessly eternal incense, where sweet-smelling joy of endless beauty awaits your return, everything unchanged, only needing reanimation of your fantasy, concentration and mood

The more open you are, the more the story lives and you see nothing in reality comes close - it is always changing, too open-wide, everyone's is free to change, make up their own mind, only in fictional choices are you in charge, can keep the story unchanged, or make it yours by

Rewriting if you care to, or reading it in different ways; the point is joy is in your own hands, your interpretation less any other's hiding inside the equation...

I respect other's freedoms to do and choose what they want therefore true happiness is found in the loops we put into reality, without changing anything for anybody else, only in stories I find edifices standing irrespective of other's changing ideas, my mind returns to an unchanging landscape, pristine & grand, nobody can change it except me

Isn't it great, the best way to live one's life, holding onto the iron grid of ice-cold

reality while ensconced in warm dreams
carousel-riding out of reality, to return
energised and ready to accept more cold
outlines while our inner world is on fire

10 March 2013

[ORIGINAL]

Ever read a book until your eyes went out of focus, till
you have a headache when you put the book down -
which took you to an eternal, unchanging place where
colours are more intense, images sharper, landscape
beautiful, smelling of incense, eternal, only feelings
required to animate all the images?

The more open you are, the more the story comes alive,
you realise nothing in reality can come close because every-
body is free to make up their own mind; in fictional alternatives
you are in charge, keep the story unchanged or rewrite to make
it yours, reading in various ways if you care to, the joy in your
own hands, interpretation with nobody else in the equation

Respecting other people's freedom to choose what they want
means true happiness is in the loops we create to leave inter-
subjective reality without changing anything for anyone else,
only in stories do we find edifices standing irrespective of other
people's ideas, my mind returns to an unchanging landscape,
pristine and grand, nobody can change it except myself

Isn't it the best way to live one's life, holding onto the iron
grid of the ice-cold hologram of reality while ensconced in
the warm dreams that take us on carousel rides out of the
cold so we return energised, ready to accept some more
of the cold outlines - while our inner world is on fire?

Margaret Alice Second

Insane Acronyms (Revised)

Called Helpdesk, had pop-ups to get rid of –
advertisements of men and women for sale,
sandal posed to kill a bug and mouse to be
caught for winning a prize of some sort

Balls bouncing, a red button to press, the
screen alive with pictures of bellies growing
and shrinking accompanied by promises
that I could do the same – I know, I see my

Middle region growing daily but the shrinking
bit never happens; then success, sighing
with relief – these pop-ups drive everyone
insane, and I return to my document

Overlapping responsibilities between ANAC,
SODEXAM and MIE; oh, I forgot, I'm already
insane having to work with acronyms that
never imply a recognisable name...

Margaret Alice Second

Inside My Head

I left my body behind to live in my mind,
physical life marked by food & comforts
with this ego - calculating, wide-awake
and analytic, in control; doesn't work
for me - escaping piecemeal through

Children's fiction does not help enough,
standing all day at my desk - for health
reasons, trying to concentrate; messed
up my production even more, thus only
by lifting up and looking down into the

Situation from above, is there hope for
my completing the pilgrimage on earth
without feelings or emotions interfering
with the little routines of my lived with-
out common-sense because I believe

Instincts provide better guides to decide
on action required, tho' without signs of
Hans Christian Andersen's uncommon
sense inspiring him to go against advice
so he became the most-read author of

Fairytales, while I simply live within the
make-believe universe inside my head

Margaret Alice Second

Inside My Head (C)

I left my body behind to live in my mind,
physical life marked by food & comforts
with this ego - calculating, wide-awake
and analytic, in control; doesn't work
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Children's fiction does not help enough,
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Fairytales, while I simply live within the
make-believe universe inside my head

Margaret Alice Second

Insouciant Individuals (Rev)

To Free World citizens, i.e. us, liberty means to be free from responsibility, accountability, conscience; free from duty, morality and ethics – just like artists claim their art is above the law and no restriction in any sense can limit expression of their imagination; that creativity is an Übermensch-thing for unbridled action – which was used by Hitler to justify the Nazi regime, a perfect Übermensch coming into its own -

remaking society. Freedom is its own worst enemy; in giving it to its opponents to destroy, as is seen in threats of Islamic State, forcing Sharia law upon all unwilling victims - which include the lackadaisical, free-from-care Western societies where insouciant individuals float around at the mercy of any groups using the concentrated mental power of quantum physics to influence subatomic particles which

change the world. Religion-based brainwashing & meditation - the Free World might wake up too late just as in WWII when the Allied Forces discovered responsibility as instilled by military need to protect freedom of being and religion, is based on fighting those who use freedom to oppress the weak - and stopping the aggression by which the foundation of freedom on which the warmongers rose to power -

Is forcefully, unmercifully, inexorably destroyed...

Margaret Alice Second

Inspire

When we realise and develop abilities, explore and expand experience of self-hood, we create a new purpose and a new meaning for life while filling it with excitement – but if we don't take steps towards any ideals, we slowly change into slip-sliding depressives who can

Only find excitement in disasters, earthquakes and such - and while propelled by frustration we might concentrate on sad things – it's so much better to be a bubbling idealist with the creativity and energy with which to inspire the social, economic, political and scientific

Spheres of life...

Margaret Alice Second

Inspiring

24 August 2011

Part 1: In Spite of Everything

Oh, give me a chocolate, give me what I crave,
excitement and adventure, an inspiring challenge,
not sitting quietly at my desk looking at criminal
messages at Interpol's behest

Oh, give me the freedom of sea and wind and sun
up high creating fairy wings in front of my eyes, let
me not languish here, let me not expire in my chair,
let me run outside, be taken down

In a dramatic fight, a heroic deed, some bravery that
would make me feel it was a worthwhile life in spite
of everything and everyone that tried to bring us
down when we were young

Part 2: Invigorating

Back after enjoying the wind outside, invigorating,
energising, inspiring, two chocolates, a wire basket
for my own version of interior decoration, a dainty
coffee cup, tried on shiny silver sandals

Trying to help Nici find the right kind for the party,
something delightful, now to embark on my quest
for translation excellence, though love for intrigue
leads to my misunderstanding texts frequently

25 August 2011

Part 3: Beautiful

Found perfect silver sandals for Nici, heels
not too high, shine just right, I am delighted,

she is enchanted, showed them to all her
friends, perfect for the soft purple dress
she is going to wear

Decorated my new wire basket with white
lace and a few roses, set it next to my bed
with my books and paper doll inside, for the
first time I have made something beautiful
that is practical too

I wandered about with starry eyes, imagined
millions of wire baskets everywhere decorated
by me, filled with books and trinkets, all things
nice, the toys I keep out of sight as I have no
container pretty enough

To showcase them, when you complimented my
attempt at handicraft I felt validated, appreciated,
measured for worth and not found wanting at all -
this is brilliant, I cannot wait to try this again, buy
chiffon roses and shiny fabrics

And decorate everything in sight

Margaret Alice Second

Intense Distress [cor]

Cradling a bottle of frozen water, standing here in tears, treading water going under, haven't slept a wink after Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle turned into Prima Donna doing the dying stance of Violetta in La Traviata, declared - one hand on his forehead, eyes staring into the abyssal deep -

'Ah, terrible problems at work, can't tell you, can't tell anyone, hush-hush, confidential, high security risk...' - overpowering feeling of doom created by his melodramatic act, I implore him to elucidate - he refuses knowing nothing can be as bad as his mysterious portentous boding act suggests -

Happily he trips off to bed, his mind at rest, and sleeps like a baby while I'm stuck in the deepest end of the abyssal depth, only me, the BBC and strange worms living on methane bubbling up in under-sea volcanoes, alone, my mind spewing forth mysterious menacing scenarios which

Manifest in horrendous headaches, I'm standing here wearing purple storm clouds while stuck in the Black Hole in my head sucking in all light so nothing can terminate the intense distress of the lightning abysmal storm derailing life

Margaret Alice Second

Interlocking Stars

Music is written down in staves, 5 parallel, equally-spaced, horizontal lines indicating the path for every voice and instrument to flow in seemingly chronological sequence

Yet as the music plays the notes form a hologram - 3-dimensional spirals moving outwards from a central point - interlocking stars falling from the sky in a rain of sparks

Lassoos made of notes are thrown and twirl together forming images behind my eyes as if a circus artiste is spinning plates on sticks which all turn together simultaneously in 3-D

Confusing the audience, the whole orchestral piece spreading outwards from its beginning creating a whole new universe in melody thus music is divine, creation is said to start with a

Central chord and maybe this is what Thomas Otten is conveying in his swirling, mesmerising melodies in such sweet, clear tones – beware – you may not want to return to earth again...

Margaret Alice Second

International Yodelling Convocations [revised]

International Yodelling Convocations [REVISED]

If ignored, whatever was wrong would go away - I thought;
but when I could not control the notes while trying to sing as
mother played, it seemed as if sound ran away & something
had to be done - thus your insistence that I try your curry,

After a breakfast of egg-and-chips exacerbated the problem,
I have seldom felt so deeply affected by the allergy - though
it's bad to lose my mind, losing song also is so much worse;
Mother still asked me to sing at their concert - imagine the

Chaos if I can't find my notes while the music runs on and
the audience have to succumb - no thanks, there's enough
failures in my past, the solo in operetta at school - a total
mess, music night at university - screeching like a crow

No way, won't do it to myself and others again - I have not
yet found a way to keep my voice stable while reaching for
the high notes in the last line of I Walk With God, I will not
not force others to endure my attempts at singing the coda

I'll keep my energy for pestering colleagues and the droves
of innocent security guards, yodelling on the stairwell and
laughing at my amazingly noisy imitations of International
yodelling convocations!

9 November 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Interpretations Of Space (3rd)

It's the second day this magic's working:
worsening headache while harsh voices
bring eldritch feelings of my just being a
quiet observer on the outside seeking to
leave all feeling behind; reading the sun
forms part of a binary star system - thus
precession means our sun with the earth
is moving against a fixed background of
far-off stars - suddenly the whirlwind

In my mind's becalmed, as long as I watch
the screen pain's gone & in the eye of the
storm there is peace in the lovely detailed
theory - I'm enraptured in the escapism of
scientific claims "Our Earth and the Moon
travel 360 degrees around the Sun - yet
move in unequal lines relative to the far-
off immutable stars: so the solar system
moves in curved elliptical patterns"

A picture as astounding as beautiful keeps
my mind in momentary suspension so pain
doesn't intervene - I don't know where this
glorious feeling comes from or what it could
mean - but for now I'm held in the beauty of
all these new interpretations of space...

Margaret Alice Second

Intimidate His Flock [rev.]

With great relief I see my little universe stops at the place where the trousers of time split and a strange Rafael who intimidates his loving flock, driving them to suicide; turns left as I turn right, away from this doomsday soothsayer claiming hydrogen bombs will kill a human spirit as it's made of hydrogen - such a weird new theory - traditionally a spirit's been spiritual: meaning materially invisible and non-quantifiable

Rafael predicts WWIII and I respect his right to free speech, making disciples and keeping his eyes -with glee- upon the destruction of Planet Earth - to be brought about by the belief of his devotees in these unsettling speeches leading to perdition - BECAUSE our universe will veer off in the opposite direction to a less dramatic future of happiness, compromise and peace- where we shall work on our differences

While exciting pockets of unrest shall present enough challenge for adventurers; with great amusement I read Rafael - then turned away relieved, realising this probable reality could never enter my world where wise gurus offer better theories; ignorance only wreaks havoc for those bemused by a prophet's words so they keep following him - even when the

Fabric of reality splits - then requires belief to bring scary visions into fruition...

Margaret Alice Second

Into Illusive Reality [rev] & Amuse Scorpio

Imagination is ever so much better than reality; in the mind the world can look magnificent - I can be as imperial as I like in my dreams, people may assume any guise in my fantasy - why tie them down to the temporary physical image we created?

This Friday was lost to me; I didn't run the building to promote Casual Day Bling-bling from feeling bad for no reason, found my earphones were missing, presumably stolen; but it doesn't really worry me, just a momentary disappointment.

And you're right about appearances - dressing up to play a role, a cross-over Eliza Dolittle at Ascot and Phantom of the Opera in my case, does not bring joy in itself - the MOOD must be there - today it was totally lacking

My colleagues conclusively proved rationalism & honesty is the only way to deal with Scorpio's refusal to attend the wedding, I'm more depressed having to tell The Duchess. She will need to get over it they say - but I know she'll be disappointed.

I love my tea-cosy-cum-lampshade lady, she is a figment of my imagination representing qualities that are dear to me - and my outfit today was a failure - it was all in my imagination to begin with; so that's okay - my mind simply did not supersede reality

In my imaginary world tonight fictitious characters will indulge my heart's content - oh Marvellous Fantasy, saviour of worlds, wizard of eternity, delightful storyteller, overcoming obstacles, bad opinions, failure and sadness; thank you for the Mind

Dreaming up things that can't live in reality, though BIG, we've been taught so to be small ourselves, we create small, airless, suffocating, disapproving, cold reality ourselves. Luckily a song in my heart overcomes the sadness I have dreamed - oh glory

Be - it will continue unto eternity, this song in my heart that transports me into a new illusive reality...

[5 September 2014]

Amuse Scorpio In The End

I'll not tell the Duchess bad news, my own Alice-in-Wonderland philosophy is 'Shoot the Messenger'
I shall not usurp the messenger role, Scorpio can tell her himself, I shall go the way of love that can forgive anything, hope everything, trust, believe, give; in love I offer the Duchess hope and partake of this dish myself, taking off the starched shirt of

Other's beliefs, turn to thought forms and magnetism to attract the desired outcome - that Scorpio might relent and bend towards accepting the Truce offered by the Duchess; though she could not follow Scorpio, the Mighty Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle's advice about living her life, she's doing wonderfully well and Scorpio's presence at the wedding ceremony

Would swell the family group she is assembling painstakingly, this time she's living her dream and he's part of it - there is no way in a million years that I, Alice in Wonderland, can destroy my sister's dreams when I live a dream myself, I'll trust her wedding will take place in Wonderland and her Mad Tea Party will amuse Scorpio in the end....

[7 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Intrigue

Not a single fictitious character in my head,
the inner monologue is dead - not a single
feeling stirring, no emotion except the dis-
comfort of boredom being uncomfortable
in my chair, in exasperation I wonder what
part of my wild diet is turning on me today

Why did my pre-physical spirit decide to have
allergies and pay for each sin of dietary indis-
cretion with physical and mental discomfort -
was this some idiotic pre-birth plan to keep my
life within narrow confines as happy all-knowing
spiritualists claim, wrongly, as far as I can see

I only turn into a self-pitying grumbler and that
can't be good, just waiting for time to pass to
eat again - if only my inner group of characters
would present a story again - life is so boring
without an intrigue in the mind!

Margaret Alice Second

Intrigues

Washing the dishes, slowly, one by one, as recommended by chakra analysts, the chakra test reveals I don't trust anyone though I love them enough, my first three chakras are minus values while the green heart chakra is normal so the gurus say I should learn to trust people while I fiercely believe all people have good intentions

But we are too stupid - our insight too limited - to carry out those intentions successfully, most think the end justifies the means and it is not true, no-one wishes harm upon another except in so far as they believe in the existence of evil and they are wrong, □ don't tell me I must give these beloved idiots carte blanche to walk all over my heart

Spiritualists say we act in a play to learn what does not work in life; I prefer to learn through observation and will only partake in intrigues I already know work successfully - I am not here to act as a guinea pig in various scenes learning by trial and error how not to be selfish and cruel, to understand what people need instead of forcing my will on them

Everybody suffers from lack of insight while the most dangerous are the so-called professionals...

Margaret Alice Second

Invaders Jovially Spread The Misery (Revised)

Some families were impoverished already when they started their scorched earth policy, burning land and houses of the wealthy, reducing them to poverty as well; it is such a heart-warming piece of information, it also helps to know

The British kindly reduced all to the life of misery Emily Hobhouse stated. So to alleviate suffering in 'concentration camps', which were not such a bad idea after all because everybody lost interest in hygiene while dying, the English cheerfully –

No offence meant, stiff upper lip old chap, then incarcerated 'em in death camps. I commend the author for specifying this detail – some families were already starving – so this makes it easy to understand how the invaders jovially spread

Misery equally throughout the whole community, systematically starving ALL women and children in camps without social distinction, a truly visionary, insightful facet of the Anglo-Boer War which this disdainfully discrete author describes

What a consolation to know some families were already dying of hunger; all the English invaders did was to see to it the wealthy also shared their fate, with a perfect justification to starve women and children regardless of wealth and social class...

And all exonerated because Boers were adamant it was their land – when everyone knew the world was shaped specifically for colonisation alone by the British and acceptance of their reign is the only thing that makes sense in an estranged universe...

*"The Concentration Camps of the Anglo-Boer War: A Social History" by Elizabeth van Heyningen]

'This scorched earth policy led to the destruction of about 30 000 Boer farmhouses and the partial/complete destruction of more than forty towns. Thousands of women and children were removed from their homes by force. They had no time to remove valuables before the house was burnt down. Over 20 000 women and children died in British concentration camps. An entire generation of Afrikaners had perished.'

Margaret Alice Second

Invisible And Hidden

After struggling for a never-ending period of time with boring texts and finding even beautiful words lost their charm because I cannot be allowed to enjoy fun of reading bewitching tales until I have completed my allotted tasks and I can't, my eyes cannot focus, I can't tell you what those grey and black lines are supposed to say

I ran off to the library, happy in the high-stepping pace of the imaginary drum-majorette in my mind, borrowed books by Helen Creswell, Susan Cooper, Annie Dalton, Thomas Disch and Felicity Finn; alternative universes under my arm, marching with the illustrated keys to magical realms in my hands in order to leave the limited mind behind and

Share the experience of fictitious characters carefully recorded, polished and published for seekers like me who need to see other worlds beyond the limited sensory one where feelings are invisible and hidden and I make up my own as I go...

Margaret Alice Second

Invisible Inner Power

Chronic pain is unstoppable, the doctor said,
I remember a time I was pain-free, a time of
joyous being, I wrote line upon line of new
delight in the belief great effort would make
the world different; then the challenges set
before me kept growing without respite

I learnt that the way of the believer is steep,
life took its toll and my body gave up - time
to turn my eyes to the invisible inner power
diffusing physical life, fighting chronic pain
for so long means only meditation is left
and I should stay in the eye of the storm

The book I wrote is the life I have led, challenges
faced and overcome and the things I discarded
after trying them out in my mind and finding that
harmony and beauty led somewhere else...

19 June 2012

Margaret Alice Second

Irreplaceable [revised]

Fed up with reruns on favourite channels, I idly watched "Tangled" on Disney Channel, a remake of Rapunzel triggering memories of my "first times" spoiled as negative representations were offered before I had sufficient experience; yet it was the policy of Rapunzel's evil "mother" leading to total

Failure in spoiling Rapunzel feeling delight at the world's wonders - showing we can choose what we shall adore irrespective of events - & for me it was choosing to lift high the wonder of wisdom, experience shared with people, changing life into a wonder no-one can spoil for another since we

Are all born with predilections and inner guidance chosen before we were born; I believe my goal is LOVE tempered by Wisdom - when enjoying the laughter of my son or daughter experience can't be spoiled as an Infinite First, these events can't be replaced by anything else - being the totally

Wonderful and irreplaceable best experience I dreamed of when consciousness manifested itself in me as a separate human being

Margaret Alice Second

Isn't That Grand

You unburdened your soul, told me once
again how much effort it takes to suffer my
decorating the house, my reply is to lessen
your pain and take down all my silver glitter
bows that offend, store the white lace & snow-
flakes, remove the crystal glasses and flowers
from the deadpan black fireplace

Restoring all to pristine blandness to calm your
soul and give you a chance for new thoughts on
why you can't face life with me around - that my
ideas drive you to distraction - without imbibing
you would not be able to stand this - then you
ask what's wrong with your brand of bland
romance, I reply your excellent character

Deserves my accolades, your dealing with our
son wasting your cash earns my respect, when
your soul problems are solved, one of a myriad
probabilities which may befall one of our many
alternate selves - you might appreciate how
your faithful old mate always praised your
best qualities - isn't that grand?

Margaret Alice Second

It All Started With Her

The day faltered to an ignominious end,
Internet connection lost, email off, cannot
look up anything, headache caused by my
feasting on chips - and a cheese griller - for
breakfast, super recipe for culinary disaster

Felt so oppressed by the ubiquitous black I
wear everywhere; pulled out my ice-blue top
to be an Ice Princess again, start the dream
with the mirror playing along - light just right
in the afternoon to show a smiling stranger

With whom I can enact shows on my own -
yet I could try to be a good mother and wife
ask everybody about their lives, but getting
chased by Nici from her room with hubby
engaged in earnest technology research

I ensconced myself in the warm glow of the
kitchen - Tiaan entered and commented on
being allergic to egg, I inadvertently said all
allergic people should be shot, starting with
me, he enacted the scene, shooting all down

Commenting - when people enquired about
the shooting - he would point to my corpse
and say, 'It All Started With Her...'

Margaret Alice Second

It Doesn'T Matter

Telling you how difficult it is to be embalmed
in a tomb before actual physical death changed
into an accusation against me, I accepted, what
else can I do

I shall toil in the tomb, embalmed in immobility
until my heart stops beating, you point me to the
kids but can't you see the gift of childish delight
and wonderment

Have been taken from them, only self-sufficiency
and ice-cold reality are left, all fantasy gone, safe-
guarded against hurt by early disillusionment
in this cynical world

You want me to feel proud of what we did, bring
wonderful new beings into this world then cut
off their wings of imagination to create modern
kids - doing a job

With strong work ethos - oh, all right, it doesn't
matter that my brain refuses to retain acronyms,
the disgust I feel for myself being unworthy will
kill me betimes

Before I grow old and infirm...

Margaret Alice Second

It Might Be (C)

Right after concluding that in a few areas of life I have total control, my appearance and order in the bedroom and kitchen, therefore feeling proud of my discovery and admiring the assortment of clothes artfully arranged on my bed while I try to circle my eyes with a smudgy pencil imitating a girl on TV, just to receive comment from my family that I look like the walking dead; I realized -

Though it is enjoyable to decorate my grey hat with silver filigree & glue back the broken arm of my Christmas fairy - I've lost control over my room with clothes strewn about and blackened eyes make me look like the aftermath of a boxing match: the only two things still all-right are my grey hat & restored fairy, as the kitchen falls into chaos, I start to ask why it is so enjoyable to do things for myself

When it always results in the mess facing me now and why do theory and practice diverge so much - I cut out pictures of the mountain bike I desire and recipes for scorched potato salad; yet my beloved thinks a bike would be wasted on me & I never make the dishes I read about, the control the guru claims we have, seems to be lacking in my life & it's my own fault as we are free to create our destiny,

The guru claims - thus I give up my desire for mastery to focus on my ideals as it's the only vision left after my world-view crashed, I just want the gift of wisdom to show love in respect & serve where required, control is not yet mine - though it might be someday...

Margaret Alice Second

It Should Be [r]

Quiet tears of self-pity, for dinner last
night I had Russian kolbasa sausage,
short, oily-cold - its extracting a price;
I'm stuck, head constricting, muscles,
veins, a thread of thorns turned about

Encasing my head in concrete, a statue
of pain, neck stiffening - feeling ill and
turning into a pillar of salt, a basilisk, a
monument to gourmet disgust: how did
life fall and slot into this dark place of

Culinary pains & aches - with a tantrum-
throwing-little-boy's angry demand that
I should take full responsibility for all of
this - fine, I do, the load is crushing me
and so it should be...

Margaret Alice Second

It's A Virtue (B)

Talking to Scorpio is like talking to a wall - except a wall is kinder and does not tell one to shut up - listens quietly and does not tell one to stop, in many ways sticks and stones breaking bones is nicer than this refusal to enter into conversation, it's easier to talk to the TV than to Mr Superb, ah well, respect is

Due to him as he works to take care of everything and why should I want discourse when the whole world is waiting outside, imaginary friends on the Internet, my older Brother with his poetic intent, Mr Dreamside using weed to get to "the other side", the Spiritualist movement in England with illustrious name

Like Arthur Conan Doyle on board - and seeking Bible Codes with Newton in its ranks - why then trouble about Scorpio, let him live his absolutely unique, simplistic life that has no room for anybody else, his austere Spartan style shall be honoured and his total lack of hedonistic tendencies approved, no wonder he's such a good

Provider, always on his course, looking neither left nor right; Those with whom correspondence is possible - are unknown, so let me curtsy in obeisance to the one person I really know - who has neither fault nor shortcomings, except never to enter into conversation with this crocodile - and it's not a fault, it's a virtue -

I realise, I think you understand...

Margaret Alice Second

Its Retrograde Magic

Wholegrain wheat tastes like cardboard although the product claims to have sugar content, it doesn't help to make the day pass, no, I got an allergy headache, an indication I'm so bored even pain is preferable to nothing: happiness is like an ironed cloth

A satin sheet without a crease while pain resembles a very creased cotton piece after being wrung - or metallic material showing different colours when held in the sun; pain gives more dimensions to life whereas mindless joy is a flat, shiny bright surface

Without interesting depths and horizontal extension, happiness is a single vertical line running on in the sun without anything to catch our attention - maybe because it's an illusion of being one-dimensional in a multidimensional holographic world

The illusionary quality of fun is like the icing on a very bad cake - yet sometimes a dream is so very delightful, it takes me beyond this life into a higher dimension where vision is different and music stirs my soul until my heart is fit to burst as it fills - with

Feelings no human life can retain - but not now - now I'm caught in this moment of headache which was summoned by the allergy working its retrograde magic, creating the difficulties which stir the passion for creation - to express all the thoughts in my head

Margaret Alice Second

I've Got Your Back

Everything I've seen and experienced with my father in his dying process was different from what I've been taught and told about him, and everything I've experienced in previous times was different from what I've been told - yes, I've been there when every time he opened his mouth my mother stopped him in shock

And yes, I've memories of all of us kids being ashamed of him - BUT it was because he was always stopped by mother and filtered through Grandma Margaret Alice - my personal dealings with my father revealed another person: firstly, he was squeaky clean without shower of bath or access to anything beyond a washcloth and

Soap, he was totally dependable and loyal and lovable and yes - I have memories of being so ashamed of him as he taught Sunday school classes - but who the hell got him into such a thing so alien and unnatural given his honest and direct nature - tonight I cry for having to suffer the perception that my dad was dirty

Simply because mom made him out for being such just because she took his pension money and he came back angry and confused - all I want to say is - dad, I've got your back...

Margaret Alice Second

Je Me Suis Dit

Et puis je me suis dit: Pendant la
journée j'écris un poème pour
Christophe Bunduki

sur le programme National
que j'ai étudié dans la salle -
une réunion à Yamoussoukro

sur la priorité de l'agriculture
pour l'éradication de la pauvreté
en le continent de l'Afrique

Et l'importance de l'agriculture régionale
pour le développement national et l'appui
à l'élaboration de la formulation

du PNIA a Accra au Ghana,
la libéralisation par l'évaluation
du PDDA, ensuite la rationalisation

des coûts de commercialisation
qui nécessitent la modélisation
en matière de mécanisation

dans un contexte de la sécurisation
qui permis l'utilisation de la
conservation et la transformation

dans le cadre de la - Modernisation!

Margaret Alice Second

Joy & Pain We Caused

Chapter nine: Cataclysm - reading with bated breath, too many facts to take in, storyline developing, who can ever prove one hypothesis more true than another - only matters that conjecture is presented coherently

The single criterion is the quality of ideals formulated by a civilisation; though attempts to carry out dreams demeaned by avaricious minds; wonderful that people of integrity still chase ideals, wondering how these dreams came into being

I think relativity - time & space interwoven, divine supernatural intervention as natural law in manifestation - a conscious energy, aware of all simultaneously, scattered clues picked up by receptive minds - I love all forms of ideals

From the Mahabharata's advice on living a moral life - Buddha's reverie under a tree - a Hindu revering a pantheon of gods; glad to be introduced to many religions in all their beauty; quantum physics explains infinite possibility

Anything can be made true by faith, no more angry, jealous gods - but benevolent energy providing abundantly, free choice determines what we accomplish, in life after death we experience all the joy and pain we caused unto others - and

That is quite enough...

Act of God - Tutankhamun, Moses & The Myth of Atlantis -

The True Story of The Greatest Cataclysm to shape
Civilisation - Graham Phillips, Pan Books, 1998
p.207 - 298

Margaret Alice Second

Joy Of Being Here [revised]

A wonderful day with rusks, sugared chocolate, wafers,
passing out repeatedly - yet glorious with life; suddenly
I talk like an organ again, fast and furious, no stopping
for breath - driving like a fiend, swerving right and left

Knowing expensive BMW's will take flight - music at full
volume in the office to drown interminably loud gurgled
exclamations of my bubbling colleague - and I sang while
entering and leaving the building

Farewell, auf wiedersehen, goodbye, Sound of Music not
good enough for Annette, she clamoured for The Student
Prince - Adieu, good friends I say Adieu, I can no longer
stay with thee - I know it, started the song correctly

There is a Tavern in the Town - noisy descent in the
lift, driving home even better than early morning - I
very seldom feel so happy in my skin as I do today,
wish I could always eat the foodstuff that does this

For me - and sing for the joy of being here!

Thursday 24 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Joy Of Making Peace (Revised)

We are at a point where time splits the Universe in two;
we should choose where we go now – there is a choice
between two destinies; it seems I shall not be going with
the New Age folk, where peace, harmony and abundance
reign in secure alignment with their God

I'll probably go the other way, where war is reality and
people choose free destiny, even if it means blowing up
things; a peaceful alliance path sounds like far too much
conformity forcing all to want the same thing, one song
to sing, the same pizza, one God's bidding

I'll be found with people cheerfully making war for the joy
of making peace to be breached as soon as prosperity
becomes a bore; yes, seeking opportunities to help people
recuperate after conflicts where they kill each other
happily – defending laws nobody observes

This place of paradox and conundrum sounds so much
more adventurous than eternal peace

8 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Joy Unalloyed

This is joy unalloyed, a cell-phone from heaven, without any demonic influence, predictive text and spelling means I only type one or two letters - the phone does the rest, this is a beautiful Thursday, my

Lovely changeling child won a court case for the accident fund, my birthday present made me cry by delineating the extinction of Israel, now my meditation & prayer will be on their behalf while I'll send the white

Light of love to Muslim Arabs - opposing them - my studies of Arabic revealed just how deep their passion run: heart-broken by the opposition between Arab & Israel as I love them both equally, how to send

Them both my love when they fight all the time; my work computer stopped working today - but only after I sent my poems to the poetry site where dreams took flight when I discovered my elder brother who

I revere was already there, thus my joy is unalloyed, even after I cut my finger while cutting my own hair - finding hairdressers do not understand me, now here listening to Amira singing notes I've always tried to

Reach in vain; living the dream I've been creating for fictitious heroines since I was small and I'm so proud of this exceptional, musical, beautiful little girl; joy, oh joy...

Margaret Alice Second

Joyful Existence [r]

Learning's exalted in youth, but growing older the charm of knowledge fades - wisdom & insight into the invisible organisation behind ordinary life - the mechanisms creating life's scenery, is discovered; following the stories about these is very confusing

Applying everything's impossible, we need criteria to evaluate - usefulness determines ideals which bring beauty and magic into life, everybody seeks happiness as we follow dreams: Mom berated sis for doing menial work - instead of accomplishing

Great things: it's th' source of my existential angst where routine is a waste of time, learning through translation isn't good enough as every single day MUST bring something life-changing & beautiful YET today I choose to be content in my life on

The African Continent where lying in the sun as a dedicated crocodile is the very essence of being, the sensation of sun on skin seen as the epitome of joyful existence versus non-existence....

[Shortened version of "Happy Being";]

Margaret Alice Second

Joyous Distress

My positive Internet site not only invites, but instructs acolytes like me to tell the magical story of their lives, so here goes - certainty came today I'm growing holy given bureaucratic obstacles to sick leave form filing, printing, signing & distributing to the Mother Superior and Abbess in the Translation & Editing sanctuary

Cloistered at my desk I relay a warrant of arrest old-fashioned & beautiful enough to make a friar's heart bleed in joyous distress; upon receiving changes to my translation I briefly self-flagellate - then read the only way to invite good events is concoct a glorious story about my little hermitage life moving in

Preordained orbit between a home nunnery and a work lamasery, either heaven or hell on earth, so I chose heaven, listen to happy chirping - accepting with merry resignation my literary mind cannot reproduce ludicrous text verbatim, I relay in different terms - I float off into my mind's deep forest to

Admire exotic blooms and glamorous creatures - I'm travelling the world in different guises and visiting the universe through music in words - storing the glory inside my heart makes for an exciting existence which is best described as a brief pirouette within illusionary reality before spinning off into infinite quantum

Possibilities - to choose probabilities to be lived....

[3 September 2014]

[ORIGINAL:]

IN JOYOUS DISTRESS

My positive Internet site not only invites, but instructs acolytes like me to tell the magical

story of their lives, here goes: today certainty
came I'm growing holy given all the obstacles
bureaucracy offers to filling in sick leave form,
getting it printed and signed and distributed to
two Mothers Superior in the translation and
editing sanctuary, cloistered at my desk

I relayed a warrant of arrest in old-fashioned
terms beautiful enough to make a friar's heart
bleed in joyous distress, upon receiving all the
changes in my translation I briefly flagellated
myself - then read the only way to attract good
events is to concoct a glorious story about my
hermitage life moving in my pre-ordained orbit
between nunnery at home and lamasery at work

Either it can be hell or heaven on earth; I chose
the latter, listening to the happy chirping around
me, accepting with joyous resignation my literary
mind cannot reproduce stupid text literally and my
version will always be changed - floating into the
deep forest in my mind, admiring exotic blooms
and glamorous strange creatures, I'm travelling
the world in different guises; visiting the universe

Through music in words, storing the glory inside
my heart makes for a magical, beautiful existence
best described as a brief pirouette within illusionary
reality before spinning into a sky of infinite quantum
possibilities to choose the probabilities I shall live...

[2 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Joyous Monday (Revised)

Joyous Monday

All six lifts aren't working, we're sent to climb the stairs,
singing at first, at the third floor I lose my breath, climbed
at a more sedate pace, arrived on the sixth floor though
I could've handled many more

My puffing colleagues arrive, Hanlie laughing in hope our
Minister and 10th floor officials suffer the same fate; I
tackle an Arabic message from the Minister of the
Ministry, the Waziir from the Wizarrah, as Riima taught

Then there is no water and electricity threatens to go,
Hanlie discovers a 10th floor pipe burst flooding the lifts –
fixing is difficult, I skip down sixth floors, commiserate
happily with fellow travellers – still yodelling where

No victims can get away; all too soon we're sent home for
safety reasons, the show's over. At home I am silent so as
to not give offence – washed dishes in sheer exuberance,
ate a large bowl of oats for a sound sleep tonight –

What fun life is!

24 June 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Joyous Philandering

Enfolded in the most soothing feeling of accomplishment, I have completed the second warrant of arrest with enough archaic phrases to humour my flighty mind

We command, require and instruct to receive, maintain, uphold, re-enforce, apply and implement the warrant of arrest, nobody shall be left in doubt about

Action to be taken after such strenuous commanding, requiring and instructing, such grandiose terms can only mean one thing: Grab the criminal and put him

In prison – tout suite - make no bones about it – let him languish while we deliberate how long it will take to rehabilitate him – sorry, just our little joke

We know prison is a crash course in unconditional pilfering and joyous philandering, in perfecting the techniques of seizing the possessions of other people since criminals believe

Everybody as callous and unworthy as they themselves; as for the good guys, the Lord will take care of them - no need to worry about their problems, one prayer and they will be

Happy again while praying for their lost brethren...

Joys Of Life (Revised)

Luxuriously caressed by camaraderie, Hanlie weaving such threads of happy, bright-smile delight; June being mischievously buoyant, Hermien devoted to conscientious duty and an elfin interest in what is going on while Mapula looks great

Ulrike an uplifting perfectionist determined to never hurt anybody, making sure everyone is OK – finally, end of day; while I complain about my incompetency Hanlie is laughing; feeling inferior is one of the perks of the job - she happily claims

As translators too often feel superior to scholars confining themselves to academic posts; June reporting a 'healthy' person happily donating blood on request while her own was refused due to iron deficiency, we recommend bed rest and medicine

Quoting Madame la Pompadour's amazing strategy - Hanlie an epitome of inner beauty, June doing thankless proofreading jobs – while I glow with inner delight, wafting home in joyous surrender to the joys of life...

Margaret Alice Second

Jump Like Popcorn [rev]

After enjoying the beautiful little faces of the genies Shimmer and Shine, it was time to be enchanted by my new storybook, No Beasts - No Children by one Beverley Keller, chosen for a brilliant start in chaos

Launching straight into the most chaotic scene which is my favourite beginning - when children & animals are the main characters, I'm perfectly happy, the dad a psychologist with 3 young kids, a prim housekeeper

Who's never heard of Mary Poppins, 3 shaggy dogs, a mule and a mouse and an aunt nobody knows anything about and who destroyed a wedding when her gift of a portable TV scared the guests out of church

A retired captain and a rich landlord whose only son is unhappy, no pets of his own, running away to the zoo, mud cakes in the first-aid container so wrapping a cut finger in gift wrap, the captain and aunt getting

married; dogs slobbering the bride's sleeves so it's dripping at the wedding, a possible - if improbable parallel universe - where there is space for endless series of alternatives, giving my mind a break from

Ordered legal sequences too boring to contemplate, making my thoughts jump like popcorn in a warm pot coated with scrumptious caramel making me delirious with its crunchy tastebud-fantasies....

Margaret Alice Second

Junior's Gone [rev]

I see my son cuddling our Jack Russell in his arms like a baby, taking him into his room & feeding him 'happy juice' to restore his balance - this after the shock of electric noise; I see Scorpio rushing home & staring into the dog's eyes, assessing's condition, feeding him milk & taking him to watch TV, the Jack Russell happy at his feet; I hear Scorpio earnestly

Telling me - Junior looks old but happy to him; I see me washing Junior's blankets & Scorpio spreading them carefully to make Junior comfortable; I see me fleeing as Junior licks himself - his old breath stinks; I see me running about bashing newspapers to make Junior & Bruno, his fellow in mischief, keep quiet; I see Junior shivering in bright sunshine and then I

Hear Scorpio announce over the telephone - do you mind very much, I'm taking Junior to the vet - I assure him it's fine, Junior's 15 years old, he's tired, he always watched over me as I swam and chased Bruno away jealously - and now Junior's gone ... our Jack Russell died today 9 October 2015 - may Junior's memory live on in our hearts...

Margaret Alice Second

Just An Illusion

Decorated my lamp with crystals and pearls to
create illusions of frosted dewdrops to combat
the heat, watching the Moody Blues singing
'Once Upon a Time' portraying first love

Knowing it is just an illusion too – but oh, how
we humans create the best visions, how won-
derful to dream, isn't it strange there always is
more happiness in our minds than we can find

In three-dimensional reality; meaning we always
grow through evolution, never to stop, increasing
our joy unto infinity - and beyond

Margaret Alice Second

Just As You Are (Rev.)

Love isn't idyllic tender romance, it is an ideal,
a dream; while unhappy relations are built
on dependency, happy relations associate
self-esteem, respect and dignity

Your happiness derives from work and sacrifice
ignoring needs for deference, freedom and joy,
such self-sacrifice without appreciation makes
you feel alone and confused, does not teach

Manners commanding respect; love ideally
as noble aspirations, joy and integrity has to
be learned, it does not derive glibly from
what we covetously look upon

Love is a perspective, an ability to project on
all things beautiful aspects; service does not
beget love and harmony; I cannot accept the
same emotional abuse you are used to

I offer you my sisterly love as affection, not an
exploitation, will spoil you rotten as a beloved
sister, NOT as dependent or helper, I love
you because you are worthy

I honour your dignity and abhor it when
others don't honour you too; I love you
within the perspective of a wonderful
sister – just as you are...

Margaret Alice Second

Just Punishment

At least I have made myself into the most unlovable person who has ever been, some consolation indeed; I am a scoundrel at work, taking up space and oxygen, at home I'm too pre-occupied to get anyone's attention

Only when I became resigned that my daughter would smash her car could I relax while she charged all obstacles, refusing to change gears even when the car stalled; I cried in despair as my son bicycled home in the dark

The only consolation I got was that he promised not to do it again - I give up tried in vain to attain spiritual growth; I am the worst person I know - the sooner I give up wrong ideals and attempt being the worst delinquent

The world has ever seen, the sooner I would be happy again, emitting such a low vibration, it will take a million lifetimes to take me to a higher plane; every friend I have dreamt of, every ideal

Destroyed by MYSELF spiritualists say, claiming we create our own reality, my feelings inform me I have created the worst nightmare - losing family and friends - according to twin sis, my dad feels the same about life

I wish I could share my pain with him but he is out of bounds; just my luck that us two scoundrels may not meet again, such just punishment...

Margaret Alice Second

Just To Feel Interest [revised]

Just To Feel Interest

Enjoyed making lists of terms to drill into my head –
Compte tenu is 'taking into account', En vue d'assurer
is 'a view to ensuring', 'mesures de promotion' says
'measures for promoting', not for promotion of, and
finally *Vise à assurer* is 'aimed at ensuring'

Why do I choose wrong alternatives if presented
with two or more probable terms, what is it leads
me into blind alleys and dark tunnels as I translate
bureaucratic documents written to make political
schemes seem feasible to donors

Whatever crisis today I'm proud of my new list, my
next document will be translated in a new attitude,
I'll pounce on every strange expression and review
everything, compare to all lists in my archives – I'm
proud of my new inspiration, just to feel interest is

Rare accomplishment, the result doesn't matter if
the process is enjoyable, like donning ice skates &
gliding through translation, borne by knowledge
there is no need for trekking wild terrain, scaling
mountains or painfully falling into every crevasse

Like my colleagues soaring on clouds, so adept at
plucking correct phrases out of the air – efficiently
digging them from deep underground – I want to
be lifted by my new intentions, change the way
I work on each text sent with translation request!

[ORIGINAL:]

Enjoyed making a list of terms to drill into my head -
Compte tenu means Taking into account and En vue
d'assurer is A view to ensuring and Mesures de pro-
motion is Measures for promoting, not for promotion
of and finally *Vise à assurer* is Aimed at ensuring

Why do I always choose the wrong alternative when presented with two or more probable terms, what is it that leads me into blind alleys and dark tunnels as I try to translate bureaucratic documents written to make political schemes seem feasible to donors

Whatever the problem, today I'm proud of my new list, the next document will be translated with a new attitude, I shall pounce on every strange expression and review everything then compare to all lists in my archives – I'm so proud of my new inspiration, just to feel interest is

A rare accomplishment, does not matter what the result is, as long as the process is enjoyable, I want to don ice skates and glide through any translation, carried high by knowledge so that there is no need for trekking through wild terrain scaling mountains and painfully falling into every crevasse

Like my colleagues who seem to drift on clouds while they artfully pluck the right phrases out of the air or dig them out from deep under the ground - with an air of great efficiency, I want to be carried by my new intentions and change the way I go through every text sent with a request for translation!

Margaret Alice Second

Just Too Much

</>A discussion of politics and I fall asleep, voices
droning about boring facts - after I had my say
about Greece and destitute refugees in the Cote
d'Ivoire, we watch another documentary about
solar power to save us from nuclear disaster

I black out, a solicitous colleague shakes me awake
I wriggle in my seat; next week, our enthusiastic
teacher says, each must do a speech on South
African politics discussing the party of their choice
in detail - I give up, resigned I decide

I cannot attend this class, I shall completely lose
my mind in the boredom of this, will have to flee
the subject of politics as it drives me insane, the
stink of inefficient states and the self-serving
politicians defrauding their own people

Is just too much...

Margaret Alice Second

Keep Breathing [rev]

And so apparently the better way is breathing ourselves into Well-Being until there are enduring feelings of appreciation, love, eagerness, and joy which well up to show us we've released resistance & now we can allow the Well-Being waiting for us - unwavering - flowing for eternity in a sweet, unending stream of intelligent, joyous energy that is shining in silver and pristine white; I shall try to keep breathing my dear swami friend...

Margaret Alice Second

Keep Evolving (Rev)

I am returning to work next week - that is after 3 weeks of feeling free, of sleeping late, and doing whatever appealed to me; - movie watching with Nici & falling asleep on her bed, her chasing me for my intrepid cheek, then cleaning the kitchen and joking with my entertaining, clowning son

Helping to straighten bed sheets, laughing with Linah, sharing secrets - like the chocolate cake "donated" by her "mate", the sun shining while I am reading until falling asleep, again! - taking a bath whenever I pleased; - since knowing I was going to return to the office after surgery, I've

Lost control of the wee alien living in my mind, a delinquent shouting & screaming, stamping his feet, though he normally hangs from the rafters in my head - he wants to live the good life while my Puritan conscience insists it is time to return to work, take up my cross, continue on my own

Via Dolorosa; yielding to my Calvinist perspective is such a threat to the little inner pest who believes I waste my life, but I love feeling free to frequent the Internet researching new concepts and listen to words forming music in my mind - and this is the most important part of my job - if only

I could get my little inner alien to understand all of life's challenges are just part of a game so he should enjoy everything: even when failing we're simply growing, finding a new place from where we shall keep evolving...

Margaret Alice Second

Keep Me Spell-Bound (Correction)

Keep Me Spell-Bound

AND that's what I did, a waffle with honey and cream,
now I'm ready to play at being a sunbeam, project good-
will to all people and smiling at the security guy – who
seems to be bored to death, it is a pity he does not know
how much Pratchett objects to all kinds of boredom

Especially boredom of cabbages - while I think merino
sheep is the most boring of all - alas, all agriculture has
this effect on my soul, playing endless rounds of poker
with my son is boring also – now for the document that
would consume me if I only knew how to drown myself

Therein, how to sink into the document's embrace, delight
in its many construction terms, yet I can't - Siamo perduti,
I have not been blessed with the ability to concentrate on
nothingness: emotions and passions and art and craft can
keep me spell-bound and trying to fashion a poem is like

An aphrodisiac making me fall in love with life – while
translating a grey document causes me to fall into a Zen
trance of resigned melancholy – but when I get up from
my chair, I love to sing along the passages, freed from
the yoke of chasing that one perfect term....

"Siamo perduti" = we are lost, an Italian term I learned
when scanning a book of an Italian plays during an
extremely boring meeting long ago...

Margaret Alice Second

Keep My Teeth (2)

A shocking piece of information, an article claiming people suffering from arthritis should have all their teeth with fillings and implants extracted - the last remains of teeth cut from the jawbone to prevent venom of rotting calcium entering the system

I realised it was the Nigella effect – an email message contrasting the beautiful fifty-year old cook who drinks wine and eats butter and sugar versus the wrinkled old lady looking a hundred years who recommends a lean whole-wheat diet with frequent colonoscopies

We all saw what that did to her, I shall keep my teeth,
the amount of money spent on extractions can be used
to enjoy life instead of reducing living to pain before
finally dying, without teeth and with holes in my jawbone
I should wish to die immediately being an ugly crow

Margaret Alice Second

Keep The Dream Going

Romance the best fantasy, a promise,
an ethereal suggestion of something
that might possibly be, an insubstantial
beauty which cannot be touched as the
dream is not real, a fragrance, a melody

Romance lives in mystery, as impossible
to hold as a flame and as dangerous if not
contained, balancing on unlimited possibility
creating a myriad probabilities, focused in
dreams, based on the most marvellous

Aspects of reality, blossoms ready to bloom,
spring beautifying earth - when one of the
infinite possible romances collapses into
3-D reality, sensory perception congeals
its fluid character, dreamers sink down

From the clouds and discover where they
are, if they derived enough power from
the preceding romance, the energy can
propel them forwards, every new phase
of their love a miniature romance in itself

It takes hard work to keep the momentum
going, yet everyone is free to burn incense
at the altar of love as often as they like and
keep the dream going...

Margaret Alice Second

Keeping Your Integrity [rev.]

Your team losing to another, work pressure increasing - lucky translator me, I've only to study and ingest texts on the administrative problems of Africa while YOU have to deal with HUGE amounts of money & decide on a budget for your new company

Then you've to contend with feral shark's whispering, "Let's do a deal, we'll give you what you want - new members and new victims - on condition you hand over your jobs to us; we'll expedite the duties easily, you'll quickly be rich, we just hide fees &

Membership, we'll declare a few see, so you'll profit while the rest lose - but they'll be losing to YOU, so it's no problem" - the many nights my Beloved's kept awake by temptations offered in the wild by weird strangers: My Love, keep up the fight for

Your employees and their dues; I'm proud to be part of the team you've launched, may you please win in this game by keeping your integrity

Margaret Alice Second

King Of The Universe

Brilliant course, of course I made a mess in the end: train, bus to be at the my daughter's studio before walking down to the venue to attend the Linnegar Basic Copy Editing and Proofreading Class for a certificate - late on Friday - to find

My daughter being late for a shoot; my beloved starving at home - staring at the Food Channel so I could feel remorse at my having delighted in life - purple shirt and scarf - telling various publishing houses representatives how much

Fun bureaucratic government service was - all claimed it would kill them to work for the State, I explained it was heaven on earth because even breathing was declared illegal - thus life itself became a special privilege - I felt just like

Pratchett's Wen, The Eternally Surprised, on seeing the beauty of cherry blooms forever on the brink of blooming into life - symbolic of my dreams - being Cinderella forever - never getting to the ball - never meeting a fairy godmother to turn my life around

Just dreaming of turning my sweet little daughter's life around by making it possible for her to meet the future King of the Universe...

[1 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Lack Of Haute Couture

Beware Sam Vimes; annoyed by a fantailer hat,
jodhpurs and a nervous smile; Sam took on the
legendary Jane Austen, author of world renowned
Pride and Prejudice, to reform her into a modern
writer, criticized the flimsy attire of her five girls

Sending them to Florence Nightingale nursing, open
a Milliner's shop to put an end to their small talk, marry
Mr Collins the curate shunned by a fastidious Elizabeth
and deleting Mr Darcy; I must agree, Captain Carrot
lords it over all other hero's in likeability, magical

powers and nobility to withstand pressure to become
king, though he knows his ancestry, being a superhero;
the intrepid commander sees nervous smiles as dead
giveaway of disagreeable intent and jodhpurs means
burgled silverware seen in trousers outlined in teapots

This offensive ensemble is described with inimitable
Pratchettian aplomb: 'a presumably self-inflicted triple
misfortune' - oh yes, I have also been caught wearing
self-inflicted triple - even quadruple - misfortunes of all
kinds, suffering from lack of haute couture

And I mean to go on suffering this way, it is much
more fun than being elegant all the time!

Snuff – Terry Pratchett, Doubleday 2011
pp.243,244

Margaret Alice Second

Lack Of Privacy [revised]

Noise decibels reaching critical levels usually makes me realise, but too late; a colleague has moved into line with me, taking down a bookcase screen, filling space necessary to separate us. I should have been more vigilant, a sacrifice destined to drive me mad -

This is why the noise kept increasing, desperate for my ambience of background noise I'd increased the volume of the André Rieu DVD, all the time my ears twinkling, yet whenever one of us in the line speaks up the noise penetrates my music screen - oh why

Did destiny decide to punish me; is it synchronicity of destiny using my colleague to damn me in being so happy about the value of everlasting forms and concepts that wait about to be animated by living forms and illustrated by what we think of

Inanimate matter - yet has a life all of its own? Was my rejoicing in this my undoing, attracting attention of the gods who decided my punishment would be lack of privacy?

Margaret Alice Second

Laissez-Faire Despair

I measure my state of depression by the books I am able to read, when it becomes impossible to enjoy any hilarious romp by Terry Pratchett, when Ecclesiastes and Proverbs are the only reading material with any relevance - my mental gyroscope has come to a standstill

As noise irritates me more and pressure is forcing me out of my head and all I want is darkness, silence and death, it is time to take drastic steps to feel better again, as I waft about in a smell of Vicks VapoRub and swallow coloured pills by the handful hour after hour

And start to hate and despise all forms of consciousness and life, seeking the meaning of existence as opposed to happy non-being, it is time to visit a quack to obtain poisonous concoctions and life-shortening toxins to take the seasonal discomfort away, to stop the disease

Which leads straight to the nihilism of laissez-faire despair

Margaret Alice Second

Land Of The Sun [rev.]

You expressed an acceptance last night damning
you to Hell; being a hermit you can't be a people's
person and I agree. I had swum to be reignited by
acquaintance with the sun, my skin tingling from
its kiss that has never been toxic to me

You can't change but I believe we're free to live
lives as we are without being wrong for not being
reformers or missionaries, everyone has a unique
path, is also true for you and I, so let's embrace
ourselves being as we are

Rejoice being together and delighting in the sun;
our country is rescued by a priestly saviour, we live
on to take his legacy of reconciliation into all types
of relations - since we both love the people we work
with and offer our kids everything we can

We are showing Mandela how much we appreciate
the wonderful miracle he created for us in the
land of the sun

Margaret Alice Second

Language Of My Heart (Rev)

Illicitly reading the Bible in Afrikaans, illegally I sing
Langehoven's Lullaby and recite Winter's Night by
Eugène N Marias; according to a clever accountant
it is wrong to write Afrikaans since all dialects may be
freely spoken but never admitted to a higher status of
book learning: what daring, what infinite evil-doing this

Is, creating a century of poetry in an illegal tongue, it's
asinine idiocy to leave the refined languages - of which
Dutch is our designated written language; to create our
own story, own dictionary, literature & church liturgy, it's
blasphemy! - such presumption marks us as unholy and
unrepentant, so we're cut off from our cultural roots and

End up revering English as the tongue of our history; I
sigh: Thank heaven for such a lingua franca; I'll accept
all rejection & sing my Lullaby in Afrikaans & shining all
spiritual light in my mother tongue, listening as Mabalel's
ankle-rings still go klingelinge - enjoying the decadence
of learning life's lessons in the language of my heart...

Margaret Alice Second

Languorous Lines

Saint-Saëns Animal Carnival, endless
piano arpeggios in opposite directions
fatigue ruining dreams of accomplish-
ment, oh, found the enchanting fishes
swimming, relaxing into delight just to
be rudely awakened by braying donkeys
rewind by immediately double-clicking
and swaying again to the languorous
lines consisting of bright flashes of light,
a lullaby lilting in floating shimmers

Margaret Alice Second

Last Day At Work (3rd Version)

Have already filled in a production sheet to prove I did useful things after suffering immensely with Internet flickering like demented Christmas tree lights, losing email connection intermittently, but suddenly my desk is clean,

Now – after completing my documents in a demented state, fuming at the mouth, mind unstable, Disciples of Cool install a cable to ensure continuous Internet connection; they arrive like too late Angels of Mercy to be of use this year,

Too late, too late! I want to cry, too late by a hundred years – do you know how much pain and confusion your deliverance delay has inflicted on me? But I subside, determined to pre-pave a smooth way into a shining future, ready to chant old Dutch psalms

At eventide next to a blazing fire when the sky changes into a velvet canopy studded with stars creating bling-blings that make me long to paste glitter on every dark possession that lurks in my cup-board at home...

Margaret Alice Second

Laugh And Run On [revised]

Rambling about pink hat on my head followed by amused smiles and laughter-lead questions where I find energy they see in me, not realising it comes from them, their happiness; even if laughing at me instead of with me it infuses me with more power to move faster in having a great time, humming a tune that explodes in the air

If my apricot T-shirt combined with a pink Fedora can inspire people to conspire in sending positive feelings which take me high, floating on streams of their fun and joy then there's nothing better on earth than to laugh & run on, world under me blossoming in colourful joy and delight as I continue my flight, buoyed by the percussions in my melody

[12 June 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Laughing With You [revised]

It seems that arrogant ignorance is becoming the norm in our Government Departments - amusing as it is hearing of an interpreter's inexperience & lack of excellence in a Court trial watched world-wide - and remembering the interpreter's gaffe in sign-language of President's Obama's speech;

It's probably one of the things feared by the sour architects of apartheid, an Africans' joie de vivre makes it impossible for him to substitute pursuit of excellence for love, friendship and joy - and if loss of Dignity and Honour in the World's eye is the result, then so be it; I'd rather a free African

State battling to master good governance, using money on the wrong things than an oppressed Apartheid state's racial discrimination aimed at maintaining excellence as a norm with a greater cost to naïve, untutored African races' suffering; nothing justifies racial isolation, if current Rulers

Fail understanding the role of rules & regulations for good statesmanship, it does not matter, even if we resemble a banana republic: nobody learns by being told, we learn by experience, and a new democracy still has to go far before knowing how to do it right; just give us time

And laugh if you must - with our joie de vivre - we'll be laughing with you!

[ORIGINAL:]

Hearing of the court interpreter's lack of experience and excellence in a world-wide watched trial - also remembering the sign language interpreter's super big fail during the American President's speech; it seems that arrogant ignorance's becoming the norm in our Government Departments and it's amusing

This is probably one of the things feared by the sour architects of apartheid – Africans' joie de vivre which makes it impossible for them to fall into the mistake of substituting excellence for love and friendship and joy – and if loss of Dignity and Honour in the world's eyes is the result, then so be it, I'd much rather a free

African state battling to master good governance, spending money on all the wrong things – than an oppressed Apartheid state with racial discrimination aimed at keeping excellence as norm at the cost of the naïve and untutored African races' suffering; nothing can justify racial segregation - if current rulers fail to

Understand the role of rules and regulations for good statesmanship, it does not matter, even if we resemble a banana republic: nobody learns by being told, we all learn by experience and a new democracy still has far to go before knowing how to do it right; just give us time and laugh if you must - with our joie de vivre -

We'll be laughing with you!

[5 March 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Laughs At Me

A small figure, a Pixie hairstyle, a bigger smile than when embittered at work, shrunken but happy with her kind brother Ockert explaining nobody dies, we are consciousness encased in bodies temporarily, when the body has been worn out we shall cast it away to continue existence in non-physical spheres

Alet is delighted to hear this and her mood is positive, no more chemo for now though there is the threat of toxic cells in the lungs - the darn oncologists would probably give her more poison until she wheezes & the overeager surgeons would cut off her legs and arms to keep possible cancer at bay - and maybe

Cut off her nose and cheekbones also - as long as she lives, maybe remove her stomach, liver & spleen; they're all unnecessary as long as the heart beats & she breathes, even if only with the help of an oxygen tube; at least she is kept pain-free and laughs at me...

Margaret Alice Second

Laughter Divine [r]

And so came the message from our Sunshine Abbess:
the Nazi High Command of our little cloister orders we
are to observe silence at all times, no talking in cubicles,
over cupboards or dividers - this is a religious institution
where the Holy Grail of Language Purity is worshipped
and we shall spend the day on our knees - pleading for
absolution and exoneration for the years we attended
to foreign gods of strange countries, as of now

Only the Queen's English and the old Dutchmen's home-
brewed Afrikaans will be allowed to exist in this hallowed
institution, anybody caught talking will be lynched on the
spot, our Nazi dictator boss Mme La Pompadour, a most
terrible scourge - cannot stand the noise she hears upon
opening the throne room in which she presides (when she
bothers to come to work which isn't very often) and we be-
have like children in the trenches, running around

Talking about our lives, a cardinal sin, we're supposed to
whisper about language matters only, quietly digging the
bureaucratic and administrative trenches, making endless
term lists to please Her Highness La Pompadour, -directly
related to Spanish Inquisition's Tomás de Torquemada -
who would have burned us at the stake as evil witches a
long time ago if her Nazi inclinations did not force her to
torture us alive in the open-plan-office trenches

Studying the message of oppression signed in blood under
duress, I noticed a loophole - no prohibition against singing,
how marvellous, I went to my friend singing snatches from
The Sound of Music and in the stairwell a favourite German
Wiegenlied *Schlafe mein Prinzchen schlaf ein, es ruhn Schäf-
chen und Vögelein*; the wonder of sweet sound and dream
so overwhelming it lifted me up from this Nazi earth and I
floated above on cloud nine, still singing *Schlafe*

Mein Prinzchen schlaf ein - and I realised to err is human and
to forgive divine, with laughter divine I toasted Madame De La
Torquemada - the little alien dreaming of being ein Prinzchen

schon in dem Himmel...

Margaret Alice Second

Laughter Of The Flowers

Paternoster and Cape Columbine in Namaqualand,
the Knersvlakte, Kamieskroon, Garies and Grootvlei
Pass, massed magenta daisies to counterpoint hard
sandstone lines, orange daisies in burnished copper
flames, pink king proteas enclosed by green trees,
the cliffs of high mountainsides in relief

The beauty of these images make me wish for the
ability to melt into the scene, to feel and hear the
laughter of the flowers, to convert the wonder of
this visual, tactile experience into words that pay
homage to their unique beauty, the only place on
earth where I can hear the flowers laughing

Margaret Alice Second

Lean Attrition

Didn't get anything right on Friday, spent
the weekend frightened that Monday would
be the same, yet I turned on Avira Webguard
all by myself without any help

A sign that I might be able to handle my work,
even though it feels like descending into a long,
boring fall down a meaningless rabbit-hole –
terms to be double-checked

Typography of paramount importance – for a
client who throws the text away after scanning,
such a waste; playing Monopoly - awarded marks
and special acquisitions for getting things right

Though everything is meaningless; the process
should be fun, the result has no importance,
we destroy our own copies; walking in the
sun is important, not dying in a chair

Playing snakes and ladders as a brain-dead
incumbent, quietly fading away - turning
into a robot for no reason at all...

I believe in death by gluttony, diligently
digging my grave with my teeth, as things
go wrong, as tension mounts, I simply
prop another bite into my mouth

After instant soup with lots of butter and
a slice of bread, I am onto rice-cakes with
jam and cheese - the geyser broke down
today – you curse while I chew

Stretching my capacity to the fullest, Sunday
nights are meant for indulging, feeling safe
and content, if I cannot have that, I will
take foodstuffs instead, if only

My stomach would burst and send my spirit
to heaven or whatever realm gluttons are
meant to spend some moments in
lean attrition...

Margaret Alice Second

Learn To Focus

Home again after holiday lack of discipline I'm too tired to enjoy swimming and laying the sun & too tired to enjoy music & animal TV programmes - I fall asleep ever time, but delighted to see a house bathed in soft green shades against the sun - it's such a privilege to enjoy the house getting ready for retirement and deciding how to change everything, prepare for visiting the library where I can

Systematically go through the books and making summaries; my only fear is losing contact with all people once colleagues are gone & nobody who loves language is left - my only contacts the kind pharmacist, ladies in the library, the Lord & Master of the Crocodile Castle and kids; it might force me to spread my wings - actively seek companionship in new places - and if not, learn to focus on life

In the garden and my Queen & strange Duchess...

Margaret Alice Second

Learned A Lot [rev.]

It's now clear my old lifestyle was driven
by the need to flee from dejection: trying
old survival techniques: intense focus on
fairy-tales to change how I feel, revealed
no need to live that way again; with eyes
unfocused after eating illegal pie & soup,
with muscle fatigue and lassitude to boot,
there's no need to return to old habits -

Emotional storms abated and I'm wiser;
Lobsang Rampa says we come here to
learn through physical ailments - allergy
taught me never hurt people deliberately,
everyone's worthy of respect; also never
tell lies, it feels terrible & painful effects
stay in my mind forever; never make pie-
crust promises I can't keep - trying my

Best I make a huge mess; never charge
into a strange situation like a whirlwind
as the fragile aspects - of such delicate
compositions are easily broken & such
shards cut deep until everyone bleeds,
never pretend I'm superior as wearing
a mask is just hell; and though I know
wheat & sugar's effect changes me -

Sugar's instant energy helps to me to
overcome the weariness of adrenaline
shock in order to get up & run away

Margaret Alice Second

Leaves Us Agog [r]

Poor Madame La Pompadour is afflicted with a knotted back & cannot get up and make the trek to the office as she is stuck - this tangled spine requires expert injection attack - though we experience the condescending je-ne-sais-quoi feeling as our dear Madame's frequently bedridden & can only drag herself out of bed in some extreme situations - and then takes

Charge again with an antagonism against life, client departments and service providers that leaves us agog with the desire to see more of Madame's amazing brand of unique tact that seems to be a special knack nobody else has ever acquired or emulated successfully, & we really wish our poor Madame well, hoping the tangled spine will desist & that Madame will

Resist a temptation to stay home for too long; we'll miss her strange sense of the ridiculous too much to continue life without her amazing contribution to our taking delight in the absurd events played out in the administrative public servants' sacrificial life....

Margaret Alice Second

Leaving Here [rev]

Leaving Here [Rev]

Books to fascinate - "Angels, Fairies & Nature Spirits"; neatly placed in my bag, marched into the office, my heart so light, first ballet videos to set the tone for the day, ended up listening to Genesis I in Hebrew -then found a site teaching Arabic while my lovely book is waiting like a delicious dish to keep the little alien in my head happy and content; then a windfall of work, Import Permits and President's letters, so full-steam

Ahead, an unstoppable locomotive; coming home to more exciting books "My Quest For The Yeti" by an author who lost 7 toes in his wanderings; to top it off, "Ripley's Believe It Or Not", reading books wins over watching TV - set for a great weekend, let the blues find me as the eternal promise of something totally new wilts as it usually does, I press the reset button by reading - leaving here to go somewhere else...

Margaret Alice Second

Leaving March 2016

Nici's leaving within a week, today the 22nd she leaves Wednesday the 30th, my heart's melting and knees grow weak, I'm stuck in a long, dark emotional tunnel, empty & strange, my head's too heavy - my temples drawing closer together, my ears grow too sensitive to sounds, the result is that

Everything good, everything going well and the way going straight, is affected by this dark coloration of skewed perspective, I can't do a thing - I stare at my translation document, flee from conversation, falling down a nightmare hole of cold, sad, wet loneliness - this is madness and I won't say it aloud

Writing it down is bad enough, I can't listen to music as my feelings keep sinking beneath it then the vibration becomes irritation, I wish to change myself and be happy - yet the stream of quiet desperation keeps washing me down...

Leaving 30 March 2016

Margaret Alice Second

Leaving Me Space (Revised)

Of course I was wrong; the gods had
more trials for me after the successful
completion of my urgent documents,

Tonight my daughter kindly advised my
contribution to discussion of her friend's
driving mishaps was unwelcome -

I only wanted them to leave so I could
watch a romantic thriller on television -
but nobody moved, so I left instead

I'll want to watch it uninterrupted
fairly soon - it is beyond me why they
cannot quietly leave now

They should calm down, hold a different
conversation leaving me space too - or
let me watch wilting romance in peace

Margaret Alice Second

Led By A Gang

A country always gets the leader it deserves so we, South Africans, deserve our President & Government, their corruption only reflects the mass corruption of our people - the only difference between the old and new regimes is - the old knew fairytales, while stealing the golden eggs, did not slay the goose that lays them - while the new government is led by

A gang who doesn't know fairytales, stealing the golden eggs and slaying the goose laying them - so in the end nothing's left - Africans reject Western politics: democracy's foreign, a meaningless term, human-rights means to destroy with no responsibility; accountability means that the Zulu-King-President is only accountable to himself: How much can he

Grab & get away with - this also defines his cabinet, loyalty to the feudal Zulu-king - and to the Private Sector it means how much to increase tenders for services not delivered, wealthy entrepreneurs see the Government as a lame duck begging to be fleeced; Zuma sees the country as a feudal Zulu stronghold and Western principles are just deterrents to

Prevent Africans from having fun - how can it be else when the hypocritical West preached human rights, democracy and religion without ever extending these privileges to the African people in the past - when the Bible was used to refuse sharing equally with the indigenous peoples; ethics and morality are empty terms just used to indicate a Pharisee in the making

Margaret Alice Second

Leitmotiv

A beauty that mesmerises, a description of a trip
a stream cascading melodiously with a wonderful
beat, so beautiful, it hurts - why does true beauty
inflict a feeling of hurt - at least for me?

Maybe because of my irrational desire to become
part of it and I cannot, especially of visual beauty
which used to drive me insane with desire to fuse
with the scene - since it is impossible

To become part of the landscape or objects like
flowers and seashells... this poem drives me to
distraction with a hurtful desire to become
a melody - a piece of music myself

To be a leitmotiv, a theme, notes in sequence
and harmony; you will think me mad when I try
to explain your melody galloping at such
a wonderful pace

Margaret Alice Second

Leopard-Crawling Worm

Lyall Watson says the moon determines how we feel, full moon next week no werewolf or vampire syndrome should appear as yet, but I feel bad, twisted my ankle on the treadmill it's throbbing and my head hurts

Everyone sharing my date of birth stayed home today: one wants to resign, the other never comes to work, another suffers sinus attacks - everything seems to confirm Watson's Supernature theory - I should run and hide

Even the books I read are menacing, confusion and blackouts in Agatha Christie - the beloved Golems suicidal in Feet of Clay, even the jokes I read today could not make me smile, this is pre-ordained misery

I shall sink into the pit of depression until moon and seasons change - let me wallow in self-pity and flee physical pain, no more treadmill until the planets change configuration, currently electromagnetic waves

Are disrupting the matrix of life for all January - February born, I should join the rest, climb into bed and not surface again until planets have been rearranged, I cannot face another day

As a depressed leopard-crawling worm, swollen ankles and barbed-wire brain, crying in my chair...

Margaret Alice Second

Let Sleeping Dogs Lie (Revised)

When decreed our Performance Agreements
be frequently updated, did they really mean
thrice annually, with obsolete parts rewritten,
plus a plan for things to be left undone?

It doesn't figure in anyone's actual routine
accord – and since I don't want to be here –
although I can't think of a place where I can
have as much fun when my colleagues are

Done working and we can play – we already
do 90% of the administration in Agreements
rewriting and only 10% actual work accord,
yet all seem patiently calm and very busy

It is as if I am the only one to have read this
hopeless memorandum and understand the
odious import of it; so let me complain under
my breath – and let sleeping dogs lie

Margaret Alice Second

Let The Song Go On

Difficult to concentrate on texts which evoke no emotional response, purely factual content is meant for the intellect: macroeconomic forecasts, GDP, expenditure, I'm lost, looking for a line that can resonate, something to make me forget my aching head - the distress of guilt as the document is already late, yet I confess I cannot concentrate

The silence in my head is overwhelming, feeling abandoned; estranged from my colleagues and all my security guard friends I listen to renditions of 'Never On a Sunday' on the Internet, at least this song about a kiss evokes images of friendship, the Greek melody with its change of pace is riveting, the contrast in interpretation by various artists is interesting, while listening

The headache is gone, let the song go on, I cannot sit quietly in pain just to get my work done

27 May 2013

Lyrics from [a href='](#)

'Never On Sunday'

Oh, you can kiss me on a Monday a Monday a Monday
is very very good

Or you can kiss me on a Tuesday a Tuesday a Tuesday
in fact I wish you would

Or you can kiss me on a Wednesday a Thursday a
Friday and Saturday is best

But never ever on a Sunday a Sunday a Sunday
cause that's my day of rest

Most anyday you can be my guest

Anyday you say but my day of rest

Just name the day that you like the best

Only stay away on my day of rest

Oh, you can kiss me on a cool day a hot day a wet day
which ever one you choose
Or try to kiss me on a grey day a May day a pay day
and see if I refuse

And if you make it on a bleake day a freak day or a week day
Well you can be my guest
But never ever on a Sunday a Sunday the one day
I need a little rest
Oh, you can kiss me on a week day a week day a week day
the day to be my guest

Margaret Alice Second

Let's Visit Ninavut

Let's visit Pangmirtung
in Ninavut, founded by
the Inuit Tapirisat who
called to the Inuvialut
to join them in Ninavut
formed by the Tungavik

Ninavut - 'our land' in
Inuktitut - ratified by
Quajimajatuqangit -
let's visit Iglulik, the
capital of Ninavut &
Iquluit, its largest city

Let's go to see the
tundra's fall beauty,
the caribou migrating
from the pretty fjord
at Pangmirtung, let's
visit Ninavut in Canada

Margaret Alice Second

Letting Me Die

Reading Rob Parsons 'Heart of Success - making it in Business without losing in Life' I'm agitated the author explains all should be encouraged to use their special gift in the workplace

I lamented doing translation is an attempt to strangle myself, destroy emotion and imagination - change my basic character until I resemble a robot, good for nothing and very nearly dead

Then you reminded me again with the allergy I am in a mental wheelchair, while others sprint ahead & cross the finishing line I have not even started yet, I'm like a person born blind

I have never felt what it is like to enjoy the wonder of vision; in my case, the wonder of quiet routine intelligence; with my IQ fluctuating madly, emotions out of control, the only way

For me to live the life of a normal person is by dying unto myself; I ought to congratulate myself as I am dead, should be SO PROUD thank you for letting me die without spilling

A single dropp of blood!

Friday 27 April 2012

Lichen Of Guilt

There is a vindictive troll on my desk, making spiteful accusations while offering confused explanations in an unsettling phantasmagorical confabulation of memories from the mind of a self-styled long-suffering victim - expressing

In a cacophony of brash tunes depicting self-absolution, the troll insists she's a good Golem but the written chem in her head was affected, she calls her kids evil - begging the question: bad education or bad genes; clearly denoting

The mother a troll; this tragedy befell me right after I spilled nail varnish on my reading glasses teaching me never to paint silver glitter on my nails at work, it's so pretty I painted my flip-flops also - resulting in a mess on my desk

My list of woes goes on: I owe the dentist, have to pay this debt with credit, my finances driving me to distraction, I'm not a conscientious Golem myself - just a nutty troubadour suffering when I have to relay screeching lines into a similar

Version in another key, my transitions always go wrong forcing my colleagues to change my whole song, choose another key and uproot the chords to make it more congenial to their superincumbent taste, I give up, this troubadour-troll has too much

Lichen of guilt on my stony body, can't master the skill of relaying original dissonant songs in a key which soothes my godly masters - wearing halos suffused with the golden glory of their grand skills while regarding my trollish self with supercilious

Contempt knowing their supremacy & authority make them invincible, forever relegating me to tending the hearth - while they rejoice because

I have no fairy godmother & can only dream of
having a perfect chem in my head...

Margaret Alice Second

Life In Bluish Green

Fantastic, neither subject to excessive joy
nor dramatic depression, immobile all day
long while researching terms for my texts
no emotional response to the outside world:
achieved my object of becoming a machine

Checking statistics without anxiety, a single
focus on my text and the four walls of reality,
no concern about any other thing on earth -
the opportunity to enjoy the peace and calm
normal people feel working without interruption

Satisfied with the visible part of life, Stoicism
at last, no floating on a dream nor sinking in-
to black nothingness, life in bluish green, no
third voice to make comments, the scenery
arranged in Framework 2 without my help

Margaret Alice Second

Life Is About [3rd Rev.]

Pre-dawn train trip, speeding forth in darkness
of night, arrived in city floodlit bright, escalators
to catch the bus, speeding off to the stop where
Nici and I alight, on to the studio, key for the lock

Read until a colleague arrived & switched off
the lights, I walked off, no warm chips sold
anywhere, went to the venue for class - first
gate locked, walk around the block, in class my

Blood sugar drops, a sandwich meal the on to
editing and proofreading, homework of course;
met Nici again, bus, train - lap-top guy leading
the way; passengers ranged like sardines

Into the car and peak traffic jam, at home I tried
to describe Nici's strange colleague Jet looking
the walking dead, the death knell as my Beloved
fails to understand what I say - new plans:

Tomorrow I shall eat non-stop, no more blood
sugar problems while learning how to edit a
text - though I do my best it's not for me:
feelings are what life is about

Margaret Alice Second

Life Is Lovely

I'm doing my best to realise your ideal – I mean being true to being unhappy, but I am surrounded by dysfunctional people - who enjoy being happy Rima is laughter personified, Christine thinks life is lovely, just for her to be amused and surprised

Hanlie insists on making the world beautiful with her wonderful being, June is delighted with her house in Gordon's Bay, Martin is satisfied with the ideals he sees being realised by two amazing kids following his advice, my daughter shines in movie treats

My son dreaming big; at the office everyone breaks out in smiles, I am really trying to get in touch with my inner pain but it eludes me at present, though I shall not give up in trying to reach the depths of despair you prescribe, in deference to your

Amazing ability to find unhappiness behind every happy façade, I am so glad you kindly informed me how unhappy everyone has been and how deeply mortified everyone should be once they realize the pain in their hearts – yet right now

I am going with the flow of dysfunctional people all being so happy they don't even know how terribly unhappy YOU know them to be, just know I am working on it...

Margaret Alice Second

Life Is Out Of Reach

Soft the whispers, soft almost below
hearing, faint the vision, the clasp of
this that would be a warm embrace
to defrost the soul slowly turning into
stone as the ice of reality thickens
in my daily life

The official text is freezing the blood
in my veins; my heart stops beating
as cold lines cut deep ridges carrying
dreams away, intense cold cutting
time into thinner slices shattering
glass leaving shards

That cleave the heart, no words to
carry the sensation of caress, no
sweet words to evoke images of
being, life is out of reach

Margaret Alice Second

Life Without Melody

Magnificent obsession or not, when I lose interest I am bored without a light-hearted fixation on a fun-filled object, when in need of adrenaline and excitement, when sitting still becomes impossible yet I do not have energy for active displacement, motivation is lost, cannot focus on a boring document required by Interpol to find a stolen vehicle

I sigh, I need to control my diet and life if I want to indulge in magnificent obsessions, I always prefer fantasy dreams to fantastic thinking with principles, strict programs and goals, after eating breakfast and sending my intolerant body into chemical orbit, I cannot continue to concentrate on nothingness, on frivolous activity that will be obsolete after

one or two readings, the client will only use my masterpiece to classify the number of cars stolen on a certain day, I play snakes and ladders to earn my salary, throw the dice, I feel well, eat something, to be swallowed by the snake, I sink down five rows to carry on with nothing to show for sitting on this hard chair, nothing done to benefit mankind, no

support given to anyone except helping my colleagues to move papers around, change terms from red to blue, without song or beauty or accomplishment, life without melody...

Margaret Alice Second

Life's Calamities [rev.]

Wasting time reading the kind of articles and books normally shunned: Inspector Maigret & his mama's boy murderer, and the scorned columnist Juliette's glamour life - destroyed by her writing sensational things about people and ideas not dear to her:

Why did Simenon write a tedious account about a lack-lustre protagonist, my heart sad upon reading such useless stuff; surely there're better things to do than waddle through joyless reading material, surely I can find writing that leave readers feeling

Strong, bright and powerful - not empty, sad & lost as if all meaning leaked out of reality, I work hard to hold onto the joyful meaning, the glow that love bestows on everything and then I go and spoil this hard-worn feeling of peace by reading things that

Have nothing to do with me, taking my good feeling away, leaving nothing in its place: tomorrow I will only look for what I want to see and leave the rest of life's calamities to those who can deal with it - successfully...

Margaret Alice Second

Life-Changing Dreams

Suffering through the week
forced to look at things I detest
brought me a great Saturday, a
huge success with only my
favourite subjects

The rest of the family watching
sports on TV, providing the anchor
that moors my own life to a hub of
activity, I hate being alone - yet
cannot join in their interests

Just need their human presence
to do what pleases me best: the
enchantment of accomplished
dancers, the simple joy of little
stories; dissolving the anger

And frustration engendered by
boring bureaucracy and political
intrigue during the week - I love
looking at what I expect while
allowing others the chance

To enjoy their preference, with due
respect; I do shall not join in the world's
self-created misery and entertainment
found in living Shakespearian plays
as victims of violence and lies

But I do not wish it away, happy that
people play different games - I simply
reject all coercion to force me to join
their childish ways - accepting all
as the necessary background

For the bright visions of spiritual
heights created through meditation
and life-changing dreams...

Margaret Alice Second

Life-Giving Energy

We brought chocolate, Alet said she was ready to face death which held no fear for her, asking our forgiveness for his forbidden subject, we assured her it was perfectly all right to plan for the life after this because it would be a rebirth, a new beginning, a new horizon leading to Shangri-La, El Dorado of spiritual dreams - she apologized for talking about angels and prayer and God all the time, we loved it

Formed a circle and prayed with our friend, feeling how much comfort she received from the blessing of being together addressing a Higher Power and trusting that all will be well, even if it should mean her rebirth into non-physical, we left - my bravado also left and I felt the sadness of her little figure in the hospital bed with a draining biopsy, fastened to a cast to keep the broken hip stable, immobile

Then I cried the tears she shall never see as we strive to send our love as life-giving energy....

Margaret Alice Second

Life-Giving Energy [rev]

We brought Alet chocolate - she is ready to face death she said, which held no fear, asking for our forgiveness of this forbidden subject; we assured her it was perfectly all right to plan life after this because it would be a rebirth, a new beginning, a new horizon leading to Shangri-La, El Dorado of spiritual dreams - she apologised for talking so much of angels & prayer & God; we loved it

Formed a circle & prayed with our friend, feeling how much comfort she received from the blessing of being together addressing a Higher Power and trusting that all will be well, even if it should mean her non-physical rebirth; my bravado fled after we left - & I felt the sadness of her little figure in the hospital bed with a draining biopsy, fastened to a cast to keep the broken hip stable, immobile

Then I cried the tears she shall never see as we strive to send our love as life-giving energy....

Margaret Alice Second

Life-Giving Green

NO challenge, no hurdles, no accomplishment, and now it doesn't matter because the rain is washing away all sorrows, the threatening drought is more important than my ear-ache and depression facing bleak words that carry me right back to the age of 9 when lessons on the merino sheep drove me to despair, the same despair rears its head as this existential phytosanitary text runs on roasting my mind and shriveling my spirit, mute I'm laying my head under a guillotine of grey auditors reinforcing the work of the Dementors trying to suck all joy out of my soul; determined to follow my via Dolorosa to the end and continue my Pilgrim's Progress I feel my heart shrinking and my emotions dying, step-by-step I descend into Hades, yet right now it's raining and everything else disappears in the the joy of sheer survival and life-giving green

Margaret Alice Second

Life-Giving Spark (Revised)

Creating meaning for ourselves is a sublime
experience, the young are instructed to believe
life is meaningful, yet cannot feel it that way,
we only learn through experience

If we don't learn to create meaning we will
suffer senseless phenomena instead of life;
some exult in depressive sensationalism as
it is more exciting than unfounded optimism

Most prefer the pain of rebellion to resignation, yet
as long as we create our own meaning, those who
indulge in the macabre by seeking suffering in
depressing intrigues, cannot touch us

Since life seems meaningless a quest is needed
to make sense of existence; I learnt meaning was
not hanging around just waiting to be found but
existed only in feelings

Mixing life's ingredients like ancient alchemists
produces results, adding our own passion as the
life-giving spark, attaching ideals to beautiful scenes;
I honour these visions in my dreams

Pay homage to origins by cherishing favourite
stories and authors, find new perspectives and
unexpected aspects in the same, well-known
material whenever I look again...

Margaret Alice Second

Life-Threatening Stilettos

I always think I am ready to face insomniac nights until one strikes, it transpires that nothing inspires, no energy to tackle a good book, TV shows seem juvenile, my sense of humour gone, Ballando Con Le Stelle is a culture shock for any follower of the BBC's Strictly Come Dancing

The Italian show abounds with long, thin insect leg people, the host cast in a crushing hip-hugging black corset with life-threatening stilettos resembling a stick-like ninja knight, she must be young but her heavily made-up eyes make her seem middle-aged, her voice flowing in an incessant stream

Aggressive in typical flat-vowel Italian, no fricatives to make it soothing, it is unnerving; Baroque interior in red is overwhelming; the men seem perfect to play Captain Hook in Peter Pan - tall female contestants stiffly balanced on extra-high heels distorting the body's proportions in a salt-pillar stance

A female judge wearing only one super-large earring looks unbalanced; all over the show is awe-inspiring, all gestures exaggerated; all short, ugly, overweight people have obviously been shot - what a strange, intimidating show!

Margaret Alice Second

Lifted Unto Heaven [rev.]

Even if I'm not the most brilliant person
I have ever met - and why should I be,
what difference would it make to me -
content in the ice-blue square of cloth
stretching from me to my screen, to my
right pink roses in a vase complemented
by a place-mat in a periwinkle blue

To my left silver glitter on purple wings,
a silver mask and white flowers, Villette
recreated with Charlotte Brontë posing
as 'Lucy Snowe' on the glass rectangle
of imitation ice, fairy and snow flake on
a coloured stone - my new white kettle
elevated to the table

Lifted the plug up to my desk & covered
it with small roses to pose a real fire risk
I secretly hope - interesting to find out; a
flower basket in front of yellowed autumn
leaves, a bright green cloth covering the
cooler, notepaper with Marie Antoinette
and parasol, walking her dog

One large transparent rose next to a text
on fragile countries while I surf beyond the
multiverse by means of the web, I love my
little paradise where the song is clear; my
injured foot feels better and I'm humbled
by providence for bringing me here even
though frustration will interfere

And pull me down, the wonder of it all lifts
my soul, with the Moonlight Sonata playing
in my ears I'm lifted unto heaven...

[30 October 2014]

Light And Happiness

As soon as my son felt the softness of the pink fluffy fabric draped around me, he agreed that he wanted such a soft blanket also, I bought him one in turquoise & saw that all the soft pastels in his room - from the bright comforter in blues to the blue-and-green-striped small blanket and now the latest in turquoise - came from me and the stark greys, blacks and boring navy blues that used to make it a dark place, are totally conquered by the soft, new colours of spring: though he says nobody cares about colour but me, I'm sure he's starting to fall under the spell of the charming watercolour-palette that brings light and happiness into his room...

Margaret Alice Second

Light And Incense [rev]

Singing opera, dancing and twirling, carolling and marching to my tongue's clicking; this October my daughter is coming home from Fort Lauderdale - it's a long flight, an age to wait, I want to look deep into her sparkling brown eyes & hear her acerbic observations on her mom - of my strange hairstyle

Revel in her voice filling the house, be about when she gets up with tousled hair, grumpily requests to be left alone to do her own thing in her room - her refuge from all of us, feel her next to me as we're watching TV, sensing a presence growing, an aura bathing the house with light and incense, hear her

Berating the dogs all while cuddling her ancient cat; it's wonderful to dream of having my darling home where she belongs as much as the flowers & stars & the sun - where she is a queen and the beloved of her mom all rolled into one; she's a puckish wee person infusing my life with energy & meaning; her

Make-believe cheek as we enjoy mock arguments - winking & asking whether I don't think we play out a witty American sitcom perfectly - and

Margaret Alice Second

Light Of Expectation (C)

The Little Alien turns somersaults within, his sorrows forgotten; he's so glad to be going visiting, accepting there's no other tomorrow, but ready to face the fiery temper of the Duchess and her propensity to scold

All into a manic frenzy - then offer her services while exploding if the little Alien offers help or sympathises with her problems; Alice primly awaits developments in a quietly resigned demeanour - while the Little

Alien is already swimming in the sea of his dreams; sleeping on the beach - & no amount of persuasion will convince him that all he'll see is the mountains - De Rust is some distance from the sea; leaving him

In his bubble Alice drinks her tea & demurely cleans her work station - but look closely and you'll see the glistening light of expectation burning in her eyes - she'll try to make a grand success of this visit as it

Might her last chance to see Conan, the Loveable Barbarian, and the Queen of Hearts, her infuriating Grande Dame of music and song...

Margaret Alice Second

Light Of Integrity (C)

Muslim Extremists declared war on the West,
jihadists launch attacks in Europe & America,
suicide bombers enjoying themselves as they
will wake up in Paradise with their Virgins

Politicians fear the immigration ban will alert
Muslim Jihadists the US knows it's involved
in an undercover war to defend the hard-won
democratic right to dignity & freedom

Politicians want to ignore the religious war fought
by Muslim groups hoping they will destroy them-
selves, or Israel might win the war against them,
then politicians can call Israel the villain

And destroy their Jewish saviours to ensure no-
one knows of their cowardice, claiming all know-
how discovered through Israel's devotion to
Justice and Truth, for themselves

Politicians trample the common people and hate
Israel for their ideal of honouring ALL people ir-
respective of race & class, & destroy everything
based on Honour and Integrity, it's an

Abomination to serve an invisible God who knows
the corruption in politicians who detest holiness;
defending their exploitation of humanity, by saying
THEY are blessed with Kingship

Israel's defence of Love & Wisdom against cynical,
self-serving political ideals, means Israel is against
political injustice & Israel's genius illuminates the
fraud perpetrated by greedy politicians

Who bury their guilt & destroy everything good,
the Muslim creed exterminates mankind's best
qualities by suppressing ALL freedom - while
Israel elevates the Good of wisdom & loyalty

Politicians usurp the right to life & reject justice,
inveighing against wise and loving governance:
killing wise men who criticise their avarice, and
claim that America is not at war with anyone

Even though Muslim Jihadists declared war on
everyone, politicians can flee destruction un-
leashed while we little people cannot escape
the suicide bombs - WE are NOT at war

Politicians tweet from their Ivory Towers: Now a
message came from Trump Tower, let's protect
the right of all people to be free from immoral
Jihadists driven by fanatics using religion to

Justify killings - driven by Muslim envy of the
bright light of integrity shining in Israel...

Margaret Alice Second

Light Of Pure Life

</>Went to a shop to look at crystal lamps when my eyes were caught by crystal lace fabrics perfect for creating the beautiful gown I always dream of, formed when I walk in the sea splashing with my feet till sprays of crystal drops cover me in silver white layers

I wondered how to make a dress from liquid crystal to shimmer and shine wherever I went, now having found the perfect crystal lace my dream is fulfilled – though my book on Secret Tools for Six-Sensory Living recommends seeking psychic healing through the power of crystals

as the only dream worth cherishing; but a crystal dress seems more attractive to me than people who try to sell the psychic power of crystals - only charlatans use these devices - I love New Age ideas but without evidence of their success, crystals remain

enchanting symbols representing the beauty, clarity and light of pure life...

Margaret Alice Second

Lighting The Way [revised]

I can choose to remain outside the story in my own time or give up the sharp corners and strong lines of iron-clad reality, jump into the candy-floss of soft fantasy and soar with characters in illusions they dream of escaping their reality, a dream that answers all their current dilemmas -

They find themselves within a fairytale enacted on stage, creative innovation grappled with, positive effects of an insistence on individuality, renewal of old ideas fills the protagonists with new fire as they present their creative dreams, I begin to dream with them - a world where my

Fantasies come alive, songs I sing in my mind renew, I'm electromagnetic energy resonating, freed to engage in any thing that appeals, right now freedom to dream renews my spirit, determines me to do my own thing while images are shining in my imagination lighting the way...

Margaret Alice Second

Like An Adolescent [revised]

As yet I cannot bend my head around the concept we must
accept duty entailing burial of things we love and enjoy;
I thought wrongly as I grew that promoting imagination
and beauty would be my privilege one day

Teaching left no space between reality's steel outline and
innovation which creates beauty in mind, sound and sight;
life seems to be losing all aspects of joy and love, so I'm
on a quest is to find those things again

I want to capture meaning and harmony beneath visible
structures - communication is a dead end; at present
language obscures truth and music - like an adolescent
I feel like crying there is no understanding left

I don't understand people or books anymore; though
convinced there must be beauty and meaning in what
people say, I cannot decipher codes they use to convey
feelings that must underlay their words - it seems

Doing good comes as a double-edged sword and every
good deed is a sudden stab in the back - I'm confused,
we're not supposed to dream of oblivion and death as it
will happen without our request or consent - but now

I need time to adjust until confusion leaks out of me and
I'm ready to face a one-dimensional reality I share with
everyone - though I still believe creativity as an ideal
remains alive in all human minds

[ORIGINAL:]

Cannot bend my head as yet around the
concept we have to accept duty entails the
burial of things we love and enjoy, I wrongly
thought as I grew up promoting imagination
and beauty would be my privilege one day

Teaching left no space between the steel outline of reality for the innovation which creates beauty in mind, sound and sight; life seems to be losing the aspects of joy and love and I'm on a quest to find these things again

I want to capture the meaning and harmony beneath visible structures - communication is a dead end, language obscures truth and music at present, like an adolescent I feel like crying there is no understanding left

I don't understand people or books any more, though convinced there must be beauty and meaning in what people say, I cannot decipher the codes they use to convey these feelings that must underlay their words - it seems

Doing good comes as a double-edged sword and every good deed is suddenly a stab in the back and I'm confused, we're not supposed to dream of oblivion and death as it will happen without our consent and request - but now

I need time to adjust until the confusion has leaked out of me and I'm ready to face the one-dimensional reality I share with everybody - though I believe creativity as an ideal is still alive in all human minds

Margaret Alice Second

Like The Count Of Monte Christo

Black fatigue, pains and aches to the delight of every spiritual healer who claims every disease is psychosomatic in origin, obviously my anger at the miscreant who hurt a very dear person - who is too far my fury cannot be spent, I cannot take revenge; like the Count of Monte Christo

A righteous fire burns within my breast and I wish life would put me to the test to right a wrong by making him experience her pain, I do not believe in leaving this to the universe, feeling sure such people need to learn and I can help by applying the same aggression to him

Afterwards I shall kindly help him up, gather the spilled contents of his head, drag him to emergency and leave him there, then I shall feast with my sis we shall dance and sing with joy and laugh about this wonderful world in which we are free to begin again to seek the fun we missed before

We shall gambol our way through every chore, leave the Cinderella-years behind, be our own Prince Charming and save ourselves, master every pain, we shall rest in the nirvana of sisterly love and spread our giggles like flowers about, we shall wreak havoc upon our enemies

Until we reach a frequency where they are no more and we can live as we please in unbridled joy and happiness!

Margaret Alice Second

Lilting Ideas

Know what would make you happy, you seeker of happiness? Buying the products of the Happiness Doctor will make you feel happy when you receive an illustrated book with very few words so as not tax the reader too much

Though the Happy Doctor warns that reading his FREE happy-advice article then doing nothing, is very bad as you will have wasted 15 minutes of your precious unhappy time imprisoning his care-free words with your eyes -

He urges you to buy all his Happy Books, no curse placed upon you for reading the glossy pages then tossing the book aside without doing anything, having wasted more of your limited time perusing his lilting ideas and twiddling theories -

It's only when you read his FREE on-line stuff and then do nothing, not buying his beautiful books; that the curse of wasted time devolves upon you; un-happy reader beware, do not read this article unless you wish to purchase these - and

The Happy Spritzer Doctor quotes a very satisfied disciple: 'professional & credible yet digestible' - this devotee wanted to make a profit on the 15 minutes he spent reading the Doctor's freely dispensed advice - now he has a growing

Heap of Happy Material without incurring the Doctor's wrath by his not reading nor applying, it was only the wasting of advice FREELY dispensed that had the Doctor

in a tiff - what a clever Doctor he is!

[21 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Lilting In Silver Notes (Revised)

Soft and pliable, smile so gloriously
open to all, a melody lilting in silver
delight and golden sigh, rays of
magical light reaching all

Everything reflecting the golden shine:
brown as a rich treacle and white as
molten gold, black steadfast as back-
ground to offset all other colours

Changing water drops into diamond
tiaras and pearls, lightly the joyous
melody sang on, carried on dancing
feet never touching the ground

Filling open hearts, smoothing ruffled
minds, delighting as peace spread
over the land, tempests becalmed
for a sacred moment of time

As every heart paused to experience
the wonder that lifted their feet so
they felt free at last, waking up
afterwards with new memories

Of joy, longing to stay within the
glory that had been, convinced
someday they will hold onto it
until it fills

The emptiness within

Margaret Alice Second

Limitations (Revised)

Being intellectually challenged my limitations
are unlimited, never mastered the art of clear
thinking, at times a part of my brain is able to
rhyme while the rest is out of action

The little alien in my head rages about being
confined in a cage, my neck reacts in spasm
and pain, the fact of the matter is I'm stupid
cannot gain by working myself to death

Headache grows worse, guilt-feeling in failing
my duty not have enough impetus to get me
reading texts I can't comprehend, all I offer
offer with half a brain is my presence

Pratchett says it is all one can do, be present
at an event, nothing more, at my desk, nerves
ready to explode, can't work, dreams of
document completion going up in flames

Only salvation is laughing about this cross-eyed,
tongue lolling, drool dribbling caricature of me
shuffling about; I wish I were someone else
being me is tantamount to a fool

Trying to be King...

Margaret Alice Second

Limited To Three Dimensions

Finally read the last book in my favourite children's series in which Stella Blakemore brought all threads together, explaining desire to follow lines connecting all holy places on earth, to throw off the yoke, follow the dream of a great pilgrimage to experience great myths embodying humankind's ideals - or to escape responsibilities when too tired to make sense of our lives when people differ too much for understanding the meaning of love

Those characters who still live in my mind, lived situations which explained how to deal with a lack of communication - and too much devotion for all the wrong reasons, illustrating why my favourite professor and his wife grew apart - how false sentiment engendered by admiration for talent can be placed in perspective - maybe it would have been meaningless in 1974 when printed who knows -

But today it illustrates synchronicity, based on the principle of ley lines and sacred geography, at that time I would have concentrated only on Lohengrin, its multifaceted story complements my theory that reality is infinitely rich and every fantasy provides a focus on one main theme, offering perspective within which we can view ALL of reality until we change to the next code - present the symphony of life in a new way, changing everything

I love this feeling on reading something that makes me feel too inspired to return to sensory perception limited to three dimensions...

Stella Blakemore - 'Unwelcome at Keurboslaan'
JL Van Schaik, 1974.....
.....14 April 2012

Line Of Notes (C)

Cast as Jane Eyre's friend Helen Burns
persecuted by Miss Scatcherd - I listen to
the Nutcracker Suite over my earphones
and read advice not to observe life as it is,
but imagine it as I want it to be - I escape
into a parallel reality, another dimension

Where an orchestra plays the prelude to
La Traviata and Marie Plessis explains to
Victor Hugo's son she can't live in a rural
town, she needs to be in the lively hub of
Parisian life even if it kills her through her
serious illness, but Jane Eyre returns and

Reveals her sister Maria died within the
death of Helen Burns - I had better try it
again and take a different tack to follow
a new dream - sing Les Oiseaux dans la
Charmille in Hoffman's Magical Tales, the
Doll Song - so I become an automaton

Who translates strange documents which
change in front of my hallucinating eyes in-
to droll incantations harnessing the power
in sound to redo reality until my spirit sings
a jubilant line of notes in a bittersweet song...

Margaret Alice Second

List Of Loneliness

There, the anger is gone, why worry when a dictator refuses to dictate? Why feel sorry for yourself when your foot refuses to mend or when they hate the subjects you discuss, why bother when another is going to join your little family so you can safely withdraw into a mental haven for thoughts?

Gathering clouds are promising rain, you can sit quietly in your corner without bothering anyone, the circus will be here and your feelings will be safely held in the words you wish to share with those who like to read... Feeling overjoyed about our new Miss World, reminding yourself not to mention her name forestalling the scorn

Your interests evoke, feeling positive about Eskom; that's where the discussion with him stopped, knowing you can watch DVD's on your laptop and the washing's done and on the line, you have a new book to read which you bought and ignored for so long - this is the only form of bliss that endures beyond

The list of loneliness when nobody's around to tell you how irritating you are...

[21 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Listen To These (Cor.)

During my swerving, adrenaline-filled,
road-hogging drive home the bright radio
announcer happily imparted useless facts
like rice grows at night when Beethoven's
Moonlight Sonata is played, but when mice
listened to him they attacked each other -
when Mozart was played they grew more
intelligent in navigating treadmills - this
made sense to me because I listen

To these composers also, Beethoven's piano
sonata makes me very mad starting so sweetly
just to work up to intense fury, much worse than
my bad book rant building murderous intent in me,
the pianist suddenly attacks the piano, then starts
to falsely lure listeners into almost calm passages
in between - and explosions working up a crave to
kill everyone in my vicinity - attacking all while
shouting madly - give me a beautiful Bach

A Harpsichord Concerto - or Chopin's Marche
Funeral beginning with a dark first part, pall-
bearers marching with a corpse, on to the next
with notes in twinkling strings to illustrate the
spirit's sweet release & ascension unto heaven or
the astral dimension - - by severing the sparkling
silver cord, transporting us all into out-of-body
experiences; then pall-bearers return

Still marching heavily, music growing louder as
wind pelts them with rain - drenching their grey
attire, music growing darker as they infuse a little
fire by sharing a strong drink to spur them on and
drop the coffin in the grave, then they leave taking
another swig each - to face the elements - as
the music slowly fades like a long-ago mirage
leaving only sadness in its place...

Listened Enraptured (Rev)

In my text tables on 40 pages - 40 sheets of joy,
is a tale to be saved 'ere lost with the document:
cultivars scientific names; the matriarch named
Matricaria Chamomilla so disliked meddlesome
Melissa Officinalis; as story's blurb let's just add
this - who's mysterious Ocimum Basilicum and
where does pent-up adolescent Pentas Lanceolata,
a very chivalrous young man reminding of Sir
Lancelot of the Round Table, come into this?

The eldest son was Ditylenchus Dipsaci - dipping
too often in wine, an ingénue Viola Wittrockiana
and her worldly-wise friend Zinnia Elegans, were
friends of the stepbrother Callistephus Chinensis
who loved talking nonsense; the French Foreign
League got involved as soon as darling General
Plectranthus Scutellarioides appeared, he was
secretly in love with Celosia Plumosa who had
given her heart to an opera singer, Mr Phalaris
Canariensis - they had a daughter Dianthus

Who took her cat Cucurbita Pepo everywhere
she went and the witch Gomphrena Globosa
grumbled all day long as she wanted the cat
for her Familiar, but grandmother Limonium
Latifolium protected Dianthus & her cat from
beyond the grave; practical Dianthus disliked
Lycopersicon Solanum who recited his own
love poems for her - luckily her best friend
Alysson Maritimum was infatuated with the
poetaster & listened enraptured as he

Recited - with many a sigh escaping his
breast: Cultivo, cultivo viveiro, submetido
dedicação produção, inspeção durante
periodo da lua; o amor no meu coração -
Dianthus ran away while happy Alysson
basked in the young Lothario's terms of
endearment - & with this story done I can

start to edit my document...

Margaret Alice Second

Literary Masterpiece

Rocked up at work, all confused,
we discussed books we loved as
kids, Hanlie reminiscences about
Bible and Vicky Villard Stories - I
recall a garage stacked with book-
club detective novels, hands killing
victims by giving them a fright in the
night, she read comic books at school

We got gargantuan amounts of photo-
books from grandma De Lange while
grandma Alice subscribed to Reader's
Digest, we read Shangri-La and Beau
Geste so condensed - they lacked all
fire and spice, only an outline left, then
I tried tackling a document, International
Warrant of Arrest - my mind wandering

Listening to an André Rieu DVD playing
because cold silence punctuated by the
tapping of keyboards is a symbol of the
end of all life; with Carmen and Zorba on
my earphones engaging my heart, I shall
try again to relay the quaint legalese of the
warrant of arrest - a literary masterpiece

Margaret Alice Second

Little Brat Of A Gadget

Now I have 2 successful relationships with electric gadgets: magical earphones keep on working as long as I treat them with the greatest respect, thanking them as I take them off reverently before turning around, but when I impulsively pull on the cord

one earphone goes dead and it takes a day before it will play again - yesterday I treated the Wall-E cleaner - happily running on little wheels through the swimming pool - kindly also, instead of swimming into it as usual, I lovingly picked it up like a helpless little

brother, pointing it away so I had clear space, repeating the same ritual every time Wall-E came into my trajectory, maybe if I practice enough in the pool my ethereal body will be able to take off like a missile as I fall asleep and go larking about in the night, in the

meantime, making friends with machines proves very easy - one day I shall win my cell-phone's heart also, just let me keep practicing picking it up without losing the caller on the other side or switching off the call-tone by mistake - thus growing

angry at the little brat of a gadget...

Margaret Alice Second

Little Menace (C)

A mangled Phantom, my face on the left a
scrunched mess & left ear a wildly exploding
with sensations exquisite in their indefinable
effect of disconcerting itchiness, seems like
a big balloon deployed inside my ear moving
hearing aside & only the itchiness remains

It's a low-level, unstable infection, rising and
sinking just keeping out of sight - now that I
have described the little menace to myself,
fear is gone & I become happy and content,
satisfied with my infection hoping it will bring
me more opportunity to interact with others

Leading away from the ancient cheques and
old balance states I have to translate - it's a
satisfying job but leaves room for dreaming
of meeting interesting people and going to
new places offering exciting new faces...

Margaret Alice Second

Little Pigsty Space

It's not as if I can invite anybody into my little pigsty space but recently my work-station has surpassed all bounds of respectability, I'm ashamed to admit that the proliferating pictures and files illustrated with my pink lady are getting to be too much for me

Time to tidy up, everything is strewn about, pieces of clothing, flip-flops and socks, nothing neat, all papers skew, yet now work has begun on Table 33 there's no opportunity to stop and fix, this document could only have been designed by Beelzebub himself

Planning on finally making me swear in colourful expletives, but I do not - maybe this is why I feel so ill at times - swallowing my anger at the world and government documents in particular - maybe I should let go - I wish it were that easy

To fix all my concentration problems...

23 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Little Stick Figures

Trying to learn, take it all in - but it will take time to entertain these wonderful new ideas in my brain: Used to think of self as breakable & fragile as glass and delicate in the extreme - therefore very precious and needing great care - now I find the self is as alive and strong as crystals freely forming in rocks

A Consciousness Teacher even says our inner essence is like pure white light - an image I love - of a film projector and life is the coloured film reel changing the light into coloured pictures with new meaning, so Consciousness is developed, Awareness expanded & new information and abilities are added to the Quantum Mind

Within which we all exist sharing the same consciousness and from which we emanate like dreams created by a super-intelligence experimenting with the Multiverse in which infinite dimensions continue independently; here I stop as my brain short-circuits overloaded by too many amazing images, later I'll research this pure white inner light

And the films we produce - acting like little stick figures in our own dreams...

[29 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Live The Message[rev.]

Though so many other things completely
mystify me - one I do understand easily;
our spiritual message is the life we live, we
present self as a gift - uniquely expressed

We are entertained and inspired by others'
talents and achievements; growing older I
find personality manifests in presentation,
flimsy beauty of all kinds of stars can't

Enchant me if self-aggrandisement and
arrogance are subliminally revealed, when
choice of song and words shows a hollow
core with weakness of character

Knowing moral failings spoils my ability to
enjoy art expressed by voice in song, and
experience taught any who take recourse
to charm aren't trustworthy, trying to hide

The true self behind a veneer of false cheer
unduly fakes advantage through a charming
act; through my life I wish to offer the gift of
honesty - the ability to laugh at myself and

My self-assumed martyrdom, to share my
boundless joie de vivre when the clouds lift
and the sun appears again, I want to live
the message of joy I bring...

[2 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Live With Myself

Suddenly meaning fell into one of the black holes in my mind, suddenly numbers had no meaning and I thought 11: 30 meant 12: 30 and ran from the office, ready for my free afternoon - just to discover it was still an hour before I could go

Slinked back, not much chastised though, actually quite glad for evidence to substantiate my claim time is sucked into a black hole in my mind from time to time, my colleagues did not even blink confronted with my antics

Great to work with them, other people like me are scary - I am scary too; I feel safe among those who are normal, although it is difficult to fit in, only at home I practice my accents and burst into song - by now I know it is never done

By anyone claiming to be a sane human being, except by well-paid artists and true eccentrics; as I am none of these, just a government official - have mercy on my poor victims and most important, pity me - who have to live with myself!

Margaret Alice Second

Lively And High-Spirited [revised]

An insomniac night - I don't feel so bright - should I eat something, drink bitter coffee or keel over on my desk; the last option is the best but colleagues would have no rest until this evil deed is revealed to the overseer, Mme La Pompadour or June

Listening to a forlorn voice wailing like Anderson's Little Mermaid in my earphones; imagine how tired and sad Rusalka, a lovelorn Water Sprite after she saw her Prince only once - is she in for a surprise once the romance is gone, but Song to the Moon

Is beautiful; a bright guru says 'tend relationship with Source, Soul or God' - I suspect it's a Soul, an immature one who allows splintered me as a small part of universal consciousness, to waste precious life with headache and black coffee

Let's hope Spirit learns never to send me to earth again but to another dimension without a physical body to mess with -and where I can be lively and high-spirited all the time...

Margaret Alice Second

Lives Complete

My beloved daughter came home in a flurry of stories about feeding lambs, killing foxes and sleeping outside on a farm in Namibia as well as a stream of complaints about her room - I put her trinkets away for visiting family

Her bedroom lights inexplicably won't switch on, her dad gets the brunt of that - I reacted like an autistic child, my lips did not know how to smile, listening in silence to everything she said, only when I was alone expressing my joy

In song, singing old Dutch hymns at the top of my voice, joy coursing through my veins, my child safe, I rub her back and listen to her sermons about the sanctity of her room – just the way I want it to be, her dad changed from a wound-up spring to

Being relaxed, the smile right round his face, our lives complete, he already lecturing her on the year's course, she listening with a grin, what joy, what delight, living in a state of grace...

Margaret Alice Second

Living Forever [r]

So make a list of things you love: I love Wisdom and adore HONESTY, I love the male Psyche & concept of romance, I love a challenge and adventure, finding Beasts that change into Princes, Ugly Ducklings that change into Swans; I love cynical people discovering self-fulfilling prophecies and laughing at themselves

I love Soul-less Little Mermaids dying for refusing to kill a Prince so they may live - thus acquiring a Soul, I love independent people with integrity; I love Snow Maidens in winter and Snow Queens with Dreams in their own Ice Crystal Palaces with Loving Sisters who are coming to rescue them; I love twins entwined at

The Heart who heal each other once they understand that life is not about them: life is about creating more examples of being-ness and loving the process more than the product; life is about constructing our own beautiful Ice Crystal Palaces as an Inner Sanctuary and filling our Mental Cathedrals with songs sung

By Crystal Consciousness continuously swinging on wavelengths which form stars flashing with Mozart's Concerto No 21 & Tchaikovsky's tribute to his sister in the Sugar Plum Fairy's Pas-de-Deux, making her a delightful queen living forever in nostalgia...

Margaret Alice Second

Living In A Trance (Revised)

Finally achieved a mental state where my brain quietly focuses on just one document; I prepared this weekend living in a trance, meditating how I love my little world, effects of sunshine in trees and turquoise water of the pool, laughter of my children, my car's nifty swerving, an office where colleagues share their warmth with everyone

The miracle took place - I live for my text, when feeling ill I read parts of it until well and can dig in researching terms and quirky sentences; correcting my own work as an overall perspective brings insight in descriptions of electric power stations, wearing my new hat when going for a walk, returning with my focus still intact, nothing else on earth exists, just this bubble of happiness

Don't want to wake before the end, first must recheck everything and give it my best shot, living in a trance until my mission is fulfilled and I have done my best

[19 November 2013]

Margaret Alice Second

Living Picture

If I am a living picture of
my soul, my poor soul is
ailing, how can eternal life
be represented by a tem-
porary physical vessel

It is degrading, demeaning
to make such a statement;
soul seems to be so much
bigger, better and powerful
than spirit and body

If my grumbling existence
and restlessness should be
the image of my soul within,
I see no chance of happiness
so I prefer another theory:

The body reflects ideas and
fantasies to be implemented
and which the soul will com-
ment and enlarge repertoire
of spiritual experience, but

I don't believe appearance
represents soul, all visual
things fall short of ideals;
only JOY is a great repre-
sentation of soul...

Margaret Alice Second

Logically

Humanity lives in the End of Days forever, every new war is seen as small and insignificant when compared to the Greatest War of Wars to end all other wars and lead to a thousand-year reign of peace, a new Messiah on the Throne governing the world from The New Jerusalem & important

Figures will be revived from the dead, logically all recognisable from the Old Testament: Noah and Abraham, Moses, David, Solomon, Samson and Elijah, Isaiah: But the question is, where will the rest of us freedom-loving, human-rights-thinking, relativist, Hindu, buddhist, Muslim, agnostic, with

Creeds ad infinitum – people be - perished in the sea? Will we be reduced to living under the new Jerusalem's righteousness which includes right to slay heathen nations to take their land, as is backed by Rabbinic literature - determining the future and interpreting the past? And what about

Cultural diversity when the Great War destroyed everyone disagreeing with Torah and Talmud – what Brave New World will this be? A revival of the Roman Empire or totalitarian regime in which all disagreeing will be killed by Archangels of the Holy God? What perception of God is this –

What happened to God Is Love?

Margaret Alice Second

Loneliness

Adrenalin overflow and my last healthy meal
five days ago, caught in chemical imbalance
feeling as jittery and confused as a mentally
deranged patient, dreaming of the calm and
peace brought about by an even flow of joie
de vivre

Tired of electric surges of adrenaline that put
me on top of the world just to let me fall down
into Purgatory, interspersed with brief spells in
hell, not an enjoyable way to live life, up high I
am delighted, just to feel like death and des-
truction afterwards

From tomorrow it shall be bland vegetables
and fat-free meat dishes - I HATE the lack
of control over moods and feelings brought
about by my body's reaction to foodstuffs,
this keeps me chained to a desk job where
all excitement slowly dies

Only loneliness in conscience and duty
survives...

Margaret Alice Second

Lonely Day [rev]

The morning bloomed with hope and possibility as
I did the laundry - but as the day wore on, all came
to naught: clothes put away, went to the pharmacy -
and that's it, nothing more in this day, no chocolate,
cake or sweets, no conversation as you prefer to sit
on your lonely, self-righteous cloud, angry at life

For sending a hail storm yesterday & a tree falling -
how dare it spoil YOUR holiday - and from then on
your tenterhooks waiting to get a tree-cutting team
to clear up the mess, doing nothing else, being in
an operational mode you say, & stay on your dark,
angry cloud; ignoring everyone else - I read the

Newspaper, every sad word about Zulu King Zuma
wildly appointing Ministers of Finance & recession,
no words of yours wasted on me except remarks on
he dustbin overflowing - that's deep, that is - so the
lonely day passes away...

Margaret Alice Second

Long For Chloroform [rev]

Life's dualistic - feelings & emotions intertwined while translating is the restricted rendering of another's text mechanically to client target language - of a need to repeat what the original author meant, not what I think of it - a tall order as the passionate feelings intrude everywhere until I soar on music to the firmament, BUT until the flights starts & the little alien in my mind is happily occupied, I stand bereft of freedom to feel - which as a Government employee I promised to do

After staying home with my feelings unleashed, able to roam, life requires I cut off my heels & toes to fit in Cinderella's shoes, polishing the floor, curtsying to my esteemed colleagues, docile, sweet & without passion for anything except a job done rationally; not bothering them's my purpose so I only confess my head's mess on the Internet, crying anonymously about life choices my soul made before my birth - refining language skills is great hearing words sing - yet standing here with a text

Delineating an author's hate for everyone who doesn't agree with what he says - I'm thrown into twisted eddies bubbling aimlessly, meaningless journeys meandering endlessly & no complaint's possible as its my thought-created perspective & I prefer feel-good of great events, delight in accomplishment; in my little world there's none - white-screen-black-Times-New-Roman-Font, I know it's possible to be a feather, carrying no feelings at all, being neutral - but without feeling I'm dead & I'm either very

Glad or hopelessly sad, on autopilot; human presence triggers a cheerful mode switch; as they recede my mind reverts rolling down the hill, I'm trying to compose the little alien to accept boredom as the template of life: routine & repetition - I must shoulder my burden like the rest, stop whining, tackle words swarming accusingly - Tchaikovsky makes magic move in jetés and pliés until I think of music befitting to my black mood - & where's comedy when its needed - pulling a Robin Williams, smiling with heart's

Freezing, fatigue makes me Long For Chloroform - sleep
life off & be a new person afterwards...

Margaret Alice Second

Long Grey Lines [rev]

'tis strange, so very strange; my inner timetable
doesn't mesh with the office hours - it seems my
mental gyroscope's unbalanced & my life ship's
battered by invisible winds, thus every hour feels
like a whole day in which I enter another cross-
section of cyclic time - & that stretches in every
direction and on into infinity - while I drift on the
surface of a single horizontal line

I have fun briefly, relaying words for a few seconds
then my system short-circuits and my mind aborts
as my head explodes - after adding salt to my tea
I feel better and resume my languorous trip among
little groups of clustered words, the storm abating;
then existence grows transparently thin again and
the shining white marble monuments of meaning I
have carefully constructed melt - becoming the
most delicate of lace before disappearing

The frothing waves of thoughts I relish in sink into
sands of nothingness and all that's left is dappled
reality consumed by cold, sad, opaque transiency;
while the beautiful fountain of wisdom dries up, the
long hours become many aeons slowly flowing in
long grey lines

Margaret Alice Second

Longing To Express Feelings

Three of us at work have the same
Astrogenetic sign, conceived in the
same time period, all three have to
be stuffed full of medication in order
to make it in a routine world of duty
without time for dreams and visions

One publishes without marketing so
his books don't sell, then Madame
Pompadour can only work when
held in a soundproof cell, the third,
me, can only sit still when heavily
dosed to stop flow of adrenaline

To stop the surge of feelings within,
all three bound to live in world made
for Capricorns- focused, determined
Virgos- calm and analytical, lovely
Librans weighing pros and cons
Scorpios organised and strong

While we three, genetically marked
by the electromagnetic radiation of
the Gemini-Cancer configuration -
longing to express feelings - must
translate scientific lines - starved,
caged, ear-phoned and drugged

To do our cold work - we should
not be cooped up with the music
in our soul wasted on research of
scientific terms instead of writing
mesmerising lines - I visualise a
wonderful new world in which

We shall be free to officially weave
dreams and feelings to enrich the
lives of the realistic signs and help
Pisceans and Aquarians to refine

their visions; use the enthusiasm
of Aries, Leo and Sagittarius

To accomplish wonderful ideals -
towing languid Taurus along to a
wonderful new world of comfort
in inner peace...

Margaret Alice Second

Long-Left Wide Step

Failed to find meaning in my
immediate surrounds; 1-2-3,
a-1-2-3, I went down the street,
usual music not speaking to me

Thought of my dad, cowboy hat on
his head, playing his music - Chris
Blignaut singing the song of a hapless
baboon, a bully-beef can with ants

His wireless for greeting his tribe, no tax
to pay, he sings - the can's too tight, his
face is stuck, the ants bite him, the baboon
goes mad - we stared with shiny eyes

As the chaos was described - and I sing
along with the song as I long-left wide
step 1-2-3- down the street, happy in
a cloud of memory - the beauty

Not intrinsic in the melody, but in the special
quality of nostalgic song - the soft golden light
enclosing times past...

Margaret Alice Second

Long-Lost Reality

High in a tower, high in the hot African sun, two little translators have had enough as the scourge of self-assessment lurks after the Government had curtailed the requisite service to keep all State Departments globally communicative - reviewing dribs and drabs of the little documents they had the exquisite privilege to translate, lost in a sea of

Blind towering buildings in Pretoria, anachronism in the blinding African sun; reality is shaking and the earth is heaving as political masters destroy the last vestiges of efficiency and appoint the unworthy to force nuclear disaster on South Africa; the market is disgorging pension funds plummeting to new depths and blindly, against all the odds, two little translators

Valiantly struggle against life itself to get their job done, to keep the Foreign Languages Section afloat as African masters conclude the world is irrelevant - only depleting the life force of the society in which the ANC is wielding its destructive political clout is worth considering, the rest is dross and South Africa will be destroyed - oh, how can this be? Ah, but we used to pray to a God within religious

Structures whose strictures proved to be false as it was founded on slavery and eternal exploitation of our people based on prejudice and race - so there you have it, nothing's changed and valiantly we struggle to achieve nothing within the tattered fabric of an ill-defined, long-lost reality...

Margaret Alice Second

Look Forward To Being Robbed

Great, now I have fever and backache and stiff neck
and a sore ankle and cannot sleep, covered my head
and neck with Vicks, rolled myself into an old sheet
lay down but cannot sleep, listening to the sound of
criminals proceeding outside - or so it seems -

Planning a welcoming speech so they would not feel
unwelcome - what sort of life do I lead when I look
forward to being robbed - realising no such luck I got
up, ready to watch bland TV, cheesy Ballade with
long stick insect legs balancing on stiletto heels

Women falling over trying to seduce with evocative move-
ments which make me wish for insecticide - wearing thin
strips of material, the budget does not allow for ball gowns,
contestants have to look great in remnants & feathers, men
wearing jeans - the chattering presenter's raucous voice

Like incessant machine gun fire, she is so pretty but makes
such a terrible noise - where are the criminals and burglars
and housebreakers and thugs when you need them, how
can I prove that I shall be good to them if they do not try
breaking and entering, what use is all we have learnt

About self-defence if we never get a chance to use these
techniques; why am I reduced to watching Ballando when
Lyall Watson's moon and electro-magnetic sunspots make
life unbearable?

Margaret Alice Second

Look Like A Bandit

I got my hair cut thinking I would look like a German fighter pilot from the Second World War, but in the end I look like a bandit, the crew cut brought no boyish good looks and left a criminal in its stead

When I tried out my new top to go with the suit for the funeral, it was a disaster, I quickly changed tack and tried on my grey shirt, just right for tomorrow- what I am going to do for the wedding, no-one can tell

The new top is not acceptable - that's for sure - even then I shall have to wear grey lightened by pearls - what else can I do after wasting money on a look that just does not work? Why was I not born in a Muslim country

To wear a burka covering everything, walking around like a circus tent, when it is hot just a swimsuit with it - what fun if the burka were wet, though the venerable elders might have killed me long before I could

Ever write a line of subversive poetry...

19 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Looking At Dreams [revised]

A fresh wind of jasmine-scented air – I throw windows wide, run outside to breathe deeply and rejoice in the essence of spring; read the paper standing in the sun, lay down in the sun-room and slept during the afternoon

Awake I gather jasmine, take blooms into my sitting room, pearls on my lamp, silver threads like dewy cobwebs on transparent fabric; run to the wooden deck, practise reciting the French alphabet, counting un to cent* au Francais as

Numbers always trip me up, replace coarse winter sheets with delightful satin, air dogs' blankets, drag a case full of books from my work cupboard into the guest room, place suitcases in the car to bring more papers

Home – they'll be destroyed at work; cannot bear parting with them after filing translation sheets enthusiastically, diplomas and poetry among them, all to be salvaged before throwing the rest away

I plead for a chance to keep and sort them, looking at dreams - and dreaming again...

* One to Hundred

Margaret Alice Second

Looking More Wonderful

The happy mistress of a few dreams
I am working to fulfil, a large pound
of butter in the fridge to be eaten
with dry rye crackerbread, it tastes
delicious and my system seem to
accept without allergy symptoms

Bought powdered milk to drink in
coffee now I drink a broth fit for the
gods, I ordered the Nutcracker with
Mikhail Baryshnikov to watch the
Pas De Deux - Sugarplum Fairy and
Nutcracker Prince, the happiness

Lends beauty to every expectant
moment, I smile at everyone and
tell all I meet in the lift to eat real
butter with vitamin A, they smile
and promise to try and this day is
looking more wonderful still

Margaret Alice Second

Loquacious Tiered-Hat [rev]

Brilliant psychological insight - we hide behind glasses; more-so behind sunglasses, & we have a hat for every role we play - indicated by changing them for different occasions; but I don't conform to the norm when I wear all my hats at once symbolising that all the personages playing roles are present at the same time, listening in

To all conversations. First worn my second-hand army hat, my in-pool crocodile-self hiding from a blazing sun, then grey sunhat, wider brim for more shade with shiny silver thread, a taste for shining things - & see-through so I cover it with a gold straw hat, reminding of Ridcully, ArchChancellor of Unseen University, wearing his army-

Knife-gadget-ensemble hat for a magic which changes the world into a wonderful place; thus when this crocodile runs out of the house to traverse the backyard's nuclear waste to the cool pool, I wear all 3 hats and sunglasses, the hats symbolise ALL my roles are contained to keep my family and friends entertained by imitating fake

Russian accents & authentic Cockney speech; ah ha, no wonder they run away; I'll talk to waiter & shop assistant, they have to listen politely to all those loquacious three-tiered-hat bores like me....

Margaret Alice Second

Lose Consciousness

A headache used to seem like Divine wrath,
discomfort and pain like a manifestation of
total rejection which called for withdrawal,
but now it is clear this is only chemical
reaction to the food I consume

Once, long ago, I stopped eating, lost the pain
and the desire to live all in one - now I partake
of what is on offer - bless the food, suffer the
consequences in silence, bury my resentment
against an unfeeling world

Not caring that I am pulled into the abyss by
fatigue and depression - wish I could reach
out, find someone holding me tight when I
fall - this has never happened because I
turn away when in pain

Like a wild animal, slink off alone into my own
private space, it's no surprise no-one knows
what's going on, I only confess to people far
away, fearing their eyes, fearing sympathy
and criticism equally

A world of books, theories and dreams, an
inner sanctum - a soap-bubble fantasy in
which I take refuge - once it falls away
also, disappearing into the black hole
in my mind

I have to lose consciousness...

Margaret Alice Second

Losing The Plot

There's a Bubble-Universe in my head and I frequently fall into the depths: that's why it's so difficult to look up terms -while doing fine checking every line, I suddenly lose track of my place on the page, then feel as if I'm lost in space and time, chronological sequences

Are lost and I boil in the heat of the anxious hot spell in my head which cooks my brain into a wire-mesh and I have to wait until the storm is past to balance on the hexagonal lines that encompass the holes in my mind; only then can the search for the meaning of

Terms commence & the joy of investigating to find the correct content and concomitant success, temporarily obliterate the shock on losing the plot...

Margaret Alice Second

Losing Track Of The Heart (Revised)

Sopranos and tenors singing 'Together Forever' as love everlasting made me realise - only love based on friendship and mutual respect lasts - the short-lived excitement of romance with its mystery to be deciphered mostly ends in disappointment

A sense of humour keeps love alive, love does not feast by itself as claimed by those infatuated with fantasy; love starts as a small plant requiring water and care, it cannot bloom and bear fruit left to itself, love without the hard work withers and dies

It's not Prince Charming's arrival custom-made for Cinderella, waltzing into a life with love's allure solving problems - ready for casino games of life; excitement's spark needs a real fire with work - the adding of sticks and dry twigs, nurturing

A strong fire of love warms those tossed in life's storms - love does not mean leaving this earth to live in a perfect universe, but going on every trip together, cooperating to keep the ship afloat - such love grows stronger when floundering

In doldrums of failure and disillusionment; love means communication - losing track of the heart in which the spark started means the fire dies...

Margaret Alice Second

Lost

Bored with reality's exciting facets
rolled up, emotion stashed out of
sight, only the lone aspect of duty
in the office unrolled, dealing with
a headache I climbed onto desks
to spread sunscreens because the
oblique angle of the sun means we
are fried every day and my dwarf
head can't stand much heat before
it melts - taking my intellect with it

I fired my imagination by reading
the next pages of 'Making Money'
with scenes of havoc where Adora
Belle challenges a Golem known as
Gladys to use etiquette for dirty boot
Watchmen to open the safe - no use,
I can't leave the multifaceted reel of
fantasy to continue with bland white
reality hiding all colourful aspects
crossing my boredom threshold

I want to be the prism breaking up
the uniform white rays of reality into
their constituent colours and enjoy
the images on my mental screen be-
cause the headache does not want
to abate and I have lost the faculty
of logic and rational thought

'Making Money' by Terry Pratchett

Margaret Alice Second

Lost At Sea

We are leaving on holiday and Quasimodo has taken over, my hunchback is the result of over-eating, the mirror reveals swollen eyes and face I ate party food the past weekend - but why do I have to resemble a codfish or halibut?

And I feel so frustrated - what on earth is wrong in my subconscious because in reality everything's fine - I made my peace with being unbalanced - I used to think- but now I'm not so sure, why should Quasimodo take over at a time like this?

He looks terrible in my clothes and I feel terrible with his mind, all messed-up and lost, wish I could regain my own mind - lost at sea and I've lost the frequency to make contact with it...

[23 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Lost Cause

Reading 'Principle-Centred Leadership' by Stephen Covey I feel totally crushed under the weight of my own immaturity - subject to sensuous delights, although I always get up in time for work, a small victory which underpins successes - he says

We all fall short in focusing on principles instead of moods and feelings - trying to wash the chewing gum out of my hair where it got stuck because I put it there watching an Anime series 'Ourin High School' with Nici sitting on her bed -

I realise I do not meet even the most basic principle of leadership, being at the mercy of words and dreams - he says successful people defeat their moods immediately as they practice these skills - I've been trying to climb the wrong ladder, developing

Artistic expression instead of being a well-rounded person - now I am literally round and this is wrong, it indicates my passions are too strong - and this is wrong, wrong, wrong, too-do run-run, to-do run-run - oh dear, here comes a snatch of a song

Covey would throw me out of his course as a lost cause...

'Principle-Centred Leadership' by Stephen R. Covey - Simon and Schuster UK Ltd,1992

Margaret Alice Second

Lost Golden Halo

Been to the library, have Bible Code by Michael Drosnin lined up - felt so good about life - about everything, also got two Agatha Christie's: Caribbean Mystery & Elephants Can Remember

You said I bought the wrong sausage on purpose, angry and disappointed you stormed out to get your Russians - I am evil, justly ostracised from your good graces

Now you have rejected my devilish offering the evening is cold but that is all-right, why should it be different, you enjoy your emotional game making me feel guilty, dinner already spoiled

It does not matter, the warmth of today sustains as I delight in cascading lines which flowed so happily, tomorrow I shall be silent again, silence is golden - I am gilded already

Then you apologised, I lost my golden halo of self-righteousness, I am sorry too, though we did not succeed in communicating then, we are talking now, we were both right

And both wrong at the same time...

Margaret Alice Second

Lost Peter Pan

Thinking about relationships - already
lost contact with Peter Pan, my brother,
who threatened to tell my beloved bad
things about me, his younger sister

I always take all threats seriously, took
the email menace straight to my beloved
who said he was not interested in any
stories about me, his wife, therefore

He recommended I break off all contact,
if any nasty gossip reached my beloved,
he would blame ME for allowing a threat
to our domestic felicity to be part of my life

Given that Peter Pan had already insulted
me, I had to agree, could not take the risk
that he might disrupt my little family,
farewell to my brother because

My beloved takes priority...

[Losing family members are sad – luckily I was given a new
older brother who has never turned his back on me, thank
you Ivan for being the older brother I miss so much]

6 September 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Lost The Script

I've lost the script, chapter and verse, everything
I say and do just comes out wrong, a perfect time
to write a book, the protagonist is young, singing
the role of Christine in Phantom, a brilliant cook

Goes overseas, dances the Sugar Plum Fairy in the
Nutcracker Suite - back to reality: the steel pins came
out, the leg bent at the knee, pain excruciating, even
worse is the heartbreak of knowing Nico lost

Such bitter tears - my story progresses as we drive up
and down - the protagonist also reads philosophy at
university, a versatile personage in the tradition of
the independent woman described by Jane Austin

Her heroines never married for expediency; Carine's
salary has been halved - a shock all around - you
changed into a lightning bolt; threatening to annul
our marriage because I sullenly refuse to serve

Endless glasses of wine, I'm angry; weak muscles
indicate special treatment is needed; yet you both
refuse to consult the experts, saying walking will
happen all by itself - I am resigned - maybe

Another miracle will manifest, it happened before,
why not again, right here, right now?

Margaret Alice Second

Louis 14th Dress [rev]

Requiring energy but afraid of food, fatigue's
the master of me, allergy reaction makes me
loath to sally forth, study the fridge contents;
my heart longs for chocolate, sweet cacao a-
melt on the tongue - but wishing weight loss
to wear my 'Heritage Day' national costume
next year, chocolate's strictly forbidden on a
list of no-no's & sacrificing for my Louis 14th

Dress is such a glorious ideal yet it puts a lid
on most important joys & short-term delights -
immediate gratification of my palate - & only
coffee's left though altho' not safe, giving up
this last sin is impossible, I can't tear out my
heart and stamp on it, some comfort has to
be here to strengthen my purpose & make
life liveable:

Tragedy - darkness and cold emptiness - do
not lead me astray, it's for Heritage Day; fun
to take my place amongst others with make-
up on my face and a fan in my hand, ready
to dance a Lobster Quadrille with Weeping
Mock Turtle - oops, Alice will not return to
Wonderland that day, it shall be a Courtly
Minuet with a Gryphon - what? I meant a

Waltz with Strauss - that's not right either -
French music required for Louis 14th; without
eating I need a lot of sweet tea to keep me
from losing my mind completely...

[France's Louis XIV - the 14th - (1638-1718) ,
the Sun King, reigned for 72 years.]

[ORIGINAL:]

Fatigue is the master of me, energy required

but fearing food, allergy reactions, makes me loath to sally forth to study the contents of the fridge - my heart longs for chocolate - sweet chocolate melting on the tongue, but wishing for weight loss to wear my national costume on Heritage Day next year, chocolate is on a list of the strictly forbidden, sacrificing for my

Louis 14th dress is such a glorious ideal yet puts a lid on most important joys - so many short-term delights - immediate gratification of my palate; only coffee is left though also not safe, giving up this last sin is impossible, I cannot tear out my heart and stamp on it, some comfort has to be here to strengthen my purpose& make life livable - tragedy -

Darkness and cold emptiness - do not lead me astray, it's for Heritage Day; fun to take my place amongst all others with make-up on my face and a fan in my hand, ready to dance the Lobster Quadrille with Weeping Mock Turtle - oops, Alice will not return to Wonderland that day, it shall be a Courtly Minuet with a Gryphon - what? I mean a

Waltz with Strauss - that's not right either - French music required for Louis 14th, without eating I need a lot of sweet tea to keep me from losing my mind completely...

Margaret Alice Second

Love Afterwards

We reject heretics trying to proselytise Judaists of the Torah, no more prophets sent as we are righteous already, G-d does not have a human "son", we reverently crucify pretenders for their own good and to save US from the heresy that not even Judaists should hate their enemies

Deuteronomy says stone missionaries to protect Judah against unconditional love as it should be withheld from gentiles & heaping-coals-of-shame-on-their-heads-heretics helping Israel against the missile-mad enemies for the wrong reason found in teachings of Jesus to ensnare us into heeding

Their false creed of sin purged by Redemption, we respect honest Jihadists and terrorists who end our physical life only, but fear heretics destroying Jewish souls eternally should we accept the One-Without-Sin-throw-the-first-stone-heresy: we have to throw stones - with or without sin - that's our legacy

How dare anyone preach to us, the people of the Covenant - about eternal damnation - against our Judaic teaching, we should outlaw those contaminating Jewish souls with the cross camouflaged in an international plus sign, we're already righteous following the Torah & need no messiah as poor

Un-chosen Gentiles do; missionaries only welcome to spend while following a Via Dolorosa where their leader went to be crucified - on condition they don't meddle as we peddle Hebrew-letter necklaces - the ideal of loving Torah and its Enemies at the same time is anathema, an irrational contradiction -

Our truth is a just G-d executing Deuteronomy 13 verses 7 to 12: no unconditional love allowed in HIS universe, there's no dualism as all life's spiritual while we're waiting for a future Messiah, protecting against

heretics with their falsehoods because our G-d is wise
and righteous first - love follows afterwards...

["Affectionately" shortened]

Margaret Alice Second

Love An Ideal

Love is not romantic feeling, love is an ideal, a dream - unhappy relations are based on dependency, happy relations on self-esteem, respect and dignity

You base your happiness on work and sacrifice ignoring your need for freedom and joy, such self-sacrifice without appreciation makes you feel alone and confused, does not teach

How to develop an attitude that commands respect - love as noble aspiration and ideal, joy and integrity has to be learned, love does not derive from what we look upon

Love is a perspective, an ability to project beautiful aspects on things - service does not beget love and harmony; I cannot accept the same emotional abuse

You are used to; I offer you my sisterly love as affection, not exploitation - will spoil you as a beloved sister, NOT as dependent or helper, I love you because you are worthy

I honour your dignity and abhor it when others don't honour you also; I love you within the perspective of a wonderful sister just as you are...

[For Elreza]

Margaret Alice Second

Love And Creation

With lightning-fast mercury temperament slow, arduous jobs researching terms is Purgatory, texts relayed & the half-yearly assessment self-praise: The anonymous official received & conveyed X documents in UK English – which is irrelevant for the spiritual accomplishment needed to exit the reincarnational circles, the pertinent part is enjoying the journey achieving the result of word count, because the final product will be destroyed eaten by moth & forgotten tomorrow we build & destroy

Already torn up 15 years of my own work so how to enjoy today – how to convey to the little alien governing my mind he's got to love the labour as it's the only content of this work that will last in the end, in the hereinafter – nothing else will accompany us, no wealth nor fame, only the joy in love we created, encountered & shared; I hear Thokozile sigh - performance assessment woes & my little alien is hanging from the rafters in my mind, refusing to come down to the challenge: how to find fun in writing routine self-congratulatory notes at work

I'm sure it can be done applying the mind, finding thoughts that feel so delicious it will make assessments explode with accolades and feel-good-refreshments; as I'm a stand-up translator with my own comedy show, making aside remarks for my burlesque ignored by my colleagues, discussing house affairs and letters to the President; the little alien left on reading of Regional Directorate for Business, Competition, Consumer Affairs, Labour and Employment DIRECCTE – the acronym phenomenon is hateful, says the

little alien covering his head with a bicycle

Helmet taken from my son before sending a
headache of nihilistic depression - I take him
to my guru who promises adding passion to
thoughts will manifest in new existence: Then,
says the little Alien, I'm leaving this place to
incarnate somewhere else; Where, you cheeky
little thing? - In a special mind bent on love &
creation, not deconstruction of boring terms to
delineate persecution of their fellow men....

Margaret Alice Second

Love And Wisdom

Mandela's watching my back, laughing, happiness suffusing his being, and by a trick of light, staring into the distance with an enigmatic smile on his lips - he was seventy when he got out of prison - with his ideals just as intact, incensed and innocent, as they were when they were first conceived

I'm standing here in my self-fabricated cell, unwilling to leave my post in the trenches yet without an ideal, I fantasised about ideals and virtual realities for ages and fictitious characters enacted my speculations, yet Mandela trumps them all, he did his exercises every morning, planted vegetables to augment

The meagre and sparse prison diet, he was Father-Confessor and Lawyer to all who applied for his help - and here I am, a little translator in this little workstation growing old while debating use of terms like 'Diocese' or 'Eparchy' as interchangeable - and it's all so empty, I have no ideal as this world

Is perfect as it is, with my colleagues finding reason and regulations enough to sustain life - just as long as grammar rules are applied, reality has meaning, and there is One up in heaven taking care of everything - as for me, rules are guidelines that should be ignored when Love and Wisdom require -

Special action; there is no spirit in my mind - which feels empty and blind; unable to see where the light leads or whether there's light to begin with: whether Supra-Consciousness presents a Gestalt - in which my soul can lose itself; I sigh - life is too boring and duty leaves no other option....

Margaret Alice Second

Love Being In The Office [revised]

I love being in the office with the sweet-smelling blooms I picked during my lunch-time walk, love to sit at my computer console as if it's the cockpit controls of a rocket which visits far-off places, even the wider universe - if I include physicists

Love sharing fun with Thokozile and explaining mad letters to the President, asking her to send her register of documents to help me do my list, love humorous emails she sends - and sitting at my desk reading a wonderful book

Love showing Dr Jokweni my hat and mask, & telling Joyce and Winston of my poetic sorrow, but don't like the official reason I'm here, a long text on building new streets in the Cote d'Ivoire - sentences on surveys of roads

Being in a warm atmosphere, knowing interesting texts will come to me eventually but suffering the "street's" text makes me lose courage so I look for other things to do such as preparing 2 minute noodles and using it as my excuse to sit back

And enjoy being here...

Friday 20 September 2013

[ORIGINAL:]

I love being in the office, love the sweet-smelling blossoms I picked during my lunch-time walk and I love sitting at my computer console as if at the cockpit of a rocket that can visit all far-off places even the universe if I include physicists

I love sharing fun with Thokozile when explaining mad letters to the President, asking her to send her register of documents to help me do my list,

I love the humorous emails she sends, I love sitting at my desk reading a wonderful book

I love showing Dr Jokweni my hat and mask and telling Joyce and Winston of my sorrows in poetry, but I don't like the official reason I'm here, the long text on building new streets in the Cote d'Ivoire, sentences on surveys of roads

I just love being here in this warm atmosphere, knowing an interesting text will come to me sometime - but suffering through the text on streets makes me lose courage and look for other things to do, such as preparing 2 minute noodles

Using this as my excuse to sit back and enjoy being here...

[Dedicated to my colleague Thokozile, always ready to share fun with me]

20 September 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Love Her So Much [r]

The magic of dreams, of consciousness, of having been taught infallible terms to realise visions; each time my laptop at home stops working & refuses to open, claiming flat battery despite an electric cable connecting it, I pray, using a still effective scheme taught me as a child, then remove and reinsert the battery, reconnect the cable & lo, my laptop opens; I can pour out joys & tragedies - the joy is my little girl's landed a lovely job on a cruise ship - tragedy is each time I print the information for her I realise

She'll be gone for a long time; my motherly instinct makes me cry, already wrenching my heart to think she'll be so far away, its terrible being torn between options: what's best for my daughter and my desire to keep her with me where I can see and touch her; I know the same magic that keeps my laptop going will keep her safe, but oh, it's such heartache when she's leaving, her bright little mind formed more by TV and school than myself: No, not true, she walks about singing her favourite songs, smiling at those

Others shun, she's a sweetheart & soon everyone on the cruise ship will know it; I do all my crying in advance so when the day of her leaving comes I'll be calm & composed - she's the sweetest wee girl the World's ever seen - love fills my heart to overflowing - how much she means to me just sitting in her room pouting & publicly castigating me when I'm too childish for her sophisticated taste, it's why I love her so much it hurts...

Margaret Alice Second

Love I Was Too Blind To See (Revised)

As part of her welfare job my sis searched for homeless old people – found an abandoned old lady who's been working at the post office, sorting letters for thirty years and sis organised a welfare grant for her, bought the lady clothes from her own pocket and rode her scooter all the way to the State Hospital to visit the lady

While I was concerned with my sis' tone of voice, harsh and exasperated – not realising she was tired and over-worked; without a car she had to ride everywhere on that slow scooter, caring for the aged – and I was concerned about sis' lack of respect for my person, unaware that her hard life made her impervious to convention

I was wrong yet again, repeating the mistake of my youth, confusing refinement with integrity and love, looking at appearances instead of morality and ethics – now my sis is a saint in my eyes – I confess to being guilty of judging her with superficial criteria, never shall I repeat this mistake again, from now on I shall write her value

On the tables of my heart and remember her goodness and the love she has shown me - the love I was too blind to see

(ORIGINAL :)

My sis searched for homeless old people as part of her welfare job, found an abandoned old lady who has been working at the post office, sorting letters for thirty years and sis organised a welfare grant for her, bought the lady clothes from her own pocket and rode her scooter all the way to the State Hospital to visit the lady

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with superficial criteria, never shall I repeat this mistake
again, from now on I shall write her value

On the tables of my heart and remember her goodness and
the love she has shown me - the love I was too blind to see

Saturday 13 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Love Is Immortal

Not being romantic I think reality is even better than the stories and fantasies we conjure and life teaches people should stay the same, not change into princes as in fairy-tales, a lovable Beast should stay as he is, Beauty is to accept him

A frog need not change, his chosen girl should love him croaking in slimy body or find another with the qualities she requires for happiness - Queen of Hearts shouldn't marry Conan the Barbarian - she cannot accommodate him

Attempts to change him is self-delusion, make him retreat into barbaric behaviour to assert himself - Christine forgave the Phantom, he realised she was too good for him and set her free; this way one makes an impact - not fighting back

When bitter Phantoms attack to spread their own despair, the victim can choose to remain the same, attackers will flee or learn the secret of a forgiving life, we are always in charge of our reaction to life - though we descend into the pit

With despairing types, we can seek help at the widespread fountains of wisdom and get up again, love is immortal if we choose to make it so...

Margaret Alice Second

Love Is Not A Feeling [rev.]

I believe men can only love women romantically if they've never been wed to one; maybe it holds true for women too who can only unconditionally love a man if they have never been wed to one either; but once husband and wife have to face

Family budgets and the DNA inheritance of their off-spring unconditional love & romance ceases; of a morning he's hostile at her arising, she has to get ready for work and is tired, looking unlike his ideal - and she hates him for hating the kids

He ascribes what's wrong in his life to her being who she is - she struggles with guilt clouds until she cedes, severs ties made in hell; marriages which make it predicate on lack of romantic love, i.e., he sees her for the ugly little thing she is

While she sees him for the accusatory & angry person he is - romantic love only exists where there's no bond: when people share a life, the only thing left to comprehend is this: Love is not a feeling, but a state of the mind

Margaret Alice Second

Love It, Change It, Hold It, Hate It (Revised)

Reading my New Testament favourites
seeking spiritual food - just as anyone
who thinks about an inner, cognitive,
invisible world is likely to do

I love my culture's religious & spiritual
texts because, simply - it's mine, neither
superior nor inferior to each and any
- all unique as inner technique

To approach and direct consciousness;
quantum physics expresses how minds
shape reality - explains how all belief
systems fulfil expectations equally

Personal taste dictates where we feel
at home; meditation and visualisation
through prayer is mind reconstructing
the world into being more than it is

Being joyous is possible because we
are free to do what we please with
everything: love it, change it, hold it,
hate it, forget it, chase it, eat it

I like the way New Testament Apostles
remained gracefully joyful when in jail,
anyone can dislike this meek attitude,
prefer the challenges of violence and

Sweet revenge, making it a more ex-
citing world - and they cannot limit
the freedom of those who prefer to
contemplate life in tranquillity

Looking for significance in every life,
studying history as recorded in the
writings of the Apostles and the great
figures of Eastern Religions...

Margaret Alice Second

Love Story Of Ages

It was wonderful to read about precession of the equinox, De Santillana and Von Deschend's interpretation that old myths and legends illustrated this, now the discovery is that the Earth is not wobbling on its axis but our Sun has a Dark Companion, this movement causes the illusion

Of wobbling while the Earth simply moves with the Sun around a centre formed by two big Stars orbiting each other, everything falls into place with this theory as the Sun spirals around the Milky Way moving up and down like a carousel; the whole Milky Way Merry-Go-Round is

Attracted by an invisible mass in the far depths of the Universe; the phenomenon of earth facing a different sign of the zodiac is real, but it is new that the whole solar system faces inert space together and the Sun is not a lonely Star any more, he has his own binary system

Locked in a dance with his Dark Lady Love circling each other every 24 000 years – this is the Love Story of ages, an intrigue of infinite pages – how much could scribes read into this Stately Dance taking so many years to complete and how lovely that Earth is stable on its axis!

Margaret Alice Second

Love Story Of The Ages [2nd Rev.]

It was wonderful, De Santillana & Von Deschend's interpretation that old legends and myths illustrate precession of the equinox – now I read our planet earth's not wobbling upon her axis, scientists say our Sun is dancing with a Dark Companion Star

Wobbling is illusionary, our blue planet belongs to a celestial court pirouetting to the symphony of the Sun serenading his Lady Star - as they circle each other waltzing around the Milky Way centre where they bow and curtsy, bobbing up and down, then

Start spiralling in a wild carousel to be caught in the forceful attraction - of an invisible minx in the far-off depths, igniting an imbroglio between the 3 beings while our happy blue Planet is regaled by changing zodiac signs; now we know the

Solar System faces inert space together and our Sun is NOT a lonely bachelor - he's locked in a dance with his Dark Lady Love completing a full circle every 24 000 years in the Love Story of the Ages; how much can poets read in this

Stately dance taking so many years to complete creating a dramatic intrigue of infinite pages, and how lovely to know that our blue Planet is safe beneath the firmament - stable on her axis!

Margaret Alice Second

Love The Train Set [rev.]

My 86 year old dad is entranced by trains - went to the Chinese shop to see what they've got - sighted a lovely discount toy train set perfect for his delight, emboldened I bought him a steel steam locomotive too, an ornament to complement the set

I want to help dad set up tracks and get the train to run around their new house down in the Cape; also found him a Swedish cap - can't wait to see Conan wearing this while we are playing, wish I could fly there right now and watch his face, forget there

Ever was a time I could not stand him because of his angry voice - I've always had a fetish with noise - but today I love him so much, knowing what he had been through - amazed he survived when he landed under the hooves of mules as a boy - and when

He had to steal coal to warm his cold parental home where without beds he and his siblings slept in old coats on the floor; oh, how he will love the train set, I can't wait to get there!

[11 July 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Love Them So Much (Cor.)

My dear friend Lobsang Rampa calls humans scruffy, sadistic, selfish and self-seeking - he left out gluttony; when I decide to lose weight the first thing I do is buy lots of chocolate before the self-imposed famine starts

Lobsang's proof is that every being on earth is here to learn through suffering since only those who need teaching can stay here, good spirits are never sent to earth at all; Lobsang holds out such a lovely promise: in the life hereafter we

Shall never meet anyone who is incompatible with us, we shall only meet those who are in harmony with us, if we did not get on with our parents, siblings, spouses or kids, we shan't meet again after death - this makes me

Determined to polish my relationship with the Duchess my twin sis and my parents as I love them and would like to meet them again, I want us all to be in harmony - surely our differences can be overcome - I love them so much!

Margaret Alice Second

Love To Be Here [rev.]

Fairy wings and a glittering white mask,
many hues of roses pink, my Charlotte
Brontë doll with her gentle expression
sitting against a background blue cloth
next to my computer with shiny crystal
string draped over her head and she has
her own table, a sea-horse and milk jug
in a Mad Hatter underwater scene

Mugs of hot chocolate sweet - now to
waken with black bitter coffee, this is
paradise reading documents on failure
in fragile Africa which inspire dreams
of a new dawn, African tribes meeting
500 years ago and today we unified as
one in various shades, from hot copper,
orange and pink to creamy chocolate

Variety is our joy and our camaraderie
overcomes problems eventually - thus
I love to be here in an open-plan office

[6/10/2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Love Will Envelop Him [revised]

Only the finest porcelain, miniature pink roses with patterned white lace, delicate crystal glasses for wine; Conan LOVES dainty things, drinking tea from these delicate cups is kissing a pretty maiden he says

My beautiful cake stand showing prisms in the sun, fine cake forks, cake beautifully decorated with the golden birthday candles, two kinds of cheese cake, salty dish to counteract sweetness in samosas

An intricately wrought metal motorbike fascinating him - he loves toys passionately, my son chose it so I knew it was perfect, so wonderful to see dad here, grey beard and a rugby cap on his head

As soon as he gets up he puts it on he says as his head is cold; I would have been sad about all dad missed if I did not know that life goes on after physical ends and my Conan dad will have

Everything he lacked as a child in the afterlife where abundant love will envelop him...

Margaret Alice Second

Love You Dad

Anxiety, a mental state without explanation, poisons the beauty of life and leads to a never-ending quest for relief: at night I recount my blessings, the safety and well-being which led human beings to colonise the earth, yet every day a dark shadow fills my eye; why was I born with this feeling of foreboding - why

Does feeling well require so much work? I dare not relax and let my mind go - the infestation of weeds and pests happens naturally and I have to fight it all the time, it requires focus and vigilance to keep from despair about just being alive - which is the biggest privilege that was poisoned by I don't know what -

Though I know my father had to go - he was old and had no energy left - when I hear his music, the songs he loved, a feeling of such abandonment overcomes me and I wish he were still here, still breathing with the charm his personality held for me - the hour of his death was so exquisitely timed to save me

My dad gave his life at just the right time to save mine, let me rejoice as he gave me the gift of life twice: thank you dad, your being carried me to safety - thank you so much and I love you dad...

Margaret Alice Second

Love Yourself

The only thing that matters is whether you believe your actions are APPROPRIATE, nothing is more damaging to your psyche than doing things which are wrong according to your own moral code, does not matter how the code evolved - religion or your own thought, it only matters whether you can feel proud of yourself and develop self-esteem

Based on your image in your own eyes; if you keep on breaking laws in which you believe, your life will be miserable and you'll find no sense in existence- or in being loved because you do not love yourself, without this starting point you feel disgust for everything you touch - so beware those who fall in love with you - you will show them just how little

You value yourself by lack of respect for them; their very love will make them despicable in your eyes; so be true to your own ideals lest you start to hate everything your five senses bring into your life...

Margaret Alice Second

Love, Glitter And Sun (Revised)

Inspired by my book & clad in joy this lovely day I graced the pool, and as perfection is always obliging in spite of being told to row upstream - it's a sin for a canoe to speed down on its own - I graced the Sun

who missed me when I left to go inside, hid behind a dark cloud; I solved a solitary typing in the kitchen curse - put my paper doll, her plastic friend and the puppet tiger next to me, a glass lamp is no-longer my only company;

looking forward to tea, with sweetener from shopping this morning awaiting its bitterness is no-longer too horrible to contemplate, also found rusks I can eat with impunity obviating need for meat

Lost my irritating somnolence during the day, life is gloriously better as a dream infuses my being, turns my thoughts to the up-side of everything from which I cannot escape, puts a halo around people and things I love

9 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Lovely Lines

When Madame la Pompadour saw me, she zoomed in admonishing: You are NOT to read or listening to your earphones - Yes, Your Majesty, I meekly acquiesced and took my place as far away as possible from the strict Madame and the rest of the Royalty, kept my delicious book firmly closed - I'm reading "Making Money" by Terry Pratchett and reached the bit about the cabinet that has not been designed by a girl between four and eleven as it contains all colours except pink - the hallmark of youthful femininity - and started to study the Departmental Diary issued to all officials, delighted with the daily meditation or maxim at the top of each page: 'Beauty is not what you see but what you dream' - yuck, say my colleagues, how syrupy, yum, says my own mind, how just like I feel; then 'Kindness is to love people more than they deserve' - there, now I can love my colleagues again, even if they abhor the words that make me glad, 'The true measure of a person is how he treats someone who can do him no good', perfect, now I shall be kind to my colleagues who cannot recognise the beauty in these lovely lines...

Margaret Alice Second

Lovely View From Above

Once again I'm at the bottom of a high peak, cold,
steep and hostile, I want to reach the top, the joy of
completing a difficult job, starting again the painful
climb through impossible terrain, perspiring from the
heat and hating it

Falling over the sharp stones of strange terms, getting
tangled in the poison ivy of ugly lines without metre,
timbre and rhyme, trying to understand and relay an
alienating text about policies and strategies, politicians
making promises in strange terminology

I sacrifice for the desire to reach the top, however bad
the way, the thirst as soothing water of understanding
isn't reached, I must cross this dark terrain to reach the
feeling of accomplishment, see the enchanting view
from above - though I hate the suffering

I LOVE the end result- the feeling of exultation upon
completion of this work, the lovely view from above,
there is no other way to get high enough when we
passionately love the dizzying heights of
accomplishment...

28 JANUARY 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Loving Perspective (Revised)

Doing the right thing for the
wrong reasons works like a
charm as life teaches that
good intentions may have
disastrous consequences

I am a dreamer looking at the
magnificent potential hidden
within reality, divine ideals
always shine in the light of a
loving perspective

Margaret Alice Second

Lovingly Smother [c]

Sister Self-Righteous interrogates delinquent me on the noises emanating from my work station, the mouse falling from the box to lift it high enough for me standing, not sitting, at my do-it-yourself table made from a large piece of strong carton balanced on 2 home-made reinforced boxes to lift the keyboard for typing while standing, and a third box

For the text I'm working on, Sister Self-Righteous is a totally dedicated, moral and ethical phenomenon, so much so I'm against self-congratulating ethics, my inner Meg-Cabot-Juvenile-Heroine explodes onto the scene and makes terrible remarks in my head: What Does Sister Perfect & Self-Righteous Expect, Should I Commit Hara-Kiri Just Because I Can't Sit Down ON

The Torture Instrument They Call a Chair around Here - I wish I were Susan Sto Helit to stop time and clobber the immobile Sister Self-Righteous, preferably breaking her fingers so she can never invade my space with her noisy typing, attacking the keys as if she were sending Morse code in WWII, but hey, I'm not Susan, so as a Meg-Cabot-Clone I would like to lovingly smother

Sister Self-Righteous with a Blue Fantasy Blanket until she joins the Saints where she belongs with her Halo alight & self-righteousness no longer seems like spite...

Margaret Alice Second

Loyal And True [rev.]

Destroyer Obama is killing 50 years of US-Israeli support policy, & in UN Council he promotes anti-Israel resolutions - their sovereignty to be lost with agreement to resume indefensible 1949 borders; a boon to terrorist Palestine which rejects Israel's right to exist - ceaselessly trying to destroy and delegitimize the Jewish state

Israel opposes détente with Iran as it will unleash nuclear armed terrorism while requiring defensive military strikes - and United Arab Emirates, Egypt, Jordan, Saudi Arabia & Israel will need negotiate with Hamas, Qatar, Turkey and the US of A - in a domestic-crisis-Middle East violence unleashed by al-Qaida & Islamic State causing existential

Strife between new Islamic Totalitarianism & the better-known Regular Authoritarianism; there'd be fights against jihadists in Jordan & Gaza; Judean & Samarian Palestinians thus would probably seek protection from jihad hate by coming to Israel while appointment of a Muslim Arab Minister in the new government might bring Arab Israelis home

Will peace ever exist between one superior power governed by integrity & nations opposed following medieval dogma demanding blind trust, exploitation for personal gain & grim survival - destroying ideals of loyalty to their leaders ignorant of ethics & moral codes - Authoritarianism needs absence of creative inspiration; empowerment is Potentate's anathema

In their religious power-base governing tenets which protect reigns established on feudal ignorance, and subject's childish faith in leaders denying notions of human rights, no-one's entitled to anything except a leader or king, who won't trust their subjects - while THEY can't trust their superiors to be fair, righteous, honest, forgiving, loyal and true....

Margaret Alice Second

Loyalty And Truth [rev]

A generation of men scarred by early exposure to pornography lament the destruction of ability to have good relations with those they love; a real intimacy's impossible since real persona is reduced to raw objects in their heads

Imagination's dead when touching real people; no reaction unless visualising cheap and easy sleaze - remaining passive or evincing abject enjoyment in humiliation and pain inflicted, in their real life these men feel no arousal when

Faced with self-assured, assertive individuals who don't like humiliation, pain & shame; now they find they need have pornographic scenes in their mind's eye or they're only robots with their physical responses crudely switched off

By the messed-up wiring in their brain; self-help-groups have been formed to break addiction to these passive-destructive images of sadism as only way to emotional response without visual pornographic views, the body's own

Natural functions are dead, insight into addiction is important as this problem also afflicts women addicted to romance in love stories - expecting domineering men to act in a prescribed way - destroying their ability to normally love boring

Men; author Agatha Christie warned heroines against exciting heart-throbs - recommending the plain and honest, true-in-heart since only integrity and trust equate to loyalty and truth...

Margaret Alice Second

Lucky Me - Finally [rev]

I'm so glad we're moving again - from Kingsley to the Van Wyk Louw-Gebou; as my colleagues debate merits of this new building, I am jogging on the spot ready to go taking the 6th floor stairs while breathlessly singing 'valderi, valdera', & it really sounded good, maybe I should sing softly only when out of breath; lunch was spent

Walking 2 kilometres to check my speed should my beloved agree that I meet him down Madiba Street walking 4 blocks to Nelson Mandela Way; how apt since Mandela is my hero, and this will compensate for Ulrike leaving the Department; it will also afford me incentive, and opportunity, to take exercise seriously - maybe lose weight

It's a challenge to face the chaos and confusion, such sweet frustration which feels like a game - and it's going to be fun, with shops & restaurants galore near the new building & new thoughts and feelings to be engendered while discovering new beings in the vicinity, walking in golden sunshine singing while swinging my bag - yes, this is a

Very good thing, oh, happy lucky me - finally!

Margaret Alice Second

Lugubrious Interpretation [revised]

Due Restitution [REV.]

Instead of asking why they leave the Dutch Reformed Church in droves, the question should be why doesn't the Church lie down, shrink into shame or die - in that day & age condoning apartheid politics as well as it's inspiration is an abomination - biblically interpreting self-fabricated gods who can't survive such atrocities

In Pretoria the Church smugly held Synod after Synod, a city where Africans were not allowed on sidewalks; shame of an ugly past can't be removed - at least let's start by changing the name to Tshwane - Africans not allowed to buy and own a house anywhere, needing a pass to prove some white person vouched for them

Gave them job and a room - & diminished education: preparing whole generations for slavery in their own land - church's guilt from doing nothing more than protesting - except an NG church of damned that led the oppression and thinks a weak apology makes up for the sins of the past - madness, nothing can make

Due restitution for watching people suppressed until they're crushed by regulations; 100 whites only from the Congress of Democrats (COD) went to Kliptown for the Freedom Charter, the rest were going to Hell

[ORIGINAL:

Lugubrious Interpretation

Instead of asking why members leave Dutch Reformed Church the question is why doesn't the church close its doors and shrink in shame, not only condoning crime of apartheid but inspiring it - it's an abomination, no self-fabricated god based on a lugubrious interpretation of the Bible can survive these atrocities

The church smugly held Synod after Synod in Pretoria – the city where Africans were not allowed on sidewalks, the ugly shame of the past cannot be removed - at least let's change the city's name to Tshwane; Africans not allowed to own a house any-where, a pass to prove some white person vouched for them providing a job and a room –

Diminished education, preparing children for slavery in their own country, churches guilty of doing nothing, only protesting – except the NG church of the damned which led the oppression and thinks a weak apology makes up for the sins of the past – madness, nothing can make restitution for watching the people getting crushed by laws and regulations

Only a 100 white people, the Congress of Democrats, went to Kliptown for the Freedom Charter, the rest were going to hell

Do you know what the church's atmosphere was like – now they try to make up by getting sexy ladies in tight-fitting woollen dresses to throw up their hands and sing hallelujah with closed eyes while all the men – and I – gawk and think of other things:

[These words also describe how I felt in my youth:]

mournful, gloomy, sad, unhappy, doleful, Eeyorish, glum, melancholy, melancholic, woeful, miserable, weebegone, forlorn, despondent, dejected, depressed, solemn, serious, long-faced, sombre, sorrowful, morose, dour, mirthless, cheerless, joyless, wretched, dismal, grim, saturnine, totally pessimistic...

[16 January 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Machine Churning Above

I do not care for political scandal and intrigues
because only those with the same moral guilt,
the same capacity for wrongdoing, throw the
stones, whenever they come to power they
become worse dictators

People blaming others for what is wrong just wait
to sing their own song of corruption - I appreciate
them playing games and wish them luck; whistle-
blowers take over from those they sack, no reform
possible in a world where

The morally pure never accuse and never enter
politics, the poor will always be helpless as moguls
play with money and might, I refuse to join any camp
as the game is to become the next powerful despot
and use the poor masses

As fodder to feed the machine churning above, no
self-righteous person can accuse another as we all
have the same ability to commit the same crimes
given that the same circumstances apply to us all...

Margaret Alice Second

Mad And Growing Worse

Lost sense of chronology due to food allergy, unbalanced and feverish and irritable - awful to sit still - as long as there is pressing work to do, it is easier to ignore these symptoms

The quiet of Friday night makes it impossible to live life within separate units of time, it feels as if everything should be happening at once and since they cannot given the limitations of my mind

I feel frustrated, cannot wait for events to happen in sequence: when reading I think I should be watching TV, when watching one thing I suspect I am missing something important somewhere else

Or that I should have been reading an excellent book: full circle, enough to drive one mad, and it does - I'm mad and growing worse...

Margaret Alice Second

Madame De La Pompadour (Revised)

Madame de la Pompadour puts Darcy's condescending aunt in 'Pride and Prejudice', Lady Catherine de Bourgh, to shame by being more arrogant than said worthy Lady ever was when scolding the poor into harmony and plenty

□

Madame declines to come to work like we poor peasants yet regards Mary Poppins disdainfully, judging her useful discovery of an element of diversionary fun in boring jobs a doddle that is wanting in every ethical respect

□

She's blissfully above ethics involved in rigidly maintaining State policy regarding personal leave, stays home indolently claiming social life ineffable excuse to remain insensitive of mutual obligations towards her State employer

Scolding one and all into administrative prowess and bland, textbook translations finely tuned to dissonant registers in which the original score was produced - while emitting clouds of smoke that would be the envy of a Cruella DeVille planning to

make coats from Dalmatian skins; Hannibal Lecter in 'Silence of the Lambs' would be proud to claim her acquaintance as fellow cannibal and Pollyanna, who routinely finds excuses for delinquents, failed come up with quaint innovative pretexts

making a catch-all smoke-screen valid for the Madame's continuous absence - only Sherlock Holmes would be able to find dysfunctional clues particular to which mental screws are loose in Madame's imperious imbalanced indolence...

[ORIGINAL]

Madame de la Pompadour puts Darcy's condescending aunt Lady Catherine de Bourgh in Pride and Prejudice to shame by being even more arrogant than that worthy Lady ever was when scolding the poor into harmony and plenty

While Madame cannot come to work like the rest of the poor peasants; she regards Mary Poppins with a disdainful eye, finding her discovery of an element of fun in every job that has to be done, wanting in every ethical respect

While blissfully ignorant of the ethics involved in following State Policy regarding leave, gaily stays at home claiming her social life as valid excuse for remaining obtuse re obligations towards an employer, scolding one and all into

Administrative prowess and bland, textbook translations finely tuned to the dissonant register in which the original score was produced - while emitting clouds of smoke that would be the envy of a Cruella DeVille planning to make

Coats from Dalmatian skins, Hannibal Lecter in Silence of the Lambs would be proud to claim her acquaintance as a fellow cannibal, Pollyanna always finds excuse for every delinquent, but even she can no longer come up with

Pretexts that would make a valid smoke-screen for the Madame's continuous absence - only Sherlock Holmes would be able to find clues as to which screws are loose in Madame's unfathomable mental processes...

Margaret Alice Second

Made Me Feel [rev]

I waddle & strut like a duck, hobbling behind you as my adrenaline-fuelled joy was declared evil since my quiet depression suits you so much better, reflecting on life I plan that should I lose use of my legs one day, it'll be a sign I'm ready to die: Deepak Chopra, Indian guru who is a charlatan par excellence says: we Humans choose our hour of death & we can stay young until then - well

I lost that as soon as osteoarthritis was decreed as the curse over me- so much for Indian yogi with false hope messages- one day I still believed and the next day my bones creaked and conked in - great, now my mantra's choosing my death & carefully deciding the hour ahead knowing you'll be content, never again horrified by these adrenaline-fired passions for dancing and you'll subside

And sigh as much as you like - without my interfering by laughing and joking inappropriately; and after my death I wish you a very angry wife who'll fight and box your ears when you curse in tears as your superb rugby team loses again - she'll take over household accounts and give you a pitiful allowance frowning at you all the time while I'll be watching and laughing in spirit because she'll make you

Feel like you made me feel too often in life...

[ORIGINAL:]

I waddle and strut like a duck, hobbling behind you as my adrenaline-fuelled joy was declared evil and my calming depression suits your taste so much better- a despondent thought comes:

As soon as I lose the use of my legs it's time to die, like Indian guru Deepak Chopra, charlatan par excellence, says, humans can choose their hour of death and stay young until then - well -

I lost that as soon as osteoarthritis was decreed
as a curse over me, so much for Indian yogi with
false hope messages: one day I still believed and
the next day my bones creaked and conked in –

Great, now my mantra is the death sentence to be
fulfilled by my deciding the hour: you'll be satisfied
as you'll never be horrified by the adrenaline-fired
passion for music & dancing again - you'll subside

And sigh as much as you like without my meddling
by laughing and joking inappropriately, & after my
death I wish you a serious wife who'll fight you and
box your ears when you curse in tears as your

Favourite rugby team loses again – she'll take over
household accounts and give you a pitiful allowance
and frown at you all the time, and I'll be watching in
spirit and laughing because you'll feel as you

Made me feel too often in life...

Margaret Alice Second

Madness Suppressed

Allergy medication seems to press my brain through my skull until it runs out of my ears, thoughts and life force leaving me, I stumble on like a Golem without a chem, unable to accomplish anything

A concentration span of one second at most, one foot in a sandal, the other in flipflops, only one earring, too anxious to stand still long enough to get hold of the other, pressure and confusion mounting

Stopping every task to tackle another one halfdone also, starting on an official text then realising I don't know who I am nor where I am – aha, a dead giveaway that I am no longer part of this universe - where

An actor always knows at least one of these things, I feel worms crawling in my eardrums, takes all my self-control not to fish them out with a sharp knife, I hope allergy attack over before I go irretrievably mad - and

Cannot return to the conventionally normal state of suppressed madness in which we all live...

Margaret Alice Second

Magic On The Quiet

Charmed by the wonderful wit of Terry Pratchett in *Carpe Jugulum*, sharing Agnes Nitt's admiration for the Right Reverend Mightily Oats' kindness in helping Granny Weatherwax under the ruse that she was helping him and Granny's grudging respect for a priest of Om no longer burning witches, not burning in holy fire himself meaning he is truly an honest man and bringer of light to dark places

The ramifications of the situations which reveal the true nature of the protagonists who face them, form a string of magical events that glisten and shine in my imagination just as they do in Indra's heaven where every pearl reflects all the other pearls

The logical consistent action of Pratchett's main characters forming a musical theme that plays through all his books, carefully camouflaged from the regard of the casual passer-by who does not pick up the shining strands to follow them to their harmonious conclusions

Led astray by the science of materialism used to lull unobservant connoisseurs into believing that empiricism forms the basis of Pratchett's edifice –

And I shall leave it at that, delighting in magic on the quiet...

Margaret Alice Second

Magical

Love people unconditionally which means never expect anything, simply enjoy their existence as you enjoy flowers and trees they are not there for you, only remaining aloof you will know peace while delighting in their diversity, never trust them as they are not placed on earth to be worthy, like you - we are all here to enjoy the journey not to serve anybody - here to have fun and never get it done - and only ever be judged by ourselves - which means we are all worthy of self-esteem; magical, isn't it?

Margaret Alice Second

Magical Night-Hours (C)

I have run the gamut of what can be eaten in the office and everything ended in reaction - back to a Spartan existence of ice-water and black, bitter coffee; not knowing what else to do - last night's meal came back up again and everything tastes wrong, maybe a kind soul wants to poison me

To send me back home to the non-physical Astral dimension - whatever, feeling ill is no joy - there's nothing good in eating sawdust and drinking bitter bubbles of carbonated water - therefore starting a new regime, eyes unfocused and head lolling, but after tea with a little sugar I am standing at my

Computer, dreaming of being one of the Magical Night-Hours waiting to play pranks on Night Owls

Margaret Alice Second

Magnificent Obsession [revised]

Chapter Twelve – aspire to some magnificent obsession greater than yourself – be determined, commit to big dreams and ideals

sideline the mundane for a grand target effective in its overall permanence, no trifling, petty frivolities or meaningless chatter, only a good sense of humour

obsolete or redundant tomorrows lack worthwhileness*, will not leave marks or footholds for others to build upon we must set new discovery benchmarks for others

in science, the Arts, industry, stepping stone challenges for future generations, like Mozart, Anna Pavlova, Sister Theresa, Anne Franck, Helen Keller, Jane Austen, Newton and Einstein –

created permanence in their fields, a magnificent obsession with global impact benefiting people in believable and practical form, giving power and drive to create and pursue lifes goals

using strong principles: do unto others, respect self and all others, forgive unconditionally as protection against arrogance and corrupting influences of power

magnificent obsessions keep us strong in hopelessness, focused with spirits raised when crushed and directionless, motivated to realize our dreams...

Based on chapter 12 in "How To Be Motivated All The Time" by Peter J Daniels - 1987 House of Tabor pp 101,102,103* worthwhileness,104

Margaret Alice Second

Main Course And Sauce

Our Department happily paid
one million bucks for nine
pages of absolute junk

A language policy for the land
devised and prescribed by a
group of lawyers out there

The text has not been proof-
read, terms not clarified, the
concept of eleven national

Languages not understood, all
reduced to 5 mother tongues
and the question remains

Why these 5 & not the other
6 languages, we pay these
service providers to fleece

Our fledgling state because the
dear, warm, affectionate people
in charge are easy prey

Don't know how to protect us
against the wolves out there
and it is quite possible

AMCU's mine strike is funded
by outsiders to destabilise so
foreign powers can move in

And who can stop them? No-
body, of course - it's a free
market out there and we

Are the starters, main course
and sauce...

Make My Vision Come True

Dreaming of cascading white lace covering the bedroom's glass door, blindingly white Dutch lace covering the dark wood bookcase, also visualising the coarse-grained cupboards painted alpine white to create an illusion of space in this small room - then

Reality unfolds, cascading lace actually is too demure, just a few humble folds without the foaming effect seen in my mind's eye, the white Dutch lace is reticent too, does not show the phosphorous glow as visualised, the old duvet looks shabbier than ever - I know

It has to go, a vibrant new one should take its place but in what colour, what would please Carine, what kind of design, and most important of all - how to convince my beloved to spend money on her room to make my vision of Carine delighted - come true?

Margaret Alice Second

Make People See [revised]

Wish I could describe my feelings, the alienation of reading articles in magazines loved in my youth which now seem unbearable - and media insisting on forming opinion, imposing one point of view; my estrangement on seeing readers force-fed perspectives

today there's freedom from official creed and religion in enlightening explanation of the world's progress as a magic phenomenon presenting life as a wide-open, self-made intersubjective creation, of amazing empowering ideas known because the free internet brought access

to life-changing information that cannot be suppressed as was the case throughout the ages using censure in the name of politics, morality and education; all these being mass-control mechanisms, unorthodox thinking was kept from spreading, civilizations were subjected, prevented

from growing independent by false assumptions, beliefs and superstitions; today the cage is open - so it's beyond understanding why many people still prefer and enjoy the pre-digested, prejudiced and enslaving precepts of official orthodoxy in all its mind-numbing forms; what will it take

to make people see - they are FREE?

[28 October 2013]

Margaret Alice Second

Make Security Guards Smile

Trying to fix overdrawn credit card, early to bank
calling credit card bureau from there, demanding I
tell them my salary, back to Enquiries to get bank
statement but credit bureau requires gross income,
exactly what I don't have, I give up

Realise it is better not to increase the amount I owe,
I'm such a spendthrift, cannot see how credit would
ever be paid back - hoping I will be dead before the
clarion call for payback comes - I told my beloved
I'm overdrawn - he wasn't angry at all

I can breathe easy again, celebrating a Great Escape
out of an Alcatraz of inner turmoil, tomorrow I can
smile again, singing Hallelujah at the top of my
voice to make security guards smile again!

Margaret Alice Second

Make Them Smile

Water crystals refuse to smile, have you noticed, I stare
at the crystals attached to my white lamp and the crystal
on the edge of the bathtub, all I see is ice-cold beauty, so
charming yet without a smile, without joy

However impressive the geometric arrangement, without
the colour and form of flowers these crystals do not radiate
joy in spite of what Dr Emoto says about crystals formed
after exposing water to prayer, music or pollution

The silver crystal arrangement on my glass stand never
laughs at me, remaining distant and regal, emanating a
silver note only; the flowers in my office laugh in a riot
of colour; yellow and pink vying for supremacy

Pink roses smile with a velvet alto voice; yellow daisies
delight by giggling in a sweet coloratura, joyously, no
wonder fairy tales tell of a small boy enticed by a wild
snow queen to forget the love of his youth

He was finally released by his beloved's warm tears, the
laughter of flowers made him whole - I keep staring at the
beauty of crystals wishing I could make them smile...

Monday 8 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Make Up A Story (Revised)

An article on a spiritual website tells us to make up a story about our origins – the origins of man. Follow imagination wherever it leads, only believe in totems, animals and stars; whatever comes into your mind, accept it as data from the universe – make up your own biological and spiritual identity

Surely if one remains calm, doesn't go undressed dancing in a field, it cannot do harm, but I don't relate to any of the spiritual animals – oh no, I do associate with crocodiles & dolphins; then these I thus must have been in a previous life according to their logic – luckily it doesn't have an

Effect on me now. As for a star, I'm attracted to none; my only hope's they don't fall on my head... Seems to me a spiritual awakening to both of our biological and spiritual origins is still too many light-years away – or maybe I'm watching far too many James Bond movies...

7 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Makes Life Worthwhile (Cor)

And now I know what HATE is - absolute unadulterated hate, driving in peak traffic with a headache trying to reverse into a small space after many years not doing it

Discovering I can't find reverse gear at all, when driving off the road is blocked, make a U-turn on the spot, with taxis everywhere I break every traffic rule without remorse

Winning their respect by doing as they do till ending up behind the ultimate fool who stops dead when we should have crossed the robot; bitter hate welling up making me

Send red-hot rays against myself; not him because every feeling I ever have fills my own self; resting afterwards love returned enveloping me - yes, 'tis love alone that

Makes the world go round, hatred being just a means to lose everything that makes life worthwhile...

Margaret Alice Second

Makes Me Feel So Strange

Got to be depressed in order to do my best,
on my way down, stuck between nowhere
and nothing, not hitting rock bottom and the
documents make me shudder; cannot gather
my wits, press them into the boring aperture
offered by translating the words of another,
don't want to go to bed because time will pass
so much faster and I'm scared of Monday

It is imperative to finish work projects but every
time I look at them I feel like running away, how
to overcome this psychological block, sitting up
tonight waiting to become depressed enough to
tackle reams of meaningless words, the contrast
between my sedentary life and the exciting, chal-
lenging life of my sis makes me feel so strange -
why is it so difficult to be myself?

Margaret Alice Second

Making A Mess [r]

Instead of cutting my way through dense foliage with my machete, I fight the many-headed hydra with my long sword and every time I cut off one head, 2 more appear in its place, doesn't matter which Portuguese term is found, it doesn't make sense in the context and looking up the nouns & verbs separately is not much help, the heat in the office of 26 degrees C contributes to falling asleep as I sit in my chair, this is a life and death fight & requires being intelligent and alert while my head

is governed by the little alien thoroughly bored by the Regulation text, valiantly I fight against all the factors working against my attempt to relay from Portuguese into English with the help of Google translate and exhausted I try to engage a clever brain cell or two to complete my Herculean task, the hydra is lifting its many heads and I fend off an attack on my self-esteem - because it's very difficult to think well of oneself when failing like this, but the fight is a challenge and breaks the

boredom of everyday life, let me continue in my thankless task of making a mess...

Margaret Alice Second

Manifesto [original & Revised]

[REVISED]

Okay – I admit romance does not exist, at least not in this quaint veracity which claims it has a place somewhere but rarely ever here

I shall not cry about discovery of circumstance that fact is non-existent in romance – reality a chance one does not really have to see

Anyone can prove it lives eternally in dreams, a never dying sustenance of many Worlds beliefs with energies too dominant to ever die

If fantasy alive and well then I admit against my better judgement I've been hurt; but add in haste it does not matter since it truly breathes

In Worlds as infinite or parallel, I do not need the proof of our reality – a mere perchance of it as probability enough - the vastness of infinity

allows for every choice and dream or hope and expectation to exist – I do not need accord to see romance, or merely mention the ideal -

of fantasy, hopes, & dreams to make it true for me, I shall avoid reality, live in dreams encompassing imaginings I've always gladly had or harboured to

excess; therefore your attitude, and lack of feeling means a blank to me; cannot kill the vision I shall cherish from now on until eternity arrives...

[ORIGINAL]

Okay, I admit, romance does not exist – at least not in this reality; but the fact that we can dream about

romance is proof it does exist somewhere

I shall not cry about my loss – discovering that
romance is non-existent – reality is only a mirage,
one parallel world amongst many – I do not need

Anyone to prove that romance lives on in our dreams,
nothing can kill it; no negative word, no pain, no dis-
illusionment, can kill the many worlds theory

Where fantasy is alive and well - I admit, against my
better judgement, I have been hurt; but hasten to add
it does not matter since romance is alive and well

In infinite parallel worlds - I do not need proof in our
little world of intersubjective reality – mere possibility
is probability enough - the vastness of infinity

Allows for every choice, dream, hope and expectation
to exist – I do not need you or anybody else to agree
to feel romance; merely mentioning the ideal -

- fantasy, hope and dream - makes it true for me, I shall
leave reality and live within a dream encompassing
every thought, hope and ideal

I have ever harboured; your attitude and being, your lack
of feeling, means nothing to me; cannot kill the vision
I cherish unto eternity...

Margaret Alice Second

Marvel At Wonders [rev]

Science is just a myriad of Wonderland stories articulated using scientific jargon - those in the know smile on establishment's 'mystery plays', knowing magnetic electricity functions in this electric universe & where these insights must

Wait 100 years or more for bureaucracy as a mark of civilisation to catch up; Africa's yet to grasp evolution as a principle - and quantum physics poetry, it will take a very long time to progress through Relativity to Electricity in

Continents insisting on repeating ineffectual Northern hemisphere social experiments of antiquity used & already scrapped - this is a huge opportunity to study the human mind's pre-history development, which Humanity is

Fated to repeat ad infinitum; mankind insists on learning by rediscovering for themselves - by reinventing the wheel hoping for a better result instead of researching sociology and then building on those foundations - to

Marvel at the invisible wonders and beauty of this, our electric universe...

Margaret Alice Second

Marvellous Variety Of Tobaccos

A hookah and a marvellous variety of tobaccos,
cherry and liquorice - this explains his talkative
bouts and strange withdrawals, neatly concealed
in his school bag, I sighed, resigned; he probably
acquired the habit at school, my colleague went
through the same thing with her kids, the question
is whether to keep quiet or discuss it with him

The conclusion is foregone, of course I shall have
to discuss it, the knowledge will haunt me, I have
to tell him I packed his bag as we are going home
and discovered his secret; my preference is peace
but this is important, he must feel free to indulge
with our consent so we can keep track of what
is going on even if we cannot forbid him

To do things that are not good for him; everybody
says parenting is not easy - amen to that, fathering
is a serious thing for his dad, mothering for me is an
attempt to show my kids my love covers everything;
1 Corinthians 13 about love forgiving completely, so
often wrongly read at weddings; only ever applies to
a mother's love - I think

Margaret Alice Second

Mask Of Meaningless Remarks (Revised)

If only there was a spark of hope somewhere,
something to give me the courage to endure
entombment, anything to look forward to while
my mind riles against being buried, watching the
friendly gravediggers pour sand over my cask -
something behind my mask of expressionless,
meaningless remarks helping time pass

I'm tired, a fatigue so big it engulfs the whole
world, destroys every word that ever seemed
precious to me; sinking, eyes closing, body
stiffening - and you unaware, only too glad
this is a noiseless prisoner; belief in freedom
to create a different afterlife sweetens the
passage of time but requirement to look at
dead bodies all the time is so sickening...

Margaret Alice Second

Masochistic Punishment [rev.]

Motivation, inspiration lost, moon-boot
animosity towards box underneath my
desk serving as the throbbing, injured
left-foot rest, did my best, yet haven't
kept my head - feeling overwhelmed

My beloved document lost its allure in
a war for comfort, work station's a mess,
kettle short-circuited, dirty mugs and cups
proclaiming me a hobo in a dirty den - I'll
have to clean up before I can work again

Now its been done; the offensive footrest
box got worse and the black moon-boot
sock still escaped purgatory but I breathe
in peace now while venting my frustration
WHY did this thing ever happen to me

One guru complacently declares I did it to
myself as a deserved form of masochistic
punishment for my sin of judging another
person - without knowing anything about
them, unaware of the log in my own eye

While focusing on an imagined splinter in
the eye of another, whose life is not mine
to judge - and I'm sorry...

[23 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Masters Of Illusion

Love is a wonderful form of self-delusion, a game anyone can play with a willing teammate on the basis of an illusionary ideal of affection that can be filled to perfection by anyone interesting, relying on chemistry and shared interests

We are all able to become masters of illusion- but the only authentic question is do you love yourself, do you enjoy your own company - if your answer is NO, you are guaranteed that no love relations will work for you, you need the loved one to pick you up

Keep you amused and entertained all the time, should the beloved become too weak to take care of your needs, your love will flee as it is based on a loving slave combination; only those who are happy in themselves and can share their general well-being

With another happy person, stand a chance of long-lasting love relationships in which partners remain relatively independent; if anyone wants to leave, it is never the end for the one who stays behind – given this paradigm; it is no wonder that there is almost no chance

That love will last, in our culture love is seen as a selfish concern – the beautiful, adored person must conjure happiness out of a hat, only true magicians are acceptable as life partners – a normal human being is never enough!

Margaret Alice Second

May God Take Revenge

Rereading Psalms makes me realise without a Vengeful God to take revenge on those who disrespect peaceful lives, life is not worthwhile

I'm looking forward to the punishment God will wreak upon them who insist on fostering gabapentin and Lyrica-pregabalin on those without protection against exploitation & trust He will see to it that the unscrupulous medicos suffer every symptom endured by everyone who took these drug and suffered trying to come off them

My highest wish is everyone who had a hand in spreading these toxins be forced to take them indefinitely, feeling the same pain and despair of a body wracked by inflammatory cells and fever and dying cells and muscles destroyed by disintegrating enzymes; may every doctor who wrote a prescription without researching the evil done by these drugs suffer depression, anxiety and personal disintegration - my deepest wish is

May Pfizer which refused to withdraw it from the market suffer bankruptcy, may its directors suffer with unending itching, may their feet & legs burn with every step they take, may they grow deaf with tinnitus and blind with dry, burning eyes; may they suffer rotting teeth, receding gums and lose their hair; may they have mouth sores and throat ulcers & may rotting intestines be cut from their insides

May they have water on the lungs, may they have trouble breathing, may their hands turn into arthritic claws and their joints burn with gout ad infinitum, may they suffer three strokes each at least, may they have untold hallucinations and black-outs causing them to crash their cars into each other and fall in the street and may their unstoppable temper tantrums cost them their families and jobs

May every problem they forced on every sufferer
devolve on them and keep them busy for an eternity

Margaret Alice Second

May I Rest In Peace [rev.]

May I rest in Peace - [REV.]

Nici overjoyed, after the call she has a new job,
she was afraid of being unemployed, scared of
losing her love, starving to death on her own as
she aged all alone; her eyes sparkled in delight

Now with a new job no fears are left - only how to
arrange early departure from the studio to start
immediately; so glad for my daughter I forgot the
rules that make life work, referred to a time

When the Lord & Master of Crocodile Castle left
me because I seemed to have lost my job - this
was an error - Scorpio King had to involuntarily
lash out & sting me, angrily declaring I was out

Of line, it was all my fault we broke up for a time;
sighing I mantle myself in deep, dark guilt, march
to the guillotine & beheading for misdeeds of my
youth again - quietly I lay my head on the block

Close my eyes as my head is lopped - a fitting
end for big, bad, evil me; & thus may the world
be protected from me - may I rest in peace...

[11 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Mea Culpa

Resting my moonboot-foot on a discarded printer under my desk while fighting through this day of discomfort caused by my eating cheese grillers and homemade bread - all which could have been avoided by fasting

Mea culpa - I study the life of St Theresa of Avila to learn about inner peace; but as she believed in suffering in silence and achieving divine ecstasy through self-flagellation, she might not be the right role model for me -

Though I would be glad if noisy Mimi in the office would take up St Theresa and be quiet for a while; as for me, nothing but a dive into icy- cold water can save THIS crocodile, yet torn ligaments do not allow such liberty

We have to endure Mimi's endless noise and she doesn't seem likely to discover the delights of self-flagellation any time soon, wish we could make her see why she needs to change....

[10 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Meagre Two Hours

The only thing I did is to come to work, tired,
struggling for breath - colleagues complain
about strong smell of sewage in reception &
on the stairs, the probable cause of losing
consciousness & waking up when my chair
rolls back, tired I read my text just to find

Cotton wool or cobwebs swelling inside my
head, the culprit - the Benstra Building next
door is spilling sewage into our parking area;
I switch on the portable air-con and fight the
anxiety about leaving my post as it's my wish
to fight and remain at the side of my brave

Colleagues manning the trenches in spite of
the smell and parking hazards - my beloved
counsels 'Go home and rest' but I'm too tired
to make such a momentous decision, aching
ears while brain switches to emergency mode,
I'm breathing again - hoping I can stay longer

Than just a meagre two hours at work

Margaret Alice Second

Meant To Accept

I admire the great achievements of Christians,
special believers like Tim LaHaye delineating four
temperaments and overcoming them through the
work of the Holy Spirit, I tried to emulate them in
my youth and found to my chagrin I could not

Every fear called a sin simply means being human
the most sinful state of existence, until we can stop
being normal, we are instruments of evil, what a pity
all my attempts at changing into a holier me ended
disastrously; while acknowledging their good results

I admit to being condemned to live my life as I am,
without external infusions - in my defence, I worked
at religion, only gave up when nothing happened,
concluding I was meant to accept all assumptions
and spiritual groups as each other's equal

This is why exposure to their delights
never had any effect...

'Why You Act The Way You Do' - Tim LaHaye

Margaret Alice Second

Meditation On Dad's Mind [rev]

Mom is agitated, speaks breathlessly, her voice trembles - a loving autocratic religious fanatic, but I could not stand her ravings as my dad was dying - cutting her off when she tried to repeat her endless stories in an acute religious fervour

I walked off when she watched the noisy pastor with his gurgling, falling-about disciples receiving a spirit or something, a huge show, but I cannot stand concerts. Now mom's lost without dad to take care of, without dad to fill her refined world

With his raucous voice; and she misses him, his sense of humour and irritating habit of switching on his folk music far too loud, of listening to the news at highest volume - & then there's Daniel, dad's gardener who was more Dad's close

Companion for whom dad prepared tea and sandwiches - Daniel still waters the garden & still sits in his corner quietly, still remembers dad's passion for green, growing things - back to my meditation on dad's MIND wandering other dimensions

Margaret Alice Second

Mellowed With Vodka And Gin [revised]

Mellowed With Vodka And Gin

Preparing for the wedding, found high-heel shoes to create an illusion of being well-groomed, walking in them is painful, no way can I stand for any length of time, I will have to carry comfortable shoes with me; my feet hurt and my body hates me, how does one obtain forgiveness for this indiscretion of vanity and pride - don't know what else to but cannot spoil the event by looking like a common slob

THIS is the reason drug-use proliferates - nonsensical fashions like these require the body to hurt, high-heel shoes demand doses of heroine spiced with cocaine, mellowed with vodka and gin to ease the pain; fashion keeps drug wars alive and sadistic grooming leaves a trail of people in agony; only pain-killers enable the insanely indiscrete jumping around in high-heel boots, fashion sandals and shoes -

I love my nephew and show respect by grooming - but I cannot walk far or stand for a long time; it's the greatest sacrifice I'm willing to make, my poor feet, how they'll hate me for ages to come! Hope nephew realises I'm willing to go the extra mile, though only by car, I cannot walk but in order to accommodate his wedding, IF I make it there, I may be hospitalised with broken ankles and chronic pain - all because of these shoes!

Saturday 2 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Melodic Themes

A beautiful stained glass cathedral lamp,
a white heart-motive decorated book stand,
silver wire containers covered in silk and
elegant roses, classic journals with velvet
and leather covers and textured pages -
inspiring dreams of unique first editions

Yet I came home with Fantasia, orchestral
sound producing beautiful pictures through
Chladni's figures; material objects being
frozen manifestations of sound patterns -
ideas and dreams expressed in melodic
themes – creating the visible world

As a series of fossilised moments in an
eternal process of infinite becoming...

Margaret Alice Second

Melodies Without Sound (Revised)

The first time I was asked for my ideal I said To become Faust and learn everything there is; by dramatic phrasing I meant being a student forever- she derisively replied, Get real child, what a pretentious ideal - I was deeply mortified

Studied philosophy, science, quantum physics and relativism, wondered about astronomy; astrology explained the characters we deal with in life; read everything that evoked my curiosity, unsure where the quest would lead - the joy of doing it an end in itself - and while stimulating discussion is limited

I write to clarify emotional problems, practise the art of expression and learn to use sonorous words to create melodies without sound, learning from the poet I most admire because - HIS poetry sings at all times

Margaret Alice Second

Melody In Soft Gilded Brown

In a secret place in my heart there always
is a heroine playing the piano, tonight she
played Schubert's Impromptu in E-flat major
beautifully, rolling whirlpools of light-flashing
notes encircling a melody in soft gilded brown

Whorls turning and turning, I followed in a dance
moving to and fro, up and down, weaving musical
lines in my heart until the circles heaved in emotion,
reaching a peak and the gilded melody in soft velvet
brown calmed everything down

The secret place in my heart engulfed everyday
life, revelling in remembrance of every great love,
assigning delight to everything, every ray of sun-
shine, every moonbeam safe in a place where no
blight of being can touch - a Platonic world

Of perfect ideas where beauty remains an ideal
calling the dreamer forth - briefly adorning the
face of every smiling human being...

Margaret Alice Second

Memo To Myself

Memo to myself - reread "Bible Code" by Michael Drosnin and here comes the hot flush caused by the caramel sauce in a tin I thought would be a great restorative elixir for vital energy to face this day, convincing myself allergy symptom is a good way of getting creative, how can I know this is not so, every time I grow deeply depressed due to neurological dysfunction I do my best to do my work which I cannot do in a good mood because then I want to dance and sing - think of new dreams and meditate on wonderful future visions...

Margaret Alice Second

Memory Lingers (Revised)

Compiled a 'to do' list in a whirlwind start,
security took my fingerprints for clearance,
I'm vindicated, my existence has meaning,
I've just proved I'm me with qualifications

Friends vouched acquaintanceship, name &
ID of every family member; were I suffering
amnesia I could so easily look myself up - it
makes me feel brilliant - only thing lacking

Is a pharmacy full-colour passport photo,
then I can identify my face too; 'Diamonds
Are Forever' James Bond could use my ID
and fingerprints to fool smugglers -

Really for a moment I am Jill St. John adding
'Tiffany Case' to my extensive repertoire; how
can everyone bend over their desks in cool
concentration when so many whimsical

Dreams await to be dramatized - let me write
down my fantasy freed restraint then continue
in cold boredom afterwards - secure while the
memory lingers in my heart...

Margaret Alice Second

Memory Will Endure (Revised)

'Cent Mille Chansons' stirs memory, beautiful voice, melody of such bitter-sweet nostalgia, a whispering spirit crying in the cupboard: no drag worm relates stories of new knights and dragons

Just dream sustained characters who take their bows, spirits bolstered by lyrics of this song, there always will be a hundred thousand loves – and castles and stars to remain untouched by us

One hundred thousand horizons of love, we shall add new another romance as we join a hundred thousand lovers in the blue sphere of earth; the world will never need to know –

but memory endures a hundred thousand years in my sensitive soul

[ORIGINAL:]

Listening to Cent Mille Chansons stirred a memory: a beautiful voice, a melody conveying such bitter-sweet nostalgia - the whispering spirit in the cupboard crying: there is no dragworm to tell me a new story of knights and dragons

Just dreams sustain as my characters take their bows, the spirit bolstered by the lyrics of this song, there always will be a hundred thousand loves; castles and stars will remain untouched by us in this ocean of love, there will always be

A hundred thousand horizons, we shall add another romance as we join a hundred thousand lovers in the blue sphere of the earth; the world will never know - but the memory will endure a hundred thousand years in my sensitive soul...

s "Cent Mille Chansons" Frida Boccara

Il y aura cent mille chansons
Quand viendra le temps des cent mille saisons
Cent mille amoureux
Pareils à nous deux
Dans le lit tout bleu de la terre
Cent mille chansons rien qu'à nous
Cent mille horizons devant nous
Partagés de bonheur
Tout étalé de nos cœurs
Et des châteaux insensés
Et des bateaux étoilés
Et des étoiles oubliées
Et tes yeux et mes yeux
Dans un océan d'amour

Il y aura cent mille chansons
Quand viendra le temps des cent mille saisons
Cent mille maisons
Gravées à ton nom
Parmi les moissons de la terre
Cent mille chansons rien qu'à nous
Cent mille horizons devant nous
Partagés de bonheur
Tout étalé de nos cœurs
Et des pays reconnus
Et des forêts éperdues
Et des chagrins défendus
Et tes yeux et mes yeux
Dans un océan d'amour

Margaret Alice Second

Mental Anti-Virus

The pastor's wife has very strict mental anti-virus in her head and mind, she doesn't read anything that contradicts her faith & strong conviction - tho' it's clear that this strategy keeps her safe - I could never emulate this since a limited mental world, in conjunction with my limited physical one, would suffocate my spirit and destroy my soul - I think it wonderful to stop and feel you have arrived - but I enjoy the journey too much to ever stop in my life!

Margaret Alice Second

Mental Escape [rev]

A heat wave & Scorpio beside himself I dared hang curtains to screen the sun's reflection on new backyard paving; Scorpio blissfully made it into a concrete desert by 'mirroring' its heat reflection 100%; heat hurts my head, I need a shell to hide from radiation - & thus Scorpio's elated while I felt nauseous and had to take two of all available painkillers

Ringed ears, heart sore after Scorpio's blasé and involuntary attack, tonight I find that bright lights & noise aggressively invade the senses leaving my mind unfocused & I fear backyard radiation changing kitchen into an oven & no kind shade left as all trees've been removed leaving house exposed in the unusual heat; a cool grass-covered lapa's available if dancing

Heatwaves miraged in the burnt backyard can be crossed wearing two hats - bit like Mustrum Ridcully's custom-designed wizard-hat - & this idea improves my mood, the links with Pratchett characters uplift consciousness making it okay to dive into Nodame's lovely Cantabile music on my laptop, free at last - perfect mental escape...

Margaret Alice Second

Mental Fire Extinguisher

Tackling the mountain of today with my usual bag of fears and anxiety, fighting the dragon of encroaching meaninglessness in my head, fighting mirror images everywhere, comforting myself with the bitter truth, it doesn't matter

Life's dragging its feet without adventures, listening to the inner voice exhorting me to seek things intrinsically beautiful without a need to justify existence, use of such concepts will be crowned with success and answers to my requests

In the best universe ever conceived, my only problem is a continuing fight against routine, the lack of challenge and a never-ending search for a legal spark to ignite feelings with which to colour these grey freezing days lacking interest

My life is a lesson in the art of enduring boredom with patience, of living without the emotions which have been outlawed, of remaining calm and unconcerned as Rome burns, a mental fire extinguisher has not been invented yet

Margaret Alice Second

Mental Neglect

Lyrica - pregabalin - is a substance silencing the brain to stop those who have the infernal audacity to complain of pain, shut-up and bear it or risk the prescription of a brain-synapse-destroying poison

I used to wonder why society did not kill members who make life hell for others by complaining about their health all the time - well, logically, this is what the wonderful medical establishment is doing; if you

Can't cure them, kill & bury them, hoping to remove those genes from human genome pool, nobody with those kind of complaints should spread the mind fog, aches & words of protest against the physical mess

In which they exist, are silenced by legal substances: I thank Lyrica for worsening my allergy symptoms to the point of my blacking out while standing upright; I prefer death to living with the negative personality

And lack of self-expression I've failed to overcome through years of mental neglect....

Margaret Alice Second

Mere Ethical Rules

Tried to engage you in conversation about Libya,
you refused, more interested in rugby game feuds,
I thought I could prepare for my horrible document
by getting other people's opinions, bought and read
two newspapers, they all said was Zuma did not
like what NATO did in Libya

I still have to translate my propaganda text; nowhere a
hint to stop being angry at the way my country presents
a bad performance when the UN and AU are involved –
you happily watch rugby on TV, I can't reach a teacher
to tell me how to resolve my feelings, when we ask, we
are told the answer resides inside

In our own mind – well, I'll have you know, the only things
I cherish are series of juvenile literature, every book I come
across delineating sweet ideals - the rest is so much dross,
modern society awards prizes to stars while denouncing
teenagers for doing the same thing unauthorised
- be famous first –

A world preaching moral behaviour while adoring those
who act immorally - have you not already realised that
trust, optimism and hope weigh more on the scales
of accomplishment than mere ethical rules?

Margaret Alice Second

Mermaid Thoughts

I'm a mermaid alone crashing through the depths of the open seas, sinking into the abyss to watch the strange creatures there, then back to the ocean's surface, swimming with long strokes far beyond the breakers on the reefs - as shape-shifter I get up to walk on the beach and lie down under my favourite fir tree where the North Wind, a great friend, sighs his message through the needles and other trees

Leaves - I enter my cave to erect my own bulwarks against the sun's merciless heat with a big gift bag, towel and beach umbrella - everything in blue - within the turquoise sheen of the blinds, I already have fruit cake to celebrate Christmas within the beautiful Miracle-Play symbolism constructed by consciousness - currently I think consciousness is a unit of many different electric cables conducting

Energy; after leaving the signal box of a physical body turned into a corpse, the electric energy particles flow into new cables which weave themselves into beings as eternally continuing individuals which form part of the virtual reality within an indestructible hologram always creating new patterns and designs forever - at this point in my musings I decide to look for my Scorpio who would be strutting his stuff in his own

Virtual universe which affords all kinds of thoughts and amusement when I visit him...

Margaret Alice Second

Metaphysical Independence [rev.]

Originally called "Vryburgers" - Voortrekkers were isolated from European Nations and Colonialism for 200 years; reduced in the Eastern Cape to a small minority, a politically subsumed group after the notorious British 'Xhosa pacification policies'

Scorched-earth-extermination-ambit forced them to concede to a powerful colonial authority in an artificially created Union of South Africa with its Homicidal-Suicidal-Slave-based-Fiscal-Policy-of-Apartheid, ready to explode when impoverished

Peoples demand retribution, the small remnant of Voortrekkers, always having rejected Colonialism were set up for annihilation by leaving the Cape and fighting two wars against British forces, so the descendants are exterminated in continuing

Attacks on farms ignored as unimportant in the new happy-go-lucky country of ours where we mess up children's futures and Government is fleeced by fraudsters of all kinds, promising jobs to come and never do; governing a country like

South Africa is a complete mystery, hopeless for service delivery, hospitals rat-infested pits to patients and unwilling staff; only one African dream is seen: Become the elite rich as fast as possible - no clue how to clean up a grasshopper-existence mess left

Without guiding light we can't care for previously disadvantaged, excellence is suspect as it divides; everything is sacrificed on the altar of equality - the past black-and-white South Africa is now a prism, shining in all colours: it is a land of milk-&-honey

For sharks, a plum to be consumed, green haven for criminals, sanctuary for Africa's refugees; the shimmering Orange of Vryburger Republiek origins

resisting British assimilation creates a vision living
a metaphysical independence amongst their

African brethren, yet maintaining their dreams of
excellence - I love them as much as my fancy-free
African friends - Africa can't change as yet - but no-
one knows what tomorrow will bring, infusing love
into this mêlée creates possibilities; - excitement

Stirs in care-free air forming shining worlds where
we are free to create our world anew...

[ORIGINAL:]

Voortrekkers were originally called 'Vryburgers'
isolated from European nations and Colonialism
for 200 years; then reduced to a small minority,
a politically subsumed group after the notorious

Anglo-Auschwitz-scorched-earth-extermination-
policy-success that forced them to give in to the
powerful Colonists in an artificially created Union
of South Africa with its Homicidal-Suicidal-

Slave-based-Fiscal-Policy-of-Apartheid, ready to
explode when the impoverished peoples demand
retribution, the small remnant of the Voortrekkers
were set up for annihilation for always having

Rejected British Colonialism by leaving the Cape
and fighting TWO Wars against British forces, so
their descendants are exterminated in continuing
attacks on farms which are ignored as

Unimportant in the new happy-go-lucky country of
ours where we make a mess of children's futures
and the Government is fleeced by fraudsters of all
kinds, promising jobs to come - which never do

Governing a country like South Africa is a complete

mystery, no hope for service delivery and hospitals
rat-infested pits for patients & unwilling staff; only
one African dream is seen: Become the elite rich

As fast as possible - no clue how to clean up the
mess left by a grasshopper existence, without a
guiding light we can't take care of the previously
disadvantaged, excellence is suspect as it divides

Everything's sacrificed on the altar of equality; the
black and white South Africa of the past is a prism
now, shining in all colours: the land of milk-and-
honey for the sharks, a plum to be consumed

A green haven for criminals and a place of safety
for Africa's refugees; shimmering with the Orange
of the Vryburger Republiek guarding their origins
against assimilation by the British and living

A vision of metaphysical independence amongst
their African brethren; following their dream of
excellence - I love them just as much as my
fancy-free African friends

Africa can't change as yet - but no-one knows
what tomorrow will bring, infusing love into this
mêlée creates new possibilities; excitement is
stirring in the care-free air

Forming shining worlds where we are free
to make something new ...

[19 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Might Be [revised]

When I explained why I could not follow my colleagues' conversation you pointed out they were right and I was wrong; it made me glad you're as normal as they - and sad I wasn't like you or them, but so it is, precisely

And why should I expect your understanding, I married you because you were normal - and thus it ground me to earth - frequently I've said I could never survive with someone like me. Regrettably you don't think my

Weirdness brings much to you & yours - another thing I have to accept, plus being outsider to normals who routinely take charge of everything - oh well, maybe in heaven* there might be a place for me

[*heaven = any other place but this earth]

[26 December 2013]

Margaret Alice Second

Mind Burning

Wanted: a new anthropomorphic personification called Failure to fill in for Death so well known – together with War and Pestilence – Failure is targeting me, his presence is worse than Death could ever be

This morning my computer refused to change password, when it finally changed a failure message appeared for every document sought: Microsoft Office Word has encountered a problem, documents closing with dead-pan finality

With nary a by-your-leave, reducing me to the production of nothing this whole day, my mind burning with noxious fumes, and if I had weapons of mass destruction at my disposal I would have blown up the world because it is so horrible to suffer like this – as it is

All I can do is seek consolation and escape in food and drink, the only two deadly sins I can indulge in with impunity as society does not indict people with moral sin for it; for anything else, we would be ostracized - Suffer, you Sinner, born in Sin, the Bible blithely tells us –

Suffer the wages of sin!

Margaret Alice Second

Mind Power Only [rev]

I had such great expectations of old age - being at ease in my skin - but no, it has not happened yet - just spent today as confused within the loss of chronology as I was in my youth, just not able to do anything as time did not progress in a line, every horizontal movement became intertwined

With loops going up and down - my mind jumped around so that life was a burden to be suffered & countered with the medicine which did not work - were I older, it would have been called dementia but since this comes from my childhood, it's just my brain's short-circuiting electrical wiring -

Reliving the loneliness of childhood yet again destroys my mental peace; it is so unfair after a period of relative ease - if only some ideal would become so strong it overcame mental distress - but I've no dream or vision to lift me over this spell; today I wore black as one of the nightshades in a

Fairytale, unable to play a positive role I took a dark part - tomorrow I'll return to the dungeon to seek a map navigating a colleague's ice-cold, closed mind opposing every sunny idea, poetic image, dream of freedom, who changes my life to a new form of imprisonment, combated with mind power only

Margaret Alice Second

Mind Streams [rev]

It was to be a treat - reading alternative theories on the origin of the universe and different beings from other dimensions and planets living with us, looking for ideas on a hollow earth where lizards & dragons give birth to reptiles, & shape-shifters threaten us secretly; the author claims to receive the information from his Oversoul... Lucky him,

My Oversoul never talks to me, it's a construct in fact, and could tell anybody anything with no way of testing for veracity; everything has potential to be true through our belief, & accordingly created, so our ONLY challenge is deciding what we wish to do: I wish to find the loving lines of reality - but my mind seems to be hollow now...

I'm probably one of David Icke's empty hologram people without a soul - no wonder I'm depressed on Icke's earth, it is the universe's bleakest place - his visions appear as a nightmare mess of alien lives & soulless humans, & I quickly leave before I become embroiled in these threats to humanity - though my own mind's winding down, it still is

The entrance to my inner cathedral, & even when I'm locked out because I dabbled too long in other mind streams, it always opens up again and I can chase beautiful thought-forms; and all the while - using the mesmerising eyes of porcelain dolls as the standard for the enjoyable illusions I create...

Margaret Alice Second

Mindless Delight

Not swimming nor riding waves,
but floating to become one with
the undulating waves and the
sphere of the sky, floating -

Then sleeping on the beach till
thinking ceases in contentment,
my delight is to float unfettered
and free, experiencing concepts

Known as words only, my self
abandoned to something bigger
than I, restrained by mischievous
waves I can't stand, churning

In foam with rocks scraping knees,
the clouds connect sea and sky
and I rest in nature's endless bounty,
lost my mind in the enchanting

Lilt of these lazy waves lifting me
before I roll into a breaking wave;
words fail to describe joy in be-
coming bare awareness

Free from conscious ideas, reduced
to pure sensation while being rocked
in the cradle of the sea, nothing can
convey this quiet feeling of

Mindless delight

Margaret Alice Second

Miniature Rainbows [rev]

Stuck here in time with a wound on my arm
Alice thought, with the Duchess on her way,
in my hand Petruschka's gift, a paperweight
I think is great - a beautiful transparent key-
ring and silver glitter for my Duchess & her
crystal consciousness, a weighted table net

covering for dishes when her entertainment
requires such finesse, a lovely book for the
Queen of Hearts, an illustrated treasure that
I found difficult to part from - all presented in
white & silver gift wrap; I can't wait to hand
these over hoping that my love shines in the

gesture, may our meeting be blessed and
may they have adventures & challenges &
then rest peacefully content; their presence
seems such an unexpected joy, time & place
still have to be determined to suit all parties,
may fences be mended such that they will

feel welcome where my prismatic crystals
shine in miniature rainbows...

Margaret Alice Second

Ministry Of Gobbledygook [rev.]

There was so little to say that I said it with aplomb,
and like so little in statistics I embroidered details
of when writing my Assessment, told the listening
ears of fun in translating bureaucracy of a country
in Africa with noun strings forming new amalgams
such as "Public Service Work Force Numbers" &

Strange appellations "Ministry of Budget Payroll
Department' and the "Public Service Payroll"; it's
funny since terms coined by author Joan Aiken, i.e.,
"Ministry of Alarm & Despondency" describe where
readers are told a laundry basket at the entrance
receives all unwanted correspondence

There's a General Gloom Division where people
carry Magic Insurance cards and complain to the
Public Magician; after such a story it's delightful to
be employed by our Ministry of Cultural Goons in
the Division for Magicking Blue & White into Red
and where we have to account for every official

Gulp of oxygen we take, explain the effect of our
star sign on the shoes we choose to wear & why
we burst into tears when the word aircon is used,
wear sleeveless tops in the middle of winter and
leg warmers through summer; I love our Superb
Ministry of Gobbledygook & Diddlydoo for

Fiddlesticks where music notes follow me in the
air as I float down the stairs yodelling with joy -
for being alive in Voltaire's best of all universes,
if you know what I mean

Margaret Alice Second

Miracle Disclosure (Revised)

Reading 'Good Omens' – Antichrist Adam Young and his gang have fun with Tibetans and Flying Saucers – in conjunction with The Science of Discworld which 'David Attenboroughishly' explains evolution as if it were an already proven and therefore universally accepted Gospel Truth – while it

is still only another childish theory, a speculative hypothesis no better or worse than Creationism, but creating the same reputation for itself by launching attacks on other theories and posing as the Modern Age equivalent of Miracle Disclosure; while ALL these theories are illusion

made-up narratives explaining mysteries of existence with no entitlement to claim any final revelation of the true state – sanctimonious and condescending tones of New Western Materialism sounds even worse than the Middle Ages Inquisition – and in our universe ALL being as speculative and unprovable as each other!

"Good Omens" – Terry Pratchett and Neil Gaiman,
Corgi Edition 1991

"The Science of the Discworld 1" Revised Edition
Jack, Pratchett, Terry, Stewart and Ian Cohen
Kindle – bought from Amazon

Margaret Alice Second

Miracle Of This Moment

Enjoying the global world through the Internet sharing the breathless delight that produced a halo round Simon Cowell's head & made Piers Morgan beam like a light -when eighty-year old grandmother Janey Cutler from Glasgow got up and made the audience clap -for her courage to walk on stage and sing "No Regrets" in a voice as strong and amazing as her resilient spirit

All started to cheer inflating with pride at sharing life with her representing us - feisty & charming as we all wish to be at her age, and in my usual obsessive way I replay the video over and over heart swelling until I am no longer tethered to this office but fly in the sky wishing to imprint my soul with the miracle of this moment in order to carry the memory forever

Janey Cutler - Britain's Got Talent - Glasgow
Eighty Years Old 2010

Margaret Alice Second

Miraculous Events [rev]

Being at a loss about what to do I got more food & ate as if on death row - as if having to taste my favourite sweets before life as we know it is over; currently home life's

Like living on a volcano spewing fire & lava - your Prima Donna moods & determination to not have any conversation about news that seems relevant to me has become an

Obstacle to the free-flow of thoughts - and my erstwhile best friend will not talk to me, will not consider my theories nor anything important I wish to express - now how can

I go on: - I tried to withdraw into the inner cathedral of my mind only to find I've lost the way, cannot enter at present: There is no inner sanctuary - my heart's turning

Into stone, I play the role of being me and imitating myself, yet there's nobody behind the mask; seems like inspiration is lost as life holds no interest - tomorrow I'll reread

Parts of The Mayan Prophecies by Gilbert & Cotterel & construct a temporary haven for my mind until life returns to its normal imbalance where life is fun & we shall be

Able to laugh again until the joy we feel changes life into a magical story where miraculous events become common occurrences...

Margaret Alice Second

Mischievous Spirits [rev]

We government translators are not permitted to do interpreting - not part of our job description - thus it makes perfect sense to attend a meeting where interpreting is discussed - we'll recognise what it is we're not sanctioned to do, enable our recognising the mistake - & if we stumble upon interpreting by chance, to stop immediately

It's a no-no for staff of our Translation Section to dabble in interpreting, the clever presenters know we're too dense to figure out differences between simultaneous & consecutive explication, whispered or out-loud for everyone; apparently it's a necessary milestone to learn how each one works, the speaker of the Justice Department emphasised the problem

Of deciding which clients deserve court interpreters & why in a court of law it's SO important to interpret correctly - I'm gratified having had dangers of such misdeeds explained - now I'm sure I won't stumble into court interpreting, mistakenly practicing illegal interpretation when we're just Government Service Language Practitioners - it's very possible that we

ALL might recognise our sin if we're tricked into an iniquity of illegal, forbidden interpreting - and thus immediately stop as per government order; though I'm stumped as to who these mischievous spirits might be who'll want to play us that trick

Margaret Alice Second

Misguided Enthusiasm [rev]

The days of my youth when I loved anything new,
found Dianetics & thought it true our minds made
videos of every event in our experience, but how
wrong I was about L Ron Hubbard, the author of
this nonsense, a pulp fiction writer who began the
Church of Scientology as a means to live rich and
tax-free - one day I'll find my writings on him and
add footnotes explaining misguided enthusiasm
I felt - at least it was all imagination & fun to me

Margaret Alice Second

Missing Song Number One

Tonight I have nothing to read except Sherlock Holmes so terribly abridged as to constitute a sin by the criminal editors of Readers' Digest, they have carefully removed all excitement to make the final Conan Doyle dish so bland it is like eating dry rice, raw fish without sushi embellishments, drinking luke-warm tea - in a word, as boring as can be - they have an uncanny ability to reduce every great tale to nothingness

This is Friday night - which has always been one of the most difficult times for me - at school it was easy, I used to learn music or geography - then spent a wonderful hour in the magical cave known as my brother's bedroom listening to the week's Top Twenty Hits, delighted to be amongst old radio and bicycle parts, batteries, books and various tools, falling asleep then stumbling back to my room after missing Song Number One...

Margaret Alice Second

Monday Morning 21 May 2012

Never mastered the technique of carrying meaning from one context to another, while smiling in the car about last night on my way to work, knowing which principles had been symbolised, I am flabbergasted as to place when in the work situation

I fail to become engrossed enough in the game of Monopoly played as a means to earn a salary, following arbitrary rules to keep us occupied and move electronic documents from file to file; what is the essence of being, can I hold on to myself while being a child

In a reality of idiosyncratic activity without any inherent meaning or long-term purpose except to pass the time in such a way that bundles of results can be quantified; those who profess to know say simply being busy is joy in itself - but somehow I need to invest

Everything with meaning to ensure relevance

Margaret Alice Second

Money-Mongering [rev]

Free offering unravelled from induced
subscribing to email Hebrew course -
your name in Hebrew letters at king's
ransom, weekly lessons on the literal
interpretation of Hebrew Bible - pay

Each month, WE righteously ransack
your bag the black-guards say - also
donations required for the Holy Land,
but what about other countries & our
own South African suffering masses

Israel may be a photographic jewel -
but it appears they say everything is
better there; it's irritating, maybe it's
the reason why they evoke hostile &
angry reactions all over the world

Insistence on their Israeli superiority,
being the Chosen - dictating others
acknowledge their greatness based
on Bible and holocaust experience -
while we commemorate our own

Concentration camp deaths silently -
without the chutzpah to make such a
rousing hullabaloo as these so-called
holy, money-mongering and religious
course-toting authors manage to...

Margaret Alice Second

Moon Boot Love

Watching TV like a zombie, can't make sense of this event, this accident with badly torn left-foot ligaments, grade 3 the radiologist said; now I'm the proud possessor of a moon-boot imprisoning my foot, a device from hell indeed - last night I couldn't sleep - this heavy thing making me a throbbing prisoner

I took the boot off, bare foot elevated on pillows without blankets felt cool & no swelling this morning - my beloved insists wear the boot or it'll be surgery to fix ligaments: perched on the couch throbbing moon-boot-leg in the air but after loosening Velcro straps this pain subsides and the zombie's watching

TV again, safe in a moon-boot cocoon trying to find the happy mental channel filled with love and peace, preparing for non-physical by grooming my mind - testing whether golden love bubbles to the surface, yes, it does, I can trust all I love, the universe in my head will always exist, leading me

To my loved ones right after death...

[17 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Moonboot Off [2nd Rev.]

Another instance of illusions lost,
trying to exercise watching ankle
swell and limping while the team
of professionals order me to walk
elegantly - legs and hips refusing
coordination, hobbling like a duck

I resemble a pelican struggling on
land yet I dream of sailing through
the air on avian wings, but there's
no flying for me - heart bleeding I
waddle on - disappointing all who
say - walk normally - just so they

Can see the original me running
free but its come to naught; thus
as my spirit does I close my eyes,
listen to music soar - free from
these recalcitrant moonboot
ligaments refusing to budge

[18 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

More Adament

The greater the problem,
the more adamant you
become, insisting there
is no problem at all

My absolutely stupid
feelings have no place
at all in the bigger picture
of things, you said 'Stop

whining and declining to
do your duty, stop being
you - just be ME - I am
perfect, if you listen

long enough, you will
see that everything I
say is true' ` I shall
stop breathing'

I thought...

Margaret Alice Second

More Humble Than I Am

Spiritualists claim we chose our own lives;
whenever you tell me to shut up, I wonder
why I chose a life in which I would never be
heard, not allowed to express anger at all

Making me balloon in my frustration- the only
reasonable explanation I can find is so that it
would force me to write; when I try to explain
my ideas you turn away in disgust, and

It is your right – teaching me it is my duty to
turn away from you too - otherwise I would
have been so content in a Candide-world
living in the best universe conceivable

I would not have had any other desire than
to enjoy the touch of my beloved sun, feel
the soft, misty caress of rain on my face,
while venturing out like Jane Eyre - but

My having chosen to live by doing translation
which smothers the soul while teaching art
of writing well, and a partner who teaches
self-effacement, shows that although

I am a bad person (in their eyes) , at least I
have high ideals - to grow more humble
than I am & gifts like watching Belle's
Enchanted Tales and Despicable Me

Because if I had company, I would not
have retreated – though I might have,
in any case, no one can tell – and
what I gain is so valuable!

Candide – French novel by Voltaire
Belle Disney Channel – Beauty and the Beast
Despicable Me – Animation 2010

Margaret Alice Second

More Of The Same

Tomorrow I wish to convince Carine to do something positive; the first thing I can think of is writing the book she has threatened me with years ago - since then she has read Hitler's Mein Kampf so she might write down what she thought of it; then adding her low opinion of

The poor guy who played Captain Von Trapp in the Sound Of Music to spoil other people's enjoyment of the movie as she spoiled mine; why not indeed - I bet lots of people will agree, esp. Terry Pratchett And Neil Gaimann who declared there would be only 1 movie

Shown in heaven, that's why demon Crowley and the Angel Aziraphale had to prevent the Devil Child in Good Omens from destroying the world; the Angel couldn't live in a heaven showing The Sound of Music incessantly, only Bach Cantatas breaking

The monotony - Dear Carine can work up a storm in her heart and head that puts me to shame, she's strong and will only do what she pleases; tomorrow I wish to show her how easy it is to create a Blogspot where she can vituperate & enlighten as much as

She wants - and thoroughly hone her writing skills to such an extent that all chance visitors would want to return for more of the same!

[16 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

More Than We Are

Came home singing, Sorrento, you said Here comes Maria Von Trapp - little knowing that I was being Leo Buscaglia, happy in knowing about the Necrotelicomnicon* offering a Door out of this World

I need these dreams because I had to check a lease contract for my Calvinist colleague who immediately queried every change I made – I only did it because I am being paid; it has no meaning to me

Whether the rental agreement stipulates lease or rent or bank savings rates or bank rates for savings; who cares, irrelevant – if she prefers her own version I am happy to concur – why ask me in the first place

She ought to know me by now, sounds are important, not their dictionary meaning, the sound IS the feeling, keep your definitions, I will keep on singing, no need to let one interfere with the other

The most important thing is to determine whether I am Madame Butterfly, Carmen or Christine; which role can I sing, how far can we go, can we love like Leo Buscaglia, can we

understand the difference between being who we are - take up our own space or try to be more than we are...

(Necrotelicomnicon - reference found in "Moving Pictures" – Terry Pratchett - Corgi edition 1995, p.174)

More Things Are Going Right

Focus, focus, focus, sharpen ability to focus, extract myself from an overwhelming sense of confusion, directly confront problems as challenges to be overcome by using logic and common sense, complete the projects waiting on my desk

Knowing magic is ready to assist our own attempts at confronting the routines in the life of those seeking wisdom, lift off looking down from above to realise how small and unimportant the little things that cause pain in the heart

Cherishing the thought that our thoughts and words create our reality, stories are the most important thing in life, we think up the plot and fulfil our own prophecies, no dream is too improbable; let me create a story for tomorrow

Decide how this official will turn her eyes inside to tune her thoughts to the positive wavelength which broadcasts ideas for creating a cheerful atmosphere, no matter how much is wrong in the world since many more things are going right

Margaret Alice Second

Most Blessed Moment [revised]

Easily blown off by any wind my light straw hat
needs a mauve scarf tied around the top; it goes
with my mauve iPod, mauve transparent bag to
carry my library card. Staring at my document is
useless, boredom ensues, the moment is not
auspicious for doing anything

Temperatures soar, the office is now a furnace,
whatever I say or do boomerangs, narcolepsy
is setting in, the only help would be laughter to
relax taut muscles; boil the kettle before falling
asleep, visit inmates in this sizzling building to
see how they are bearing up,

Please send me help, anything to break tedium
and enable me to make progress, translate lines
breaking over me like so many waves on the sea
which is a full six hundred kilometers away and I
must wait for the afternoon before diving into the
ice-cold pool, the most blessed moment of my

Fiery day

19 September 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Most Cherished Ideals [revised]

We write the stories of our lives
by living life in word and deed -
defining who we are by every
act, every word we say reveals
our deepest thoughts

Creating stories of our lives we
rewrite mankind's archives, &
so enlarge the Universal Mind,
adding more events enriching
Supra-Consciousness which

Contains every sensory experience
and individual thought, not losing a
single beat of our accomplishments
or grave failure to live our dreams
which are heirlooms to be lived

By any other life-form who can catch
our dreams held in the Eternal Mind
since all we envisioned survive the
lives which gave birth to them, it's
a solace when looking back

To our life story to see why it was
impossible to fulfil some of our
most cherished ideals...

Margaret Alice Second

Most Romantic

Rituals are wonderful, the marvellous ritual of greeting beloved landmarks, when we were small my sister and I used to greet a bridge we passed frequently, I greeted a house resembling an over-decorated cake

Nowadays I greet three wonderful white houses as we drive to work, wondering about impressive styles, how could their forms have evolved - the third being the most romantic: a Baroque wall with a glimpse into a sloping garden

Just a whiff of a gigantic house, luxurious, sprawling, green poplars all round – whenever my attention wavers and I do not see the last glowing white residence so impressive; I feel cheated, can't wait for tomorrow to say hello...

Margaret Alice Second

Mother Falling Asleep (Rev. May Her Dreams Be)

May Her Dreams Be

Mother falling asleep in her chair while
writing Bible verses in a journal for hours,
face buried in her book, claiming to sleep
well at night but unable stay awake during
the day, falling asleep during meals

May her dreams be sweet, accompanied by
music she made everywhere she went, may
her last hours of repose be filled with
wonderful memories and the fire in her
spirit burn ever brighter with time

May the broken hip heal or remedies be
intimated - may certainty of life everlasting
fill her with joy as the physical body finds
it difficult to support a spark of life, may
she share the wonder of existence

With her loved ones on earth until the last
moment of her consciousness in this
dimension, may she be deliriously happy
when she discovers the myriad universes
that make up the eternal infinity

Of non-physical life everlasting ...

[ORIGINAL:]

MOTHER FALLING ASLEEP]

Mother falling asleep in her chair, spending
hours writing Bible verses in a journal, face
buried in her book, claiming to sleep well at
night but cannot stay awake during the day,
even falling asleep during meals

May her dreams be sweet, may she hear the music that accompanied her everywhere she went, may her last hours of repose be filled with wonderful memories, may the fire in her spirit burn ever brighter with time

May the broken hip heal or another remedy be found - may certainty of life everlasting fill her with joy as the physical body finds it difficult to support the spark of life, may she share the wonder of existence

With her loved ones on earth until the very last moment of her consciousness in this dimension, may she be deliriously happy when she discovers the myriad universes that make up the eternal infinity

Of life everlasting in non-physical...

Margaret Alice Second

Mother Is A Firebrand [revised]

Non-slip carpet & fold-down box doubles as a place to sit, in blue to complement mother's colour scheme of room furnishings in the age care home where she is campaigning to get everyone doing exercises, convincing young mothers-to-be home birth is preferable to high-cost interventionist hospital confinement which exposes babies to greater risks - mother is a firebrand breaking rules

Living her own dream, infusing enthusiasm in me for her schemes, I'm out scouting for things mother may need, enjoying the activity, and in between mother leads her coterie of friends to sing, those outside the inner circle complain of favouritism and gossiping by mother's gang but I know mother's ways - anarchism and rebellion against the status quo

And attempts to revolutionise events until a new plan hatches; then mother will forget prior arrangements, leave angry conspirators as she dances (or rather wobbles) off to engage in new fantasies - while those she left in the lurch will soon be re-charmed by her energy and infectious enthusiasm again

Margaret Alice Second

Mould Lines The Way You Do

When I sing your praises and you sternly
admonish me saying you are not as good
a poet as I profess, I am glad - humility is
the greatest asset and only so will you
continue to learn and grow

You will have to take my praise in your
stride because I cannot stop effusing
about the way you write enticing lines,
it is a test of character as it is difficult to
keep calm when compliments

Keep flowing in - you first spoiled me by
seeing something in what I write and now
it is my turn to explain how the songs you
sing sway my head and make me wish to
clear my voice to sing

In the same beautiful key, to mould lines
the way you do until the final product is
straight and true

Margaret Alice Second

Moving Background

At least this nondescript time is lightened by a new craze of mine: full-cream milk powder, a lifesaver, coffee tastes like heaven, and real butter on everything, it means I eat less meat, hope more animals will live because of this, at present all I read is hurricane Sandy & work documents

Life would have been unbearable if it was not for a James Bond movie series with scenes I love and hate, the TV is left on, volume turned down to give a feeling of freedom when seeing something interesting in passing, enjoying 007's adventures as a moving background to my life

The more recent movies lack the theme music and cool humour of the first Sean Connery reels, the recent films contain scenes too bland and boring to watch - perfect as a fantastic screen saver when life starts wounding down and nothing remarkable is happening

[Wednesday 31 October 2012]

Margaret Alice Second

Moving Out [rev.]

Sweet tea - lots of sweet tea facing dread
about to be foisted on us, dark prospects
being mooted again - the Great Move to
western parts of the CBD; - 3 years now
we've been held hostage to its Scourge -
awaiting the menacing move to an older
part of town & dilapidated building falling
apart; what new pains await, what water-

Pipe accident events, what new sewage-
flow-horrors to endure: besides the traffic
flow the Worst Threat is this move to the
unknown strikes fear into my heart where
the Blue Tango's dramatic beat will surly
accentuate my distress - with Department
of Arts we have no guarantees there will
be any improvement, most likely quite

The contrary; the route's a night-mare, yet
there is the excitement of packing up and
throwing away superfluous stuff - which is
about everything in my cupboard: the tea's
delicious and this news affords indulgent
opportunity - I'm reconciled; virtual Google
trip to site will let us devise new plans how
to combat the traffic and set me right for

What the old building's problems will imply;
okay, I'm ready to go, it will be great fun in
the end - moving always is!

[ORIGINAL:]

Sweet tea, lots of sweet tea to face the dark
prospect laid out before us, the scare of the
Great Move to the Western part of the CBD
upon us again - for three years we've been
held hostage by this Scourge - awaiting the

menacing move into an old part of town and an old building falling apart, what new pains await, what new water-pipe-accident -events

And what new sewage-flow-horrors; besides the traffic flow is the Worst Threat – the Blue Tango’s dramatic beat accentuate the fear struck into my heart by this move to the unknown, knowing Department of Arts we have no guarantee there will be any improvement, quite the contrary, the route there is a nightmare, yet there is the excitement of packing

Up and throwing away all superfluous stuff – which is about everything in my cupboard, the tea is delicious and this news afforded me opportunity to indulge – now I’m quite reconciled, a virtual Google trip to the site will set me right and have us devise new plans how to combat the traffic and other problems accompanying old buildings –

Right, I’m ready to go, moving out will be great fun in the end – it always is!

Margaret Alice Second

Much More Interesting (Revised)

Wednesday 2 January 2013, the kids have a party,
my son's room has been fixed and he has not had
time to mess it up yet, my own messy cupboard is
looming, magazines hidden in a big suitcase, you
said they had to go but I keep them until the kids
have all the pictures they need

Dirty dishes stacked, firmly fixed in the present, no
vision or hope for a new tomorrow - accepting these
moments enclosed in this space and time are to be
fully experienced - small it all is, without jumping
from reality into a dream I am aware that physical
life is very cramped

Home from a holiday means nothing has changed in
my mind, if I cannot escape there's nothing to be
said until new term at work and documents to be
relayed from French; an only change is our aging,
finding I share aches and medications with all the
people I meet, growing old without much grace

Such is life - an experiment to stay anchored in my
own being is bearing fruit: I rediscover the need to
recreate everything in a dream where all is much
more interesting

Margaret Alice Second

Mud Of Deception [rev.]

The scammer took an article about quantum physics, married it to home-spun spiritualism based on superficial, misleading perceptions of what is possible and why, then filled it with

Idiotic pedagogical lore in a sales pitch selling "Belief In Belief to Grow Rich Easily", a con to gullible marks saying Thinking they can do & have what they want - buys it, & by the way

"Start contributing to get this wonderful news out there" - this salesman believes he can get money for nothing by exploiting stupid people yet he's been unable to transform himself into

A good author nor has his belief in belief been able to change him into a person exemplifying with integrity ends do NOT justify means - but then, why would he seek moral improvement

When wanting to make money for nothing by exploiting anyone dense enough to fall for his tricks? He doesn't add a clause you won't get what you wish for if its not right for you - as

Decided by salesmen who want you believe angels grow from sows - while standing by as graphic illustrations of pigs who never change into anything as they revel - rolling in the

Mud of deception...

[26 October 2014]

[ORIGINAL:]

Angel From a Sow

A money-making-scam con took an article about quantum physics, married it to some home-spun spiritualism based on a superficial and misleading understanding of what is possible and why - then

Filled the piece with idiotic pedagogical lore in an awful sales article, selling 'Belief In Belief to Grow Rich Easily', telling gullible idiots just by 'Thinking' they can do and have anything they wish for - and

By the way 'Start contributing to get this wonderful news out there' - this salesman knows he can get money for nothing by exploiting stupid people - yet he has not been able to transform himself into a -

Good author nor has his belief in belief been able to change him into a person with integrity - who knows the end does NOT justify the means - but then, why would he want to seek for moral improvement when

All he really wants is to make money for nothing by exploiting anyone dense enough to fall for his tricks, he forgets to add the clause that you won't get what you wish for if it is not right for you - determined by

Salespeople who want you to believe you can grow an angel from a sow while standing there in illustration of pigs who never change into anything as they revel while rolling in the mud of deception...

[24 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Multi-Faceted Text [rev]

A sad crocodile failed to master a Spanish text - showing only reptile brain limitations when confronting language intricacies, exposing lack of common sense & bad visual ability, practically blind and losing its crocodilian mind; escaped finally by turning into a fairy and flying away - was a princess for a brief moment tonight - now that is past and the headache

Destroys all happiness, at a loss to solve this dilemma, feeling guilty for the sin of being stupid - Seth says all consciousness picked their circumstances and focus-points before birth, thus the crocodile chose to be so dense, unless the poor reptile did not know how to create a clever mind; good intentions are not enough, high ideals & lodestars do not help when a crocodile

Tackles life; a sudden belief in health did not come about and laughter just vanished as I lost the right to good feelings - yet this will not stop me from cherishing impossible dreams and fleeing into fantasy to relieve imagination of all limitation - I'll join Don Quixote in tilting windmills & if failure has me falling and crying, I'll get up and try again because

THIS kind of challenge is fantastic; today suffering the pain of failure, but tomorrow there shall be success again because there has been success in the past & any one of my probable selves, whether fairy or crocodile, will know how to create a holographic rendition of a multi-faceted text...

Margaret Alice Second

Multifarious Perspectives

After this wild ride on the waves of emotion and passion
I can hear my second and third thoughts again, I can see
the multifarious perspectives and angles and questions
involved, the authors use illusions to present the choices
to young readers

Choose, your life or your love, your love's favourite or
yourself, choose whether you are willing to sacrifice
yourself on behalf of your love, quietly serving behind
the scenes - and the result of these choices are enacted
for us, now I feel enriched

By these glamorous stories of valour and courage which
are emphasised in defeating attacks by demon powers -
and in deciphering the deception within the powers-that-be
trying to formulate a life-strategy, making sense of the
chaos our senses discern

In the magical world around us...

Margaret Alice Second

Multiplied By Each Mind

Reading Jane Robert's reporting as Seth, a non-physical consciousness; intrigued by Seth's insistence everyone has many minds - he defines the mind as psychic pattern by which we create reality, enlightened persons become aware of their many minds & accept every one as the self -

Well, maybe I have many minds, every time the world changes it might be me changing gears from one mind station or a psychic pattern to another frame of mind; maybe this is why I keep on gaining weight, becoming aware of my myriad minds probably necessitates enough

Body to carry them all, but the one thing set as criterion for determining the many minds theory; becoming aware of reality as apart from perception of it - I cannot fulfil, reality seems to be a TV image determined by settings - the colour palette, the sound system, all the DVD's and

Channels watched frequently; maybe my minds have not been able to differentiate themselves - since I only know perception of reality, not Ding-an-Sich - there goes the explanation for my increasing weight, instead of attaining samadi and enlightenment, I'm just changing channels

And should stop eating for every different mind I have - I know my favourite minds, why do those others interfere - maybe carrying too many minds is a serious weight case caused by gluttony multiplied by each mind...

[Let us not forget, the crocodile mind is one of these, so is the Snow Queen and Ice Princess, underneath it all we find the translator fighting for her life amongst documents she hates to read...]

[28 July 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Music From Afar [revised]

Music From Afar [REVISED]

Desensitisation by rationally analysing situations, did it work, yes, I realise magic lies in unopened packages, unsolved mysteries, impossible dreams, only visions and potential within ideals has the power to inspire

Only a glow-worm's glimmer is enticingly beautiful, only music heard from afar has special mesmerising qualities; while reality entails the manifestation of a single aspect of potentiality, I declare myself satisfied

Knowing many threads weave a life, a visible web of reality is spun from uncountable thoughts; we seek a continuing awareness after this life, consciousness enduring, endless potential always untouched even

After myriad manifestations, millions of glimmering dreams – be still my heart, your deepest secrets still untouched can manifest a trillion times in different manifestations and unheard-of new creations....

Wednesday 21 August 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Music Of... (Rev.)

Two highlights today; #1 was entering the office and seeing the beauty of my work station, flowers tapering off of intense pink to yellow with orange in between, light pink & ice blue in front of my computer

Cleaning angels who come in after us made it so beautiful, a magic wand waved across my keyboard; & #2 - the music of Mendelssohn, a ballet to one of his symphonic pieces - it is so gorgeous, I danced to it at

Home, pity is I messed up the kitchen, destroying all vestiges of household peace; who cares when the melody replays in my mind, dances in my fantasy, a wonderful dream...

Margaret Alice Second

My Bad-Habit Past

Nothing blocks evil effect of fatty food
ate last night's dinner at work; voilà, a
big headache that stops my brain and
fills my mind with mist, thick and grey

I can't operate, clear thinking recedes
life turns into a faint mirage, all I know
is discomfort, pressure and pain - let
this be a lesson: no more fatty foods

that render me almost comatose and
cloud my thoughts until only one idea
remains: death seems to be the only
release - all for sausage and cheese

No more, I shall only feast on salads
and green vegetables - I refuse to be
a prisoner of my bad-habit past, new
routines will bring back my joy in life

2 August 2012

Margaret Alice Second

My Beloved In A Mosaic

Sinking into contemplation where soft words
fill body and mind while my love flows in a
turquoise stream as the sun's rays dance
among the dreams which are part of me

Seeing myself in all I love, the light passing
through my crystal lamp, the prism creating
a thousand rainbows like my soul reflecting
my beloved in a mosaic of interacting bits

The lamp symbol of my soul - I also see all
I love within; your eyes holding a thousand
dreams, my eyes replying with a thousand
more; my figurines, fairy and shepherdess

Representing belief in romance, you, my own
chimney sweep - my hand stroking your chin,
following the line of your brow - meeting the
need for a soft satin touch - and your hand

Softly teasing my neck; taking care of all we
love - offering each other the greatest gift:
my trust in your heart as I receive the trust
you have in me - what a wonderful bond

The link you have forged in the fires of your
heart and the throes of your passion - our
delight forevermore...

Margaret Alice Second

My Brother Atilla The Hun [rev]

Without wisdom & self-discipline my brother Atilla the Hun still sits in an ethical morass we were born into, he rejected the help of a children's book series offering a moral system which saw me through childhood and led me through the darkest days of my life

Sired into an ethical vacuum, Atilla rejected idealism in mother's religion - she detested grandma & Dad with whom he identified, sharing his fate as Conan the Barbarian mentally fixated in a nightmare world of violent childhood, never rising into self-respect - and as Queen of Hearts mom simply insisting

'All ways are my ways', trying to change everyone except herself; Atilla internalised emptiness and never tried to reach the sublime by finding a hero with integrity, he gave up before his life began; the end of his story could be read in its beginning - addicted to anything that kept life looking sullied

And empty, giving in to all temptations without considering the needs of his loved ones, a wife and daughters; not facing his shortcomings - just charging on incapable of learning consideration, kindness and the values of civilisation...

[19 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

My Changeling Child [rev.]

A dark strange December, suffocating without
joie de vivre & menacing, in the end I couldn't
communicate, no replies to friends messages,
no talking to Birgitt, my nephew, no replies to
Heike or Ronel, no action & I didn't know why;
today I think if anything it must have been

Because of Carine, my little changeling child,
her birth mother died - then also a beloved;
Carine's heart-broken, her spirit weak so I'm
carrying a torch just for her - from now she'll
be the first in my prayers, the golden light of
love shining out to her all the time

All guardian angels alerted - even though so
many engaged in rallying against the terrorist
attacks - there are angels spared just for my
changeling child who saw death far too often:
mother, grandmother, husband - mother-in-
law - miscarriage of her child, too much pain

For my changeling child, all I can do is pray,
meditate and tackle a backlog of messages;
supplicate to see Carine grow warm inside
again, visualise her life changing to victory
over adversity - my guilt is I couldn't help her
when she and I were too young -

Today I try, I now know why my changeling
child is so very precious to me: I need her
to need me to help her, else my life will have
been in vain - there's just one thing yet to be
done: give her all the love in my lonely heart,
help her find her way back to the sun...

[12 January 2015]

[Revised 23 January 2015]

My Character Revealed

32 degrees C inside, the desk is burning hot,
only ice on my foot keeps the pain away, the
building is heating up - an Apocalypse without
violence, just a quiet insistence on heat as my
African colleagues do not have a problem with
this, they love it and wonder why perspiration
runs down my face, I'm as red as a char

Then a feeling of camaraderie hits me, we in
the trenches fighting against the incompetents
who run the building, excited I spray water all
over, to suffer as a group creates a bond and
I'm glad to be here - to rest my foot on frozen
water bottles, some administrate & I translate
letters to the President, it's so good to feel

This unity, seeing how the challenges reveal
character; I failed by giving in to despair and
could only improve after eating a mountain of
chocolate, salty popcorn and crisps; so let it
be known my character has been revealed
as being dismal until food in overpowering
quantities have been consumed, I shudder

To admit I'm a glutton - though my colleagues
know it already with me munching continuously
as if my life depended on it...

[6 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

My Colleague Annette

I'll never forget how my new colleague
Annette came to my rescue when the
boss told me to move heavy boxes to
make space for more dictionaries

Annette saw my confusion, immediately
applied her pragmatic wisdom to help me
carry out the instruction, though my boss
derided my inadequacy in manual jobs

Though they laughed at my awkward attempts
to stack books in a box, the kind courtesy of
Annette shall always be in my memory - to
be carried forever where my spirit roams...

[10 January 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

My Descent [rev.]

I start my descent every Saturday into a pit of discontent; crouched on the couch, left ankle throbbing with Arthur Findlay's notes on the meaning of life - wishing to refine my dreams just to find no reverie in my head; my beloved cursing his luck as a team arrives in pouring rain to fix blocked drains outside while he wants to watch his rugby team scoring

Deteriorating weather and aching foot-hellish heat in moon boot - slept with a wet sock scaring family who decreed it illegal; a fine Halloween trick: keep feet wet to shock all with shrivelled skin yet I won't do it again as it scared me too; drain team left & my Beloved installed in front of TV - while I'm watching an American dancing programme

On what can be done with healthy limbs not ensconced in demonic moon boots - tomorrow's Sunday, threatening another descent into dark imprisoned discontent of torn ligaments thus no swimming or shopping, may my sister's wedding on 12 December find my foot restored so I can dress in 'Gatsby' style, complementing her theme for future domestic felicity

[15 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

My Family Life [rev]

I was born with exquisite awareness of an existential abandon; what with grandma Strangelove & grandpa Killdare and grandma Alice being Cinderella - I had a choice to evolve as a rebel like my twin sis, an angry Duchess - but became an insatiable crocodile trying to fill the hole in my heart with the universes created in books until I fell into Wonderland, and like Alice, I changed in shape to become The Little Prince who visited the exotic planet of bureaucratic Languages so much; I stayed on and with Scorpion carved out

A lair where as Lord and Master of Crocodile Castle he reigns as autocratic sovereign leaving Alice free to try out as Miss Interpreter, while the two wee kid crocodiles were left to existential abandon until one day Alice realised she repeated the lifestyle of her mother - the Queen of Hearts - who repeated the life of grandma Alice who - abandoned as a child - did not know how to offer love - just like the once lost waif grandma Strangelove, & victim of abuse grandpa Killdare, parents of Conan the Barbarian

Who, unlike the Phantom of the Opera, never won the heart of his Christine, my mama the Queen of Hearts - this is the story of my family life...

Margaret Alice Second

My Feverish Brow

Restless, angry with myself, doing stupid things while waiting for the French exam, so excited to write a real exam at last and what do I do with this chance - grow tense and confused, cannot concentrate to revise again, telling myself this is bad behaviour does not help, feet freezing in the icy air-con which cools my feverish brow, the long wait leads to a tension headache and I wish that I could calm down, wish I could feel better and study with more self-confidence...

Wednesday 28 November 2012

Margaret Alice Second

My First Choice

Alone in the office, faced with the choice of starting to read a boring document about roads – national roads, highways, international roads, paved roads, gravel roads, dirt roads – and I find it impossible to choose the boring document, I want to talk about

Spring time and flowers and jasmine and trees and the wide blue sea, about decorating my world with symbols of thought, about music and singing and perfume and joy - but I must compile a register of government books in my possession, declare everything I have with me, I want to read

Carpe Jugulum, how Granny Weatherwax was dragged to the vampires' lair by Mightily Oats, the prophet of Om, yet the classification of roads and the impact of transport on Africa waits to be relayed in English - I want to breathe freely, yet I am stuck in a 30 degree Celsius office and

My first choice, to work for a living, dictates my second choice, to stay here, throwing in the towel is not my style but oh, I wish it could be!

Margaret Alice Second

My Giddy Guru [rev]

Let us assist the inevitable awakening process,
my giddy guru sweetly sings while turning gentle
cartwheels on the swings - flying high beyond our
sky to visit new realms; I sigh, if this is inevitable,
why? - Just go within, he brightly twinkles - but I
think I'm living within already; he says to

Embrace everyone - yet I read of a farmer who
offered homes to the xenophobic displaced and
has now been evicted from his own land by the
very people he tried to help; Practice trust - my
self-assured guru adds & I think to myself: only
certain people if I must, only idiots have blind

Faith and lose to calculating strangers "without
evil intent" as my innocently hare-brained guru
says, EVERYONE is just misguided - too bad, I
don't want to be a willing victim, thank you; Also
honour and respect all people everywhere - he
dramatically adds, hugging himself and I reply:

As long as there is enough space between us
I can honour and love everyone by twinkling at
them in imitation of my delightful make-believe
guru as he swings far beyond this world in the
heights of his own hallucinating imaginations

Margaret Alice Second

My Head's On Fire

Catatonic – it's been quite long since I've felt this bad,
the pressure in my head unbearable, sitting quietly until
it abates and then getting up and playing myself imitating
my own joie de vivre, never letting go of the role

It was an evil pizza last night, it's been so long since I've
felt this pain different from any other kind, worse because
the pain gets at my brain and takes my world away, I'm left
in nothing with nothing and cannot go anywhere

Or defend myself, my mind is gone, nowhere to hide because
nowhere is safe, after working this morning I give up, cannot
fight this terrible feeling – the lovely family party this week-
end led to my indulging in unusual treats now here I am

My head's on fire being crunched in the vice I know so well
while it feels as if worms are crawling all through my face
and gnawing at muscles and sinews and my throat is
constricting

Margaret Alice Second

My Heart In Everything

Away from the mundane into a
different dimension, another plane
where all is feeling, feeling emotion
emotion passion - all colours glow
all colours sing and all songs shine
in wonderful forms coloured with
the divine, where all is love and all
love is touch and your love in my
heart and my heart in everything
and the world sings, and your heart
is overall, eternal, infinitely there
living forever in perfect moments
never to be lost, forever bound in
the weaving tapestry of love in my
heart, love for you as you love me

Valentine 14 February 2013

Margaret Alice Second

My Heart Is Heavy [rev.]

A lovely lunch break while wandering
about resembling an ambulant chintz
curtain - found a pullover and scarf to
hide the fashion fiasco, also a perfect
pink rose resembling a magic wand

Then all joy was lost when I translated
the complaint of a sad mother fleeced
by the same miscreants who had slain
her son, the depressing news deflates
any sense of sparkling joie de vivre

Leaving readers speechless; it's clear
in retrospect that every step she took
in compliance with their very irrational
requests was suspect, sending money
on demand to allay hunger - and yet

She never spoke to her son: why did
she comply without assurance her son
was still alive; why is it some people
insist on being soft targets; my heart
is grown heavy on her behalf...

Margaret Alice Second

My Heart Melting

Too tired to check and edit, watching an episode of the Secret Millionaire, an old lady dancing and laughing with joie de vivre - ignoring a diagnosis of cancer, an old age home and minimum wages, a caregiver who loves it when her back breaks at the end of the day

An undercover hero arriving by bus, staying in an uncomfortable caravan - washing his clothes by hand, people of Cornwall opening their hearts and inviting the stranger into their homes; my heart melts as it delights in the goodness of small lives, people doing their best

This is what gives humanity zest, the wonder of people serving each other, lovingly feeding the elderly, dancing to forget pains and aches of old age - this is my only goal in life: to find happiness in little things, see beaming smiles and feel my heart melting

I cannot stand the ice-cold stone that forms in my chest when my feelings are forced to bleed to death...

Margaret Alice Second

My Heart On Fire

As I read these Sturm-und-Drang
lines penned by Goethe, I feel my
heart on fire - I used to hate that
he had to leave the next day

I refused to read this poem again –
but today I know that dreams are
safe, I can read passionate de-
clarations without fear

The moment lives forever in his heart
to set fire to mine – every time I read
his fervent poem, nobody need ever
know what I am dreaming about...

“Willkommen und Abschied

In meinen Adern welches Feuer!
In meinem Herzen welche Glut! ...
Welch Glück geliebt zu werden!
Und lieben... Welch ein Glück! ”

Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe

Margaret Alice Second

My Ice Queen Years (Revised)

In my zenith-blue oversized jersey I decide that it shall be my favourite colour of all time, combined with the new lavender cloth below my keyboard - far more calming than magenta and cerise mixed into forever promoting restlessness

With the blue shade around my computer screen I am a noble & magnificent ice-cold snow queen frozen in time in a freezing castle doing research without worry about life passing her by; so in an endless, eternal moment steadfastly working on

Technical translation, word by word, line by line; a pale shade yellow cloth on my left symbolises a sunbeam come to keep me company, the soft pink rose on my right innocence and hope - blue, light-green, lavender azure becomes the melody

Of Debussy's L'après Midi D'un Faune, my noisy subjects invisible and unheard behind the music & cupboard screen - as long as I can stay ahead of the noise levels, my long ice queen years will become a memory of a most beautiful dream

Lived in a technical translation trance ...

[14 March 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

My Idea Of Bliss

Explained to my colleague my idea of bliss, giving up meat, finding the taste revolting, eating butter on rye crackerbread and drinking milk powder in coffee - she frowned and told me this would be fattening, I would grow as round as the earth

Yet before doing this I ate the right food on my husband's safe food list and had to watch my widening girth; now I don't fear the enemy in butter and milk, as long as I have no hunger pains to plague me all day, no headaches

No allergy symptoms at play, I am content to leave the meat on my plate, if turning into a vegetarian is the next step in healing from aches and pains, I shall rejoice, eating creatures with higher consciousness

Just seems so wrong - I'm holding thumbs this healing goes on...

Margaret Alice Second

My Life Is Charmed [rev.]

Second day without the medication and hallelujah,
I can see; so-long-out-of-focus eyes made me feel
like a blind and useless person, couldn't read well
enough to interpret terms and lines - as such I felt
unwelcome in the office as affected vision made it
impossible to think coherently -

Today I felt like a new being, safe in my own space
where work made sense; it was beyond description
trying, unable to see the text, to translate - - surely
hell on earth, now I'm a justified human being with
the right to a job- I hate medication that makes me
blind, it's too overpowering - as if I'm a

Criminal posing as translator; the only way to deal
with it is to be a spy doing reconnaissance with a
fake crutch, actually a gun, moon-boot filled with
killing devices; relating my fantasies to people in
the lift and when they laugh uproariously it seems
my life is charmed...

[30 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

My Little Task [rev.]

Returning guilelessly, innocently, after the Easter weekend, landing into a bureaucratic explosion of administrative efficiency & killer statistics, groups of happy fools drooling to inventory non-existent old paper copies of ancient documents

All my production reports contain errors - have to be redone, becoming embroiled in a bitter, heart-breaking yearly assessment task, work agreement and more unpalatable administration needs, acrid tears welling up while I suffer stress of bent back,

Head lolling, bees swarming in my ears, trying to unravel knots I made during the year to remind me of what has been done; biggest problem remains how to explain so few documents received and the prolific Arabic and Hebrew Studies I undertook

To enrich the Department, albeit indirectly, with my new-found knowledge & abilities; after this diatribe I laugh at myself, it's an easy job made intricate by my mystery-seeking mind, as soon as I'm finished, I'll realise how small is my little task...

Margaret Alice Second

My Melody For Today (Revised)

Bought flowers, yellow petals flaming orange,
toys & flowers set my mind afire, had to remove
two dolls and a fairy from crowded work space,
but these orange petals stand for desire

An anti-diminutives campaign wants signs of
childishness gone, thus I'm almost illegal,
but toys keep wonderment alive in my heart
so I refuse a more sophisticated icon

Cognoscenti decided cynicism is the sign of
emotional maturity, most accept conspiracy
as a realistic sound – I remain with Alice in
Wonderland and Le Petit Prince

And offer Mary Poppins' teaspoons of sugar
to long-suffering colleagues listening to tunes
I'm humming in the office – Why does the sun
keep on shining? – my melody for today

3 May 2013

ORIGINAL:

Bought a small bunch of flowers, yellow petals
flaming into orange, had to remove my fairy and
two dolls from my work space overflowing with
flowers and toys which set my mind on fire, the
orange petals symbolise desire

A campaign against diminutives wants to remove
signs of childishness, thus I'm almost illegal - but
toys keep enthusiasm and wonderment alive in
my heart so I refuse to give up anything for a
more sophisticated image

Cognoscenti decided a strong dose of cynicism
is the only sign of emotional maturity, while the

majority accepts this conspiracy to achieve a
realistic sound, I remain in Wonderland with
Alice and Le Petit Prince

And offer Mary Poppins' teaspoon of sugar
to my long-suffering colleagues who have
to listen to the tunes I'm humming in the
office - Why does the sun keep on
shining? - my melody for today

Margaret Alice Second

My Mind's Eye [rev.]

She's jealous of the growing pool Alet said, its
a unique feature on our side of the building; a
spring tide this morning June claims, I want to
plant small flowers, adding goblins and deer,
June wants to plant mosses in a rock garden

Annette thinks we should sow beans - and in
my mind's eye a magic beanstalk grows into
the heavens, we climb up to discover a new
dimension far away from our complaining
raucous factotum flabbergasted by the

Dripping water rotting carpet, causing growth
rings on the floor as the flood ebbs and flows;
we meet Bluebeard, steal all his riches and
jewels, return with our booty to the cheers
of all in the office...

[26 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

My Mythical, Biblical Mandela [rev.]

This is how I see it; Mandela is the prophet who brought me out of slavery and into equality of the promised land. The joy it brings me can never be tarnished, he set me free before I knew I'd been bound by sins of my fathers or learned the cost to break free from manacles of prejudice

I love him, the world worships him, and I love the world that upraises Mandela high, to me he's the Legend & Myth expected on earth; shall forever delight in his coming to realise lost Hope of South Africa who waited for all races to come together in the Cape to populate Southern Africa;

They fought until Mandela paid the price required to become a myth engaging the whole world in a fight against a cabal of oppressors heeding only fire or blood, but their ice-cold hearts melted in warmth of his forgiveness offered with LOVE and integrity; Mandela had so much love, it overflowed to

Include everyone in the world so we all bathed in it as in the warmth of the sun; he understood his suppressors had been persecuted to the brink of extinction - feared annihilation; he promised them survival then redeemed the past with a love that prevented war and destruction

So leave my Mythical, Biblical Mandela alone, in peace, nothing anyone says can lessen the glow of his love - the magic of his wondrous integrity

[Monday 9 December 2013]

[1]

To me Mandela is a prophet who brought us out of slavery into the promised land of equality and

the joy THIS brings ME can never be tarnished,
he set me free before I knew I was bound by the
sins of my fathers and what the cost would be to
break free from the manacles of prejudice

I love Mandela and the world worships him, there-
fore I love the world that raises Mandela up high –
to me Mandela is the Legend and Myth expected on
earth; I shall forever delight in his coming to set free
the lost Hope of South Africa who waited for all the
races to come together in the Cape

And populate Southern Africa; they fought each other
until Mandela paid the price required to become a myth
that could engage the whole world in the fight against a
group of oppressors who only heeded fire and blood, but
their ice-cold hearts melted in the warmth of his forgive-
ness offered with LOVE and integrity

Mandela had so much love, it overflowed to include every-
one in the world so the whole world bathed in his love as in
the warmth of the sun; he understood that his suppressors
had been persecuted to the brink of extinction and feared
annihilation; he promised them survival then redeemed
the past with a love that prevented war and destruction

Leave my Mythical, Biblical Mandela alone, nothing
anyone says can lessen the glow of his love nor the
magic of his wondrous integrity

[Monday 9 December 2013]

Margaret Alice Second

My New Self-Image [revised]

Work colleagues helping refine my
new self-image - just becoming Miss
Marple is too restrictive, given my
love for racing in a fast car - à la
Schumacher - imagine, if you will

My wearing his racing gear and Miss
Marple's hat fastened with a long
hat-pin atop the helmet while I'm
clutching a pink rose-embroidered
bag at my side - oh why stop there,

Also imagine me flying through the
air true Mary Poppins' style while
holding her umbrella, her carpet bag
hanging over the other arm; and I'm
singing "The Hills Are Alive" like

Julie Andrew's Maria Von Trapp in
The Sound of Music - flying high,
also enunciating "The Rain In Spain
Stays Mainly In the Plain" like Eliza
Dolittle in My Fair Lady; my fear of

Losing capacity to imagine reality
of new self-imagery as different is
put to rest - mixing up my "Favourite
Things" lets me regard old age with
equanimity, flow with the times -

Changing my work station practices
astral dimensions where we modify
appearances by thought forms only -
"I Can Spread my Wings, Do a 1000
Things I've Never Done Before..."

[Thank you to all the classics and songs
which infuse my life with joy and happiness]

[10 March 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

My Oversoul-Self

Finally it struck me that there's no such thing as "non-being" & this is the key to understanding everything, I thought existing was a victory over the defeat of being dead forever; but it's wrong since the physical world is an illusion in which all particles only play a certain role

But when the show is over, the particles accept a new role: consciousness is eternal within the vibrations we interpret as the 3-dimensional hologram through these laser-like lights produced by the brain cells - whatever happens - non-existence is impossible, every thought,

Every theory, assumption and supposition we have ever had is realised somewhere in the fractal multitude of our realities; every dream, hallucination or virtual scene has a place in some alternate universe where a suppressed part of our consciousness fulfills all the dreams we tried

To hide from ourselves and the most wonderful thing is - nothing we ever thought remains unspoken or unfulfilled because every thought has a life of its own: the variable in every choice finds its home someplace and we meet up with the preferred outcome in a new version of the

Inter-subjective parts of reality we share - so let me not lament the circumstances of my life as there is another version of my reality where every rejected thought has been carried out & so my choice of reality is based on a myriad of possibilities that were analysed, weighed

And rejected by my Oversoul-Self...

Margaret Alice Second

My Own Experience [revised]

My Own Experience

A new Internet site where a channelled spirit claims to drink coffee and smoke cigars with historical figures like Jesus and John the Baptist is confused, especially about possibilities, only spirits on a low astral plane imitate earthly conventions without physical bodies

Wise spirits are presented on a par with undeveloped spirits on a plane where they still gratify earthly desires - it is an anomaly, supposedly wise spirits are beyond earthly desires, this new roguish spirit describes the astral plane as a glorified earth with physical desires and amusements

The trousers of time splits here, I leave this channel world, one of many, according to many worlds theory, for happy sensation-seekers who like entertainment – and move into a world where channelled experience is tested when we are dead; when I'm a spirit I shall investigate for myself

Until then, I only trust my own experience

27 August 2013

Margaret Alice Second

My Own Feelings [rev.2]

I need fantasies to clothe bleak reality with haloes and clouds without which my mind shrivels and dies - the sun fades and I can't feel the wind or accept life's pros and cons within the ethical ought of conditional love

When I stop colluding with my fey illusions to find perspective in inter-subjective consensus, time blackens like the plague while my heart dies incrementally as I leave these dreams until the pain of loss turns life into a nightmare

Then I resurrect each pristine, glowing dream and soon the sun returns filling my mind with nostalgic songs taking my soul into a safe place of free-flowing tears expressing my secret joys while passion reignites reality's cold emptiness

I float away into a realm of fantasies finding my own niche without being told repeatedly I must agree with everything being said - regardless of my own feelings ...

[14 July 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

My Own Heart [rev]

I don't mind not doing anything - all I want is a dream; just finding an ideal that fires my mind and fills my heart would be such a delight - anything - visions of swimming in a warm sea, of me drifting with the tide

sun-tanning on the sand & wearing a huge hat - enjoying inspired conversations with enthusiastic people who are chasing their own Quixotic visions with energy - today, as my African colleagues are wearing and

admiring their national costumes, I eagerly watch - enjoying their joie-de-vivre, wishing for eager & excited expectations within my own heart...

Margaret Alice Second

My Own Shell [correction]

Finally I accept the Agony Aunt's advice about the communication problem: 'If a husband contradicts everything you say, it means YOU are wrong and should stop talking' and since Scorpio contradicts my every opinion and theory on principle, and the sting of his negative replies makes me feel bad -

Keeping quiet will be easier, it seems a successful relationship between 'Alice in Wonderland' and an Absolute Scorpion Monarch in his own Universe, implies that Alice has to find her Astrogenetic sign & act accordingly: my sign is Cancer, retreating into my shell is one way to find my own happiness -

I shall quietly rest within my own shell and play at being a mermaid in the pool when it stops raining, maybe I can become an oyster and start covering Scorpio's irritating verbal sand with all the wisdom of quiet reflection until several beautiful pearls are formed - thus solitude can lead to my creating

My own strings of mental bio-luminescence and I shall delight in MY own universe deep within my own protective and aesthetically pleasing shell...

Margaret Alice Second

My Precious Chair [rev]

My office chair should be called Gethsemane - or even Calvary since every time I drag it to my desk I'm attacked by heavy weight & splintered wheels drawing blood by torturing my feet and even legs with its amazingly sharp, evil, broken fragments

I keep the chair in case I need it cause my death through bleeding; dying presents great difficulty - the medical profession prolongs patients' lives to make profit from them; when 98-year old people die where they are kept, their off-spring besiege

nursery homes and sue for negligence, making a fast buck; my precious chair might be a means to depart this world through multiple infected wounds received at work in line of duty so that - "the silver cord is severed - the golden bowl broken and the

earthen pitcher shattered at the spring" - its from Ecclesiastes & said beautifully; old age is not for me unless wearing a hat like an undercover witch, camouflaged in fruit and flower layers, immobile in an old-age home, living on chocolates only

Which is a horrible probable future, death-by-my-murderous-precious chair constitutes an ever so much better vision!

Margaret Alice Second

My Probable Fate (Revised)

Candidate for spontaneous human combustion – it is 13° Celsius, softly raining, I'm warm enough to wear a sleeveless camp top and short track-suit pants, it's better than freezing cold, I'm not complaining, just making peace with my probable fate after hand-

Washing my darling illegal pink fleeces & enjoying phenomenological existence; my whole world reduced to laundry joy; tonight I feel as if the day was wasted, depressed, yet these fleeces cannot be subjected to washing machine attacks – it destroys special clothing;

Then I watched *A Thousand Ways To Die*, realised I'm burning up – serves me right for failing to oblige my friend Michelle, she sent *Me The Life And Times of the Wicked Witch of the West* by Gregory Maguire to read and I failed

Style of imitation realism & fake adult content is not enchanting, searched text, did not find anything to relate to – let me prepare for my probable demise & plan a better life for tomorrow should spontaneous human combustion fail to end to my sorrows...

Margaret Alice Second

My Real Hero (Rev)

So let all the people proclaim that a higher purpose has been served - rummaging through books at my bookstore led to a favourite, Velikovsky's 'Ages in Chaos' - which I desired passionately, and to add

Dessert to the substantial meal served by his tome, there's also 'Thief of Time' by Terry Pratchett, which I love, reminding me of my melodious guru Lobsang Rampa; - and the cherry on top brings in Susan,

Death's unwilling granddaughter and a reincarnation of an unstoppable Mary Poppins - while an Eternally Surprised Wen's sweet Lady Time makes an elegant "Audrey Hepburnesque" appearance;

These wonderful things framed within ideas of time wound & unwinding on prayer wheels, is a course so full of variety it almost out-ranks my real hero, Velikovsky, himself!

[ORIGINAL:]

Let all the people proclaim that a higher purpose has been served, rummaging through books at my favourite bookshop led to Velikovsky - Ages in Chaos - which I desired with a passion - and

To add pudding to the substantial meal served by his tome, also Thief of Time by Terry Pratchett - which I love as it reminds of Lobsang Rampa, my melodious guru, and the cherry on top: it also

Brings in Susan, Death's unwilling granddaughter becoming the reincarnation of the very unstoppable Mary Poppins - while the Eternally Surprised Wen's sweet Lady Time again makes her elegant Audrey-

Hepburnesque appearance; these wonderful things

framed within the idea of time wound and unwinding
on prayer wheels, is a pudding so full of variety - it
almost out-ranks my real hero, Velikovsky, himself!

Margaret Alice Second

My Soul Longs [rev]

The shock of seeing what little work there is given to another, someone with such an immediate sense of concrete, material world nothing except sensory perception exists; I'm the first to commend her for carrying out all administrative & routine projects so much better than I - bureaucratic life's actually very foreign to my psyche & simply serves as a brilliant background for a modern opera about government

service: sadly I watched the work gobbled up by the clever person with a closed mind who can only see three steps ahead, & nothing anywhere else; such a wonderful worker, an ethical moral person whose integrity is beyond any doubt, kind and considerate, but without any desire to understand anything else ever - rejecting quantum physics as nonsensical - unwilling to know the world as a hologram,

illusionary reality as bureaucratic imperative being the beginning and end of her life - and I don't know what to say as I'll keep the peace agreeing with all she says because it's better to be happy than to be right - suffocating behind a spiritual mask honouring everyone's right to their relative truth while my soul longs for a wide view of infinite dimensions

Margaret Alice Second

My Soul Untouched

My body has given up on me even as
I have given up on life, if THIS is all I
can achieve, it is not meaningful to
continue in this physical world

In my youth I thought to render service
even as I gathered knowledge - yet -
though reading everything in books and
on the Internet, I still understand

Only a few things and my wisdom - such
as it may be - has never been tested, with
regard to service, I have not rendered any
or very little - I smile continuously - so

Everyone asks why I seem happy - I reply
because I work in paradise - and it is true,
the only thing is that there is no-one to help,
no big challenge, the mental stimulation of

Every translation does not fire my heart,
my soul is untouched, if there is no way in
which I can change my life, only moving on
to become pure consciousness - is left...

Started French revision while watching
television, why not, at school we did our
homework to radio and later to television
as soon as we got one

Soon the repetitive request to rephrase little
questions to indicate knowledge of gender
and verbs as used in French drove me to
distraction, luckily boredom of evaluation

Of every aspiring dancer made me go on
long past my boredom threshold, tonight

I am surprised to find that I feel empty, it
should have been different, I should be

Happy and proud about all I have done -
yet the question remains - what is the
sense of it all - and the reply makes me
feel dumb - realising that it is all

A mental game in the end, we make it
up as we go, I need to make up a new
world because repeating things over
and over ad infinitum is driving me

To despair....

Margaret Alice Second

My Twin

She remembers unhappiness at age ten,
wanted to die, cried nights, an indictment
on everyone near – especially me who
slept fingers in ears to quietly dream

Why she was so unhappy I cannot say,
I lived life in between, mind empty-black
and sad, lonely until I read books, stories
or consummate facts

I backed out her world, frustrated mother
screaming hysterically, fury mad dad –
our loving Grandma overwrought,
overworked, fatigued

I lived my life invisibly, reading quietly,
playing imaginary games – around me
all hell was let loose, there was no
way of avoiding risible chaos

My sister could not escape, she was
punished for being visibly alive and
not disappearing like me, what can
I tell her today?

I am happy to not have felt my own
life, hearing about it from her mouth,
the hostility, anger and distance
I am so glad I was away mentally

Living in books – and pure fantasy...

Margaret Alice Second

My Wallflowers [rev]

Some of the basic choices I made are held in a strongbox for which I don't have a key - I cannot unlock and change these decisions; and then I read Seth's opinion; thoughts, ideas, feelings and convictions form a galaxy - and some core choices form big planets with smaller ideas orbiting them; I'll have to think about this -

My choices do not allow such leeway that my life could ever veer off into parallel dimensions as the threads of my life is woven; a stable pattern remains as I take the same options over & over - so none of my heroines are allowed to lose a love - at least not while I'm telling her story - which may start at the point where a loved one's

Been a long time lost; no heroine of mine saunters down dark, lonely streets to be assaulted or hurt irretrievably - none need overcome the pain & shame of wrong moral choices - it must sound boring to the more enterprising - who send characters into any situation for excitement and to experience challenges, creating ravishing

Protagonists who end up being the most ravished also, but not me, my wallflowers keep me entertained simply because a rambunctious heroine leads to an easy life & such uncomplicated love - while I prefer my Beauty lost without the Beast's help, an unacknowledged Cinderella who serves - her photo adorning her gravestone only

My Christine stays with the phantom, Ralph finds another love while the phantom changes to become a handsome young man underneath a mask of scars... I cannot inflict suffering on my heroines when I refuse to inflict suffering on myself - and for that matter, not any upon all others...

Margaret Alice Second

My Way Home [revised]

Not in the mood to read, even things I like are too much -
as bad as boring documents where the name of every
Ministry has to be checked, while sitting next to a beautiful
rose blooming in diaphanous pink with yellow colourings

And knowing that each new moment presents a precious
gif; to my left flowers defining every previous moment of
life, each flower represents a smile, small yellow ones
together become

A giggle that moves to the melody of Tchaikovsky's
Nutcracker suite, it has me entranced, I bring in blue
for balance and bright green for life-giving energy,
so good to ponder as I wend my way home....

Margaret Alice Second

My Werewolf-State [rev]

No amount of Ke-hoe repetitions from the book Mind Power which took Mr-Hehoe-guru himself to a schwarmy hotel, to brag about entertaining friends in a Presidential Suite for a month (with their `e tu' Brutus crew of backstabbers about) , no amount of positive affirmations counteract a pizza-effect transforming me into the scrubby werewolf whining at the waning moon

And I don't see any advice from Mr-Big-Hoo on how to change into wealthy & successful - as a werewolf, and how to invite other werewolves to treat them in a smart hotel where even the best is not good enough; Mr-He-Big-Bunkkum's plan for becoming a billionaire is a pyramid scheme: he teaches you how to lecture and tease people into peace and plenty, you sally forth and teach

Others and you get paid an exorbitant amount for being a mountebank - but let me explain: the cause of today's backsliding into shape-changing diet-hell was boredom - just feeling almost good enough, nothing exciting, no passion, no fighting; spiritual texts reveal kindness and love makes us invulnerable, yet I experienced none of this; thus down to Hades for a change - when good health

Returns I shall be content again; only by jumping into the fire can I appreciate my boring miniature worlds and use what little of my mind is left after years of seeking wisdom, missing the life I could have lived: repeating positive affirmations about my being a successful business tycoon who can listen to my double-dealing "friends" croon compliments about my lovely lifestyle & invulnerable

Love; indeed - this werewolf wonders at Kehoe's invulnerable technique to make gullible people pay for lectures on how to become as rich as he is, the

only thing to say is Kardashian, balderdash I mean
while I whine at the moon in my werewolf state..

Margaret Alice Second

My Wonderful Treasures (Revised)

Four hats at work should alert the unwary:
hats are important in my life, I love hiding
behind sunglasses and old multifocals, but
topping all that is hiding behind a hat with
the hat worn expressing my mood to boot

A jaunty Fedora with pink flowers for rambling
about with a big smile, for political discussions
with hapless colleagues - then a large-brimmed
straw bonnet and sublime purple scarf for a fast
military march to the library

A plaid Fedora to wear when explaining why I
adore Madiba with his benign smile beaming at
me from several posters in my work station; okay
visitors might be critical of the clutter - a pink
fairy as sentinel on the printer with stickers

Of sailing ships on its side, the silver and white
corner to my right; several pairs of glasses and
a purple pair for fun; a yellow seahorse on my
green box, smiling wooden dolls amongst pink
rosebuds, a group of plastic dolls

My favourite with a sweet, determined facial
expression, wondering eyes and rosy mouth,
reminding me of a steadfast Charlotte Brontë
& long-suffering Jane Austin who fought for
women's rights through their words

All things denote a being who couldn't sit
still all day - hopefully visitors will run away
before finding my mug stained with brown
chocolate I had earlier today - but oh, what
a lovely life when I look at this -

All my wonderful treasures!

[10 February 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

My Wonderland Rules (Revised)

Revealing little about her but more about my own personality, my opinion of my sister contains dislike of conflict and inconsistent behaviour; I easily feel bullied and insecure, receive conflicting messages

Prefer a calm, self-assured leader to unpredictable emotional persons, love routines while disruptions serving no visible purpose cause great discomfort, can't abide a lack of sweet, gentle consideration

Our opinions reveal who we are and how we react to the world and the people around us, but reveal very little about the world as it is; some behaviour I cannot accommodate stoically, though I would

Love to go through the world dealing with all in the same way, keeping my distance without disruption when life presents deep drama and those around me join enthusiastically

Yet for me it's a perfect background, enabling my escape from this world into another reality where I can be Le Petit Prince or Alice in Wonderland, not facing a sister who does not play

By my Wonderland rules...

Monday 1 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Mysterious And Mythical

Found a new book in the library - Act of God
a story of cataclysm, Tutankhamun as well as
Atlantis in which detective Graham Phillips un-
covers extraordinary events - thank heaven,
a mysterious Egyptian tomb, just what I need
to add oomph to my quiet existence

I live my life in my head, when reading material
becomes scarce I am in dire straits; a discovery
to give meaning to my days on earth which seem
to be such a useless material illusion; only third
thoughts & inner narrative imperative create new
lines combining historical events

In symbolical significance, being devoted to all
things spiritual, I am delighted by everything
mysterious and mythical

Act of God - Tutankhamun, Moses & The
Myth of Atlantis - The True Story of The
Greatest Cataclysm to shape Civilisation
By Graham Phillips, Pan Books,1998

Margaret Alice Second

Mysterious Sighs [revised]

Just a whisper of what it once was, four walls
and an A-line roof implied, large trees around
this quiet scene have born witness - yet can-
not advise what's gone in mysterious sighs

I suspect suffering hoping I am wrong, there
may have been the joy of young love, a child
and then the house seemed too small so they
moved to a larger home – an inspired idea

Leaving me with happy anticipation for other
ruins and the realisation hope is the only thing
that keeps our blood flowing and our hearts
free from paralysis of pain and fear

Come, let's go, there are more beautiful places
waiting for discovery

Margaret Alice Second

Mystical Tales [revised]

I look at my document and the world ends, every time;
I bring it back by quickly looking away - Tunisia's
corruption is not meant for today and I read William
James instead: mystic's revelations hold true for
mystics only - others can consider them but have
no claim to truth without our personal experience
of such events

I agree; even a sceptic can see a right to dignity
creates peaceful society and inequality a recipe for
disaster; no need for a mystic's revelations to provide
foundations for these principles; yet some mystical
tales are so enchanting and their claim to truth is
irrelevant, like the mystical tale of a baby
born to bring peace to the world

The tale of Buddha illuminated, Sufi Whirling Dervishes
dancing atom's spin into a primitive world, Hindu gods
telling of many Kali ages, the Kabala's Tree of Life; when
these lovely ideas are used to motivate more freedom and
rights for members of the human race, they fulfil a higher
ideal in a magnificent way

[ORIGINAL:]

Every time I look at my document, the world
ends, I quickly bring it back into existence by
looking away, Tunisia's corruption is clearly
not meant for today - I read William James
instead: A mystic's revelations hold true for
the mystic only - others can consider them
but they have no claim to truth without our
personal experience of such events

I agree with him; even a sceptic can see the
right to dignity creates a peaceful society and
inequality is a recipe for disaster; no need for
a mystic's revelations to provide foundations

for these principles; yet some mystical tales are so enchanting, their claim to truth is irrelevant, the mystical tale of a baby born to bring peace to the world

The tale of Buddha illuminated, Sufi Muslim Whirling Dervishes dancing the atom's spin into a primitive world, Hindu gods telling of many Kali ages, the Kabala's Tree of Life; when these lovely ideas are used in order to motivate more freedom and rights for members of the human race, they fulfil a higher ideal in a magnificent way...

Margaret Alice Second

Mystified

We are spell-bound, gripped in the clutches
of a mystery of mind-blowing proportions:
Where is Madame La Pompadour, why is
she still gone, why did she SMS on gastro-
intestinal upset and lamenting her
awakening at twenty past eleven

Will she ever return to the office again, will
Human Resources one day carry out its
warning that she is not an asset to the govern-
ment, receiving a salary for no work done; one
long, continuous absence while others do
her job, when will she look at us

Disdainfully again, with the assured arrogance
of one used to command and only rising from
her bed if she feels like it - not very often; what
excuse will she offer next if her health does
not keep deteriorating: buying a night-gown
for mom, geyser burst during the night

A tree to be chopped down, car won't start, dog
to be taken to the vet; she feels depressed
and must see a psychiatrist, she overslept -
like today, her list of excuses being very re-
petitive - How long will Human Resources
and Management keep us

Happily engrossed in guessing the steps to be
taken to deal with the situation, will they give
her merit for the most persistent absentee
encountered in government service, creating
a marvelous plot more complicated than
an Agatha Christie suspense novel

Reminding of 'They Came to Bagdad' - a
young girl lied all the time, when she finally
spoke the truth no-one believed her - we
are all riveted by the unfolding of this mystery

fascinated and mystified by the daring
exploits of our own Madame

Showing cowards how to go once started
on the road to flaunt the establishment,
we can only shout encouragement:
Way to go Madame, Good Luck!

Margaret Alice Second

Myth Of Cynicism

The wind is disturbed, the sea madly advancing,
a whirlwind creating waves ruffling their crests
the forces of nature are paying their respects for
the loss of the land, of a saint, a man above men,
Mandela, the prisoner who forgave everyone
who incarcerated him

The wind creates havoc everywhere, chasing us
inside to stare and wonder at this show of such
immense perturbation - of strange events, and I
think it is all caused by the loss of the soul, the
greatest of all – Mandela, our first President, the
prisoner from Robben Island

The freedom fighter who knew when to give up
and bring the universe to its knees with his sweet
humility - the wind and sea are thundering their
praise for Nelson Mandela – the father of our
nation, the leader of our age and the man who
destroyed the myth of cynicism forever!

[Saturday 7 December 2013]

Margaret Alice Second

Near Nirvana [rev]

Its soft as prime, glossy silk and rounded like the finest wine or the taste of real maple syrup - now the at least three weeks adrenaline storm which ransomed me, is over, peace returns and I hope to reach my inner cathedral from which a cocktail mix banned me with overpowering feelings - tight screws about my head loosen: Nici's back, finally

My heart's emotions release their suffocating hold, I'm sitting here in her chaotic room breathing again, viewing her photographs - she and brother playing a card game; all's well, the world's uprighted itself, my hideous headache's gone, she's safe, the tight muscles relax and I can now eat and breathe in an unalloyed joy of having my daughter home

Soft rain falling outside accentuates the wonder of the time; she hasn't changed, still the same bright little one-person explosive ball of energy, suddenly food and drink taste good again and I feel freedom of being - all because she has returned with all her bravado & cheek, smiling then laughing at us, my darling child; now adrenaline overflow subsides

Velvet peace replacing effervescent sparkles that smashed me in waves of anxiety now takes me as near Nirvana as I'll ever be...

Margaret Alice Second

Nectar And Ambrosia

Lament, lamentation, it's a disgrace, the great Madame de la Pompadour complains her car's wipers' not working - electrical problems, the back-yard mechanics claim: take out sackcloth and strew ashes over our heads, lift voices in sad song to resound in the metaphorical gates of our language citadel - all because sadly

our great manage-administrator & high-ranking official as well as her own Mother Superior, whom Mme suspects of dark deeds committed in secret because she's imitating long-distance managing of our own esteemed, respected and lauded Mme, ah, greatness, oh Their Excellencies - both of our Super Superiors, VIP's at every event and in

management, are involved in greater things than the lowly day-to-day duties here in the open-plan office where Mme la Pompadour still spurns her special office isolating her from the noise and heat shared by the rest of us immolated in the clucking chicken coop where we live and work - oh, how hallowed these Great Ladies who tread on

celestial stairs to bring down nectar and ambrosia which we never get to see, but which they truthfully claim they keep for Armageddon - we shall not be found wanting when the final trumpet is blown and the 4 horsemen of the Apocalypse ride out, they say, we shall join them like real Valkyries and then our true value will be seen - indeed, indeed, oh great

and majestic leaders of our little people, assembly-line-translators and humble language-practitioners like Tibetan chelas in a monastery like me, destined to never rise higher than the 2 inches I've made and leopard-crawling, floor-kissing when the officials pass who check my inadequate work which is changed line for line to be correct in their astounding -

elevated minds; oh, with Voltaire's Candide I can only declare, this is the best of all possible worlds! And thus stops the song of the flibbertigibbet and kissing the floor I return to my Dutch document waiting like a wide-open mouth ready to swallow me whole...

Margaret Alice Second

Need To Repeat [rev]

We can do ANYTHING we want a self-help thriller promises; I feel his accusatory eyes on me, a hot flush triggered eating sugary things - it forces me out into the rain - another aspect of my life to be mastered by his principles - & once again failed

Don't even have ideals to reach for with his tricks; success and wealth is our duty - to serve others in our prosperity, he says; makes me feel like Wall-E after being crushed on the Spaceship, dutifully I try to find a vision that requires Master's techniques

I'd LOVE to accomplish something but what, as for beginning a business - I can't even add or subtract - as the Mind Power Master instructs - it sounds like my biggest nightmare; I'm glad John Kehoe is so successful & happily brags about it in every line

Of his book - but alas, following his example isn't possible; a reaching for some things has already proved unattainable in my life, I could not master piano playing, sewing or being calm while bored out of my mind - so I pay him the compliment

To read his brag-book in total - his theories have no effect on me until a dream appears needing to repeat his affirmations until I've realised my vision; 'til then I shall keep his words ready for the day my subconscious wants to steer me towards success

For now I shall remain a translator-bum waiting for inspiration to strike - then I'll repeat his affirmations with alacrity - morning, noon and night...

Margaret Alice Second

Need To Run Away [revised]

Just when it seems I'm resigned to doing research
seeking technical terms, words become too much:
'Strategic transverse areas comprise several forms of energy;
governance of energy network substitutions ... ' terms that
glide away beyond understanding of the 13 or so

Remaining brain cells yet to be consumed by pills
modern medicine pumps into me for complacency
while living in allergenic pain; Internet pics show
little brain activity left once modern medication
starts to mess with synapses, in stimulating or

Inhibiting secretion of serotonin and dopamine
while upsetting reabsorption cycles; with all my
brain cells dying 13 is overoptimistic as a guess
probably - thus there is not enough to carry on
translating boring stuff - like this unemotional

Blather on rebellions all over Africa shelving
strategic plans, the people dreaming of electricity
while freedom fighters commit genocide in selfish
bids to obtain power and wealth; right now I need
to run away and leave the rebels to fight among

Themselves, no amount of preaching Madiba at
them has any effect, nothing can stem the tide of
violence with which Africa's peoples celebrate a
freedom from previous oppression, joining their
erstwhile masters oppressing their own people

With enthusiasm so strange it makes no sense...

[13 February 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Negligence [rev]

Now I know cell phones represent cameras - so I stop calling mine a watch because it tells time - discovered how people take selfies - tried to turn to it around and couldn't see where to click - until technology revealed itself; took pics of my infected insect bite, ointment & plaster - and sent to the Duchess - impressed by my prowess she replied, shocked by the evil weal with a

Red encirclement; I repent - I shouldn't've sent her shocking pictures & Queen of Hearts calls a 3-year old Alice: All Ways Are My Ways So You Had Better Improve Quickly she says, each word ringed in red, starting with capital emphasis; as a scowling Alice I hang my head, I'm not 3 any more - my dad Conan the Barbarian swears jocularly to kill the insect then

And there - the Duchess plans boarding the bus to come discipline me for negligently letting a wound become badly infected; - my family's amazing, my son fantasises living near the Duchess to bump into her with sing-song 'hal-loo, hal-' (sung high) & 'loo' (much lower) - she'd be surprised - then come sort us out for negligence in not treating wounds...

Margaret Alice Second

Nest In My Bed

Enough books to create
ambiance in my room -
build a nest in my bed,
anxiety requires travel
between quotes I love

Can't spend three days in
spearmint only, need some
chocolate, meat & veggies
also, books in all flavours,
teddies and my paper-doll

Vivid Verse, Soul Music by
Pratchett, Agatha Christie -
tie down my mind at night &
for the trip by bus, a juvenile
Horror High - Killer Instinct

To combat all fear - Feet of
Clay - should speeches be
too menacing, words can
change mental states -
I feel secure

In preternatural spheres, no
emotional upset - books are
survival, nourishment and
divine help all in one

Margaret Alice Second

Nesting Languidly [rev]

Today, think Sinbad; I'm a pirate clad in wide, black burka pants & zebra-stripe T-shirt - without a knife gripped between teeth - it can be arranged - & I've strapped a frozen water bottle to my back to abba ice-cold liquid as my cooling system because this building our Department is housed in cannot effect a working air-con system; I'm ramrod-straight like a sea-rat spritzing water on my face, counterpoint to drinking energising coffee, warm and delicious

Still doing exercises in front of my computer as the Department fails to provide me with a back-support chair - standing's Internet-praised as good-for-you anyway, ear-phones to reduce open-plan office with chicken-coop cackles to a uniform noise in order to keep my poise; it's blessed life on an exceptional day in a universe where loving, intelligent energy fills every consciousness & we're free to mould energy

Into lives that please us - mine is so good it will be the last reincarnation on this earth; after death I'll go to a non-physical plane & continue learning without corporeal impediments, relaying information through a willing spiritual medium who prays only kind & good voices should come through - a magnificent vision - in the meantime, we formed a noisy new group, the Smiling Nightingales because we are always happy:

Azui, Thokozile, Mimi and me - who greet each other melodiously "Hal-loo - Hal-loo" - while I'm making progress with the Portuguese Regulations nesting languidly on my desk...

Margaret Alice Second

Never Cereal Again

Pain doesn't work for me, being a martyr doesn't make me a better person, steel chains around my head caused by swelling until the insides push so hard against my skull, it feels like a train smash in my head; everything: work, relationships, feelings every aspect of life is destroyed and like a broken automaton I mechanically repeat the same action, making tea, feeling worse, drinking hot chocolate exacerbating everything, a psychopath am I, without a single loving feeling – neither for myself nor for others, without anchor or lodestar & I worked so hard to put both in place; all will be lost until my mind returns, I come to my senses knowing I have learned never to eat cereal again...

Margaret Alice Second

Never Cried About It All [revised]

Used to live in this area, it unleashes
icy memories of anxious meaningless
being, loneliness without warmth -

Open fields and caress of the air,
view to the distant CBD - here feeling
chemically depressed I grew up in a

wee existence sprinkled with books
of delight leaving me dizzy through
bipolar experiences, confusing me

Living within a structured despair -
look at me today, calmly arriving at
the editing and proofreading class

Feelings discretely sent to the back
of my mind where no havoc can be
created - quietly accepting my role

In life, magnificent to be at ease with
whom I am, unthinkable when I was
small without balance to keep me

Upright as life rolled over me, and
I never cried about it all - not until
much later in life...

Margaret Alice Second

Never Spinach Ever Again (Rev)

When everything went wrong, every positive expectation I had for the day met with a negative end, I had to explain to myself why and all I could see was the spinach I had brought with me; trying to help with book-filled boxes in the storeroom, I was always in the way - and this is the day I ate spinach at work

Yuck, spinach is bad luck, I'll never bring it to work again, it'll break my heart - and with it tasting so bad I ended up eating a waffle to escape from dread - even driving home was no fun - tomorrow I'll drive like a fiend enjoying my life with great things to eat - but I'll never bring a horrible thing like spinach ever again!

Margaret Alice Second

Never-Ending Forever [rev]

The only beauty treatment I believe in is an eye-crinkling smile, no lather of face cream & lipstick conceals ugly facial expressions; spying myself frowning reminds me that we will die with the face we have crafted in the character we created with those dreams in our minds and the feelings we cherished -

Memories we've treasured - souvenirs that pray the hope of love will be sustaining like cash my daughter left in my handbag, she knows of my credit-card payback project - and tells me I have good legs; her figure & face are those of a pixie or beautiful angel, varying with her quicksilver moods - such

Memories will endure: like my son saying he likes my self-created hair-style, it can't get any better than this yet it did when my beloved asserted he saw I lost weight and it feels overpowering - may these dreams float us through life on a stream of love-never-ending forever...

Margaret Alice Second

New Charm

Long ago, almost forgotten in the winds of time
a wonderful story fired my mind: a kind, lovable
old soul preached how legends and myths told
of strange portents

A hero, sensitive and strong, was cast as Lodi,
the Spirit King who came down a mountain and
was met and helped by a young Prince to
establish a new reign of peace on earth

Ever since I have been searching for more such
imaginative themes to add to the lovely tapestry
these colourful strands weave in my mind, the
latest sparkles of silver and gold

Were added by an Internet author mentioning
the mythical Giorgio de Santillana & Hertha von
Dechend theory that characters of ancient myth
are to be identified with the planets

That gods are really stars - the characters and
adventures of mythology explain the balance
of power among stars and planets - this
enables me to read the wildly immoral

And totally improbable Cuneiform clay tablet
stories and myths of the ancients with new
enjoyment - without this focal point, these
myths and legends seemed

Just a waste, the impossible psychological
and physical prowess ascribed to the actors
made it seem like the ravings of madmen
without any redeeming features

But as allegories and symbols of heavenly orbs
all fall into place, enacting the tale of precession
and the cataclysms unleashed when these bodies
are struck by meteorites; undergoing

Inevitable polarity changes – suddenly these stories acquired a new charm that delights...

Margaret Alice Second

New Hostilities [revised]

You watch reality TV, British celebrities illustrating their own Christmas dishes while I want to watch fantasy movies with tinkling glass dolls animating, failed magicians saving others by illusions, robots helping old men with heists

Then you tell me off in strident terms for eating forbidden bread - today's happy, floating feeling completely flees, the atmosphere changes, we're worlds apart - my glittering snowflakes and nativity scene are banished from the main sitting room:

Snowflakes and sheep and baby Jesus covered in gold - the results of my more zealous phase, we're smothered in disappointment by these new hostilities, you watch your reality TV and I'll live in my preferred fantasy world...

[26 December 2013]

[ORIGINAL:]

You watch reality TV, British celebrities illustrating their own Christmas dishes, I want to watch fantasy movies with tinkling glass dolls coming alive, failed magicians saving others using illusions, robots to help old men with heists

After you told me off in strident terms for eating the forbidden bread the atmosphere changed, the happy feeling floating me through the day completely went away, we are worlds apart - my glittering snowflakes and nativity scene banished from

The main sitting room: snowflakes and sheep and baby Jesus covered in gold - the result of my more zealous phase, disappointment with the new hostilities, you watch your reality TV and I watch my fantasy...

[24 December 2013]

Margaret Alice Second

New Island Of Bliss (Revised)

in purple, pink and apricot - beautiful new tops, my twin had her fill of my looking dull, decreed I'd try all in the shop; 25 tries later I have 7 beautiful accessories - some sheer cotton: I usually wear black hoping to disappear but since I am still here its time to embrace my fate and try

to look presentable; doing it for twin sis who wants me to be normal, not favour a stray waif escaped from an orphanage, and neither a member of the threatening Taliban in long black coat nor a Muslim in baggy black burka - I thought this to be the only clothes for me since I found

that nothing appealed in the shops - but it was before the advent of my peppery-tongued Duchess making it her mission, scolding mom for wearing wrong shoes and prodding me; she blows through our lives as a dangerous whirlwind, deposits us on a new island of bliss...

[11 February 2014]

[ORIGINAL:]

The most beautiful new tops in purple, pink and apricot - twin sis had her full of my looking dull, decided I should try on every top in the shop, 25 tries later I had 7 beautiful tops, some sheer cotton - I'm used to wearing black hoping to disappear but, since I am still here

Time to embrace my fate and try to look presentable, doing it for my twin sis who

wants me to be a normal human being,
not resemble a stray waif escaped from
an orphanage, neither a member of the
Taliban in a long black coat nor a Muslim
in a big black burka – I thought

That to be the only clothes for me since I
found nothing in the shops – but that was
before the advent of my peppery-tongued
Duchess, scolding mom for wearing wrong
shoes and prodding me; she blows through
our lives like a whirlwind and deposits us
on a new island of bliss...

Margaret Alice Second

New Persona

Your brother published a book, mom's Whatsapp message says: a surprise as Tom Thumb was not literary inclined before; detailing poaching glorious rhinos with gory scenes explaining poor people need the money for mere survival while rich profiteers stay behind the scenes - stashing the money and paying the destitute killers a pittance to keep them keen

The extract on the Internet is riveting, the language mistakes enhance the story proving the author a wild-life protector, not a literary professor, nor rich enough to afford an editor & I ordered the book to read about Tom Thumb's experiences in his wanderings through the world & suddenly I realise: he's not Tom Thumb any more, his new persona is Genghis Khan

Bent on revenge for the rhino deaths to splash on meaningless luxury lives while their slaughtering underlings need the money just to survive...

Margaret Alice Second

New Perspectives On Old Themes

It seems the amplituhedron which is pure triangle geometry giving birth to space and time, means our universe began as a snakes-and-ladders game when pure consciousness thought of going straight up and once it reached the top, thought of

Joyously sailing down a coiling snake – so space and time are not inherent features of reality as they came into being only after movement created form; our thoughts are beyond geometry and can freely move without constraint of time and space

As has been claimed by Spiritualists; reality is multi-faceted and as unpredictable as a quantum butterfly within infinite possibilities depicted as eternal spirals to be redone as often and for as long as we like and we get to decide what the purpose of life is:

Happiness and joy, adventure just for fun in an eternal play forever changing, creating new intrigues while life is eternally renewed in every new being who appears upon the scene with new perspectives on old themes, again and again and again...

Margaret Alice Second

New South Africa (Revised)

Stormed into the office, told the first colleague I met how wonderful our first President, Nelson Mandela, was for me; - she coldly replied, for me he was just another terrorist. I said I respected her views & left immediately, flabbergasted that a representative of the tribe he saved, Dutch-Afrikaners, rejected their saviour without taking an unbiased look at his life

It again confirmed my disgust with my tribe, I refuse to identify with the right-wing and went off in search of a kindred spirit, found Ulrike who also watched a special Mandela channel and cried when he was sentenced to prison on Robben Island, just as I had cried when I saw what evil politicians did to him, suddenly I realised that Tsavendas killed Verwoerd

Because he could not stand Verwoerd's evil smile, the whole corps of Afrikaner politicians were evil and so was their church, hiding their moral bankruptcy by firm media control, censure and falsehood - keeping a generation of ordinary people under their spell; my dad never succumbed and shocked everyone saying that every political leader in life was a crook

My dad deplored the way Africans were defrauded by conniving Europeans, could not stand their suffering because their pass was not right, clocked them in at work and organised passes for whoever needed it - today I feel my dad was right although he frequently lost his job - he took the part of the underdog - I am so glad - what a wonderful world in which

Mandela created a new South Africa!

[2 January 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

New Spirituality [revised]

The whole truth can't be found complete as bits are scattered everywhere, individual sources are incomplete; look into everything: nature, books, all living things, for unique aspects of the truth are reflected within each

Everything contains the whole hologram under laser-beams shining from many minds - though existing as small bits in their singularity, include all to recreate the truth for nothing is complete as it is; forget doctrine, sacred texts

Forget ancient scripture, it's pedantry, for today individual insights enrich life's tapestry while not sanctifying any single bit as ultimate reality nor force it on us as holy texts; today scientists say every part of the universe is alive

Literally EVERYTHING - heavenly bodies - the cosmos, all of nature, you and me creating our personal reality - see every text ever written as an essential part of the New Spirituality which excludes nothing in existence...

[New Inclusive Spirituality differs fundamentally from the exclusive, dogmatic texts of yesterday]

Margaret Alice Second

New World To Come

Continued the cleaning-the-paper-clutter-project,
threw away recent papers but kept my study guides
and old notes from varsity days - can't throw away
exercises, projects and questions, the reminder of
how much work went into my dream of achieving
my ideals, though it is a conundrum

As it was the music in words that enchanted and I
ended up killing words, ignoring the music, only
concentrating on meaning, while studying philosophy
was great yet led to the discovery that we learned
the history of the subject, could not philosophise
ourselves; how did my life derail so far

To become a train smash, a job destroying music,
requiring total annihilation of the imagination,
destroying fantasy within paradigm of positivism
based on so-called scientific correlations between
terms based on the erroneous assumption it is
possible to be neutral in doing translation

Without metre and rhythm, emotion and feeling,
I hope that my body gives up before I completely
lose my mind and the visions of a new world
to come after this one...

02/02/2013

Margaret Alice Second

Nice To Be Myself [revised]

Exam over, steel clamp around my heart loosening slowly, had to bind steel tightly around fearing loss of motivation would kill my dedication, feared less anxiety about outcomes, feared the ability to learn was gone - that without rock-hard concentration I would be unable to open a book, scared of proving

I am not able to retain what we learned in class, scared myself into trying hard but I did not work hard enough to achieve the highest mark, yet the questions were fun, it was a privilege to follow the course and I loved writing a blogspot note giving my opinion on a movie - I chose 'The King and I'

Which showed a woman empowered through education and privilege in contrast with the life of Edith Piaf - so tragic and sad, though she was a celebrated artist - tonight is wonderful, fun shows on TV - I am me - after having been someone else, it is so nice to be myself...

Margaret Alice Second

Nici In My Life

I stared at my little baby all through
the first night of her life, still in shock
that the little darling was part of me
and now lived and breathed on her
own, my life was not the same, so
much better with the little claimant
on my time and energy

If she cried incessantly I put her in
a kangaroo bag around my neck
and tilled the garden while bits of
dirt flitted down on her sleeping
face and I knew I had an angel
with me, I took her everywhere
I went, especially the library

She surprised us when it came out
she told the teacher her mother said
she need not learn at school, I had
to backtrack and explain that society
and law require us to spend time
learning and though the value was
limited, she had to learn too

Before long she read and wrote
on her own, her life was a secret
of what happened at school and
where she went with her friends,
soon she abused her parents in
the time-honoured tradition of
teenagers everywhere

On 12 September she turns 18, she
still looks so young but underneath
has a will of steel, her naughty tricks
delights me, I'm amazed to see how
disciplined and overbearing she is,
a revelation of how young people
think when raised conservatively

She is still studying before spreading
her wings, a wonderful friend teaching
her mother how to be cool - though the
project is doomed - with Nici in my life
I am blessed, her determined little
face still enchants me no end...

Happy Birthday Nici!

Margaret Alice Second

Nici's Gift Poem

Written For My Birthday

Marilese, Marilese...

It's your birthday
You're such a flower girl...
You're never where you're supposed to be!

Never listening.
A head full of dreams and all
kinds of fairy things,

You sing in the halls
and sometimes sleep on the couch
but that's not all.

You wander this house, like a ghost
checking things out. We get a fright
when you appear and scream

Oh dear! ..
A woman is messing in my
room, moving things...

What's a person
to do with a flower girl
such as that?

Guess there's only one thing to do
love the girl, well I
guess that's that.

[Thank you to my daughter, Nici, who wrote this poem
on the envelope of the lovely card she gave me.]

Margaret Alice Second

Nineteen Years Is Long Enough (Revised)

For the first time in nineteen years I'm planning
Christmas with my parents, to be with them as
one singing Carols, preparing delicacies to eat -
but particularly singing songs mother wrote,
presenting the play she designed for us ages
ago when we twins were just six years old

Back then my brothers and dad spoiled things -
but this time we can present mother's songs less
their interference, and afterwards I can go for a
spin on brother-in-law's motorbike, making up
for events we missed when small - yes, this
Christmas will be a grand reunion ball

For the first time in nineteen years I shan't be
home; it's either or, never parents and hubby
together, and though he was angry hearing
my plans - after nineteen years he cannot
really complain - it is the first time I shall be
with them - I think it is fair,

Nineteen years is long enough

Margaret Alice Second

No Crystal Ball

A case study illustrates how this code works: insert words 'Yitzhak Rabin' so the computer divides 304 805 letters into 64 rows of 4 772 letters each, the words in centre of matrix

This means skip code sequence is 4772, if skip code is 10; 30 480 rows of 10 letters are made; when rows are rearranged, new sets of interlocking words and phrases are created

Code words determine arrangement of text and crossword puzzles change, phrase 'assassin will assassinate' touched Rabin's name - but only after his death assassin's name AMIR was found in the same place

The Bible is no crystal ball, you have to know what to look for in advance - what a relief, no future foretold, merely probabilities, nothing determined - we shall always be free to make up our own mind

Science speculates Bible might have been encoded by non-human intelligence - and Einstein relativity claims past and future is one, time division an illusion, therefore such a code could be created

Without breaking any rules governing our universe, how gratifying to know the range of possibilities ever so much bigger than we suspected!

The Bible Code, Michael Drosnin, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1997 -
p.27-38

Margaret Alice Second

No Deva Here

The letter of a desperate complainant open
on my left since I really must translate every
word for the President, yet, first have to wash
my dirty cups, get water & tidy up to prevent
the encroaching mess from breaking over me,
search for my glasses & save my documents
from getting wet; put away a new dictionary
when my notebook-Tower-of-Pisa falls -

Pick them up - I'm running out of excuses to
procrastinate & my eyes turn to the incorrect-
water-meter letter - I invite the spirit devas of
complaint & provision schemes & the deva of
our Department to give me the concept how to
proceed to defend client & defendant, focusing
on my feelings as instructed by the spirit-devas;
feeling a need to eat oat meal - now it seems

The devas left after glaring at me for being so
frivolous to eat as they made their appearance,
realising this my mind protests against the unfair
treatment as I ate to calm my nerves and ensure
harmony for the devas' influence to inspire relay-
ing texts in correct English and I sigh; there is no
deva here, I have to do the job all alone without
the bright inspiration of deva minds bestowed

On their shiny-halo-aura-reading disciples who
commune with nature spirits and who would not
eat upon calling on the devas to assist them in
completing tasks that seem to be too much for
ordinary human consciousness...

Margaret Alice Second

No Harm Done [r]

Luckily I married a mighty spirit who explodes when crossed or frustrated, luckily he's just like my dad from whom I fled as his explosions were loud and odious, luckily I can't retaliate when the Boss flares up, and do you know what -

The most wonderful thing is I fell asleep when the Lord & Master of the Crocodile Castle pointed his mighty finger at me in wild fireworks, gritted teeth, demanding to know what I'd done to the car - nostrils flaring and lightning leaping from

Flaming eyes; this drama centred my spirit in the eye of the storm as I was shocked not knowing anything was amiss, then fell asleep & slept the night through - a great sleeping draught - I really should partake of it more, I happily thought -

And when the Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle's sleep-inducement was gone, no harm done, I'm glad to report...

Margaret Alice Second

No Hope Left (Revised)

My office lights fixed with impressive efficiency
in 30?, passing out from time to time, trying to
eat and drink to beat narcolepsy, higher degrees,
the more my head lolls on my neck, nothing can
keep me awake after dried fruit and soup

Coffee with milk makes no difference, it seems
best as lunch approaches to give in, sleep on my
desk, have already up-ended the kettle over my
legs, wish I were Mme Pompadour who decided
to stay at home instructing the doctor to request
sick leave because of blood pressure

While I'm here erupting in hot flushes, perspiring
to form a pool enough for a mouse, a Lori, a Duck
and a Dodo, pity I cannot shrink to join them in the
salty pool under my chair - I am growing instead,
everything I drink and eat adds to the girth of my
midriff, my equator is growing so wide

I cannot see my feet; like Alice I shall make them
gifts, sending a shoe for each - and a refrain from
a Beijing Hotel Brochure keeps playing in my mind:
'When you leave at the end of your [work] day, you
will have no hope left and you will struggle to forget
[the terrible fight to the death...]'

11 September 2013

Margaret Alice Second

No Love

And why shouldn't I be the most humble person at work, it's a bureaucracy - the mere fact that I'm tolerated in such an environment is a miracle, why not rejoice in the fact that I, a complete weirdo, is privileged to have a government post, why try to

Disguise the fact that numbers & figures confuse me, how claim to be a successful administrator given my success rate which is as low as it can go - why are you upset about my being honest when confronted by our local Holy Firebrand:

The reincarnation of Torquemada himself, already burning all people who dare to smoke & those with tattoos in fire and brimstone; why do you want me to stand up to the attacks of someone like that - why can't I admit all the sins she ascribes to me -

That I exonerate murderers and such-like, never had a problem with smokers or tattooed bodies, a downtown man with a cigarette behind one ear does not bother me - I look at what's inside, in the mind as expressed by the voice, look at facial expression -

Our Holy Sister's using of a little-girl-voice and facial expression of disgust when she sees things she disapproves of... I hear and see no love...

Margaret Alice Second

No More [rev]

I'm getting reacquainted with the real-deal headache;
retracing my steps the culprits have been delineated -
my keratin-conditioner project will have to go and no
strange substances will be permitted now my head's
exploding; nobody need fear my smile blinding them

In this brilliant sunshine - no more artificial, apple-
flavoured iced-tea or caramel popcorn, back on the
straight & narrow - sedately following a lonely road
to relative comfort & ease as chemical depression
changes the beautiful world into a grey and lonely

Place - my poor brain goes into autistic mode, losing
social skills 'til I clump around like a stupid giant and
stranger in my own world, my mind shrinking into the
smallest point, intellectual filling system disappears -
do you know how lonely it is to live without yourself -

Existing as an alien in a foreign body while you dare
not cry because the whole problem's caused by you
and your losing control of the allergy in not following
the right dietary regime - discipline is needed, and a
responsible, dedicated attempt to return all parts of

Life to full-colour, then living would contain me again;
tomorrow I may be able to hold normal conversation,
stop making inane remarks because my brain's being
criss-crossed by ants; I might even feel like me again,
when I'm gone nothing makes sense as reality just

Dissolves into one question - WHY?

Margaret Alice Second

No Personal Feelings

I feel miserable - as bad as the characters in my book with a headache which firmly puts me in a medieval torture rack; now the main protagonist is forced into athletics & maths though he wants to write stories while his classmate who's doing great in sports, is forced into music and reading: and here I am also ruining the fact of my lacking the ability to become interested in dry words and drab descriptions; I so admire my colleagues reaching

A frenzy of pedantic excitement over rewriting a translation quiz to determine why we translate in a specific way - my way is to get it over with as my enthusiasm for parroting other people's words without freedom to change things, quickly wanes - may not make a line sing nor conduct a rhythmic dance of words into a flowing symphony - the screeches of legal geeks must be conveyed literally, without improving text or melody - no personal feelings

May be left, nothing to pique interest or invite one to do one's best, and all my colleagues put me to shame - they're in heaven while I must suppress a dream of being a dancing princess at the ball of the King of the Universe - keeping the little alien in my head occupied by eating and testing every word, phrase & paragraph against the standard texts on the Internet - surveying my kingdom in this work-station with all the flowers bundled into

One corner, dictionaries heaped in the opposite space, a yellow dishcloth simulating sunbeams and I, a secret spy, imitating being a translator while planning to destroy the enemy's lair across the street where they lie in wait to blow us up first - but victory is mine and the explosion destroys their den in a spectacle of red flames - until I see the Health Safety document waiting like an obedient child for my guidance to lead it into expressing

What people should do to export to the Congo...

Margaret Alice Second

No Progress Unless

A movie from 1966
a real period piece
late, I cannot sleep
due to the allergy
so horrible, I do not
wish it on my enemy

Cannot lie down at all
only on the cold floor
dreaming is not easy
when I feel ill; spiritual
purpose of suffering is
never to suffer again

I am not making much
progress unless reading
Seth Speaks for esoteric
information on multidimensional
consciousness and reality

Will enrich my spirit -
oh, I hope so...

Margaret Alice Second

No Regime Independent [rev.]

Language Units established in every Government Department, no specialisation, no-one au fait re. quality - Foreign Languages Section redundant, bad work done at exorbitant fees since no-one is left to check standards: this is how newly independent countries run aground, changing for the sake of change - to be able to say "I did it my way"

Closing teachers' colleges, abolishing in-house training, sacking teachers - as the Country runs down, hospitals close, babies die, they claim: 'it's the legacy we were left with' though the cause is the government using public funds for personal income through ignorance, no money amassed under previous reign leaves the newly powerful

No other choice but to line their pockets through financial transactions, incompetence spreads as comrades-in-arms govern; the continent demands help from the world since believing itself relieved of responsibility by its colonial past; Ebola spreads because no regime is independent in the REAL sense of taking care of their own...

[18 September 2014]

[ORIGINAL:]

Amazing new legislation requiring Language Units in every Government & Provincial Department which means no specialisation, nobody being able to judge quality of work, the National Language Service esp. Foreign Languages Section less required - guess what, the Private Sector sharks can offer any kind of low-standard work at exorbitant fees because

There is no ONE with specialised knowledge to query quality of work, this is how newly independent countries are run aground - changing everything just for the sake

of change - to be able to say 'I did it my way' - closing teachers' colleges, abolishing in-house training, getting rid of teachers just for the sake of sacking everyone who worked under the previous regime - then as the

Country is running down, as hospitals close and babies die, claiming it's the legacy they left us with, though it's brought about by sheer incompetency, appointing only comrades-in-arms without regard for ability; demanding Africa be served by the rest of the world, not accepting responsibility; who cares, the continent dying of Ebola because no regime can be bothered to be independent

In the REAL sense of taking care of their own...

[18 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

No Snow Queen (R)

Everyone went out, or sent out, for a meal tonight;
only I was left with the green beans looking as old
as if they were on Noah's ark; Nici's having dinner
in a restaurant, Scorpio & my crocodile son - curry
take-aways from the local Indian place - and told
me generously my meal was the cold broccoli &
cauliflower in the fridge - strangely enough, that
kind announcement failed to inspire - so I took

A chocolate bar from the fridge, a cool lemon drink
and settled myself on the settee watching the Long
Island medium on TV, although I saw that episode
before spirit does not allow me perfect recall & it's
enjoyable to watch it again; the green beans left in
the pot, luke-warm and awful, that's why you guys
refused to eat it, right? - the broccoli & cauliflower
left in the fridge - a beggar might pass by who'd

Need it more than I, right? - and there goes the
last bit of chocolate, now I'm seeking something up-
lifting to see me through tomorrow when I shall be
alone & in sorrow: checking a legal statistics text is
like visiting Siberia in winter finding a frozen taiga -
and I'm no Snow Queen now, just a lonely person
faced with old green runner beans, cold broccoli
and cauliflower - while everyone else is enjoying

The herbs and spices of life....

Margaret Alice Second

Nobody

I cannot hold a conversation - I'm an imbecile,
an idiot, a crepuscule of the life we're supposed
to live, after my daring in my idiocy to talk to the
Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle

It transpired I did it all wrong, I'm the fool here,
the stupid cancre who can't relay what I feel,
better call it a day and remain alone where
nobody can ask me anything - I'm useless

For everything, everywhere, we are one BIG
communication problem and it's all MY fault,
I can see it so clearly, I understand - if only
you could be gay, another guy would have

Been just perfect - I'm just a disappointment,
a pain, a fool - a world-class idiot, I accept
the criticism from you, this is how I know
myself - a nobody for everyone...

Margaret Alice Second

Nodame Cantabile And Rachmaninoff (Revised)

I'm watching Nodame Cantabile, the Animé series, with my daughter. The Japanese intrigue is strange but music heavenly – students at music academy – once used to the weird diction of protagonists the story unfolds in amazing music reels

The heroine is completely insane, Nodame never plays piano as she should, improvising on Chopin, Mozart, practicing Rachmaninoff without stopping to eat or wash; the male student studying piano but dreaming of becoming a conductor, charming

Everyone with magical recitals, playing Franz Liszt, trying to get Nodame to focus on her music as she plays by ear instead of studying notes. Its story drew me in and off I went, waking as the music stopped – the old experience of falling back from dreaming

Back into an enhanced reality as I shared music with my daughter; knowing we share a bond of taste she invited me into the private world on her computer and a discovery that ability to be enchanted by wonderment never ages...

Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No.2

Friday 28 June 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Noisy Boredom [rev]

26 degrees & I'm falling asleep to the tune
of an incessant noise of the self-righteous
voice leaving grey intersecting scallops in
the air - red exclamation marks at the end
of every phrase, & waking up with a bang
every time my head falls into my hands

I hear colleagues laugh at my somnolence
while they're typing; I wish that the month
of August would spirit me away from where
I'm checking terms about plant pests while
the real office pest is having a ball, and an
animated choir of voices join - shouting to

Each other above the cacophony; my brain
deflates, implodes, and totally collapses - I
slide into the small dark cave at the end of
my wits where my ego drowns - leaving this
shell only; slowly my brain is woken by my
drinking coffee, feeling ashamed, humbled

By my sleepiness, I sheepishly regard my
document - start looking for the ONE right
way of declaring acts and regulations, and
rueing that I woke into the same world that
turned off my mind with its noisy boredom

[Being a reptile with mercury flowing in my
veins, heat and noise do not constitute the
best place for me to survive with my
crocodilian senses intact...]

Margaret Alice Second

Non-Existent Nonentity

Folded up reality, pressed thin to fit
on one page in my diary, all twenty
dimensions or however many String
Theory postulates - safely tucked
away and only the text in front of me
exists because today I am a totally
non-existent nonentity, my mind is
grey and no amount of colour in the
office, no amount of words, no notes
sounding in song, can fill the gaping
emptiness where hope once lived
let me pick up my cross of boredom
and be bored some more, tomorrow
I might feel different, if not, at least
the red-hot flames people's anger
at my being delinquent will replace
the greyness with lively pain...

Margaret Alice Second

Noon Sun

No melody today, only a few sad notes,
a minor and b played over and over, not
even a vibrating chord to resonate, no
song anywhere, a grey state of affairs,
my ears are sore, my brain is closed

The noon sun is weak, can't keep light in
my eyes; can't see the beginning, only aware
of the end, wishing for sleep, I would give any-
thing for the sweet sound which created the
universe, I would give anything for -

The sound of your voice...

Margaret Alice Second

No-One

It's overpowering to know, to feel, to realise – hear my lament: no-one spoke up on Israel's behalf as the Holy Land was betrayed by 5 world powers & the USA; politicians left her at the mercy of her Iranian arch-enemy with all their missiles and nuclear threats - in a negotiation process conducted to the tune of their genocidal intent, thus this event

Unfolding in eerie repetition of WWII - the deafening silence in Vienna while mullahs proclaim their Final Solution, American aid offered oblivious to the threat against their own continent - if Israel falls these nations will go down also and Scripture says the West shall go first, Israel will survive in the end – these politicians betrayed

Both Israel & their own people when they bribed Iran in an attempt to control their nuclear program; firms eager for business with the rogue state – Israel sold once again - and no-one spoke up...

[ORIGINAL:]

It's overpowering to know, to feel, to realise – nobody said a word on her behalf - as Israel & her supporters were politically betrayed by 5 major world powers & her one-time ally, the US Government - not the American people but by politicians & diplomats leaving Israel to the tender mercies of its Iranian arch enemy - for nothing else but PROFIT, of course -

Do current events bring Zachariah & Amos to mind - in the End of Days Israel & Jerusalem will be isolated amongst all nations to fend for

itself against enemies using atomic devices of mass destruction – this reveals the hidden anti-Semitic feelings in world leaders as the P5+1 countries approve Iran’s proclaimed genocidal intent during the negotiation process; an eerie

Holocaust repetition; the silence in Vienna once again deafening - Western politicians all awed by the mullahs’ Final Solution - empowered by American aid oblivious to the threat directed at their own continent - when Israel falls, Europe and America will eventually go down also - and Scripture claims the West falls first, Israel will survive in the end; today leaders betrayed

Israel AND their own people for PROFIT: the deal a BRIBE hoping Iran will follow Western guidance in nuclear programs, European firms eagerly waiting for business with the Islamic Republic – the treaty supports Iran’s terrorism to destroy the Jewish State – sold for money yet again - and NOBODY spoke up...

Margaret Alice Second

No-One Else [rev.]

A long, long time ago the crocodile read personality is our own creation, could be made into anything we are able to imagine; thus we're freed to think positive thoughts about ourselves - & she dreamed of being a dragonfly, hovering, draping herself over flower petals - until she turned into a Walt Disney fairy, flying about on dragonfly wings

She read we are what we think & indulged in dreaming; she's a princess found by the King who crowned her his Queen, but learned no-one else can be part of a fantasy, loneliness is the way, take note how each writes endings of their lives from the beginning - and along the way - it seems suffering is reacted to differently; some grow

More loving & others are embittered; the crocodile chose loving, it never stops, forms the most delicate memories - even histories change when seen in new perspectives & music themes increase in meaning as feelings evolve to reflect back to her, the crocodile enjoys lovability of most everyone currently - even those who stumble, complain

And mumble; mostly there's loving human beings behind each of the smoke-screen façades...

[26 June 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Nor Ever Will [rev]

After being threatened with old Afrikaans translations to be redone as an exercise for me - an illiterate as far as one-to-one technical terms and subject jargon go - I dived into my Portuguese delight, savoured each idea, rechecked every legal line - if a moments leisure means I've to do projects I relish even less than regulations, I'll devote my attention

To every part of my bovine embryo export document, study every aspect of the hygienic conditions and warning signs of dangerous diseases, which reminds me, boredom's always been a disease dangerous to me: whether I need much more info than the average citizen - or I've too much adrenaline devouring my energy, and thus have to work hard to find

Exciting things to rekindle my flagging interests, I cannot ever tell; fact is - I have to eat & drink to fill empty moments devoted to emotionless, without passion, boring & saddening research - I chewed my way through peanuts & popcorn today to complete my document; if I didn't have allergies, who can tell where I might have been: a cabaret star, a teacher, a

Fortune-teller - but no, with the problem of flagging energy, I ended up in this pedantic profession where I shock everyone claiming we should shoot the messenger; why let any single individual have a joy of spreading tales of tragedy, or losing a war when all who hear the message fall into deep mourning without release of their pent-up emotions -

Yes, I guess I do not fit the norm - nor ever will...

Margaret Alice Second

Nostalgic Smile (Rev.)

I have no eyes - looked into the mirror but
couldn't find them - found a gel eye-pencil,
started to draw serious eyes on my face,
wanted to see these eyes when catching
my own reflection somewhere

The intricate and tricky operation made me
realise my smile has changed - I'd tried to
smile in delight just like my paper-doll lying
next to my bed - but my smile is different:
seeing my eyes missing gave me the grace

To accept we age; there's no going back -
there's always more ahead than we've left
behind, thus I'm going to practice drawing
eyes for myself until there are no smudges
left and I can feel totally content with

My older, wiser, nostalgic smile...

(10 August 2014)

Margaret Alice Second

Not A Life Worth Saving (Revised)

Colleagues industriously typing away, I'm fighting
against an attack of somnambulism, fell over and
crashed – threw some objects down to cover my
faux pas, I would enjoy it if only a fairy tale were in
my mind; maybe as someone who sleeps on her desk

I should be on early retirement, so desperate to rest
I always feel sleepy while everyone else is earning
performance assessments grandly, yawning only
gains me frowns from successful contestants who
are awarded merits – but I cannot concentrate on
bureaucratic boredom, head hanging down – now I
remember, asthma pumps can save the situation

I must buy one today, looking forward until lunch
break comes around and I can be off to buy things
to rekindle my waning interest in life – plus a life-
saving asthma pump; of course – just an after-
thought, living overwhelmed by proliferating
forms is not a life worth saving – obviously

Margaret Alice Second

Not A Tragedy [rev]

Tomorrow we shall see whether I can handle translating a decree; tho it depresses me I cannot force myself to learn how to look up rules, where to go for definitive authority; it seems to be a character fault, or a brain dysfunction, thus a mystery to me, maybe its the price to pay for not having

Other problems; my beloved is the best caretaker, my kids so sweet, work situation with wonderful colleagues, mom & dad growing old leisurely in the Cape - & my twin sis taking care of our parents; my twin sis the greatest gift ever - & at school, an older brother teaching me grammar rules

And Geography with diagrams - and today, my beloved and my son teaching me to use my son's computer - which he's gifted to me as my own's too ancient with flickering screen, sometimes refusing to switch on - & so paying the price by suffering when trying to translate legal decrees and failing

Is no tragedy at all...

Margaret Alice Second

Not Alive Today

I'm not alive today
relegated to a level below
that of the undead
sitting at my desk, unable
to process a single text -
a rampant virus prevents
opening any document

Deeply perturbed by this
seemingly supernatural event
I read counsellingforyourself
indicating we are electrical
circuit boards with several
minds - I know this is true,
sometimes I get up as a
totally different person,
and the mirror shows me
a strange face also

How I wish I could change
mental stations and become
someone else entirely!

Margaret Alice Second

Not For Me (Rev)

The plot now looks even more a winter scene, a story of outlines - and only my tears at the end - though the heroine said she would also cry the author never said when; my study turned into an icy cave, curtains rolled showing white underside, white scarf framing its scene, white paper pasted like tiles around the window, lace foaming on the windowsill and bookcase glittering snowflakes

On the wall a white bow, with silver designs on transparent fabric covering boxes on the floor - this is an allergy headache, better take a pill; I will but only after writing this, IT is why I didn't re-read Wintersmith - feelings of sadness, of loss, any tale of magic takes me that way, a hero as an elemental with dreams of golden summer as gleams in the eye

Tiffany wouldn't have died in an ice palace - but would've been sad forever, thus destroying the Wintersmith's dream of being human, breaking his heart was the right thing to do - wasn't it? - I don't know, he was innocent & sweet - while the elusive golden-snake-slit gleam of Summer was nasty to the heroine; in the end Tiffany gave him his heart carved on a ring and that should be

Enough - though not for me...

Margaret Alice Second

Not Home Tonight

Tiaan not home tonight, Nici nowhere in sight,
Martin surviving his life, I am watching X factor
alone, Tiaan introduced me to the programme
last week; without his presence, I am by myself

I miss my son's sardonic humour, his smile, his
long-suffering patience when his dad comes down
on him and his friends; his Stoic acceptance when
his acerbic, hostile Scorpion dad administers a

Sting to his knight-in-shining-armour image; Tiaan
filled with zeal to help those suffering, while his dad
wants him to set rules and self-interest above all else
- Tiaan so enthusiastic about life, concerned to

- earn the marks he deserves, to build a six-pack,
to take care of us, becoming a dedicated cook; oh
how I miss him – though I am so proud of his new
self-confidence visiting his friends...

Margaret Alice Second

Not Lonely Any More

I'm not alone any more - oh, I was lonely
earlier today - when I spoke and someone
ignored me, everybody but me getting ready
to go on a course, the wind blowing wildly and
I tried to clean the swimming pool

When I lay in front of the TV watching Top Gear,
the only show - besides cricket and rugby - ever
watched in this house, when I was tired and had
to look interested in life - but I'm not lonely any
more, not with Big Bang Theory

And That Seventies Show and recorded dancing
Shows - I'm not lonely any more - watching Kara
Tointon and Eliana dancing on stage, living the
dreams I did not allow my heroines

Kara Tointon - Strictly Come Dancing
Eliana - So You Think You Can Dance

Margaret Alice Second

Not Making It (R)

Feeling so bitter tonight – I am doing it,
but though I master aspects of it, I can't
make myself like it – I get the job done,
but I hate it, I get some formatting right,
but I still can't get it all perfectly right

I am surviving – but I can't make myself
conquer it – it's the 32 degrees Celsius
office heat and feeling inadequate with
a headache – & watching my colleagues
ride the storm; Hanlie is the star driving

Through every problem without diversions;
Hermien calmly delivering and Annette like
a soldier in the field; I'm fighting alongside
them, battling a difficult document and an
uncommon heat wave, but

I can't make myself feel glad about being
there – tonight I cry for my failure, for not
making it, cry for suffering because I wish
to make it – and I'm not making it in
terms of liking the victory...

Margaret Alice Second

Not My Repertoire

Being assertive is not part of my repertoire,
I have never learnt to insist on the essentials
required for health and well-being, no wonder
I am scared of a world which is well-meaning
but where I cannot begin to make myself un-
derstood - I can serve others and see to their
needs - bring them the moon

Yet for my own Puritan self, one angry look
from my beloved and I wilt like a flower, one
angry word from a colleague and I tumble in
despair - I can't ask for the ergonomically
correct work space and user-friendly chair
required for a pain-free posture - trapped
in my own mind - I can't break free

Right now I wax lyrical about Pregabalin
administered as LYRICA to deaden the
nerves and scramble the signals of
neurological pain because I sit in a
chair that is breaking my back...

Saturday 21 June 2012

Margaret Alice Second

Not Possible To Foresee [revised]

Makes me think after careful consideration
now's the time to reveal what we reaped in
our youth; be it fear, egoism, happiness, pain,
hope, integrity, kindness, hatred or cynicism,
ideals, visions or dreams – I find it difficult to
keep my ideal of making new dreams alive

Though this is what I planned in my youth
I realise it was not possible to foresee how
passing years would affect me, how ability
to be content with my little world would
evaporate as I aged; now it is time to show
what we are made of, using humour as the
only shield against loss of agility, freedom
to do anything we please,

Oh to regain a joy of discovery, a magic of
wonderment on beholding sweet things –
like old-fashioned chivalry...

Sunday 4 August 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Not The Bigot (C)

Trump's temporary ban on 7 countries is based on Obama's policies, correcting Barack's moral deficiencies that empowered bigots and fascists while disarming their victims

The 2015 Terrorist Travel Prevention Act targets 7 countries: Syria, Somalia, Iraq, Iran, Sudan, Libya & Yemen, identified by Obama's administration as problematic & requiring harsher vetting policies

For refugee applications because Iraq, Syria, Libya and Yemen's governments lack control over their countries and can't conclude immigration vetting protocols with the US - while Turkish,

Saudi Arabian and Egyptian officials implemented severe visa vetting protocols, and Immigrants from Somalia, a jihad-plagued failed state, have already carried out terrorist attacks in the US

Sudan and Iran's regimes sponsor terrorism and can't be trusted to report status of visa applicants; so these 7 states lack official US counterparts to vet visa applicants - yet will Trump's order

Improve vetting outcome, it requires federal agencies and departments to review immigration practices to keep out US enemies while allowing only those who really need protection

Secretary of state & homeland security must protect persecuted refugees of minority religions in a country of origin while Obama did the opposite: as Christians & Yazidis in Syria were threatened with

Annihilation by Islamic State, they received few visas in 2016 - Syrian refugees to US increased to 13,210 and only 77 - 0.5% - were Christians while only 24 - 0.18% - were Yazidis

Trump bars those with creeds that threaten the US citizen - The United States can't admit people who don't support its Constitution through their violent ideologies, bigotry, honour killings & violence

Against women, persecutors of other religions or oppressors of Americans...

Obama refused to help Christian & Yazidi refugees fleeing genocide, enslavement and rape and the UNHCR officials did not protect Christians and Yazidi refugees against ISIS & gangs -

Trafficking in women & threatening men without allegiance to the caliphate, UN jihadists left the persecuted Christians & other minorities out of the UN refugee system as António Guterres

Resents resettlement of Christians from Syria, YET US Jewish leftists criticise Trump's order ignoring the fact Trump's order is based on Obama policies which they don't oppose

Muslims who are NOWHERE targeted for genocide; while Trump's Jewish opponents & Obama's Jewish champions FAIL to defend Christians, Yazidis and other religious minorities; but

By protecting these 'Jewish' victims against their hate-filled hunters, Trump clearly shows he's not the bigot, while his Jewish critics and Pharisees fit the bill perfectly...

Margaret Alice Second

Not The Bigot (R Shortened)

Trump's immigration ban on seven countries fulfils Obama's policies and is correcting Barack's moral deficiencies which empowered bigots and fascists and disarmed victims - the Obama administration

Identified seven problematic countries but he never acted on the information; Trump did and on behalf of America enacted the 2015 Terrorist Travel Prevention act since Iraq, Syria, Libya & Yemen have no control

Over their citizens and Somalia is jihad-plagued and a failed state - the immigrants from there've already launched terrorist attacks in the US; Sudan and Iran sponsor terrorism, and as such cannot be trusted on

The status of visa applicants; Obama ignored seven identified Muslim threats at America's peril; Trump'll keep out US enemies, allowing in only refugees who need protection like minority religions persecuted in

Their own countries; this Obama did NOT do when Christians and Yazidis faced annihilation by Islamic State in Syria: - only 0.5% Christian - and 0.18% Yazidi refugees were then allowed to enter the US

Trump refuses entry to creeds which threaten US citizens by opposing the US Constitution as violent ideologies - spreading bigotry, honour killing and persecution of other religions: Obama & UNHCR

Officials refused to help the Christian and Yazidi fleeing genocide when ISIS threatened all who've no allegiance to the Caliphate - moreover the UN resents resettlement of Christians from Syria - &

Meantime US Jews criticise Trump's immigration order BUT Muslims have never faced genocide - not ever anywhere - now Trump protects Jewish victims against their hate-filled hunters, & clearly

Shows he's not the bigot - while his hypocritical
Jewish critics and Pharisees fit the bill perfectly...

Margaret Alice Second

Not The Final Authority [rev.]

Neither headache nor direct pain, just a heavy weight in my mind; malaise of food intolerance, an inability to find joy in anything – so good for spiritual learning Lobsang Rampa would say – though by his colour criteria I'm classed as an immature and unreliable scatterbrain wasting precious life force by studying religions instead of campaigning for just the right religious strain

Liking the wrong kind of ding-dong music and all the wrong colours, light-blue, shades of pink and soft yellow indicates childish shortcomings in his scheme - juxtaposed against the minute world of ice-cold Judaism with perfect spiritualism based on irrefutable, irrevocable rules - no exceptions - & no space for unique situations, so suffocating, now feeling judged and found wanting by these

Spiritual groups, I yet refuse to remain contained within the slow-moving ox-wagon discoveries of painstaking sensory science, I decide the infinite universe has space for the odd-one-out me, the black sheep, resembling the Arabic alphabet with relative letters changing form depending on their position - I shall remain a student breaking every rule found to test its meaning and thus showing

A VERY bad disposition declares Lobsang Rampa but he's not the final authority, nobody is; it seems consciousness is so big there are infinite spirals of eternal knowledge that won't ever be contained in only one system of peace

Margaret Alice Second

Not Too Late

With the audacity of superiority Sister Strangelove decreed the client is wrong to be in a hurry for the Fall Armyworm and I agree, my friend Wormwood of CS-Lewis fame surely knows it with devilish glee and it's too late to fix it, the Fall Armyworm is come to the southern part of Africa to add to the fun of subsisting in a strange land, postulant-me quickly finished the text with a wide grin as Fall Armyworm

Falls so nice on the tongue, the possible presence of the Fall Armyworm is a source of great anxiety to the client, but DAFF is daft to think that Sister Strange-Love will put herself out for such a simple task when she's involved in really important things like the Third World War as a Doomsday Prepper expecting the Armageddon of the Planet Niburu's appearance or the Final Solution for Africa's woes

Chasing the White Tribe and getting on with eating and selling the continent to the highest bidder in China or Russia then siding with Robert Mugabe sitting in a Zimbabwean ruin of a perfectly dead economy - writing official songs about destruction wrought by the white tribe to the sad effect that the Indigenous People cannot fix anything & must sell mineral deposits on the Ruling's Class' behalf only

And now a French Import Permit for Cameroon - maybe it's not too late for Africa to bloom...

Margaret Alice Second

Notes From My Diary

Sunday 19 August 2012

No Hope for Me

Sitting in the sun - sitting in the car,
nice and warm, my daughter's music
vibrating in my ears, here at the car-
wash, she's paying for the privilege
to drive the sturdy Suzuki

I showed her my notebook covered
with lined paper in violet, purple, pink
and green, she ungraciously remarked
she was better at it, she had learnt at
school as I made a mess of Desifix

She coolly informed me there was no
hope for me when she saw my purple
plastic bag which I carried to strengthen
my purple aura tapering off to violet
and soft pink - I dream...

Later the day - 15: 15

My Own Solar Version

Delighted I rediscovered the solar system
model in 'Space, The Hands-On Approach
to Science' - which I had used to create my
own solar version on the sunroom floor using
string for the planet's orbits - a soccer ball was
the sun in the centre

Mercury's string orbit fluctuated a lot, Venus'
orbit fluctuated more, hard to form orbits on the
floor - Earth & Mars represented by coloured
balls, difficult to fill in Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus,
Neptune and Pluto, orbits getting confused,

toys representing these planets

Thus the kids could see a solar system in two dimensions - I love this book, love the library as custodian of all the wonderful books that fill me with ideas - wild and wonderful...

Margaret Alice Second

Notes In Slow Promenades & Explanation

Naxos compilations strive to drive the listener mad, first a wild Spring Vivaldi which makes criss-cross patterns in my mind while I'm going cross-eyed, angular lines affecting mental frequency

Next a calm rowing boat faltering down a sluggish stream, lulling me to sleep, leading to an explosion of little soldier notes jumping up and down like pistons in a car which might take off any time

On to Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, fingers caressing notes in slow promenades down a path of pain and death, moonlight fades until night becomes raw and cavernous and devours my soul

Suddenly Vivaldi's metred Baroque Spring wipes the floating lines from my mind to whirl in little circles, round and round to a mindless rhythm without feeling or meaning, a sad tribute to Louis Fifteenth

Followed by a violin's cry in high-strung pain while a harp picks out little steps of ghostly spirits underneath; on to a clear flute announcing formal visits, footmen serving little pastries to French courtiers

Then a cold shiver quietly depicts a moonlit scene, a swan floating down a castle moat while the wind sighs in the leaves of trees standing at ease - a tempo change that indicates black storm clouds above

After this rolling piano notes in ringing rounds drive a coach into a ditch and bass notes throw up dirt and mud as horses pull it

down a rustic country road, the next
song stops the coach: a sad face

With mournful eyes seeking his departed love
in an old country house, my heart contracts in
pain, but then a chase is announced, bugle
calls to hunters in jodhpurs and red coats to
converge on hunting grounds

Followed by a Spanish dance, castanets and
high-heeled shoes tapping out a melodrama
of proud, but mindless lives lost in animal-
rights contested fights - and to top it all,
threatening organ tones:

Bach's Toccata and Fugue in B minor rings
out - Dracula appears and takes the seat
to play until his victims flee in fear...

Louis XV

EXPLANATION:

BEST OF NAXOS 1

1. Naxos compilations strive to drive the
listener mad, first a wild Spring Vivaldi
which makes criss-cross patterns in my
mind while I'm going cross-eyed, angular
lines affecting mental frequency

1st stanza

Violin Concerto, in F minor Op.8/4, RV 297 by
Vivaldi, Antonio 2. Allegro non molto

2. Next a calm rowing boat faltering down a
sluggish stream, lulling me to sleep, leading
to

2nd stanza first 2 lines

Largo in F major, instrumental arrangement
(‘Ombra mai fu’ from the opera Serse) by Handel,
George Frederick

Violin Concerto No.3 in G major, K.216 by
Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus - Adagio

an explosion of little soldier notes jumping
up and down like pistons in a car which
might take off any time

2nd stanza Lines 3,4 & 5

Orchestral Suite No.2 in B minor, BWV 1067 by
Bach, Johann Sebastian Badinerie

3 On to Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata,
fingers caressing notes in slow promenades
down a path of pain and death, moonlight fades
until night becomes cavernous and raw
and eats my soul

3rd stanza

Piano Sonata No.14 in C sharp minor (‘Moonlight’) ,
Op.27/2 by Beethoven, Ludwig van Adagio sostenuto

4 Suddenly Vivaldi's metred Baroque Spring
wipes the floating lines from my mind to whirl
in little circles, round and round to a mindless
rhythm without feeling or meaning, a sad
tribute to Louis Fifteenth

4th stanza

Concerto alla rustica, for strings & continuo in
G major, RV 151 by Vivaldi, Antonio 6. Presto

Brandenburg Concerto No.5 in D major, BWV 1050
by Bach, Johann Sebastian 8. Allegro

5 Followed by a violin's cry in high-strung pain
while a harp picks out little steps of ghostly
spirits underneath; on to a clear flute an-
nouncing formal visits, footmen serving
little pastries to French courtiers

5th stanza

Violin Concerto, for violin, strings & continuo in
F minor ('L'inverno, ' The Four Seasons; 'Il cimento'
No.4) , Op.8/4, RV 297 by Vivaldi, Antonio 9. Largo

Flute Concerto No.2 in D major, K.314 (K.285d)
by Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus 10. Allegro

6 Then a cold shiver quietly depicts a moonlit
scene, a swan floating down a castle moat
while the wind sighs in the leaves of trees
standing at ease - a tempo change that
indicates black storm clouds above

6th stanza

The Swan Lake, ballet, Op.20 by Tchaikovsky,
Pyotr Il'yich 11. Scene

7 After this rolling piano notes in ringing rounds
drive a coach into a ditch and bass notes
throw up dirt and mud as horses pulls it
down a rustic country road, the next
song stops the coach: a sad face

7th stanza

Piano Sonata No.17 in D minor ('Tempest') ,
Op.31/2 by Beethoven, Ludwig van 12. Allegretto

8 With mournful eyes seeking his departed love
in an old country house, my heart contracts in
pain, but then a chase is announced, bugle

calls to hunters in jodhpurs and red coats to
converge on hunting grounds

8th stanza

Clarinet Concerto in A major, K.622 by Mozart,
Wolfgang Amadeus 13. Adagio

Water Music Suites Nos 1-3 for orchestra, HWV
348-350 by Handel, George Frederick 14. Presto

9 Followed by a Spanish dance, castanets and
high-heeled shoes tapping out a melodrama
of proud, but mindless lives lost in animal-
rights contested fights - and to top it all,
threatening organ tones:

9th stanza

Carmen Suites for orchestra Nos.1 & 2 (assembled
by Ernest Guirard) by Bizet, Georges 15. Selections

10 Bach's Toccata and Fugue in B minor rings
out - Dracula appears and takes the seat
to play until his victims flee in fear...

10th stanza

Bach's Toccata and Fugue in B minor

BEST OF NAXOS 1

Margaret Alice Second

Nothing At All

</>I have fallen out of my life, I am not present
within the outline which indicates where the
real me should be, no feelings, no dreams

The hope I harboured inside proved to be
without meaning – I have forgotten what I
used to hope for, nothing new to replace

What used to be, just cold emptiness in my
heart, wait, my heart is lost, freezing again
like I did as a child, no significance left

Life was like this in the beginning, the great
divide between virtual warmth, a good book,
a piece of music, a story - and -

The emptiness of real life without room for
emotion as an ever-increasing descent in-
to a million small deaths on a daily basis

The pain ought to be gone - yet it is not - the
pain is all that is left, oh yes; even pure
misery is preferable to nothing at all

Margaret Alice Second

Nothing Important

People who haven't slept - like me - and put salt in their tea (it works beautifully, less sugar needed to sweeten the bitter brew) can't think clearly; my head's scrunched - like a dried-up sponge - the valves of the transistors in my old-fashioned mind, flickering in emergency mode; confuse the imagery forming in the

Frontal mammalian brain - just like a TV out of focus: I don't know what's going on & life seems absurd and surreal, I'm ordered down from my desk where I perched on a cushion from my immense torture-instrument-chair & my question Resend? is met with a negative NO, I'm going to Scan and Send it - to me

That means Resend, but as all remarks are met with a NO and rephrasing of everything said, I throw in the towel and look at my dear document - investigating an '88 murder case in France with a bureaucracy worse than our malfunctioning age - each and every page proof money was spent just to determine

The murderer was gone and nothing could be done to untangle the intrigue - this is no fun, I sigh - history's useless & these pages only underlines the spiritual advice to live for today; now a colleague launches into a vibrato-song and I replace yesterday's deathly grey & the garish twang of our wildly gyrating crooner

With Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker dancing in my head, my earphones pressed deep to shut out the noise of nothing important going on...

Margaret Alice Second

Nothing Left To Give

I am dying here, climbing this event
with a broken leg, arms broken also
and my head is gone, my mind has
changed to froth - and my heart is
shriveling, I have no power left

Everything I had to give, courage,
determination and courtesy, is gone,
can't go on, nauseous, despondent,
my head bursting into flame - the
pain of conflagration stopping me

I dream about escape, to flee, to leave
the disempowerment, disillusionment,
I have nothing left to give...

Margaret Alice Second

Nothing More - C

This day has splintered into a thousand pieces,
I constructed another bubble to hide my mind
from the fall-out and continue working, but then
the bubble was burst for me and I'm constrained
to construct yet another one, even more fragile
than anything that came before, to enable me to
stay upright and continue until it's time to go home

Constructing bubbles is the only way I know that
makes it possible to continue when my world
keeps breaking like the most delicate porcelain
and I wonder if plastic would be a better option,
precious materials like glass and porcelain break
into shards and my heart is pierced every time it
happens, please stop trying to improve me -

I've had a lifetime of trying to improve myself & the
result is totally disheartening, there is only one way
correction can come, that is death and starting over
with a new mind and a new brain mechanism, a new
reptilian core unmarked by these failures that have
continued to plague me from earliest youth, please
just accept that I am trying my best - though

The result is never good enough, it's all I have to
give - there is nothing more in my arsenal...

Margaret Alice Second

Nothing To Lose [rev]

Now it is coming true - excluded from politics & forced to endure decisions they disagreed with, the poor took to the streets, torching buses and buildings - since the luxury to have a say in who should govern them has been taken away, they have less dignity than before, believing the only

Way to be heard is in destruction of precious & valued things of the powerful & rich; their ANC masters refuse to consider their concerns thus the only way forward is lead by a burning cross borne by the people who're scorned by wealthy politicians of this world - if there is no redress

They'll continue to rampage & destroy because in having nothing, they have nothing to lose....

- - News 21 July 2016- -

Margaret Alice Second

Nothing To Talk About [revised]

Whatever I read or hear in the news - none of it interests you. Nothing to talk about. Your interest's in plans for the house, or holidays in well-known places, it's nothing new, no activities outside our home - viewing concerts or such - and why we never got to see opening ceremonies of the Olympics or Soccer World Cup

Everything must be funnelled through you - when I tried to relate my theories to our son you chided me - it was within your hearing - what I think or cherish disinterests you; you were upset noticing I'd bought shoes without your acquiescence & blessings - this is the price I pay for love and kindness you're offering

And gladly I pay it because a job away from home in an office with great colleagues offers stimulation - so in my heart I keep dreams free while paying obeisance to your demands; it does not matter, I can put my thoughts on paper - your censoring everything prevents me verbally expressing dangerous opinions...

Margaret Alice Second

Nowhere Else [rev]

So delightful the hours spent in the office, how quiet and lovely the soft schwissing of my small, portable air-con, how reassuring and soothing to have Sister Self-Complacent bustling about with a definite air of self-importance - even when little underlings answer

The phone she comes running with all the flair of the Head Matron in a Government Hospital, an agitated expression on her determined face because it's such important business - this taking telephone calls when a colleague is absent and she often gives interesting

Tips for telephone etiquette since she is the Master: as the dazed Peablossom, I made it to the office this morning, fazed by a long weekend and confused as to purpose and meaning of life - when reaching for the ringing phone Sister Don't-Mess-With-the-Head-

Matron, Important-and-Self-Complacent, sashayed out of her work station firmly taking it from me - the wilting goblin-fairy; using her dramatic official tone, I feel the emotion vibrating because she got upset by my cheek to answer in her presence: OH, it's a

Great privilege to be here with the comforting drone of Mimi's voice increasing the feeling of sleepiness, what a fantastic day - how glad Peablossom is that she's here - and nowhere else in the universe...

Margaret Alice Second

Nowhere To Exist

Sitting still for work purposes, sitting still for meditation, not getting up and moving about - there is nowhere to go and no reason to go anywhere else, sitting still changing into ice, legs freezing in immobile reflection on life

Putting on more clothes to face the Arctic cold, extra socks, legwarmers, long extra-large fleecy top, blanket also, sitting still not knowing where to begin, round off work already done or start on the new text that has me flummoxed

Trying to unravel long sentences about rebuilding Africa, given the current state of my inner blocks I opt to start on the new document, take my chances with terms I cannot reconstruct; this moment has nowhere to exist and my feet are freezing still...

Margaret Alice Second

Nowhere To Go

All through the day it was irritation with noise
that led the way, knowing there is nowhere to
turn, nowhere to go, nothing to say, nobody
interested, my head feeling thick, me being
dumb - I could not read a book - could not
hold up my head - not stand the infernal
noise of the radio, my room a tomb

Cold emanating from the icy stones - maybe I
was Aunt Branwell in a previous life, stomping
around in wooden clogs in the old home where
authors Charlotte, Emily and Anne & brother
Branwell - wrote their books, whatever the
case, I feel ill with a burning throat, mind
scrambled - maybe this is not a poem

[Charlotte, Emily, Anne and Branwell Brontë]

Margaret Alice Second

Ocean Of Meanings [rev.]

I know now why translating is so difficult for me - why I struggle with texts supposedly only taking an hour to translate: translation is interpretation - never neutral nor value-free; while imagination's forbidden, mine is awake - demanding attention in the form of a little alien resolutely hanging on the rafters in my brain -

The translator is an interpreter and controlled by cultural and ideological personal value systems which have infinite possibilities of meaning & the language keeps opening into increasing numbers of old or new ideas; meaning is never inherent in a text, it's fabricated by subjective interpretations; meaning is endlessly debatable -

Many alluring choices hail the intrepid translator, persuading me into alleyways irrelevant to the Troll Interpol, the Presidential manicured-to-perfection secretaries, or to officials importantly sitting behind desks, examining permits with a magnifying glass, catching illegal importers - or seeking germs and vermin about to be shipped -

But I digress, I'm adrift in this shimmering ocean of possible meanings & supposed to choose the ONE perfect way leading to ONE perfect answer which should be ingrained in me through repetition - but I always miss - TRUTH is sucked into the black hole lurking in my head - only a desire to discover the scope of the universe is left -

It's clear why Mary Poppins' changing of humdrum activities into fantasies intersect with my translating ability to create a text all in a mess with my using new ideas where the hackneyed & singular, crystal-clear bureaucratic meaning is required instead...

Ode To The D P S A

That magic feeling - of existential well-being -
made us feel great!

It's a strange, strange world that we live in, DPSA
It's a very strange world and we thank you, DPSA

You told us how to cook the books,
we wanted to give you bad looks,
but when we really started to cook,
that magic feeling - - of existential well-being -
made us feel great!

It's a strange, strange world we live in, DPSA
You taught us all we know and we'll never
look back - You took several LIES right out of
the sky - and taught us how to use them as the
years went by - To tie up government problems
and make them look neat, then to sell them
to the public in the street

It's a strange, strange world we live in, DPSA
It's a very strange world and we thank you, DPSA
You taught us the way you'd like everything to be
And I'd like to see that the public agrees
It's all very interesting the way you disguise
Performance agreements where truth becomes lies
Now we'll never see the world through our own eyes
It's a very strange world and we thank you, DPSA

It's a strange, strange world that we live in, DPSA
We thank you for giving us an alternative universe
with new job descriptions - chapter and verse

It's a strange strange world that we live in
and we thank you, DPSA

It's a strange, strange world where we're
guided to lies by the Department of Public
Service Administration's Private Eyes

[Curtain goes up]

Stage directions: A large group of Government Officials in the foreground are cooking the books, then climb up – elegantly – onto their desks and start singing: “It’s a strange, strange world that we live in, DPSA”

- While a second group of government officials in the background start singing]

“All I want is freedom, a world with no more lies...”

[Then another figure in the background chimes in–]

“Hold my hand, I’m a stranger in Paradise...”

[Then a third person, black burka-clad, only a Gaddafi army hat showing above the face mask, starts singing:]

“I did it my way, regrets, I had a few, but then again, too few to mention” –

[A fourth voice joins in while an Edith-Piaf look-alike walks on stage:]

“Non, rien de rien, non je ne regrette rien....”

[While the officials in the foreground are singing “Ode to the DPSA”]

Margaret Alice Second

Off I Go [rev]

Today I'm in-between dreams, trying to teach the Little Alien in my mind that I'm old enough to play the role of a Witch, big nose and warts, but he refuses & conjures a mermaid singing an beguiling song of still being a fairy queen or if that's too much, a ballerina balanced on the cusp between flying fairies and ballet dancers soaring through the air taking off on their toes; my witch-project to provide me with a second skin, and to try to be aloof AT people, doesn't

Gain the cooperation of the Little Alien; even trying to imagine me as Granny Weatherwax going borrowing through eagle eyes - does not cut the ice, my credit card balance sheet tells a story of dreams buying black lace and scarves for my witch-scenario so that I can redefine myself, yet the Alien only whispers Susan Death in my ear - happily he dances away waving pages of my favourite Terry Pratchett books, and immediately I become

A member of the Disc World fraternity since the wonder of the magic world's too enticing to withstand; as I remember Tiffany learning witching and her disappointment when she discovers that it consists of menial jobs and illusions, my heart follows the Alien and soon I'm a fairy floating over to Pixie Dell to watch Tinkerbell restoring the Moon Stone with a diamond-laser focused light and the hard, black outline of this world disappears as my

Translucent wings unfold - and off I go...

Margaret Alice Second

Oh Mistress-Mine (Revised)

Oh Mistress-Mine, like the Old Testament's Prodigal Son you return unto the fold so stealthily, coming to us like a Prodigal Daughter; you've rested well, it's seen in your demeanour, you are calm and resigned as sensed in your serenity

Will it be another foray into uncharted territory where you'll do innovative work, showing how we, like you, can stay home courageously, with long disappearances, sudden returns as a new moon after an eclipse

To shyly smile, win new acolytes with strict orders, rejecting irrational demands made eagerly by troops who stayed guarding sacred portals from barbarian horde invasions - uneducated clients who demand non-entitled services

We are a profession fighting for executive recognition of our smooth relays of foreign texts into a civilised tongue, one that is understood by the Anglo-Saxon hordes rampaging south from the cold northern slopes

Be that as it may, welcome back, Oh Prodigal Daughter and Supervisor of troops, with military alacrity we are ready to follow orders, except where they clash with ethics forged through millennia of fighting for right & free expression -

Rights you claim personally, Oh Mistress Mine, not share with the rest who earn their living where you merely dally occasionally, singing from time to time 'hey nonny nonny', with much ado about nothing

And in this institution lies only the way of the dreaded watery death and creatures of the bottomless profundity waiting to swallow all of the mighty and haughty who do not care where they tread...

Margaret Alice Second

Ominous Silence

Is silence ominous
or just an indication
of boredom, feeling
fed up with life

Open-plan office, only
accompaniment a text
on corruption, Strauss
in my earphones

No warm camaraderie
to fill emotional spaces
'tis where unlovability
comes in

I cannot feign interest
I admit, ate too much
bread this weekend
chemical depression

Can only be overcome
by adrenaline: surprise,
anger, amusement or
a challenge

Would work - but how
does one get hold of
such things...

Monday morning 13/02/2012

Margaret Alice Second

On Death Row [rev]

Doomed - having to spend the rest of my current life translating Spanish Phytosanitary Regulations; trying the Magical Approach - looking for previous translations, revealing there's none - I have to dig in the salt mines all by myself like the sad miller's daughter locked up in a room of straw to be spun into gold where she cried uncontrollably as she'd no clue how to; I'm stuck in this eternal moment

Without brothers Grimm producing Rumpelstiltskin to save my skin, & soul-destroying, heart-breaking Regulation-straw still has to be spun into golden lines of fluid English legal terms flowing in shiny rivulets, adorned by the bright diamond facets of perfect grammar rules, exact use of prepositions and impressive legalese without any inappropriate punctuation marks - & discouraged, I'm waiting for

The guillotine to lop off my useless head as my brain's gone biddy-bye, mind turned into sludge & my heart melting inside; this is hell itself, I feel terrible about enjoying my day-dreaming mind - before it was simply grand as we create our own reality & understanding; clearly, I detest myself to have brought this painful task upon me, without hope or light, without self-esteem, researching

Depressing terms, stuck in this place and time, the dark hole in my brain swallowing the World, the little alien and crocodile because they can't commit to slow, painstaking work - leaving me a gibbering idiot on a burned-out mountain ridge, all alone on death row...

Margaret Alice Second

On Doit Se Présenter

Pour l'orale - un jeu
on doit se présenter:

Je suis Margaret Alice
une citoyenne du pays
de la merveille
je suis traductrice
qui doit interpréter
pour la reine rouge
et le lapin

J'habite quelque part
ou le Petit Prince se cache
et j'ai un rêve du Ministère
des Arts et de la Culture
au Pretoria dans l'Afrique
du Sud - et je ne sais pas
pourquoi!

Parfois, pas très souvent, quelquefois,
je fais du ménage pendant le weekend,
je reste a la maison - toujours - mais
je viens au supermarché le samedi

Chaque weekend j'ai le devoir d'assassiner quelqu'un
parce que je suis un espion comme James Bond -
je me cache a la maison et quand la téléphone
sonne, je suis prêt d'aller assassiner

Chaque weekend je mange, je nage, je viens
à la promenade; je lis, j'écris, je fais le ménage,
je passe l'aspirateur, je visite ma mère, je regarde
la télé, je dors, je me repose

Et chaque jour de la semaine
je viens au bureau

Margaret Alice Second

On My Own (Revised)

If I had known you weren't listening to anything
I said I wouldn't have become upset; once I got
it into my head you only wanted to be driver or
organiser and supervisor, and not be bothered
having fun with the rest I went off on my own

enjoying prospects of dwelling in my very fertile
imagination, buying flowers, visiting a school
book fair to admire the brightly coloured covers,
going on a long walk on the beach, gazing at
washed out waves, kids playing in the surf

dreaming of being a thin sprite in a dress made
of sea water drops kicked up with my feet - not
crystal imitations, the real thing - that ought to
defy gravity - suspended like that - magnetised,
they would cling to my form; came home, smiled
at my soul's effigy sitting on the bed -

a doll with a juvenile face I bought today - tried
to write but nerves in my hand paralysed by
vertebrae in my neck, went dead...

15/12/2012

Margaret Alice Second

On Pedestals (Revised)

I reserve a special place for the admiration felt for my big brothers when small, the only older children I knew they seemed like gods on earth; when they played with us toddlers it was as if the sun came out, when they recounted tales of their adventures my admiration knew no bounds

Today I am glad I learned what such high feeling is before tackling the world; an absolute love and sisterly admiration nothing can stop, whenever it wells up and floods my being with that wonderful emotion I enjoy it unconditionally, though it may at times irritate my elder siblings

It's a privilege for me to offer sisterly affection, to keep them on pedestals, a feeling more precious than any fallibility of purest faith, I love untainted admiration which makes me see rainbows, feel warmth inside for no other reason than knowing they are alive and mine to love!

Margaret Alice Second

On The Inside

Came home deeply sunk in the gloom of chemical depression, nothing helped, not even finding three new T-shirts for the holiday season - you allowed me to swim until I had enough - three vegetables, chicken- the miracle took place again; - my mind moved from utter depression to total contentment

I pasted glitter and glue on my ears & blue police T-shirt, the kids professed to be shocked but it had to be a Spiel they're used to me now; reflecting on the day in which I had listened to endless yodelling on YouTube which led me to conclude that it can only be taken in little bits only - Joan Sutherland

Made me realise one had to be in the right mood - when sinking into depression neither dancing nor singing on Britain's Got Talent has any effect; the change has to happen on the inside, after a happy meal my insides have changed and once again I feel like a young maiden - it is all happening

On the inside...

6 November 2013

Margaret Alice Second

On These Shores

On These Shores

Life is deteriorating in nanoseconds as Scorpio decides my infernal cheek visiting family in the Cape is the most selfish, egotistic crime this crocodile has ever contemplated - for hours berating me for daring to request a lift from the beach and THEN, heaven help him, my twin sis The Duchess will collect me to sleep over at her place - phoenix simply goes viral and burns up himself to emerge unscathed while I, an erstwhile-mermaid-turned-hag dissolves into a burnt ember dead, dead inside, empty and blind, deaf, deaf and mute, while my son, sun-burnt and cute, takes care of the braai not saying a word in my defense at that would attract more attack and he knows I can't stand any more, soon we'll be out of the door as I wish to give my Little Prince some cash so he can enjoy the night life on offer on these shores...

Margaret Alice Second

One Illusion (Revised)

A change of perspective is the best way
to deal with depression due to tastefully
wrapped Christmas gifts with allergy-
causing honey, chocolate and cheese

Delicious shivers when I read the Pre-
Cambrian era lasted 300 million years
as an ice age - 800 million years ago:
if we humans exist on a planet

That survived such disasters, why worry
about anything - if a sudden catastrophe
plunged Siberia overnight into sub-zero
temperatures for 15 thousand years

Why should I worry about losing my mind
when I eat - the Beresovka mammoth was
found frozen, half-standing, buttercups in
its mouth, still edible, ivory intact

What on earth can be worse than that? I feel
so much better - disasters of the past make
the present seem like a dream - one
illusion is all that I need

"The Atlantis Blueprint" by Rand-Flem-Ath &
Colin Wilson; Little, Brown and Company 2000
pp 11,12 and 15

Margaret Alice Second

One Long Sigh (Cor.)

Do I have ability to imagine what I want - First thing is I want freedom to become my alternative self, the inner person who has been subjected by the timid spirit who only wants to read all day long, I want to break out of my shell and meet people who share my interests - poetry, quantum physics - interact with kindred spirits

Who read about alternative science, new theories about Astrogenetics and the true nature of the sun as centre of the solar system, I wish to be called upon to defend my intellectual conclusions about apartheid and the evils of racial discrimination spread like a disease under false pretences while engendering the suicide

Of a nation too preoccupied and blind to see their own demise as imminent, don't know how I as recluse can meet others - it is a goal to be achieved to also help my son who loves poetry but doesn't have the ability to make friends on his own, just like his bookworm mom - without offending his reclusive father whose

Only repose is in his quiet crocodile castle where he as Lord can rest from the clamouring of his subjects at work, flee from the games HR is forcing upon him and his team - the universe will have to compromise all these wishes in one long sigh of contentment as everyone gets what they want without my having to

Translate technical texts ad infinitum...

[27 February 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

One Thin Shard

In quiet stupefaction I watch as my body language as well as irrelevant or the most unsuitable remarks destroy my life, I simper, whimper and sigh until no positive feeling remains in my breast, with a ballistic ear directing my disposition & attitude through pain, I watch horrified as even the basic forms of interaction disintegrate, either

My body is a stranger to me or my mind has gone haywire; sitting in 30 degree Celsius as our old friend the ancient air-con broke down again in the middle of an overheated season - despondent, I can't visualize myself normal again & carry on acting like a simpering simpleton saying the most outrageously stupid things, so

Inappropriate my colleague's endeavoring to survive by ignoring the idiotic remarks that keep jumping out of my mouth like the thorns and thistles in the fairytale of the girl who damned herself - why does my mind keep breaking into pieces and only one thin shard's left for trying to do my work and live my life?

Margaret Alice Second

One-Legged Flamingo [rev.]

One moment I'm ensconced in chocolate dreams, the next
a German text crosses my desk; I was so unprepared - not
at my best, the awful document was undressed in PDF, I'll
need to retype the unholy text of its entirety

My desire is to sink into endless dreams and let a magical
approach take care of the German mess; with every page
stamped REJECTED, the small print needing a magnifying
glass, & to mark the moment when I lost my mind I made

And sipped hot chocolate while staring at the text, hoping
the magical approach which opposes thin, cold rationality
would save me from my fate to suffer the German terms
with one only correct, technical meaning, which requires

Using the Dictionary of Agriculture, Legal, Commercial
and Political Terms: the excitement is killing me, there
is no help from Magical Approaches, so painfully slow I
construct tables, magnifying numbers, typing words

Balancing like a one-legged flamingo, left foot resting on
my desk, back bent while right foot carries all the weight,
changing legs & falling amidst laughter, bleeding thumb
offering a happy moment of respite - & heroically I tackle

My job in the trenches of this war on foreign languages
and the horrors they hold - Voraussichtliche Ankunft as
estimated time of arrival; what heresy is this, why can't
everybody write in English, what a great time we'd have

Communicating instead of laboriously translating, much
easier to play games instead of having Hanlie learning
Chinese - what a feat - but I would not give up Arabic
with its letters magically changing as I type, here goes

Lunch is over and it's time to start shooting down the
German Generals and set up friendly English soldiers
in place of the German administrative form that begs
the question - does officialise leave room for Goethe,

Schiller - singing Die Lorelei und Heute Ans Bord?

Margaret Alice Second

Ongoing Storyline

Karma and Reincarnation, wonderful, so much experienced and accomplished when exploring and living life from various perspectives, karma translates energy from lifetime to lifetime in an ongoing storyline, fusing several lives together through transition material creating a structure that has long-term sense

My experience does not agree with the theories and ideas of religion and fiction, being human is a limiting experience for a spirit who knows it is filled with love and connected to the universe, yet cannot feel or explain it, life has meaning as a series of signpost events with issues to solve and lessons to learn

In a progression that derives sense from the perspective of highest purpose; I love such moments of sparkling insight that transcend physical reality & gain access to a different realm of heightened consciousness which is pure bliss; existential crisis is infinitely valuable to reveal these jewels

By blowing the chaff of human experience away: when I feel so ill I cannot read or think and nothing makes sense, only theories on karma and reincarnation remain valid and uplifting - while the world and intellectualism lose all its power to touch my mind

Margaret Alice Second

Only A Harp [rev.]

While listening to light office banter and general discussion I unwittingly turned my contribution into a faux pas; the sweet pace of lightly misted remarks ceased when I opened my mouth, my colleagues discussing the new power station - Medupi; how the engineer absconded, I asked his name, was informed it's irrelevant since the

work force had already called a general strike enforced for six weeks; Let the Chinese build a new power plant for us say I & the bright coterie cynically retort, We'd have to fix their bad work; ignoring our own ineptness since we're worse than they; following my own ideas I said: After the Depression work was created by forming

road building teams; ice-cold silence - another irrelevant remark; I apologise - quoting my son terming my interjections "so random" & rolling his eyes; continued silence - I don earphones, fleeing with Mozart accompanied by my typing fingers & the atmosphere discretely refined by the Vienna Boys' Choir singing "Stille Nacht"

accompanied by only a harp...

Margaret Alice Second

Only Darkness Is Left

Great days of freedom and fun,
now I am back, stuck in my chair,
stuck with a text, stuck with myself -
that's it, I'm stuck with ME and I'm
boring myself to death

Dying while trying to read a light-
hearted fantasy, dying while listening
to a cold dissertation on children's
literature by adults who remonstrate
with me for reading it

WRONGLY, we're not supposed to read
anything for enjoyment, life is supposed
to be hard and we should suffer - only
they are smart and suffer in an adult,
grown-up way while I

Suffer like a child - unable to be cold
and cynical about the general human
condition of waging wars for survival
and fighting for justice, spreading
suffering more equally

We cannot lift ALL people to a state of
joy and privilege - but luckily we can
attain brotherhood and equality by
dragging all people down to the
same desperate state

Cynical and cool adolescent insight
into the useless nature of life - at
least I am glad to oblige these
people by admitting life is hell -
now I feel better again

Glad in finding compelling reasons for
my stupidity and low IQ, my inability
to concentrate - I was put on earth

to make clever people look good -
my pain is meaningful

Serving as the black background of
ignorance against which the bright
intelligence of more privileged
human beings appears to
more advantage

I am cast as the class dunce - once I
accept my role of being an attendant
to my superiors I can gambol again,
happy in the reassurance that others
are blessed by me:

Their brilliant shine appears more
scintillating against a sombre back-
ground of idiots with black holes in
their minds which suck in the light
of knowledge until

Only darkness is left...

Margaret Alice Second

Only Fragile Glass (Revised)

We moved away but you stayed - showed me where
our past lives played, the gutted street, our old church
adjoined to another faith, rutted avenue with tar almost
gone, dirt road to where we lived, everything different,
forlorn memories now ending in a garden

The rest is part of the cement works - everything we
knew forgotten; the struggle to make it & get to today
irrelevant, hours of study for better marks to continue
studying (a self-enclosed circle) lost, the willow tree
& lush green grass, two desks for my twin and me -

Reading in knee-high grass or when unable to stand
dad's voice under weak light on the porch - mother
welcoming the principal and wife into our little house,
embarrassment as dad with hat balanced on one leg
hands on hips, mother unperturbed - nothing could

Shake her delusions of grandeur - a wonderful way to
get ahead while living amongst hostile family & noise
of dad's voice, but he had a heart of gold which made
mother seem diamond-cold - though in my later years
I came to suspect her shine was only fragile glass...

Margaret Alice Second

Only So Much

Friday afternoon fatigue after slogging through a document without stopping, checking each strange phrase and testing each word I translate, now my head feels swollen to triple its normal size, eyes tired and eyeballs ache

The nearest I can come to change this feeling is tasting eye-watering toothpaste in my mouth, wish it was possible to feel better before tackling the traffic and listening to the French Delft 4 CD - repeat - un, A, quatre, moi

Received a new letter from one Tarentaal for the President's Office, the name sounds promising but Friday has been paid, I cannot resume reading again without a long interval, I might get adventurous and switch off the CD to listen to

FM classic - it might be as exciting as Shostakovich or as familiar as Tchaikovsky; right now escape from this painful situation of hunched shoulders and a sore back is all that counts, my head aching, I must flee the office and take a break

There is only so much one human being can take...

Margaret Alice Second

Only Thank Annette

She is sweet - most importantly, honest to the core, never false, always herself, it is a joy to have her around, she adds value to everything she does - even read a verse for my daughter and helped to make it flow - I can ask her anything and trust her with everything; she is such a controlled human being, knows exactly what she wants, a privilege to finally have her as a colleague, when she edits she is unassuming yet makes it better and I love it, never superior

Always explains and the improvement is there to see; I can only thank Annette, she's a gem when I needed help with practical packing she solved the conundrum and when translation into Afrikaans was a problem, she touched it so lightly with magic and added scanned pages so the client could read the whole document in one go - what joy to live in such a world - where one person brings down the moon, sun and stars just by their presence!

[28 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Only The Rhythm

Swingin' Safari blocks the invasive voice
while words flow in a new motion through
the air as alternative scientists formulate:

The third Earth motion (wobble) does exist
as an observable phenomenon - but not as
axial movement relative to the Sun - as the

Independent axial movement's limited to a
nutational nodding and Chandler wobble &
it's negligible when compared to precession

See line nine, with this rhyme I'm stymied
staring at these things hypnotised by the
way these savants speak: but the lunisolar

Model in an equinoctial year works best for
calculating position of stars, quasars, and
other extra solar system phenomena - this

Rhyme of stars and quasars caught my eye
now I don't move for a while as the meaning
does not matter, only the rhythm of the line

Margaret Alice Second

Only The Spiritual

My crocodile dad's gone - he faced the end
without fear - and he never shed a tear, his
eyes remained clear even when his leg was
swollen after his heavy fall; slowly he shuffled
everywhere, until then he

Used to be the Lone Ranger, inspiring such
fear that my haughty Duchess-sis, declared
she didn't love him although I felt love over-
whelming for my beautiful, grey-haired-Santa-
Claus-look-alike crocodile dad

I could hold him and take care of him, the
biggest privilege and most wonderful time
I ever spent with him. He and I used to buy
midnight sweets when mom was away on
her missions... and he always

Remembered every injury of his 5 kids,
every trip to the hospital, every story he
embroidered at bedtime; he spoke of a
Private Detective who swindled Police
while investigating criminals - and

How he was threatened by that Private
Eye to hold his tongue... as his powers
failed dad just groaned, never complained,
never cried, never let on to mom how sore
he was until the end when he couldn't

Breathe anymore & begged to be released
and then he was. I looked upon his waxen
face and emaciated fakir's body rejoicing at
his release - he had been preparing to enter
a heaven of mom's & the Bible's

devising. I held his warm hand though his
spirit was gone and the Funeral Director
feared I might hit him when he came for

the body - but being my dad's crocodile
kid, I was happy just to be

With what was left as his crocodile spirit
soared far away beyond physical sense
to a place where only the spiritual might
reach - maybe...

Margaret Alice Second

Open Door (Cor.)

After the murder, after the death, only ghosts left
lurking inside, waiting for explorers to try & read
the riddle written in blood on the doors and floors,
also the ceiling in certain rooms where a deranged
stranger still holds sway, a cold-blooded murderer

Relishing in detectives trying to unravel the riddle
that sent many a policeman to his death – these
events are invisible from outside, come hither –
all curious sightseers, try your luck against the
killer with his maniacal laugh, he killed the man

Who stood between him and his love, he did not
know she had already died pining for her lover's
return – he came too late, his remorse at having
forsaken her before, drove him mad and led him
to kill everyone he found inside, so come away

Friend, 'ere his laughter also turns your hair grey

[With special thanks to my friend Ronel O'Reilly
whose excellent photo inspired this poem]

Margaret Alice Second

Open Slaughter

Found a website explaining problems with American slaughterhouses; America the vile whose politicians, their wives & the biggest companies profit by subjecting powerless workers to inhuman conditions, ensuring through legislation workers sign waivers to renounce all rights to medical attention

Slaughterhouse companies covering up all accidents, big-wigs destroying the humane businesses - now assembly-line work means one person doing the same thing repeatedly until they drop with permanent aches, with injuries - sharp knives and saws wielded by tired assembly line workers; staff turnover:

A new workforce each year as employees succumb to fumes washing bloody tanks - the assembly-line never stopping and the carcasses coming even when the slicer with an electric saw falls as his platform crashes - no legal protection, America-the-vile, using capitalism to deny trade unions, growing rich

On the toil of the weak; immigrants, illiterate and powerless - American legislation's evil where slaughterhouse cost is concerned - Is Africa so much worse when the wars are openly fought - not by exploiting workers until they drop with injuries, but in honest conflict - corruption in civil service SO visible, NOT

Protected and hidden by American laws which favour politicians' profit, owning a stake in the slaughterhouse companies - why complain when South Africa's President Zuma says 'corruption' is a Western concept applicable in the Western paradigm only - because it's true, American laws are more corrupt than African potentates are

In seizing power: While America hypocritically poses as human rights defendant then ignoring violations in their own country - as long as big slaughterhouses make a profit and they have enough meat to eat - ignorant of the fate of those forced to lose their health in producing it: the grand cut or hamburgers on the grill...

[14 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Opera Or Ballet

Oh joyous delight - finally reached the end of
my lovely Agreement, it should be an opera
sung to the music of Carmina Burana - if a
ballet, danced to the courtiers' march in
Romeo and Juliet, the climax amazing

The tenant should fund the bill for drafting and
signing the serious contract, the self-satisfied
landlord can inspect and evict as he likes, the
effacing tenant had better beware - I see two
men in Victorian clothing - fencing

About the nefarious terms, no favours shall
nullify the terms by which the landlord can
pocket the deposit, any wrong step made
by the tenant shall render beneficial
occupation impossible - Should the

tenant improve the premises, no advantage
shall accrue to him, should the place burn
down - it will be seen as a scheme and he
shall be held responsible, the end to be
perfect - The angry tenant

shall kill the overbearing landlord with one
blow, then enjoy exercising his right to
beneficial occupation indefinitely - at
least, in the opera or ballet

Margaret Alice Second

Operation Moonboot Starts Again

Fashionable moonboot and I might part company soon, sonar tomorrow determine whether healed ligaments will allow me to sleep without a moonboot on my left foot, putting an end to the fight every night to position moonboot on top of the duvet, under the duvet, getting caught in the sheet, pillows under and around and next to my leg to support the heavy foot

The pressure too much - loosening the Velcro, then conscience interferes and I duly tighten it again, the soles of my foot burning and feeling uncomfortable and I open the front part of the shoe but keep my heel digging into the sole until that is uncomfortable too, after two desperate struggling hours I'm perspiring profusely and my moonboot relationship turns bitter

Verging on an angry divorce - but I get up again, tie a handkerchief over the front of my foot to cover sore broken skin and pull on my sock, falling asleep from sheer exhaustion until my beloved slides into bed like a clinging octopus waking me so operation moonboot starts again...

[25 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Our Amusement

The ghost of Afrikaans is looming large, since I'm functionally illiterate and cannot express anything in English, I'm studying Arabic & translating from Spanish and Portuguese - to be an outcast in my so-called mother tongue is sad, but to be unable to comprehend other languages doesn't hurt -

After practicing to write Arabic on a Friday night my fears are allayed, with Mme La Pompadour's telling everyone off in 4-letter words & doing as she likes, I shall learn from her example & follow in her footsteps - after years of trying I've finally given up studying the art of anything, much too

Difficult for someone with a short-circuit brain like mine - with my steering-wheel gone and my gears stuck it's useless to pretend that my mental engine can still produce some torque - it took too long for me to perceive how useless my attempts to master the art of reformulation in various languages

From now I'll coast, happy in the knowledge that I have no potential and Eastern gurus claim there was never a need for any - we are human beings and not human doings or activities, just breathing is more than enough -what a relief that the theory of the categorical imperative is just non-sense

In this illusion - - made for our amusement - -

Margaret Alice Second

Our Leaders Are Dancing [revised]

Our Leaders Are Dancing [REVISED]

If seeing the world through purple glasses, removing them means a yellow world in contrast, glasses and trilby makes me feel like Danny De Vito, a little weasel in "Mars Attacks"; finished the first check on my long document now letters by an impoverished group await, claiming a famous granddad had lots of land, sent this petition for aid so their status can be heard in court, adding 'Please also send money for travel and accommodation' – parasites

Riding aback of the past, not capable enough to raise own travel costs, describing their interment project for their very "famous" granddad while requesting money to do so, rather mercenary - I've had enough of that, wish I could summarily dismiss fortune-hunters who try to play the racial card, wish the President knew why Africa is digging its own grave while our leaders dance, happily fiddling while Africa burns - violins play in my earphones to drown a colleague's terrible drone

She believes it is her duty to sing a melody without sweetness - like Africa does - nobody works for the good of the tribe - only self-enrichment and power-appeal - how they fail to see the future as opportunity to serve the continent and achieve Mandela status is utterly beyond me...

7 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Our Own Anarchy (Rev.)

Finally, and in retrospect - the Anglo-Boer war takes on deeper meaning, it seemed an economic war between two white cultures fought over nationality and greed: a stronger nation, Britain, set out to extinguish the Dutch culture here through a scorched earth policy as Boers rebelled against the idea of British colonisation

But Madiba studied Afrikaner history - realised any war would result in needless death of women and children, saw our nation was determined to sacrifice all for right to govern itself, that both sides would suffer too much; it would destroy our lovely country - and Madiba only ever dreamed of a glorious, peaceful reconciliation

On Robben Island he applied his insight, won respect of wardens, taught fellow prisoners; saw his vision of reconciliation in light so clear he influenced each and all by his presence while negotiating a new constitution for our country after his release - conferring freedom to all people, irrespective of race, colour or creed

Mandela spoke perfect Afrikaans, hailed the excellence it brought to the fold by keeping the Springbok emblem, engaging Zelda LaGrange as his personal assistant & saying all Afrikaners had to be freed racial segregation to free the nation, and he freed us - thus charming the then President, all of the people and the whole World

But for lessons of the Anglo-Boer strife we might have faced full-scale war, our mettle didn't need testing and by viewing us the oppressors nothing would stop ANC progressing their aims; Mandela knew that fighting for our freedom came from our forbears who had been oppressed in Europe, the Cape then the new Province

Transvaal; our history was fighting all odds to be free - Madiba could see our subjugation fears by recognising we're survivors, the Netherlands - Spain 80 year war, religious persecution of believers - the Edict of Nantes

in France - we'd nowhere to go unlike other Europeans-
in-Africa with safe homelands; we've a new language,

Afrikaans, a far cry from Dutch origins, literature of 100
years - if there's war amongst African tribes we won't
leave, we'll stay, fight for our country's progress, lives
of our people and indigenies - with whom I found such
joie de vivre I willingly trade stiff upper-lip western
incredulity for our own form of African anarchy...

Margaret Alice Second

Our Own Discoveries

In lofty circles of great believers
Miracle Plays, Jesus dying, Paul
singing praise songs in jail; those
without gift of faith cannot exceed

Their limitations, though admiring
the strengthening effect of faith
on integrity - not experiencing
the effect themselves

Faith an ideal, we admire people
who accomplish big things, read
and dream about these - writing
poems afterwards, sharing

Lack of spiritual gifts, content in
discovering reality provides little
evidence of things we admire-
wonderful, we feel the same

We help each other uncover the
fallacies and accept ideals can't
be realised in our universe - a
few content with dreams only

Making peace with this, others still
furious discovering non-existence
feeling justly cheated because
great expectations of

false illusions had been promoted -
enticement just showed how great
life could have been, now seems
more sordid in comparison

Experience shatters, disappointment
in impossible ideals voiced in pain -
we are strengthened by objecting
to the deceptions

That have been perpetrated - enabling
us to face our own discoveries...

Margaret Alice Second

Our Quantum-Butterfly

Look at the form of the amplituhedron to see where space and time begin emerging from its* geometry, now I know where Johnny* went when he took his friends into a different space outside time, beyond the realms of the universe after travelling back into the past like Mrs Tachyon; in order to prevent the death of people in his home town during WWII

Johnny escaped from the amplituhedron within which we ordinary mortals live; stepping into the world of the immortals where the constraints of time and space do not exist, where pure magnetic electricity sparkles with consciousness - an Archimedes' Point from where the quantum-butterfly amplituhedron-form of our reality is seen to shine; and the entrance into space and time

Is known to Spiritualists as a Portal into the beauty of 3-D holographic life where spirals create intersecting planes of triangles, fitting together in polygons – how amazing that our world formed in the scatter patterns of nuclear particles, in ever-widening rhythmic circles, how fantastic that science provides explanations for phenomena previously obscured by the strange terms*

Used by Eastern Mystics and Victorian Spiritualists...

[*its - the amplituhedron's]

[constant mutation in an ever-increasing vibration where form is the result of the desire for existence]

[*Terry Pratchett: Johnny and the Bomb]

Margaret Alice Second

Our Whole Being [rev.]

Our individual energy forms the physical world; it changes only when we create & declare new ideas and discover who we are through our products - learning from our own creations

Ideas are powerful new realities, we are responsible for moulding energy, our eyes project the inner image onto the physical world like a camera transfers screen scenes where image and sound do exist

For the senses to 'see', creating ideas materially in the world, no one already existed out there, we created it - everything is result of inner action as we change the world from within; intensity

Determines manifestation, we decide our personalities and physical image - telepathy alters so-called objective events beyond space and time while creativity permeates our whole being -

as part of All That Is

[ORIGINAL:]

Our own energy forms the physical world which only changes when we form and manifest new ideas & discover who we are through our products, learning from our own creations

Ideas form powerful new realities, we are
responsible for moulding energy, our
eyes project the inner image onto
the physical world like a camera
transfers images on screens

Image and sound do not already exist
for the senses to interpret, our senses
create ideas in the material world,
there is no already existing one
out there, we create it

Everything is the result of inner action
as we change the world from within;
intensity determines manifestation,
we decide our own personality
and physical image

Telepathic thoughts alter so-called
objective events - we are beyond
space and time while creativity
permeates our whole being -
part of All That Is

Margaret Alice Second

Out Of Place [rev.]

How many things did the Psalm-writer fail to understand;
one I miserably fail to comprehend is how my colleague
can keep laughing in such a superficial way, forcing out
jocularity instead of letting it flow as true joy - sounding
like she was in a shebeen trying to make all believe she
was having the time of her life - using imitation mirth to
pass the time;

'Tis equally strange to sit in concentration choosing an
acceptable meaning for text translation - given endless
meaning possibilities, and deliberate within boundlessly
open, hyper-complex languages - to make lofty choices
amongst endlessly proliferating meanings - and seated
in a noisy place of Epicurean joy where all the world is
a nonsensical place filled with manic party-goers

Such that we - the dour-faced hard-working translators -
seem so out of place at our very own work stations

Margaret Alice Second

Outside&Calm 1 Oct 2011

On The Outside

At home alone - kids visiting
you asleep, Carine called, she
can walk without crutches, her
leg is healed; wish it could be
the same for her broken heart

It will take two full years at least
she says she can never forget
she still laments her mother's
death eight years ago, yet -
time heals every injury

Patience will prove the adage
true; she shall be independent
even if she thinks the memory
of her friend's death will never
be erased from her mind

Everything keeps improving
step by little step; thank you
Carine, the image of you
healthy again makes me
ecstatically happy

Even if I am only on the out-
side - as stepmother of
course...

Calm and Well (Revised)

As a child I hated the life I was born into,
detested humanity, averse to everything about
my overexcited brain in a family where the misery
of nervous tension was normality - no-one ever
calmed down - led to multiple allergies

The body changes when a new personality asserts;
as a child I inadvertently programmed myself to
think of mealtimes and food as the worst possible
experience in my life, mind in overdrive as
family interaction drove me nearly insane

Today I can't eat breakfast unless the allergic
reaction food triggers is mollified by migraine
medication - if I eat something wholesome to
stabilise blood sugar, unbearable depression
and pain reduces me to a zombie state

I am Marvin the Paranoid Android, a state
so unnatural doctors and dieticians cannot
rectify it, I live a precarious balance between
excessive pain and being comfortable as a
submissive human being

I marvel at the Dog Whisperer - my psyche is an
anxious, uncalmable dog unable to live in the now,
maybe my brain is that of a canine who needs the
right discipline - if only I knew how to provide it
in order to feel calm and well permanently

[When I eat whole-wheat breakfast cereal my eyes go out of focus,
electricity dance in leaping flames in my head and I become too
depressed to pick up my pen - or anything else. When I eat other
things like fatty bacon and eggs or chicken mayonnaise, a migraine
pill relieves the distress and I do not become so depressed - simply
put on weight at an alarming rate, nearly choking myself with the
growing girth around my midriff - and eating nothing is not possible
as hunger and light-headedness make working and concentration
impossible. I am still trying to reprogram my mind to reprogram my
body to secrete different chemicals in different amounts, convinced
that life as a calm, stable, submissive canine type would be much
easier without the horrific allergy symptoms. My diary notes
explain all this.]

Margaret Alice Second

Over The Edge [r]

Why is it so easy to compound one mistake with 50 more missteps - having eaten spicy food and feeling ill, it came naturally to eat sausages and as a result droop like an ancient person of a 110, unable to lift my head and stand or sit at my desk, no concentration on prescribed decrees for plant health protection, no dreams to fill the darkness

Behind my mind, no fun, no energy, no ideas; lost without the capacity to think - only my conscience makes me pitch up at work like a pack animal still carrying the burden of this physical life which was messed up by allergens, my countering with more food failing miserably, no antidote works & sugar makes it worse, looking at plant legislation simply

Drives me over the edge - every minute takes an hour to pass while every second lasts an eternity, my lament is there is no need to eat those things & I can do better than this - here is my plan for a new beginning: never be caught in this trap again because being a real zombie is one of the most awful things in human experience

Margaret Alice Second

Overlapping Images [revised]

Sending out positive signals to attract affirmative events
works if being reassured makes one see 'good' things,
if it changes the world intrinsically its quite irrelevant, the
results are the same; time became thick treacle today,
heavy eyelids, doing research, I rallied,

Went out with my lucky Fedora, greeted happy Thelma
from security, laughed with Sharon from IT and fatigue
was gone, movement, enthusiasm fixed my gyroscope,
sailed on, bought wafers all flavours strawberry, vanilla
and chocolate, munching right through Burundi, a small

Country next to the Congo, pictures of drummers in white
and blue - kicking up dust - holding drums high; marched
to the car, found Pratchett's Disc-world book on hell as a
bureaucracy illustrated by Josh Kirby, laughed; pictures
of the Tezumen, the devil in a modern red suit,

Seething because the gods spurned the cocktail party
he organised to show them goodwill and peace on earth -
or at least he thought so, sort of - I'm still laughing, a
marvelous surprise - now I know intrinsically how the
world splits when we go back in time:

Every change sends events in a different direction, then
different places and times meet up, flow together again
overlapping images creating holograms, choices made
in one world are changed in the next existing in the
same space and time, both mirroring each other

Like strings of pearls in Indra's heaven!

23 October 2013

[ORIGINAL:]

Sending out positive signals to attract positive events

works - whether being positive makes one recognise good things or changes the world intrinsically is quite beside the point, result is the same, time became thick treacle this morning, heavy eyelids, doing research

I rallied, went out with my lucky Fedora, greeted happy Thelma from security, laughed with Sharon from IT and gone the fatigue, movement and enthusiasm fixed my gyroscope, sailing on, bought wafers all flavours strawberry, vanilla and chocolate, munching right through

Burundi, a small country next to the Congo, pictures of drummers in white and blue - kicking up dust - holding drums high; marched to the car, found Pratchett's Discworld book on hell as a bureaucracy illustrated by Josh Kirby and I laughed, pictures of the Tezumen

The devil in a modern red suit, seething because the gods spurned the cocktail party he organised to show them goodwill and peace on earth - sort of - I'm still laughing, it's a marvelous surprise, now I know how the world splits when we go back in time:

Every change sends events in a different direction then different places and times meet up, flow together again overlapping images creating holograms, choices made in one world are changed in the next existing in the same space and time, both mirroring each other

Like strings of pearls in Indra's heaven!

23 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Own Little Life

You came to the conclusion I was too stupid to run my own life, you prescribed getting a Facebook site from where to become the faithful disciple of everyone you like, you think it a good idea to rate their photographs high and communicate in German and French simply because you like doing it; you recommend joining an Ayn Rand discussion group

One little victory for me: my stoic face remains expressionless as I listen to your praising the virtues of publishing photos and posting poems expressing heart-felt pain and loss of life and love; and I wonder why you always insist that I should follow your ideas like a sheep, why do you get angry if I refuse to kiss the feet of those you adore

Why not leave me alone to figure out my own little life, even if it seems too small to you, why always ready with a straightjacket to tie up my arms to prevent exploring; why do you think I am brain-dead and will always be like this?

Margaret Alice Second

Own Tribal Group [rev.]

I have such senseless work on my desk, an analysis of the wrongs in the Congo and its natural resources lost to the First World - I still hear a Congolese General, a winsome young man of twenty-four years - claiming war is necessary & they'll persevere, I still find claims on the Internet that third world countries made ungovernable is the best way for crime to hold sway

And I still remember Congolese members of Police claiming women should have 12 kids at least - and then lament women are not active in corporate environments such as here in South Africa; how to make time between labours and another baby to feed I'd like to know - if Congolese attitudes do not change, I can't see how they can bring about peace, insisting only their own tribal group should be governing...

[29 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Own Unique Realm [revised]

My mental screen shows many interesting things: how thoughts appear as literal objects, when I think angry, horrible thoughts, flying guns, bombs, skulls & knives appear, swirling around my head before flying off to a separate and unique realm with a very slow vibration, a frequency far below middle C on the piano

Loving thoughts appear as miniature birds, snowflakes, flowers and musical instruments – like the miniatures pasted on the edge of my computer screen – and swirl around my head, see how wonderful a symbol these miniatures are - then fly off to their own unique realm, vibrating at a higher -

And very pleasing frequency - like the sweet soh-la-ti-doh above middle C

Margaret Alice Second

Own Unique Tone [revised]

Enjoying my wealth: books I've never read, Dark Quetzal, Song Quest, The Touch And Go Year, Space And Time Of Uncle Albert and Ballet Shoes by Noel Streatfeild; including old favourites that never fail to amuse; Anastasia's Answers and Reaper Man by Terry Pratchett

I'm rich this weekend, each book creates its own universe - NOT only alternative reality - BUT - a dimension completely different of FEELING as everything, with one storyline of love because those - bless their souls - who love sadness and tragedy, sadism and suffering, are missing

Since they vibrate on another frequency; though a full gamut of possible experience should be examined to understand our universe, relaxation means we can choose where we go in our minds and since we become what we read about, if not victims, then oppressors - it is better

To read about spiritual places where love is not romance but a total involvement in existence as loving all being - people, animals and things - setting your own unique tone without trying to follow the rest - or forcing them to follow you!

Margaret Alice Second

Pack My Bag For A Trip To The Sea

I still haven't learned how to say no
when food is pressed under my nose,
nobody held a gun to my head but I
still felt compelled to hold up my end
and consume more than I have room
for, a headache for my pains, rather
down in the mouth, all the fun gone

I wonder how more outgoing types
deal with the regret always felt after
going overboard, maybe it's just some
of us who feel compelled to indulge
in feeling sorry for themselves after
a very singular event, it feels as if
I'm carrying the whole world

On my shoulders simply because I
couldn't stop when offered chicken
wings with two sauces, after laughing
at Leon Schuster reels I fell back into
this feeling of malaise - now abiding
my time to get the right vibrations
back so I can laugh again

And pack my bag for a trip to the
sea, always a wondrous place
to me...

Margaret Alice Second

Page After Relentless Page [revised]

Page 118 of 'Long Walk to Freedom' - the more I read the more I hate white Nationalists imposing irrational and evil laws oppressing all other South African races; I now wish this horrible, bitter, evil and selfish Dutch nation never defiled the coasts of Africa.

I read the name of Dr Malan - erstwhile pastor in the Dutch Reformed Church, church of the damned which spawned Nationalists as evil devils - church in which Beelzebub himself was a pastor - Malan, who became Prime Minister changed this beautiful country into Hell

For everybody; my head aches, ashamed to be white - to share this trait with him and his hellhounds - wonder why an Afrikaner nation that could inflict such pain on other races was not judged & annihilated in the British concentration camps to save the world from them

I marvel at how Mandela could forgive these racial & prejudiced Nazis, set them free from manacles which they'd imprisoned themselves in. Dutch-Afrikaners - naive, stupid, ignorant people allowing criminals like Malan and HF Verwoerd to lead them into hell where

Evil puppeteers inflicted unending hardship on people not white in appearance - all criminals who should've died on the gallows, stupid white citizens to be shot on sight; as that includes me, so be it, I'm gladly a social outcast deserving punishment for sins of Afrikaner

Fathers, knowing that my punishment's well-earned. The allergy making misery of life, causing me live in pain is retribution justly visited upon me as off-spring of this evil nation. Stripped of illusions by discoveries of atrocious deeds of these bigoted racists - I'm in a

Kind of living trance of disgust for Draconian laws of 1954. I could never get along with the criminal leaders of my tribe, was always irritated by snobbish classes.

Only problem is, while reading I'm trapped in horrors described by Nelson Mandela in his autobiography

Wishing to read faster, get to the parts where he is freed - suffering of his people's unbearable, shocking facts jumping off page after relentless page...

[14 January 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Pain Will Be Gone

The best thing about Pregabalin, reminding of Stalin, the destroyer of millions, is it consists of gamma-aminobutyric acid, referring to gamma-rays kill living cells, very TOXIC

This elates medical sociopaths who poetically calls it Lyrica, enjoying their license to maim and kill by poisoning the mitochondria, the life force within cells, to kill all those

Hypochondriacs complaining of pain without visible injury by shrinking their brains, causing memory loss and black-outs and falls, ulcers and muscle spasms and joint pains -

These hypochondriacs fall ill and a fair number die quite soon - thus cleansing the gene pool of these fools who dared to irritate the establishment sociopaths who love

Having a vulnerable group of fools at large on who they can experiment to their heart's content, and boy, did they experiment on me, the world's fool number one, though

My joint and foot pains began after receiving Lyrica for neck and back pain, I didn't realise it; though continuous ear-ache made life difficult, double vision robbed me of

The pleasure of reading, painful joints robbed me of the joy of walking, mouth ulcers and a hole at the back of my throat made for costly medical treatments & hot flushes

Formerly caused by my eating sugar and gluten, increased a million-fold and I had black-outs and falls and breathing problems and hallucinations' I happily ingested the Lyrica

Lapping up poison because it made me feel reconciled to being a failed human being without a bright brain required to fulfil my dreams, with memory loss and slurred speech

And a dry mouth and loss of singing ability; though I still screeched in a way that made Florence Foster Jenkins sound like a nightingale, I continued determined to bite

The bit and die a martyr to my malfunctioning body - but
when black outs made coffee run out of my mouth & soup
fall out of my hands as my knees buckled under me - I

Lessened the dose to be able to read again without falling
over comatose, at work and reading at home on my bed -
and then read about Lyrica the Great Brain Killer

The Designer Drug which switches off part of the brain
permanently - the emotional pain will be gone and the
complainant also...

Margaret Alice Second

Painful In An Indescribable Way

Finally feel better again, made my peace with failing,
failed to master the long policy documents, could not
use my brain to retain the terms to be used & acronyms,
the descriptions and requirements

I cannot – everywhere we read we are not allowed to
say cannot and when we are forced to use it after failing
something, it is painful in an indescribable way, usually
I lose my self-esteem – yes, it is

A translator's duty to master every kind of document and
I am guilty of treason in admitting I cannot do it, but trying
to hide my incompetence is even more painful so out with
the truth, my brain cannot be used to translate

Certain documents, I shall go on trying and breaking my
heart because that is why we are paid, I shall do my best
without crying, it is no use and will not increase my IQ

4 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Particle Wave Reality (Revised)

Solidity is perception of electric biochemical signals, frequencies received by physical senses, the mind weaves these into realities as beautiful illusions

Energy of consciousness creates the Universe - projecting through interference patterns of random energy-waves

We and all that we perceive, are manifesting the Consciousness which created this Universe; we are Consciousness that always is, never gained or lost, only changing form

We are Infinite Consciousness held in receptacle particles that began as endless possibilities formed by patterns in wave-interference-patterns

We apply conscious energy like a shining light on holographic three-dimensional images to fix particles in time and space and thus create our illusionary Universe

[Summary of article on the Internet:

[ciencia/ciencia_](#)]

[ORIGINAL]

Solidity is the brain's perception of biochemical and electrical signal

frequencies received by our physical senses – which the mind weaves beautifully into illusions of reality

It is energy of consciousness which creates The Universe, projecting through interference patterns of random energy-waves

We, and all we perceive, are the manifestations of consciousness which created this – our Universe; we ARE in fact consciousness that always is, is never gained or lost, that only changes form

We're part of Infinite Consciousness while physical form is a receptacle, particles which began as infinite possibilities in wave-interference-patterns

When conscious energy is applied like shining light on a three-dimensional holographic image, the particles become fixed in time and space to create the illusion which we call The Universe

Margaret Alice Second

Party Blues (Rev.)

I pay for yesterday's party now - excess sugar,
wine & spiced meat - yet it's a willing penalty;
a walking-around ghost, head down under my
pink hat, the world a million miles away

Unfocused eyes, sound-sensitised ears, mind
spinning outside reality, such is the price I
pay for partaking in dad's birthday, I wish
to feel better with my head all closed up

Right now my cranium feels wide open - worms
crawling on my brain; sleepy but the catatonia
keeps me stuck to my seat - a wide and deep
depression like the biggest dark hole

Pulls me down helplessly spinning, swallows
me whole, leaving only alienation and pain...

Margaret Alice Second

Passing Glance

Madame La Pompadour took hold of
my document, an anonymous letter to
the President descrying him as well as
the Government, and used it to attack
the kindest of beings in the office
building - I saw red - went mad

Exploded like a bomb, shouted like a
banshee, jumped up and down, nearly
burst a vein, muscles tightening with
hatred - deep, red, deadly - welling up
inside me for such nasty arrogance; 'tis
a real test of character for me

To be free to CHOOSE my actions - I'm
turning the other cheek since I am such
a cheeky person, putting my power be-
hind the principles I believe in, choosing
the path of dignity - ugliness never is
worth more than a passing glance

Margaret Alice Second

Passion

My magnificent obsession used to be writing, playing with words still is my passion, yet I have landed a job where mutilation of language and dreams is the main thing going on; mixing rules and regulations with the enunciations of people who cannot care less for the beauty of sound

Who hate poetry with a vengeance, who destroy rhythm wilfully, refusing to consider alliteration and assonance, my heart is broken, I live my life in my mind, my citadel keeping the magic, power, wonder and sound of sing-song words alive - but sometimes the cold consensus of inter-subjectivity

Penetrates the protective armour I have created and leaves me writhing on the ground, shocked by modern civilization's attitude to the sacred in harmony, making a fetish of appearance, reducing all dimensions to the visual without reference to the divine mystery of symbol and meaning

Margaret Alice Second

Passionately Enough

Oh heavenly day
sky steel grey, wind cold
respite from the infernal heat
must find something enchanting
to read, by installing a new device
hubby killed all DVD watching
opportunity, no Bedknobs
and Broomsticks today

I shall visit the children's library
bound to be something good tucked
away, I could not fulfil expectations this
week, could not meet requirements in the
heat, I felt like a wreck, doomed like the
Flying Dutchman to float from coast to
coast on seas of sad miseries
suddenly on Thursday

Everything went awry, the harder
I tried, the less I accomplished, must
find an escape in my mind, withdraw from
a physical reality in which things go wrong
create a parallel universe where laughter
and song bring the joy not found while
living a material life, the joy of free-
dom lies in the creation of things

That will exist in the future
if we dream passionately
enough...

Margaret Alice Second

Past And Future [rev]

I'm thoroughly miserable returning to a black sitting room; the black fireplace & dark glass-top table, the dark beige and brown couch, & bland windows sans bead strings, the boring curtains, the wooden old school-desk with a threadbare carpet - and then I see

My collection of crystal, fairies and mermaids hidden in the corner, shiny pearls and candlesticks, & the wonder of their beauty is bigger than ever; I stare transfixed - that bare black outline of the wine-rack and useless fireplace utensils forms a most perfect background for

My transparent treasures; the pink flowers, all together in my bedroom corner, are a delight for the eye - joy is condensed in one quick burst of elated creation - with this I can make it and plan a new beginning, colouring my world with reflected rainbows in crystal

Perspectives filling the present moment with past and future ornaments...

Margaret Alice Second

Patterns Of My Dreams [r]

Actually, you're my yardstick, - around which
I weave patterns of my dreams - you are the
sanctuary, a centre from which I calibrate my
mental gyroscope - and you're that brother I
dreamed of having before I had to grow up -
realising brothers were unlike the dreams
woven about them; nothing filled that empty
space until I found you - a true poet I could
adulate and emulate

You are my Dr Serfontein and Capitaine
Carrot; the patrician - Lord Vetinari, of my
own Kingdom, and you are my criterion for
measuring tone and rhythm of poetry; you
taught me how to live in a translation world
by learning to express feelings in different
words - I thank you for being able to carry
burdens of my trust and suspicions when
I confronted you with my fear you disliked
my songs; and more than thanking you

I send you my delight, hoping it melts your
heart & makes you feel how wonderful you
are in fulfilling my dream of being safely in
my own brother's team...

Margaret Alice Second

Paying For Insolence [revised]

Paying For Insolence

The oats did not put me to sleep – sitting quietly makes my head heavy but on preparing dinner made me grumpy then paranoid – anger at first about nothing in particular and then sounds drove me mad; I'm paying dearly for my

Insolence, oats is a source of calcium my system needs yet eating it is tricky, I feel awful afterwards; maybe only a little would not be so bad – now I remember why I chose my beloved – because the silence he loves so much

Soothes my frayed nerves when under an allergic spell, even if I chafe at the bit, it is still the best place to be – home – where silence reigns, so I run outside to sing, declaim to the universe

24 June 2013

[ORIGINAL:]

Paying dearly for my insolence, the oats did not put me to sleep – when sitting quietly it makes my head heavy but while preparing dinner it simply makes me grumpy then paranoid - first I got angry about nothing and then

Sounds drove me mad, oats is a source of calcium which my system needs yet eating it is tricky, it makes me feel awful; maybe eating only a little would not be so bad – now I remember why I chose my beloved – because

The silence he loves so much soothes my frayed nerves when under the spell of the allergy, even if I chafe at the bit, it is still the best place to be – home - where silence reigns so I run outside to sing & declaim to the universe

24 June 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Peace Forevermore

Our local one-woman talk-show
on the go fortissimo on the left,
on the right 2 colleagues loudly
discussing serious problems, Die
Lustige Witwe in my earphones

Das Teure Vaterland competing with
exclamations weaving in and out of
consciousness creating a cacophony
so overwhelming I want to run away
to sip champagne with errant Danilo

And since this is my dream, Discworld
assassins also in Maxim receive orders
from me: whenever my colleagues make
a noise they are killed silently until only
I and all the silent ones are left - then

We burst out in victorious song, being
the melodious folk of Africa, just to be
killed also as per instruction - and thus
peace reigns in the office forevermore

Margaret Alice Second

Peace Of Inner Deep [revised]

Unable to surrender to Love from lack of trust
after lifetimes of betrayal and eons of illusory
human experience you want to open to divine
field of love - yet fear this trusting completely

Prayer, contemplation and meditation quiets
unruly minds surrendering to stillness so to
dissipate lack of trust - spending time in the
peace of inner space deep within ourselves

Where there has only ever been love - the
illusory separation feeling is just pretension
thus salvation is unnecessary as we're not
lost nor ever been separated from source

Our consciousness has limitations seen in
human conflicts; we're assailed by conduit-
channeled divine messages of love from
spiritual realms far beyond this earth

Collective intent is conflict to end to the
advantage of everyone - no-one's to be
exempt, a state of few "haves" & billions
of "have-nots" can't go on, we can't be

Living without our inner love; this is the
end of the illusory games we've played,
enough of hardship, time for awakening -
time which can no longer be delayed

And when fear evaporates after enduring
so much pain for uncountable eons, we
shall finally receive all the joy and glory
taking mankind to the celestial spheres

Margaret Alice Second

Pearl Of Infinite, Eternal Value [revised]

One day it struck me: I've passed the age of fifty,
realised the dreams of my youth are passé, the only
ideal left is inner beauty, I've never chased physical
beauty, never made use of potential forever gone

My passion for spiritual values dimmed the past few
years, it must be rekindled to inspire my chasing the
wisdom I dreamed of when dreams still seemed to
be attainable, suddenly I have lost the will to dream

Is this what old age is, taking away the desire to dream,
now's the time to settle down, start digging for that pearl
of infinite, eternal value: the wisdom to nurture the love
in my heart as well as the necessary insight to apply

This love to the benefit of everyone I meet, to polish
the shine of my ideals, to make inner beauty more
powerful than the decay we all experience
in our physical, material universe

Margaret Alice Second

Pearly Drops (Revised)

On hearing golden-brown voices nothing
but sound transcendence exists, pearly
drops joining into song, networked notes
form chords, evoking feelings forgotten
- an exit out of this world

Realities' rules force orthodoxy to hide
inner events transporting away unwary
dreamers - until I awake all work stays
undone, time for action gone after eons
unproductively spent invisibly dreaming

Only a shining countenance exists, an
inner fire that cannot be quenched by
events taking place in the world outside,
a dream I can repeat whenever the
music plays again

Margaret Alice Second

Pedagogues (So Superior) [revised]

I am highly suspicious reading how two supercilious, pedantic pedagogues (so superior) , reduce the whole world to a kindergarten in which materialist orthodoxy alone knows anything

The rest of civilization is depicted as idiots and fools in *The Science of Discworld (Revised Edition)* , where Stewart and Cohen wrote chapters on science and Pratchett described tomfoolery of the Wizards on the Discworld, definitely fun to read –

But a haughty, condescending tone of its boring overview of Western science and evolution, based on assumptions the universe is dead except for human minds, is nauseating –

reminding of Sir David Attenborough presenting every hypothesis and theoretic assumption as the gospel truth. Clearly it is true that science consists of lies for children, these narrators are scintillating examples of how it is done with amazing ease!

“The Science of the Discworld 1” Revised Edition
Jack, Pratchett, Terry, Stewart and Ian Cohen
Kindle – bought from Amazon

[ORIGINAL]

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Of the Wizards on the Discworld, fun to read - but the haughty, condescending tone of the boring overview of Western science and evolution based on the assumption the universe is dead

Except for human minds, is nauseating - reminding of Sir David Attenborough who presents every hypothesis and theoretic assumption as gospel truth

Clearly it is true that science consists of lies for children, these narrators are scintillating examples of how it is done all the time!

Margaret Alice Second

Perfect For Me

Every time I look at dad's photo as a young man,
my psyche registers something, how he's humbled
by the privilege having 5 kids with all their fingers,
toes and minds intact - even if the interaction in
the house destroyed happy thoughts; dad did select
a mother who introduced us to authors: Langenhoven,
Charlotte Brontë & Jane Austen - he had done
something so wonderful -

And mom led by example = listening & playing Mozart,
Chopin and Beethoven on the piano, singing lullabies
and telling stories herself - even if she as the Queen of
Hearts when disobeyed tried to strangle the Duchess, my
twin sis, and shattered dad's new radio when throwing a
brush at Peter Pan my naughty elder brother of 18 months
- dad so humble about everything, his Queenly wife and
Cinderella his mother-in-law,

His kids - since Dad was Conan the Barbarian, he enjoyed
his eldest son Attila the Hun, his goldy-locks son Peter Pan,
twin daughters Alice and the Duchess & his youngest Tom-
Thumb; never realising Alice experienced life like Snegourka,
the melting Russian Maiden of Ice, nor that our little Duchess
needed more love than she ever got; Conan was delighted
by Cinderella keeping -

The house smelling so good, preparing better fare than ever
seen on the Food channel; - then I look at dad's photo as an
88-year old man, handsome like Santa Clause with his white
beard and hair - and remember our Departmental Director
declaring - after staring at dad's photo some time - I LOVE
that man - with love welling up in me - the love felt when
taking care of him, watching him as he sat upright with
water on the lungs -

His feet on the floor - swollen and cold - his showing me
how to taking suffering in one's stride - and I was jealous
at times of his having completed the course of life I still
have to take - but I knew he had to leave as his hanging

on for my mother's sake, enjoying her painting and music and choirs, already took him way beyond what his body could take; he had to offer her security as his love was bigger than himself: people only saw him but as his

Daughter, his Alice In Wonderland - I saw his burning, loving, passionate. loving heart inside; the bags of love he carried for exquisite things like babies and small kids and toys like steam trains, petrol-fuelled cars for us kids and tape-recorders and teaching me to draw a sailing ship - every map & sail I see proclaim my dad - oh please - hear my song: David born on 25 May 1927 & died on 4 April 2017, my Dad - you were PERFECT to me...

Margaret Alice Second

Perfect Spiritual World

</>If mastering boredom is a prerequisite to break out of the circle of reincarnation I still have a long way to go, trying my best to remain interested I tried to correct my document for the experts who drink, eat and breathe news and political texts

But I give up in disgust because it makes me lose my love of life; if the Buddhists are right and we return to this world in another life until we succeed in being happy and quiet when sensory deprived, never allowing boredom to invade the space

In our heads and turn our brains to mush, my dream of moving on to another life-form in another universe where consciousness does not need to manifest to be and create; will be curtailed until I am happy with breathing and repeating the same routines

Though I hope it is only a series of chemical disruptions that will disappear once I am free from the illusions and inter-subjective distortions created by humanity's weird obsession to remake an already perfect spiritual world

Margaret Alice Second

Perfecting Her Art

Lots of things said about singing and voices that should mature which make sense and it seemed common sense that Amira's parents would read about Jenny Lind, great Swedish Nightingale – receiving training from an opera theatre master since she was eight, but no-

No lessons forthcoming, no coaching, Amira repeats the songs she debuted with and the original child prodigy appeal is wearing thin just like her voice forced to higher chords & no technique, no phrasing - when will she be allowed to sing age-appropriate songs to

Increase strength and vocal technique and delight the ear: when prepare for a musical career instead of belting out opera songs in a way that might hurt her voice forever, that fritters away all chances of her sounding so beautiful as her voice promised to become

When she was young, listening to her doing concerts where she acts like a mechanical doll programmed to repeat previous songs without showing improvement in voice or technique, creates despair: she could be as great as Maria Callas who earned

Money as a street singer before she studied opera; surely Amira's voice can become broad & strong when she starts practising in the right way to make sure the early promise of delight is fulfilled – or was the chrysalis opened too soon and the butterfly will never fly

Just because her wings never grew strong through the hard work and struggle to break the cocoon herself - early fame might have taken away the ability to humbly work hard

at perfecting her art...

Margaret Alice Second

Perfection-Performance [3rd]

Listening to the Vienna Boys Choir excellent though totally bland performance - in perfect pitch, splendidly rounded, breathing in unison which is meaningless without feeling - like an unseasoned recital & Edelweiss lacklustre in sublime, immaculate tones such as inhuman perfection: flaws are a sign of emotion and

Unique execution indicates individual existence, machine-like perfection destroying the life which makes for vocal vibrato - feeling always changes frozen faces- which only slightly occlude pain of lonely existence, alone behind beautiful façades; though boys' voices sound more mellifluous than the shrill register of girls imitating opera singers

They theatrically express deep feeling in their inadequate performances which are different with every appearance as the sound expresses their deepest being, creating a new experience whenever they sing - triumphing over the immutable perfection-performance of small automatons...

Margaret Alice Second

Perfectly Happy

Deconstructed the terrible intimidating
bulwark as dark blue paper keeps the
sun out, I'm not really awake, dreaming
about every moment of reality being the
centre of a flower from which the petals
radiate each being a different version of
reality and every line cast forever - to be
visited at our ease whenever we please

Feeling the heat of excitement rising in
me each time I think about Johnny and
his friends jumping from one timeline to
another, in one Wobbler was never born
and to change back to where they came
from, they have to fix the mistakes of the
past, this dream of unlimited opportunity
fills me with happiness, it is as if I see the
end result of such unbounded choice and

I am so glad everything worked out in this
way, a million alternatives might exist, but
I am perfectly happy with this!

“Johnny and the Bomb” - Terry Pratchett

Margaret Alice Second

-pervasive Duty [rev]

After work as I wash dishes & clean the kitchen, I'm working on my dying speech - surely composers of operas like Verdi's La Traviata must have seen how their female protagonists pre-planned all their dying songs because no other can come up with so much drama at death's door; I had bronchitis for the first time in my life and still feel sick into the third week

My throat so sore and voice hoarse as if I smoke fifty cigarettes a day - and I fall asleep all the time; here I am surrounded by antihistamine, cough remedy and antibacterial lozenges plus sinus medication & today I heard everyone comment on, and laugh about, my deathly appearance - all speculating on how soon I shall be gone, interred in the earth or straight to the

Crematorium; I imagine myself in Poland's Nazi Death Camp at Auschwitz, led to my death by my own tribe stoking the fires consuming my somnolent, coughing body; a last message to my Big Bro saying thank you for helping me when I was dying inside - so at least I was alive when I finally went, my mind safe under his care as he directed the writing that snaked from

My hands seeking freedom from a claustrophobic little life of no emancipation to escape this terrible, all-pervasive duty....

Margaret Alice Second

Peter Pan Said [rev]

For me, Peter Pan said, Conan's finally dead,
I buried him as a kid - he perforated my soul,
- breaking my spirit with words too harsh to
repeat. I wrote his transgressions on a scroll;
now that chem's in my head he wounds my
mind with darts of vile vituperation & vulgar
insinuations, his irrational fury; only mom is
left and it's best she doesn't bring her faith

In God to me since she could not even love
her own mother; what's love, cynical physical
infatuation evaporating faster than it forms so
the lover has nothing afterwards, unless he's
a Romeo achieving fame by killing himself - I
shall stay in Neverland, never grow up, never
seek to investigate truth behind the façade
that was my travesty of a childhood

A serving Cinderella shared me her pain & in
her misery, targeting my sister, making me see
what contempt & rejection is - my family's lost,
Attila just a shell of himself, the condescending
Duchess a lost elf, sometime bully, Alice gone
to live in Crocodile Castle in magic Wonderland
where a Phoenix burned her pain away, saving
her and keeping

A formerly lost waif in a very safe place; Tom
Thumb rode away on a mouse for a nomadic
and houseless life - none of us are emotionally
calibrated - this exacerbated by the existential
dilemma: Which Universe, Which Me - I prefer
to be free in Neverland to be as prejudiced as
I like without trying to disentangle strands in
my head, without stoppering the holes in my

Heart, forever blaming Conan, the Queen-of-
Hearts & Cinderella for stealing my freedom,
making me into a changeling, showering me

with poisonous glass shards as the mirror of
their lives smashed and we fell down into
Purgatory....

Margaret Alice Second

Petrified

I grew up petrified in a series of family fights
and survived by turning my eyes inside, no-
one to love, nowhere to seek refuge where
three adults lacked self-esteem in a pitch-
black mist of loathing and defiance

I learnt to abhor this life, reject the world and
values these Pharisees tried to instil - found
my own set of principles in books & dreams,
could not stand organised religion or
being part of any system

Then you came, we created our own space
within a different universe - you were king
given your iron constitution and willingness
to steer, not allowing phantoms of the past
to strangle our joie de vivre

Now petrified again as you fight the neglect that
blighted your youth by offering too much to the
kids, too soon - expecting thanks where there
is only childish fear for this big life you plan
for them - beware extremes -

Calm down, the time will come when they will
understand and appreciate everything you
dreamt for them...

Margaret Alice Second

Phantasmagorical Reality

Do you know the magnificence of overpowering narcolepsy when you are asleep with your eyes open, when sitting down means head lolling and eyelids closing and the world turns into this deep dark tunnel pulling you down, then by a stroke of

Luck you drink pure cold water and suddenly you wake up and gladly pick up all overturned boxes, mounds of books and papers overturned by your jerky movements moments before, taking control of life & feeling ready to climb back up to the sun

To find the friends you left behind are still there & they are the sweet creatures you remember from before the narcolepsy and alienation behind dark glasses which clouded your perspective until you found the magical cure in ice-cold water; if this is

Not your experience - you won't know the joy of living a contrast between before and afterwards, now I have woken up it feels as if I returned from the dead - thank heaven that water revived me before the feeling of sinking into the river Styx

With no ferryman around to take me over to the other side, turned into phantasmagorical reality

Margaret Alice Second

Phoenix Taking Me High [rev.]

New paving looking better as fear & anxiety slowly subsides, no longer feel like a beggar in my own home, gripped by fear from seeing living grass replaced by dead paving; calmed by seeing your vision where all seems to be

Returning to normal - you've stopped sighing endlessly - your fear as great as mine, though you'd never admit it - tonight it is the first time I've felt happy at home ready to tackle life. A Snow Queen at work where overdrive aircon

Makes me purple & blue, a dreamer at home who likes being outside with bees, thank you for bearing with me - I withdrew in angst from our little world; thank you for holding onto me too as your fears burned up giving birth

To a new Phoenix taking me high...

Margaret Alice Second

Piccalilli (Revised)

Piccalilli - the pickle that zings with zest
and foretells my royal downfall, a roll
prepared with onion, cheese, egg n'
tomato, spiced liberally with piccalilli

One bite cost my common sense -
knowing full well white rolls make me
ill I ate with relish still; it tastes soooo
wonderful when one like me

Lives in a bland dish desert of safe
condiments in black pepper and coarse
salt - if I felt bad after Prego steaks, I
now adore a crazy piccalilli tang

An extravaganza returns to haunt me in
solitary confinement of official texts, head
throbbing, oh piccalilli, chopped veggies,
cheese and spice, enchanting, piquant

For the unrequited palate...

[ORIGINAL:]

Piccalilli - the word just sings with zest
and zing - spells my downfall, when you
prepared a roll with golden onion, tomato
egg and cheese all spiced up with piccalilli

I took one bite and lost all common sense
knowing full well that white rolls make me
ill I went ahead and ate with relish, it tastes
wonderful to one like me who lives life

In a desert of bland dishes with black pepper
and coarse salt the only safe condiments - I
love Prego steaks, feel bad afterwards, now
adore the tangy taste of piccalilli

An extravaganza coming back to haunt me in
solitary confinement with official texts, head
throbbing; oh piccalilli, chopped vegetables
and spices enchanting and piquant

For the underprivileged palate...

Margaret Alice Second

Piece Of My Heart [rev]

Madame La Pompadour is back her life on track,
the office is alive as she explains mother couldn't
survive another day, detailing costs & discussing
graveyards & I ran off seeking refuge from death
as my mother and father are still alive and I can't
contemplate anything happening to them

before a visit in December; I need to hear all my
dad's illegal smuggling stories, insurance scams,
investigators finding that farmers had set their own
harvests alight for insurance money - threatening
my dad should he give them away, the promise of
a grave amongst the mine dumps awaiting him

I need to hear mom enthuse on doing things she
can no longer do ending in serenading us with her
favourite songs on the piano, me singing along; -
while away I found on sale a big, soft, and brightly
coloured comforter - bought it for my son as I've
become a Can-Do-Mom - 21 years too late my

colleagues say, ah well, today I still want to hear
Conan's voice on sis' WhatsApp broadcasts and
the Queen of Heart's ideas on choir performances
in days past - I can't abide diatribes on the pitfalls
of funeral arrangements since the Duchess'd be
torn apart and I'll lose a piece of my heart...

Margaret Alice Second

Place Of Healing

"Und Don Camillo Mittendrin" not a pleasurable read, too much realism and for that we have newspapers to bother us, reading the Sunday paper left me shocked and determined not to identify with humanity, it MUST be possible to be a nonphysical spirit as soon as possible!

In "Don Camillo" Giovanni Guareschi described too many instances of men punching their wife and kids, too often people were overcome by feelings of guilt after planning to kill whether they succeeded or not - promises made to pay for outstanding services rendered were broken

At first I thought this Comédie Humaine bittersweet - but all too soon it seemed plain bitterness with very little in between seeking solace in a magic tale of a boy stealing a magic wheelchair, discovering his granny is a witch recruiting him for her successor, a joyful place of healing for my injured feelings...

Margaret Alice Second

Playing Dormouse

A reappearance after being missing for days
after vanishing without a trace, after Ascension
as a sign of grace, everybody else expected to
be at work every day

On the few occasions when the missing person
surfaces she refuses to give those who are here
all the the time permission to leave early; after
staying at home without reason

She threatens and demeans those who stayed at
their posts and the authorities condone everything
this Mad Hatter does, reducing everyone else to
playing Dormouse, closing their eyes

To prolonged absences and then she waltzes in,
delighted with herself that once again she reigns
supreme and these idiots submit to her will - are
we not the most perfect Light Brigade

Perishing while fighting the war while Her Highness
traipses about having fun, enjoying comfort at home,
enjoying our discomfiture when confronted with an
authority figure who never follows the rules

She happily enforces on others?

Margaret Alice Second

Poisoned Flask (Revised)

It is not the fact of the matter that troubles me most but its delivery – Brutus style, an unexpected knife in the back, no hints prepared me for the dark deed, just discovery of treason; my heart bleeds, yes, I'm no great warrior, in class I'm the dumb, stupid one who tries to do the right thing but earns nothing for misplaced endeavours. Like the Beatles sang 'Now I need a place to hide away' I am disappointed, feeling sad, falling silent since we are living in the 1984 of George Orwell

Should have known nothing I do is kosher, I don't fit the System, should be made to drink a poisoned flask like Socrates, be hung upside down like Paul – or was it Peter? See what I mean, can't get basic facts right; so plunge the knife into my back again, the first wasn't painful enough, teach me lose my feelings, be empty all the time, do it in the dark so I develop a shell in which to hide, continue the treatment, I'm afraid I'll get up and walk away, kill me completely – let me die in peace, tell me why I didn't die from a broken heart...

[COMMENT:

I see the agony & the irony. The only people who can do a grand job of destroying each other both metaphorically and euphemistically are long-serving members of the Public Service. And they do it in the belief they are supposed to!]

Margaret Alice Second

Policing Pharisee (Revised)

At work today management emails threaten torture
if we dare put a foot out of doors - unless marching
against rape, yet society overflows in sexual imagery,
old people take pills to instil desire when hormone
levels sink, old ladies botoxed after plastic surgery

Young people are urged by socially orientated sexual
imagery; then secret libidinous cell-phone photo holier-
than-thou types blame 'barbarians surrender' in raping
the vulnerable around them - but why whip up desire in
pictures and song, and then try to contain outbursts of
libido spinning into unrestrained aggression?

First take the beam out of your own eye, then ye shall see
better to take the splint out of the eye of the rapist,
you policing Pharisee...

11 February 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Pollyanna-Ism And Puritanism

Happily balanced on the fulcrum
of my sore throat, told my friends
about wearing a surgical mask this
weekend, floating on the pressure
in my head unworried about being
comatose as I pirouette around the
swelling in my ears, leaning into the
eye of the storm, calm and resigned

Asking nothing, expecting less, the
perfect attitude as Pollyanna-ism
repulses the ice-cold Puritanism in
my soul, with pseudo-ephedrine I
can breathe and it is a privilege,
being comfortable while making
time pass sitting upright and de-
vising a story in my head

Laughter makes me feel better; I
had better find more victims to
laugh with as it acts like a drug
that puts me high

Margaret Alice Second

Possible Future Torture

The Nutcracker has not arrived yet,
ordered Mikhail Baryshnikov on DVD
on October the tenth - still have not
received it for succour and support
in these terrible times

Now know I got 'commencé' right in
our French test, vindicates my theory
beginning is good while endings are
bad, beginning to chase my ideal of
words like songs on my tongue

Ended in disaster, the term required
to say 'Emergence' fell into the well
of stupidity to become 'Foundation'
I surrender to my destiny, doing
neck exercises at work

Mentally preparing for possible future
torture instead of typing clever lines
explaining theft of precious objects

Margaret Alice Second

Power You Acquire [rev.]

This deep wound is proof that what you thought
IS true, no special power seems to look out for
you except to extend your life; anything feared
manifests eventually, helping you find requisite
evidence for believing in a life lost at birth

Yet you're free to change this view as the love
of all of us reaches out to fill your empty heart
and heal aching wounds; take the hands we hold
out surrounding you with love, steep in it, keep
your abode safe, follow rules that suit you

Recall past events only in so far as they fill your
mind with happiness, don't be cruel to yourself,
be kind and affectionate since therein lies the
forgiving power you're free to use and offer
to everyone who has ever offended you

It'll free you of your mind's confused quagmire,
will lead you to the love we all aspire to offer as
we try to salve your mind with the touch of our
understanding shown in affection towards you,
knowing there's a definite purpose in life

To be fulfilled - and we are ready to play the
roles you choose to assign to every one of us

Margaret Alice Second

Practicing My Yodelling

Practicing my yodelling on the stairs
the stairwell has a lovely resonance
walking up and down is great exercise
but going up I've got to stop to catch
my breath, the last stairwell to ground
floor is deserted as it ends in a locked
steel door to keep criminals out, there
an air con unit sounds like an aeroplane
rising into the air, I yodelled long and
loud to my heart's content; surprised a
colleague asked why I wanted to yodel
and it made me realise how much joy
singing gives me; those who do not care
for it cannot understand the joy when
one's voice is vibrating and sweet music*
fills the space carrying my soul with it...

* Sweet music - I hope....

14 June 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Prayer For Grandma Alice [rev]

Reciting a prayer for Grandma Margaret Alice Van Wyk, praying her spirit may see the light, find the peace and affection she so deserved, relaying her my love and gratitude in praying that she knows I have discovered how hard

She worked caring for us all, five kids & mom and dad; praying that grandma's spirit will be covered by love if it isn't already pertained so: Dearest Grandma, though you felt so lonely and bitter with life, it's lovely to reminisce

About your unfailing service and presence in mine when I needed you most - & I apologise for not being there and taking better care of you near the end; I want you to also know of my boundless admiration, I understand

Why things went wrong as you tried to provide for your only son and how much the problem between you and mom caused pain, know that wherever your spirit is - my heart is with you - in the whole of eternity I'll never forget you

I shall sing your praises wherever I go in every dimension; I'll take my cherished memories and spread the message that I LOVE you, grandma Margaret Alice Van Wyk - and I delight in your Memory - wishing you joyful and happy in an

Abundance of love in every realm wherever you go - feel my esoteric embrace & kisses raining on your lovely grandmother-face

Margaret Alice Second

Pregabalinic Lyrica Hell

I prefer natural pain to walking around like
the Little Mermaid paying Lyrica the Evil
Drug Witch with my life and voice for feet
of burning coals and a round moon face,
sores in my mouth and throat, dry burning
eyes, unable to speak or sing, unable to
think & dream; sleepy, falling and twitching
with black-outs & muscle spasms, growing
deaf and blind while my teeth's falling out,
burning in a Purgatory of inflammation...

I paid penitence in Pregabalinic Lyrica hell
for all the sins of vanity and pride
I have ever committed in my life

Margaret Alice Second

Preparing For Monday Morning [rev]

It struck me while intent on preparing mentally for Monday morning - I'm still of a mindset preventing me finishing a document I was checking Friday; I wanted to reach rock bottom this weekend but did not get depressed enough

Watching The Thin Blue Line Sunday night makes me laugh so much maybe sinking fast isn't needed to be able to leap into the Monday morning routine, complete technical research required - without my brain switching off -

Lurking back of everything is a thought of preparing schedules for the holidays, to rekindle worthiness feelings as days slowly drift with no challenges or need for accomplishment, nothing to get adrenaline flowing; yet tonight the only thing is

Preparing for Monday morning...

Margaret Alice Second

Pretty Theories [rev]

Science is nothing more than make-believe and superstition,
and as these fantasies are unobservable, their sums are the
logic & proof for all of the pretty theories - all we can achieve
is to live in Alice's Wonderland - as thus providing metaphors

For poets & artists alike in a superstition that gravity organises
galaxies with their spinning stars - and as we cannot see what
prevents everything from getting sling-shot away into space -
Hey presto! All al-fresco, we just dream up an invisible World

A magic place in which we dwell - for this science is the best
hocus-pocus there is...

Margaret Alice Second

Primal Scream Moments

No amount of grand long-term goals
or serious to frivolous motivation can
save me when the ground falls away
and I grow imbalanced, I glare at the
world without lovable McGonagall's
love-beaming eyes and trust it is the
glint of steel that makes my eyes shine
at a time like this

I believe advantage can be extracted from
anything, but I hate it all the same, going
through black holes where the ghosts of
sad feelings and distraught emotion are
waiting to invade my soul and take me
back to Arthur Janov's primal scream
moments, I refuse to apply his remedy
or try dissolving Ron Hubbard's locks

The negative outcry of their critics have
convinced me it is using dynamite to blow
up small wrinkles in the fabric of time, I
prefer applying Seth's recommendation
to look at framework two and see life in
a different perspective using the present
to influence and change both future
and past...

Margaret Alice Second

Primal Scream Moments (2)

Safely enclosed within the inevitable unfolding
of a sequence of primal moments locked within
triggered by unknown events, I become a victim
to the blackmail of the unconscious

When my world shrinks to a series of routine events
not taking care of anyone needing special guidance,
I fall prey to feelings of redundancy, my mind starts
wandering, heart stops beating normally

All that is left is an empty shell, breathing, converting
energy without accomplishing anything, can't motivate
myself to play Snakes and Ladders in the office earning
money to continue in the same way

Day after dreary day, sending prayer requests to patrons
of hopelessness and things almost despaired of, seeking
succour in tribulation and desolation, the suffering of
my inability to stay on the treadmill

Without falling into a mental Black Hole where Calvinism
demands I live to serve someone, anyone; as long as I do
not live for myself; bloody hell, there is no-one else, every
one I associate with is independent

This leaves only parasites, should I become host to blood-
suckers as the true antidote to seeking quiet contentment,
what can end this search for meaning; surely there must
be something I may do for myself

Margaret Alice Second

Prismatic Enchantment

Need not have worried, after giving up my document every line like a familiar friend, the gods provided me with *Steam* by Terry Pratchett and I am sucked into a gentle whirlwind bubbling me up to the clouds, Moist von Lipwig and Adora Belle Dearheart - whirling with me lights flashing joyously, Vetinari, Lady Margolotta,

This is celestial company, silver blue interspersed with the imagination's bright transparent rainbow bubbles in prismatic enchantment, my soul is taken care of - heart blessed, mind twirling in delight, soft warmth that keeps one floating high above humanity, far beyond anything that relates to grey boredom - what a marvellous time -

Book waiting to engulf me totally until I'm changed into a new human being, perspective broadened by the new set of humorous events Pratchett designed, the advent of steam trains in the Disc World, new technology and the goblins running wild and free - just like me, happy to be alive, to be able to think about life - just like me!

Margaret Alice Second

Pristine Beauty

The magic woven by Terry Pratchett in 'Going Postal' took my mind like a wave invading every lonely space, filling me with a sense of delight and the desire to keep on digging for meaning

Since I cannot be content with the mere fact that I exist in the way Golems can, I have to assign meaning to everything in order to prevent my inner self turning from quiet and calm into

A raging torrent of existential dread and my spirit from acquiring a waiflike quality, moving between states of consciousness, too confused to choose between moments of being to settle quietly

Long enough to enjoy the delight of existence as escape from non-being, it took a while to drag my mind away from a feeling of guilt about this holiday and the concomitant fear that a short escape

From my robotic existence at the office might corrupt my heart to develop a passionate longing for freedom; confident enough to skip over disturbing passages on Reacher Gilt, I hate his guts; loving the excellent mind

Pratchett assigns to Vetinari, sharing his trait of loving ideas as principles: music as signet ideals, staves on paper, notes safely ensconced thereon with no attempt at execution to spoil its pristine beauty - just like him

I adore romance as an ethereal ideal formulated in enchanting writing but not any attempt at execution which always falls short changing the idea into a hopeless Don Quixotic longing for the impossible...

Going Postal - Terry Pratchett - Doubleday 2004
Quoted from p.78

Painful And Joyous Reading

The library open, a miracle found several titles interesting, normally everything seems boring, I'm courageous enough to tackle ' Briar Rose' about the Second World War

And sisters fighting in 'When She Was Good' hoping to find insight into my relationship with my twin sis, I'm ready to face abandonment in Lynne Markham's 'Getting It Right'

And two lives intertwined in 'Faith, Hope and Ivy June' - being adventurous I also bought two books at second hand book shops - Graham Hancock's Underworld - Flooded Kingdoms of the Ice Age -

Blazing trails where unconventional Colin Wilson fears to tread, and 'Mars Mystery' with its theme of precession and the solar system orbit and carousel movement about the Milky Way Galaxy's

Black Hole centre; hours of painful and joyous reading before me - now I have entered the spirit of this holiday!

Margaret Alice Second

Probability Curves

The lovely little antichrist, Adam Young, says at the end of 'Good Omens' by Pratchett, if he declares Armageddon and the Apocalypse and the forces of hell defeats humankind calling down the wrath of the heavenly hosts

Only one gang would be left and soon its members would fight each other: the only way to peace is for all life to cease and who wants that? Adam defeats the four horsemen cum motorbikers, of the Apocalypse; continues his lovely life

Discovering the delights of this universe with variety infinite - a myriad opinions - all different, enriching, any Doomsday Prophecy merely wishful thinking on the side of fanatic fundamentalists who want to dominate one victorious gang

It is impossible in this quantum universe, probability curves create fields of possibility - no prediction is guaranteed, no end-of-world threat carries final authority, no single creed can ever claim final victory - we are free, Free, FREE!

"You cannot kill everybody who doesn't agree with you, if you kill enough you'll soon be down to just you guys disagreeing with each other... you can never get to where you want to be by pushing against what you don't want"
[Quoted from Abraham and Esther Hicks]

"Good Omens" Terry Pratchett and Neil Gaiman - Main character called Adam Young instead of Daimien, never undergoes influences of Evil Nanny and Hell Hound because the demon placed on earth to lead him into subjecting the earth to the devil, lost track of him immediately after his birth; he was raised as a rural happy-go-lucky English boy who enjoys playing Spanish Inquisition and dreams about the strange phenomena of Charles Fort and wonders about spontaneous human

combustion; a whole universe of discovery waiting
for him, he will have no truck with
world destruction!

Margaret Alice Second

Probability Of Possibility

When the core beauty of language, the melody and rhythm in the song it sings as meaning meanders in a stream along the connotation & denotation of the singer; is ignored, everything is lost and we are left

With just the empty husk, an ice-cold shell confining reality to a mechanical model; we can't dream within rules and rules can't dictate to us, we exist in chaos theory, holograms, and the probability of possibility!

Margaret Alice Second

Probable Meaning [rev]

I'm shimmying about the house and looking like an oversized lampshade, jittery with impending doom feelings following every move, not knowing when to start to meditate since it can be done all through the day - I can't decide the time, feeling confused

Doing the laundry & watching National Geographic programmes searching for the hopping crocodile; after a week of over-sugaring on chocolates while visiting my relations, real food seems boring and pointless; tried sorting half-filled notebooks last

Night to decide which to trash - but the little alien in my head got too agitated, I relented, decided to junk nothing - but what's the point of even sorting them then? Now I'm just hanging about the house, buying fabrics I don't need & filling mega-big bags

With notebooks 'til they are too heavy to move; I'm making NO headway trying to tidy; I'm a hoarder & there's no stopping the dictatorial little alien in my head proclaiming notebooks and printed internet information sacred - caught in a mental inner fight

Between rational clearing of clutter - and the little tyrant in charge - I'm too fatigued to fight back and thus evade debate by dithering and pottering and wondering about the probable meaning of my useless existence....

Margaret Alice Second

Professed To Adore [rev]

Symbols are very important to me: Proverbs symbolising wisdom as a woman calling to weary wayfarers to partake of intelligence & insight - and the symbol of love found in beauty, joy, smiles, laughter, flowers, colours, music and landscapes; now I realise, there's no symbol for the only white tribe in Africa - for those who oppressed - which is understandable, all peoples oppress each other - but

Symbols are determined by our distance from these and as I'm living with the formerly oppressed - & seeing their oppressors from this side there's no symbol to represent the anger, shame & disgust inspired by their false religion of fake, holy humility breaking laws of the God they only professed to adore - making their fellow-men into objects persecuted by order: the only symbol that seems to fit

Their whitewashed graves is a skull & crossbones - that is attributed to their culture rotting from the inside...

Margaret Alice Second

Promises So Much More

Remember Balito – of course I do, when we returned from holiday, hair sun-bleached, colleagues enquired whether I had dyed my hair, ran out of the flat straight onto the beach and then into the sea, and in between checking vegetables on the stove while you sat glued to a scrambled TV screen trying to watch world cricket and ignoring the sea

We drove back in the red Renault passing through the Zulu country - The Valley of a Thousand Hills - - while cheerfully waving at friendly people, heard only afterwards it was dangerous territory; so yes, I would love to stay in the same flat on the beach again, get up to run straight into the sea - a lot of rocks to circumvent and swimming carefully

Taking care not to hurt feet on sharp reefs underneath, show the kids where we holidayed before hoping they will love it as much as we did many years ago, me less athletic and you hopefully in possession of DSTV so as to watch without messing up your eyes with scrambled images – ignoring the sea, saying you don't care what we do as long as

We leave you alone, I remember my loneliness then – my joy is having the kids even if they are at the stage where mother is perpetually in their way, yet they only laugh uproariously and then help me with everything, this holiday promises so much more than the time I only had you for company...

Margaret Alice Second

Proof Enough

The evil has deserted me with which
I must have tried to sabotage your TV
screen, suffering the same fate does not
count; you ordered: Pull the plug - and
right now you delight in marvellous self-
righteous indignation

Who could dispute the fact, I pulled the
wrong plug on your stentorian order to
pull something to the left so you might
watch your programme without respite;
so be it, evil me banished to the kitchen
and why not indeed - I am a fool

I married you - proof enough...

Margaret Alice Second

Protected Beautifully [revised]

General unrest in the chicken coop, a clucking, clicking and fluffing reaches unbearable noise levels; I repeatedly play Verdi's 'La Vergine Degli Angeli', thus I can keep going on in a restless susurrations now disturbing the peace

Exquisite lyrics and harmonies bring home the music's charming beauty - read the opera's history, the so-called curse intensifies the mystery of these mesmerising songs playing in my ears, miserable grey of cold day forgotten

Enjoying wonder of amazing music,
I am protected beautifully...

["La forza del destino" (The Power of Fate, translated as The Force of Destiny) is an Italian opera by Giuseppe Verdi

Song 'La Vergine degli Angeli' from La Forza del Destino

SONG: LA VERGINE DEGLI ANGELI / THE VIRGIN OF THE ANGELS

La vergine degli angeli / The Virgin of the Angels
Mi copra del suo manto / Covers me with her mantle,
E me protegga vigile / And protects me vigilantly

Di dio l'angelo santo / Sacred angel of God.
La vergine degli angeli / The Virgin of the Angels

E me protegga me protegga / And/She protects me, protects me,
L'angiol di dio / The angel of god
E me protegga / And/She protects me
L'angiol di dio / The angel of god
Me protegga / protects me.

E me protegga / And protects me.]

Margaret Alice Second

Psychopath Of Indiscriminate Noise

Breaking into the silence like pistol shots she explodes her jo-jo, hey, jo, then the machine gun fire as rapid syllables bubbles forth like a wave breaking on the hallowed silence of the translation beach, making a mockery of our whispered conversations to respect the right of others to think as they try to decipher the opaque words of our fellow journeymen on the road to accomplishment -

I switch on a loud march with André Rieu shouting an irreverent hallo and informing the Maastrichters how glad he is to be home - and his three tenors singing the Chianti Lied everyone individually so that the voices overlap and irritate the ear, my concentration is broken and I start to calculate how long to wait before tackling the white chocolate that will cause double vision and -

Take me nearer to the grave, as Nessun Dorma is belted out in uneven harmony I wish for release from the agitation caused by my colleague's lack of consideration - rather short-term release of pain than spending my last days in jail for murdering this psychopath of indiscriminate noise in the office

[23 January 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Pull The Trigger

Remarkable, what outstanding luck, just when the idiocy of translating a useless press release is finished, there comes another one, no wonder life seems so bleak tonight, the impending French test contains repetitive sentences that lead to despair, a diagnosis of a degenerative disease of the joints add to my joy, an amazing day, floundering from one catastrophe to another

I need to escape into sleep, a dream, change into a fictitious character and go out and do things I love, from giving long speeches on my favourite subjects to singing the songs I adore at the top of my voice, feeling handcuffed to a reality that lost all the charm of fantasy and remains grey and dull, is not my idea of fun, just fighting my way through the thorns of texts I do not love and the fire-blowing dragons of self-doubt

Is more than enough, to have boredom and painful joints added to the potent mixture might just pull the trigger to make the world spin out of control...

15 April 2061

Margaret Alice Second

Pulse Of Life

The simplistic soul of the small organism revels in sheer joy of existence, delights in basic being as magnificence, enjoying manifestation as creative realisation

Requiring no other justification for appearance, exciting pulse of life is quite enough, ecstatic in being present in abundance - all that is required for throbbing, shining

And singing in total abandon to wanton life, passionately aware of being there, here and everywhere, no beginning or end to the energy that is self-aware

Intelligent electricity magnetically loving, nurturing and propagating itself – indefinitely!

Margaret Alice Second

Punctilious And Solicitous

Quietly woven into the mesh of cable web of my daughter's headphones, recovering from shock - discovering how few documents were received recently, I should be redeployed as tea-girl - the only job I can foresee - combating memory of my lack-lustre offering of coffee at a meeting with our professor while still a student in residence, fifteen different kinds of mugs collected from everyone, some cracked, some too small -

Made me fear mental incompetence, that I was a lackadaisical person with no future, yet I got a distinction in that professor's subject: philosophy, weathering that storm gives me confidence that I shall weather this one too - I only hope wearing a tea-girl's uniform and smiling at the Department of Art's Minister & other supreme officials, brings job satisfaction, offering fine porcelain cups arranged beautifully on a neat tray without spilling -

Becoming a clone of Hercule Poirot*, a perfectionist, punctilious and solicitous....

[* Hercule Poirot - character created by Agatha Christie]

Margaret Alice Second

Purple Feathers [revised]

The snow queen came back, purple feathers for her hat,
music instrument stickers and pink cashmere silk scarf
spread over a cerise Peruvian skirt draped over an ice-
blue jersey covering a white shawl and big blue jacket,
this way everything fits into her cubicle at work

Crystal tiara encircling a slender-stem computer screen,
a shimmering pink rose drifting in an ice-blue a sea of
molluscs and fishes next to a pristine white corner with
crystals & bridal roses, a sweet Charlotte Brontë sitting
in a green bower with small pink roses - framed by

Strings of beads exuding the mysticism of Indian fakirs,
a large glass glacier supporting purple fairy wings on a
printer, with a stroke of genius the snow queen drapes
the cashmere scarf over all her tea-things, much too
'ordinaire' for this fragile and beautiful ice castle

Glittering silver and blue in the sun; Carpe Jugulum and
Dancing Wu Li Masters vying for space on her desk, a
blue Government of Nunavut file & Cassell's Colloquial
French completing a picture of royal bliss, elegant note-
paper "My enchanted World' affixed with magnets

To her console supplying finishing touches; daintily
she sips herbal tea, thinking of her Tibetan friends
who taught her to send the bright golden light to
all those she loves...

Margaret Alice Second

Purple Spring Witch [rev]

Being the only one interested in sporting a sticker on casual day, gave the boss an extra adhesive label to remind her life is great - I celebrate the spring theme wearing pink with flowers in my hair; waiting for lunch to go outside with hydrangea umbrella & glittery scarf

Have checked my version in the Queen's English of our self-made "Sir" Mr B's Afrikaans essay - realised with glee his quaint lines do not allow a single perfect rendition so my colleague and I present 2 completely different texts - scintillating; such a wonderful world -

It rained last night - the weather conspired in creating this unforgettable day; must carry lilac fan to complete image of a Purple Spring Witch - newly released from the Disc World Dungeon Dimensions, taking on all of Hogwart's Dementors sucking the joy from my quiet

Colleagues forlorn at their laptop screens, my yellow flowers prevent Dementors from approaching, golden auras shine in my place as legions of angels stop by to enjoy the confections I made with fairy wings and reams of pink and purple flowers which scare off evil

The delightful shine hurting their eyes, my colleagues blink & look away while no spy enemies approach the sacred sanctuary of my work station; ah, perfect life...

Margaret Alice Second

Quagmire Of Despair [rev]

I don't know what went wrong after I fell headlong into a spiralling abyss & the background feeling of trust's suddenly gone as if life took a wrong turn - Wisdom & Hope left on a journey without me and I'm stuck going nowhere in some kind of repetitive routine in a replay of the same things over & over again & my wish for spiritual growth or some kind of insight, remains unfulfilled at this time

My dream to create something beautiful seems to hang in the air - an illusion without manifestation with the only escape from suffocation in parable-like fantasy where symbols come alive - while a desperate search to find something with which to quench my thirst to achieve, is leading nowhere and tonight I'm sinking deeper into the quagmire of my blackest despair...

Margaret Alice Second

Qualify As Holy [r]

Holiness was the goal instilled by my tribe - but the leaders lived the opposite - using this holiness goal only for control, compelling underlings to submission and following rules in subservience while exploiting a majority sentenced to poverty; therefore let's discard

Tribal holiness and find other ideals: Wisdom as the road to Love and a happy Mind, looking with an eye without hypocrisy, seeing beauty in everything, when we know every dark, ugly, chaotic cacophony simply is an array from which harmony can be created by

A deft hand, a wise ear, a clear eye... not being holy and having no chance to become such - it is attained by the dead only - we're free to be boisterous, happy unholinesses running around shouting or wallowing in a self-pitiful abyss when cringing with guilt, just living

And feeling, eating and screaming and being; holiness is irritating and never rings true, only a dead Madonna-image is holy - LOVE as saving someone from danger of death or offering smiling joy to everything, untouched by rules, is a WISDOM and makes us all holy enough

No recompense can be required for Wisdom and Love, no remuneration expected for uplifting the misery of the suffering, anyone paid or admired for being holy, loses the attribute of holiness in the loss of humility; only the very humble who never chase accolades, who never

Elevate themselves in pride, who receive each day as an unconditional gift to be spent succouring the needy at the cost of their own comfort and dignity can qualify as Holy; - like my father dying with nothing left after he gave away everything to his beloved Queen of Hearts

And Tom Thumb, his youngest son, a conniving knave, stealing his father's wealth in revenge for missing the glory he feels should have be his...

Margaret Alice Second

Quantum Miracles [rev.]

Quantum physics says it is true what Jews can do;
by focusing people's minds on one purpose, using
'sacred' as a prism, filtering all of life until it is true
mystery for adoration & treasuring - manifesting

Physical objects to represent abstract ideals; a holy
G-d's reverence for all life which serves planet earth
and makes it a better place to live, offering selfless
service though clarity of integrity, honesty, diligence,

Clothing the result in holy requirements for a good
life, getting the mind focused through rituals by which
subatomic particles are influenced & thus bring about
miraculous victories since their mind-power focused

Laser-like fulfils their predictions; belief bends all in
one direction until visions come to pass, by setting
people apart to practice ethics and morality of more
evolved beings - showing advantages of idealism &

Unity, proving the world's created by consciousness
and subatomic particles providing all humans need
to live in glorious peace & harmony; but this bright
godliness is too boring & tame for the adventurous

Wishing to probe a multiverse of infinite possibilities;
the Jewish success of integrity's confined to Jewish
religion as a way of life where the physical is spiritual,
wonders the Jews create are envy of other Nations

Who fail to see cause & effect in mind power Jews
illustrate; in jealous rage those nations try to destroy
the most spiritual people of all time, attacking Jewish
excellence which shames others by the sparkling

Intelligence & success; instead of learning to applaud,
those who try different principles & fail hate the divine
spark shining brighter than what they can achieve or
accomplish through using infinite alternatives which

Never work: chaos, dishonesty, illogical rationality & envy - they seek to blame Jews for their failures to succeed by other means: While the Jew holds all life as sacred based on what a high authority said

Regarding holy gift of life, rewarded with quantum miracles wrought by BELIEF

Margaret Alice Second

Quarterly Review (Revised)

Did not sing in key, made so many mistakes, changed the wrong things, did not find musical tonality required, missed references, inserted others that should have been left out

In spite of a new system inhibitor to prevent too much adrenaline in my central nervous system, I still lost the plot, can't continue translating, feeling bad with a headache, my mind confused

I want so much to be an asset to our team but my dream is in abeyance - 'Wanting is a good thing' my guru says, but it did not help me to do my work well and present a neatly finished assessment document

The worst is the feeling of being a criminal

Margaret Alice Second

Quasimodo Came To Work Today

Oh dear, Quasimodo came to work today,
the hunchback too big for my chair, the
shoulders broad and malformed, the eyes
unfocused and mind scrambled by rambles
through the towers and tops of Notre Dame
and hearing impaired by the bells he has to
keep ringing at all times

Quasimodo didn't make his presence felt until
he suddenly surfaced as I looked in the mirror
wondering who was this person inhabiting my
mind today, by the way Quasimodo affected
my appearance I recognised him and wished
he would go away, but here he sits in my place,
refusing to talk to anyone

As I insist he must be friendly - he threatens to
crinkle my face if I should bother him anymore
he has already consumed breakfast and lunch
and now he is looking for vengeance because
I have nothing else to feed him and he is bored
with existence as nothing is happening and this
will continue all day...

Friday 22 February 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Quasimodo Or The Snow Queen [rev.]

I've no funds of my own - so if I buy something like sandals to not go barefoot your fury knows no bounds; you're livid as shoes will be bought in consultation after months of deliberation and only at shops you approve

Bought T-shirts illegally, received gifts of floral tops that are like sacks making me seem odd; you say 'wear only invisible colours like black or grey, white attracts the eye, it doesn't help hide anything, grey's the way' - & just then I

Recall I'm ugly & stupid as well as penniless but can't complain, sold my soul for this; you taking care of everything: home budget & its management, groceries, kids, and university; I respect your great skill & uniqueness, won't

Interfere, & since it seems the required thing, I'll cede my credit card, living on your funding which is enough; & realising how dwarf-like I look, a trollishly limited intelligence and holy Golems' words in my head; Terry Pratchett

said it thus, can't contemplate anything that goes against ingrained text locked in there; let me wait until anger abates, forget I'd the temerity to consider you humble me in front of the kids, you humiliate them in front of me

But it doesn't matter, your munificence makes heart bruises just irrelevant; let me watch TV, the hat I bought triggering your ire will vanish to the office and there's nothing you can do about it - it's a paradise for me: I'll become

Quasimodo or be the Snow Queen - oh, but emotions are such stupid things! The Snow Queen has no truck with 'em while poor old

Quasimodo suffers them silently...

Margaret Alice Second

Queen À La Marie Antoinette

Come, let us toast, today and evermore,
Madame La Pompadour - Queen à la
Marie Antoinette - of Civil Servants

When continuous absence without leave
was revealed Management refused to be
blamed and called her breach of Labour

Regulations a regrettable psychiatric event
managers prove they were innocent by
rewarding her innovative behaviour

Building her a new office so she can come
and go as she wants, accountable to no-one,
no manager thus in dereliction of duty

Let us toast the eternal reign of the Miracle-
Working Madame La Pompadour, Scourge
of all Government Departments

Teaching common, inferior civil servants the
meaning of her New Imperial Reign over
Labour Relations!

Margaret Alice Second

Queen And Duchess

My Duchess drove many miles to bring me to visit our parents, the musical Queen of Hearts & Conan, the becalmed Barbarian, then my strange Duchess played loud electric-singing-voice notes on the keyboard drowning our conversation, the next morning we returned to my parents and once again

My Duchess serenaded us with keyboard-voice-songs, we could not converse & astonished I asked the Queen of Hearts what could be the meaning of this & she replied I should block the noise by a mental firewall like she did - claiming she CONTROLS her world by means of LOVE & reaps great rewards, but I thought - her love

Had no control over the Duchess - more likely made her worse, then 'playfully' the Queen proposes a longer stay sending Scorpio and my son home alone so I could sing in her concert that night, taking the bus home afterwards trying to use her Queenly LOVE to control her world while such irrational plans have no hold over me

Why stay when my Duchess made rational conversation impossible and the Queen condoned her bad manners & lack of protocol - how unpleasant; when Scorpio stopped to pick me up the Queen 'lovingly' tried her control again insisting he stays for coffee, but he is strong and refused any claims on his time wanting to finish a trip

Of 6 hundred miles and we left, the Queen of Hearts and my Duchess probably complaining their different attempts to manipulate Scorpio & me had no effect - I hope that my Duchess learns to respect quiet conversation & my Queen learns love is not a controlling mechanism - love should be offered without trying to force others to submit

Only Conan, my dad, acted with quiet grace and thanked Scorpio, Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle, for taking loving care of his daughter and grandson...

Quest For Adrenaline [rev]

Saved from death - by a lovely, beautiful elf landing next to me with broken arm & leg enwrapped in fairy plaster, shocked I stare at my elvish fey friend who can't dance with the whirling dervishes today

What happened I enquire - with shining eyes she returns my gaze, I declare I've a death wish she says, adrenaline is the only way to live and I met up with some Dementors trying to suck joy out of me - but I fought them and

Now you see, only a broken arm and leg but my optimism still intact, as soon as I'm well I'll join Don Quixote, create more impossible dreams fighting a few windmills on the side & protecting the world against the

Advent of machines, saving the underdog from destruction - It seems you positively enjoy all these wars, Of course she says, I've always my machine gun in the violin case and an evening suit, as soon as I'm okay, I'll go destroy

More criminals, it's my mission to kill, she happily declares and downs an energy drink, studying the world through a telescope and making notes while enjoying my discomfiture thoroughly - I have to hug her, sweetest most adorable elf

That's ever been - until she returns to me again I'll send her golden light of love every night - to keep her safe in the quest for adrenaline...

Margaret Alice Second

Quiet Sunbathing [rev.]

This crocodile's happy living with the deaf-mute Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle - that's H.E. Lord Scorpio Dodderingham who refuses to listen to anything longer than shortened, one liner summaries & only ventures out to eat - he sits fire-gazing brooding moodily in front of TV

He is dragging the crocodile and one crocodile kid into the wild to charge willy-nilly past boring wild-life in mad search of excitement in lion kills which is missed in the speed to cover the whole park in one day, then parks at the holiday house with 4 double en-suite rooms for these 3 people

Despondently he stares at the high golden grass swaying in the wind - while the crocodile relaxes in the splash pool and reads a book to make time pass until getting home to return to the office and talkative colleagues, yet respecting Lord Scorpio Dodderingham, Lord and Master of the Crocodile

Castle, is a privilege I shall not renege, silence is a life-style and provides the impetus for writing - life is just fine; the crocodile is happy in her own crocodile pool inviting the cold-blooded reptile to enjoy soft autumn heat in quiet sunbathing

[H.E. = His Excellency]

Margaret Alice Second

Quietly Content [rev.]

The Snow Queen's employee, a zenith blue goblin
discovered her employer's gone & the blue goblins
cast into the fires of the system air-con, losing quiet
musing as a meteorite projectile strikes; must look
up every African county, specify name & tongues

Tanzania has 129 languages; happy reading about
interesting things no longer possible, creating a list
while Chopin & Beethoven's music is playing in my
ears - wondering why a brilliant pianist turned into
stylish gossip columnist - brilliant style presented

With panache, talent & beauty exploited by sharks -
naïvely didn't realise till they destroyed her career,
emotional IQ suspect as she never connected with
a man of integrity, sense of humour stupendous,
potential unlimited, amazing combination of

Accomplishments, she'll always throne above her
detractors - but let THIS blue goblin leave golden
mists wafting in reflective strands to return to her
list while listening to Hebrew words which change
reality into letters' form, why this should be so is

Unknown; goblin calmly floating within the stream
of hiccupping sounds: ha-layla - wa-yomer Elohim,
erets, ha-arets, wa-yar Elohim kitom, la-ha-arets,
bara-otto, bara-ottam, hi-yam, le-ochla, wa-hi-voker -
don't know what it means; but it lifts my heart high

And makes this blue goblin quietly content...

Margaret Alice Second

Racing Is The Best Fun [revised]

Driving along misty lanes after the rain, a memory of
adventure, scared 1st-year student in platform shoes
enjoying the feeling of rural peacefulness, until nearly
missing my turn into the broad city street

Fast Peugeot doing 85 kmH in the lead, I give chase,
imitating him overtaking on the left; fun, accelerating
to the robot and passing the yellow light just in time,
then Peugeot & I held up by an obstacle, a sedate

Large Estate car, dark forebodings well up in me and
I'm right, my stately beloved driving in the middle of
the street allowing no space for overtaking on the left
nor the right; being a forbidding obstacle I overtake

Him when swerving into the right lane before turning
into the street where I have to turn left – crossing the
road in a fast manoeuvre, lost sight of the estate car
to my relief, no repercussions today - I LOVE racing

It's a sin I indulge in freely, loving every minute of it -
I'll give up all else; but racing is the best fun there is!

Margaret Alice Second

Radiance

I always idolise my favourite teachers and adore spiritual masters, look with wonderment on those willing to take time to guide students to wisdom, those who teach me

Become godly in my eyes if they are masters of their subject and their shining devotion keeps my mind from being crushed in the emotional pitfall of boredom, thank you

To everyone who has taught me through my life, you lighted a fire in my mind that shall never die, cannot be quenched by lack of success or destroyed by failures galore]

I see radiance in your poetic gift which you received through genetic disposition, you chose to develop this gift which shows your excellent taste and orientation

These confer a radiance on you which has nothing to do with any deserving deed or future expectation of such, making you a candidate for unbounded admiration

You saw my potential, helped me redesign a life lacking in expression of imagination and creativity, through integrity in this guidance you won a student's trust and friendship

This creates space for infinite learning; as a teacher you need not do anything beyond sharing you time and wisdom - you need not create and live up to an image

Your mastery and desire to teach those who love learning is more than enough, I wish to live within a poetic perspective, be creative without hurting others - and your training

Leads me towards successful communication
I shall follow my teacher's guidance and try
to realise what gift I might possibly have -
just be the beacon...

Margaret Alice Second

Rain Messages From Him

The fitful rain makes me whimsical, outside the phosphor grass glows with its own light, the turquoise swimming pool turns into a jewel and the sky becomes a uniformly grey expanse, every space is marked by perforated lines switching on and off as the rain keeps its fitful approach to falling softer and harder

Suddenly the sky turns into a shiny dome as the clouds allow the sun to increase its power to silver incandescence, I put my book down to enjoy nature's show just for me - since we never go to concerts, what happens in the garden holds my interest, fuels my fantasy that the sun is my personal friend and the clouds

Bring rain as messages from him...

Margaret Alice Second

Rambling Monologues (Revised)

Everything I do feels off-beam, unnecessary activity, as if the prerequisites essential for doing things right have yet to be determined; I cannot calm down and concentrate for work - nor explain the feeling of total confusion

I leap from book to book, cannot find a true origin of anything, feel as if I have got hold of the wrong end of the universe where all really important issues have yet to be addressed; without real beginnings formally expressed all is lopsided and askew

My mind in a chaotic whirl with the spin increasing still, I am restless, flustered and overcome, cannot begin a meaningful conversation or find the right way to end rambling monologues echoing in my head...

Margaret Alice Second

Read At Your Peril

Finally I realise the value of editing, after a lifetime spent hating this kind of thing - believing in al-fresco printing and spur of the moment translation; I've read a book whose editor was suffering from amnesia, Parkinson's, even schizophrenia, though it's more probable the real problem is the author is a psychopath - thus he tortures readers with psychotic editors; whatever

The author takes fiendish delight in hurting the reader, the editor forgets what he reads so does not take out the infinite repetitions, after stating his case, a new point is added then the case is restated, just one new fact added then he restates his case again - ad infinitum - assuming only idiots would read him - given his subject and my colleagues' superior demeanour on seeing my book...

He's probably right and I'm just such a fool, and then, in a final thrust to destroy the last shreds of a reader's self-control, he repeats his 10 points at the end of the book - again! but strong as I am; a steam locomotive has nothing on me once I'm going, I tackled his 2nd book immediately, interest in the subject overriding a myriad irritations with repetitive text, just to plunge to new depths of despair:

The author summarises his whole first book of course! NOW I'M SHOUTING, forgive me, I'll edit this as soon as anger simmers down, hell hath no fury than avid readers assaulted by a psychopath author who demotes us to the status of utterly lost mental cases! - I rest my case, when I find an editor I'll get this rant shortened, repetitions deleted; but right now I can only warn intrepid readers: Do Not Read

This Piece for fear of turning into me; burning
in righteous fury about this unedited piece!
Reader Beware, Read At Your Peril!

Margaret Alice Second

Reading By Firelight [rev]

Excited romantically by the unknown from a distance - adventure, challenge, admiration, delight; bewitched, mesmerised, hypnotised all from afar because close encounters rule out romance, reality in full detail at a glance full-speed ahead getting all information with

Nothing left to the imagination, its boring - & romance is a spark, a glimmer - the idea as mystery, a riddle, a puzzle - bafflement and frustration, never straightforward and never solved - which means old and comfortable loving relations contain no romance within

The familiar security of the tried and tested, consistent, loyal, trustworthy, the principled person of integrity – therefore, for some it's impossible to settle down to regular routine because they need to chase a dream & so if life starts to engrave repetitive templates

In the mind, restless people have to move on to chase the horizon leaving the wise at home doing the hard work of creating everlasting relations in family groups, unable to face a lonely life of exotic journeys without the camaraderie of calm, scented nights -

Kids, pets - and reading by firelight...

Margaret Alice Second

Ready To Believe [rev]

I'd just become the proud owner of a Fowler's Classic Authority on Grammar and Style - and opened it randomly to the word 'eponym' - as explained by a Beowulf quote; but undeterred in my intent to use a new gift I find credible as believable as well as credulous, TOO ready to believe - it is my life's philosophy in a nutshell:

Anything becomes credible when we invest belief therein, and we're called gullible - yet credulous scientists start to look for evidence to confirm their suspicions to make theories credible and their work creditable - deserving praise: anything infused with enthusiasm will become true, tho' thus far claims of reptilian

Humanoids and the existence of portals into another universe have not come true; I hope we shall find a way to realise these dreams & enrich reality, which always seems lacking in official theories: reality according to science is so bland - science shall be unmasked as the foundation for all suicides in modern society!

Margaret Alice Second

Ready To Explode (Revised) - Primed To Explode

Oh my angry Duchess, rejecting the help you are offered again, spinning a web of intrigue that casts distrust over everyone you meet; your anger and the pain you inflict on yourself manifest in a grating voice

It never dawns that if people have problems with you, the problem might be in you and not them? You march to a different beat, make 180 degree suspicion-turns on who sabotages you – even accuse dad of stealing

Locked in emotional warfare with mom, said workers took your things; unmasked Robin Hood as Machiavelli causing emotional distress wilfully in an evil plot to rob you of your right to be Maid Marianne in the play

You commiserate with me because I follow rules making it imperative to consider others & brag you are free; yet you are not willing to pay the price for coming and going as you please – so others leave you out of their teams

Cry 'mental disturbance' when others do their own thing too; my angry Duchess, please be calm, you must rest & learn respect for other's feelings & needs; you cannot blame Robin Hood for the mistakes you have made

You won't profit from pleading innocence; if you accept responsibility for your misery, you will be empowered to change your life. Oh my angry Duchess, I offer only love and support, not judgement or siding with the enemy

You are free to rest in my care – but I won't visit you in a war zone with a volcano primed to explode...

25 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Ready To Go (Rev)

Okay, so now what; the connection between computer & printer's gone - and with my mind heavier than lead its about time to stop bread-stealing - or clandestinely enjoying hot chocolate at work

I'm imploding with ears ringing & eyes growing weak - time to stop overeating, to begin tackling my problems head-on: but how to convince Scorpio that the four of us can drive safely down to Cape Town

Through Meiringspoort on to Oudshoorn and De Rust nestling against the picturesque mountain, inviting tired travellers to enjoy beauty of the fairest Cape; - should Scorpio be sad to stay home alone, he can come

Along, stay in a guesthouse, if being an extra guest is too much for him; as long as I see mom and dad & the kids get to know their grandparents before they pass on due to old age - I can't wait to pass this menacing

Milestone: convincing Scorpio we're ready to go; - by car, bus or aeroplane

Margaret Alice Second

Reality Eventually Unfolds [rev.]

I've fallen into the bad habit of trimming my own hair, making wild cuts with nail scissors - snipping a few strands at a time, feeling quite glamorous when it is complete, but spilled red blood is a grim reminder it is a professional hairdresser's demesne; yet I have no faith in them as much as disdaining beauticians trying to sell inferior products at exorbitant prices

□

And make-up artists who make me look like a low-level crook, I'll have no truck with them, all I want is a Gatsby dress for my sister the Duchess' wedding, have already fashioned the loose swinging fringes making movement so exciting at the time - have no idea how to get hold of such a dress or where, but the joy of playing with interesting fabrics

Can't be stemmed by limitations of reality - even if in the end I have to wear old pants & black T-shirt, the games will live forever in my mind as the best times of my life; I also smudged my eyes in black eyeliner & pranced around in fabric which spreads glitter everywhere; it's the beginning of a dream stage with visualisation unlimited

No potential reality is more probable than another, I can play my heart's content, even concocted hair-styles; though nothing has ever comes of it, I enjoy these dreams - they are better than the reality that eventually unfolds...

[8 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Recommend My Scheme

Read Jeremy Clarkson of Top Gear was offered a job by a Russian TV company to do a motor show in Russia and I got excited, worked out the whole scenario in my head: all 3 Top Gear presenters –

Jeremy, the Hamster and Captain Slow – signing a contract and moving to Russia, families included, probably their mums also since they appeared in several episodes - filmed as a reality show with a –

Jeremy bite; in Russia they will be given interpreters and personal assistants to liaise between them and the different culture that is Russia; I imagine Jeremy working out a show in which he contacts –

Russian motor manufactures and recommends improvements - while ridiculing English cars - and the interpreters are shown running around trying to keep everybody satisfied – wish I had a line to Jeremy -

And his team - to recommend my scheme!

Margaret Alice Second

Refine My Dreams [rev.]

Mankind's destiny is to put the mind in total control of its surrounds, to become what we do and think - fulfilment's first step Is taking control over space & time, allowing mankind

To pass through earth experience all refining individualised minds - preparing them to deal with the immediate manifestation of thought registered on the mind's wavelength, without

Need for physical-deed-intermediaries to fulfil a dream, but before such power can be controlled, the genie must stay in its bottle & learn to deal with contents of its own mind;

It makes sense to take care about what is allowed to bloom into our thought-stream - pure-mind-existence means no metaphor stands 'tween us & what we think, living

As symbols of love, principle and wisdom without the safety of the physical mask which protected our innermost secrets from scrutiny; the shock of seeing who

We really are and what harmonic tone we belong to according to the character we have, is painful; , we need to prepare for such reality, while the sweet delight

Of finding we exist within the dream we cherished most will be indescribable joy; so I shall immediately refine my dreams

[14 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Reflect Hopes And Dreams [revised]

As usual, lost contact with reality, living in a trance of stories for youngsters and dreams of mighty deeds to come; woke up to aches and pains, and a new face in the glaring light of stark reality

Discovered the flow of time, a new concept entering my dreams, changing the Deepak Chopra teaching ageing is only something in the mind, we need not bow to it – well, he was wrong

The body aged despite every mantra claiming it must follow an eternally young mind inside and stay young also – forget it, reality still is a complete and unbroken line of unidirectional decay and change

For a long time I was blinded by reality as tactile fact unable to feel the thought behind it all & wondering whether I could ever write a poem about beauty and love again - but after considering

Reality's bare outline I saw room enough for a spool with which to weave dreams even when we are old and caught bodies immobile - the visions are still there, we are free to rewrite memories

To reflect all our hopes and dreams in which the mind continues to infinity...

[Dedicated to Mbulelo Jokweni]

Margaret Alice Second

Refusal

This and that and the next thing - just don't tell me,
just don't tell me - a conversation only takes place
on MY terms, he says, don't ask questions - I won't
repeat the plot of an article or movie, I won't tell you,
I won't tell you, read it for yourself or watch the film

Just don't ask me, don't ask me, I never analyse any
topics and conversations only take place on my terms,
then he adds - Feel free to talk - and as I start - Just
don't tell me, just don't tell me, talk about the weather
or cars - but be specific, what car compared to which

Other car, don't compare unrelated things - discuss
home improvements, the paving - the nuclear waste
in the back - that's what it is, I think without saying
it - painting the paving, fixing the ceiling, sports -
but only relevant things, not the All Blacks or your

Admiration for them - just don't tell me what you think,
only tell me what I want you to think, repeat my thoughts
back to me - as for the rest, just don't tell me, just don't
tell me - and I put up with it because in life's equation as
a game of pros and cons, his honesty weighs more than

His refusal to listen to me, after all...

Margaret Alice Second

Refuse All Rule [rev.]

I'm swimming in a sea of terms, drifting midst the strange, exotic and exciting: its Colombia, Fusagasugá town - around forty miles from Bogotá in the Department of Cundinamarca - I'm hearing these names sung in a b-flat chromatic progression, while reflecting on

Solar energy based on fulvalene & graphene, given that atherosclerotic plaques in arteries shortens life - a melody in sad C sharp - then on to non-existent modesty in modern society offering Strictly Come Dancing with scantily clad contestants being told sensuality's okay

While I may rue never teaching my daughter about dressing to kill - its such that she hates shopping anyway; adorning herself's a mirage she'll never chase, thus she's protected from those with bad intent, yet she wants to 'feel' everything - may she enjoy experimenting

Decide her own rules of integrity to remain true to her own dreams in the end - & I try to keep my love for music in words undefiled by the ice-cold translation rules leaving no room for the individual mind and the imagination - so I refuse all rules in art and writing...

[ALTERNATIVELY:]

Refuse [Short] – 20/08/2015

Swimming in a sea of terms, drifting among the strange, exotic & exciting: Fusagasugá in Cundinamarca – Colombia,40 miles from Bogotá - names singing in b-flat - while I'm reflecting on solar energy from fulvalene & graphene and Atherosclerotic plaques in

arteries which sing a sad C sharp melody

Reaching non-existent modesty in modern society, Strictly Come Dancing with scantily clad contestants because sensuality's good and I rue never having taught my daughter dressing to kill such that she hates shopping and adorning herself is a mirage - protected from evil intent, yet how can she experience

Everything out there, how could she enjoy experimenting to decide her own rules of integrity to remain true to her dreams in the end - like my dream of keeping my love for music playing in words undefiled by the ice-cold translation rules leaving no room for an individual creative expression - and thus I

refuse all rules in art and creative writing

[ORIGINAL:]

Swimming in a sea of terms, drifting among the strange, exotic & exciting: Fusagasugá town in the Department of Cundinamarca - central Colombia, around forty miles from Bogotá hearing these names sing in a b-flat chromatic progression while reflecting on

Solar energy based on fulvalene & graphene given that Atherosclerotic plaques in arteries shortens life - a melody in sad C sharp - then on to non-existent modesty in modern society offering Strictly Come Dancing with scantily clad contestants being told sensuality's good

While I rue never having taught my daughter dressing to kill such that she hates shopping and adorning herself seems a mirage she will never chase - she's protected from those with bad intent, yet she wants to experience every-

thing out there – may she enjoy experimenting

To decide her own rules of integrity to remain true to her own dreams in the end – as I try to keep my love for music in words undefiled by the ice-cold translation rules leaving no room for the individual mind and the imagination – so I refuse all rules in art and writing...

Margaret Alice Second

Refuse The Bait (Revised)

Sitting where Victor Frankl was before me
where Richard Wurmbrand has also been
many long years, knowing the kind of pain
they suffered staying calm and civilised in
the face of great provocation, I'm glad and
sad at the same time

Faced by institutionalised crime, watching
arrogance reaching its prime - condoned
and approved by weak managers who don't
take responsibility for their decisions, not
held accountable for anything; makes me
sweat blood and tears, the ultimate test

of my moral fibre; follow Frankl's example,
choose to be well-mannered in the face of
vile actions perpetrated on those I respect
and honour, spiritual growth indeed, might
break my heart - or make me stronger if
I refuse to take the bait or lose my calm...

Margaret Alice Second

Regarding The Menacing Text

Heavens, psychosomatic headache as I look at the text,
changing font to blue as I always do does not even help
a bit, reading through the text I'm convinced this job is
impossible, no-one can translate the terms

A million acronyms, Draconian measures are required,
deprivation making the text seem better by comparison,
taking note of ECCAS, PNIASA, DDAA, SDRASA,
SAKSS, PTF, CEMAC

Endless infrastructure to be developed, countless human
resources to be trained as ordained by the powers that
be - it was great talking to my colleagues - but sitting
with this text feels like Pestilence

Has me by the throat, choking the life out of me, the
documents already completed cannot be sent to the
client as email stopped working at 09: 23; the work
we do is just a game we play

Relaying the contents of long French documents in
UK English; US English is forbidden, two of my
colleagues outsourcing letters in Arabic and
Italian - I'm regarding the menacing text

The only way to do it is to wait until my supervisor
threatens to throttle me, go with crisis management,
using adrenaline to help me up the hill, once done I
shall gloat high on the mountaintop

Until the next challenge comes along and I again
feel like committing hara kiri on the spot

Margaret Alice Second

Reinforcing [rev]

I'll try at least 5 minutes a day Kehoe affirmations, my self-image is too fragile & needs straightening, but when I start positive-assertive line repetitions - "I'm fine, good-looking with lots of friends (ha!) the right place at the right time" I feel foolish - a glance in the mirror confirms this: pink socks with pink flip-flops, brown leg warmers and grey running shorts

A mauve rose petal top and ice-pink scarf, awful yet comfortable; my mindless work, washing dishes & cleaning is the height of my achievement, earlier this morning my beloved accused me of attempting to kill him, entering the room with cheerful speed - nearly cut off his feet as he left the bathroom: as he'd designed a small bedroom, I must apply make-up in the sitting

Room - the faults his design, not my joie-de-vivre, I need open doors slowly to prevent my decapitating the hapless man; I mutely withdraw, watch dinosaurs resurrected on TV, & fall asleep - not up to learning anything: I'll need work hard on positive self-assertive affirmations, especially when thinking of my August office production sheet still to be done, it's a game

Of procrastination predicated on the principle that a tornado or tsunami may destroy everything before any administration's necessary - though it's never happened here; the story's moral is my self-image needs a lot of affirmations for reinforcing...

Margaret Alice Second

Rejoicing

A lifeline for Tiaan who thought a study guide was just a waste of time and now realises it represents important concepts - my son will be caught in freefall by a new tutor

New beginnings for Nici who works under an egotistic and clueless supervisor who has already lost many previous colleagues, everything offers unformed potential events

That might coalesce in something new and exciting or peter out into nothingness, an open future with unlimited potential while the subconscious guides us to pre-chosen goals

And objectives, I'm elated to know nothing can go wrong because we never get anything done - that every picture we paint with our lives can be erased and redone in a new way, possibly even

Through reincarnation - the insight of knowledge and wisdom means we can never be led astray by prophets of doom while joy lies in trusting the good and rejoicing in new experience

As we go along...

Margaret Alice Second

Relaxing Into The Dream (Revised)

Washing dishes, worrying about tomorrow,
long lines putting my mind to sleep leaving
me weak, deciding to ignore it, not keeping
score how often I've failed to excel in doing
a job without any passionate involvement

Following my guru's advice to fantasise my mind
into a state of positive expectation; feeling warmth
of contentment in my son's smile & my beloved's
attempts to improve life and dreaming of treating
people with new ideas that will make them forget

Their own sorrows like I'm forgetting mine devising
events to bring wonderment into their lives, reviving
the joy of discovering Lyall Watson's Supernature,
the Multiverse of Quantum Physics and Seth of Jane
Roberts explaining we create our own universe

Relaxing into the dream, each moment as warm as
sweetened coffee and happy, wondering smiles as
innocent as a touch of soft eyes caressing my lips
in a glowing world – oh, this is SO much better
than worrying about tomorrow – thank heaven

For imagination, without it I would rather die....

12 June 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Release All These

Undercover sinus is no fun, nose blocked
when laying down - no sleep, accompanied
by fever laying shivering in bed, a train wreck -
when getting up, head under heavy pressure
of cobwebs winding tight; ears unblocked by
allergen products but constriction in throat &
thorns hurting scalp remain unchanged

Combine this with osteoarthritis and it's easy
to see why euthanasia becomes very impor-
tant to me and every sensible sufferer, long
before body electronics are ready to conk in
due to emotional neglect and a negative life-
style as we vibrate negatively, our electricity
stuck in overdrive; long before we're aware

Of the black, scalding, poisonous thoughts
we bury beneath false smiles which always
escape at night when we believe our guilty
conscience will let us rest; yea, long before
the physical life force is ready to wind down,
the free spirit is stuck in an old automaton
that lost its power and drive; oh no -

I shudder to think what we become - all this
caused by the poisons we eat, a sedentary
lifestyle & toxic thoughts; I hope to release
all these before death so my spirit can't be
coerced into returning to earth; this life was
too difficult, never want to start again, there-
fore I'm learning how to escape from

Repetitive lives so as to move to the infinite
spheres where all thoughts manifest as real
without the filter of time between desire and
appearance, I still have such a long way to
go to leave my anxieties behind...

Remain Ignorant

The universe's too random, a colleague complains,
anybody can get cancer at any time for no reason,
I said but there IS a reason, we are all individuals,
but my remark is completely ignored as everyone
loves to believe it's a hostile universe so we need

Never accept responsibility for anything happening,
saying we create our own reality has no resonance
for my colleagues in a dream of being innocents on
a Shakespearian sea of strange happenings in this
material universe that came into being without

Need of planning or consciousness - suddenly one
day a form of life evolved by itself; as the animated
conversation turns in circles I decide to tune out the
sound by diligent earphone application in frustration
due to my belief thoughts and emotions determine

Our hormonal settings; the manifestation of illness is
a picture showing the physical effects of our choice of
thought and feeling; why listen to jabbering sounding
like childish gibberish when my ideas are ignored as
unwelcome in the extreme - I would have been

The victim of this noise which ignores me pointedly;
listening to music on my iPod is the only way to stay
sane in this place where most people deliberately
choose to remain ignorant...

Margaret Alice Second

Remember Their Dreams [rev]

Loving my dad; with him walking slowly, listening to him carefully, enjoying his preferred music and talking to him while wondering about him - loving him with hugs and kisses, hoping he'll smile until he passes; he's frail at 88 & shrinking, he's had a long life, much occurred, and much went wrong - BUT so much more turned out fine

He trusted his sons would care for him, yet it's his daughters who do; daughters he spurned because our names were not to his liking & without need of higher education thinking of marrying us off early - now that worked out differently and today we earn enough to spoil him; all his siblings have already passed on and he's the last waiting to leave -

I believe his mother and grandma Alice'll be waiting for him as he arrives in etheric dimensions directly after life; I want to pay tribute to my dad now while he's still alive, not wait till he's dead - though in his spirit he may attend, enjoying funeral proceedings; I'm lucky to see my dad and mom one more time - remember their dreams, watch them revelling in

Treats the Duchess so enjoys to organise for them..

Margaret Alice Second

Remembrance Recreates (Revised)

I imagine early morning light
in softly golden-hues, millions
of baby rainbows in the sun-
light's glow, flowers dampened
with freshest dew just so - and
fragrance of blooms awakening
sweet memories, mornings where
we lived in glorious belief of our
youth that we were life itself -

now we know life briefly graced
our form with energy, we droop
at sunset, yet continue life in our
heads, repeating every joyous
feeling as often as we like, the
mind can never be stopped
remembrance recreates all
Worlds and feelings lost...

Margaret Alice Second

Repeating Myself (Revised)

An oatmeal-wholegrain regime isn't working, rusks affect my hearing and thinking – I can't perceive anything properly, behaviour deteriorates with me repeating myself on my favourite subjects instead of moving on

I don't know if it affects my writing – readers have a choice to leave if it bores and not offend me, it's only the family who are caught in this web of noise I make when wheat turns me into an inconsiderate slob; as for

Sound caught on paper, representing a voice making such an infernal noise when allowed to escape so it must be controlled – sweet silence is the rule – ah, so be it, at least I can write as much as I like, repeating myself ad infinitum...

Margaret Alice Second

Report Again [rev.]

The Duchess called - the Queen of Hearts had another fall - hurt her eye on the same side as when she had to undergo surgery after the left side of her face was crushed; and her knee also, carrying packages at 80 years of age, rocks in her path, and I cried, scared, too far from Mom and Dad in the Cape, I HATE it when she falls, she should be playing piano, dad should listen before retiring to his own den; so I ask, why was

Today so horrible, did telepathy bring the news subliminally; now in knowing what's wrong I still can't reach them, cell phones say unavailable, must wait till the Duchess returns to de Rust from Oudtshoorn for an update - how did I get into a state without exactly knowing - was I playing truant or did my subconscious warn me something was amiss - still waiting for the full news - the Duchess yet to see Mom or Dad -

Conan the Barbarian needed sugar-water after helping mom from the fall - and I'm still waiting as my phone does not ring; I wonder what the Queen of Hearts looks like, and when my sis will report again...

[20 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Reptilian Fairy Queene [rev]

Reptilian Fairy Queene [Rev]

Coffee, sugar sweet taking me 3 fathoms deep,
milk; chocolate with toffee a scrumptious treat
which threatens to remove my teeth, add vodka
5 times distilled in an exceptional black bottle
chosen by my son as it's so smooth, he says

A new stainless steel watch, a pattern forming
the rim makes it shine like diamonds in the sun,
large numbers easily read by my right brain as
my left is gone; my Beloved found a striking set
of knives & forks in wooden blocks for himself

He is so rational while I left the earth soon after
my birth as I cannot stay grounded - given my
restless spirit without proper moorings, and my
mental ship's anchor, compass and gyroscope
irrevocably lost, therefore my family keeps me

In tow, happy to have me around since my love
for them is my highest delight; we celebrated 27
years together, my rational, organised husband
and I: he realised I was different and in the end
he's the strong root that keeps my life' s bloom

Safe while I strive for Crystal Consciousness to
reflect all the beauty, incense, spice, nectar and
perfume within a ubiquitous narrative imperative
changing me into a water sprite - & my Beloved
smiles when I come home: together we are

Whole, apart we are incomplete - so sweet the
bond crafted by safe routine and a castle for us,
the kids, the garden & a pool for this crocodile
taking flights being a Reptilian Fairy Queene...

Margaret Alice Second

Requirements Set By Advertisements

I live a life that is not mine, sitting in
one place for hours on end without
a wonderful book offering mental
challenges or great adventures
to stimulate the mind

Stuck with dead words, no meaning,
metre or rhythm - no music therein -
cold lines indicting people for being
human - imprisoning them for living
the adventures & dreams

Held up to them in advertisements -
brainwashing everyone to believe
real happiness resides in owning
wealth- living pampered lives-so-
impossible to feel guilt

For taking what is rightfully theirs:
happiness - if they were not born
into riches their duty is- to rectify
this `cause advertisements claim:
ALL are deserving of -

- wonderful lifestyles and products
to beautify their appearance; there-
fore; why should our laws ostracise
them for fulfilling the requirements
- set by advertisements?

Margaret Alice Second

Resemble Quixote

Watching Taboo about freaks I realize
I am a freak too – whereas some freaks
get their adrenalin-high from compulsive
shopping, others from sky-diving and one
from eating road-kill for protein

I get my high from reading, my mind has the
shamanistic ability to give me an emotional
experience when the words touch my heart
and I am very careful who I allow to enter
my thoughts, having learnt

Through trial and error that few people care
about the effect their ideas have on others,
stating impatiently it is their right to say any-
thing they like; luckily I also learned about
the freedom to tune them out

To ignore anything that makes the world
seem bad; all spiritual masters agree we
are free to establish the world we live in
by seeking role models who changed
the world for the better - I am not

One of them, even if it is my ideal to join
their ranks - but I resemble Don Quixote
more than Charlotte Bronte or Leo
Tolstoy; world opinion changing
authors...

Margaret Alice Second

Resembles A Ballet - [r]

I wonder how the scientists ascertained
what they say: if quanta not observed is
engaged in swirling like a wave, dancing
to its own music - how did they discover
this scientific behaviour without seeing

What the quanta's doing as it would stop
the quanta in its tracks - and if a quanta
feels the touch of curious eyes invading
privacy and stops moving to become an
immobile particle, is it trying to provide

A picture of itself for the observer to take
home - and as soon as the lights of the
strange consciousness fade - does the
quanta return to the original rhythmic
dance, rejoicing in sheer being -

Which resembles a ballet?

Margaret Alice Second

Resigned

Lost capacity to imagine someone listening,
people are ideas in the mind - and my mind
stopped conjuring people - I am two typing
hands, two unfocused eyes and a voice out
of tune, music gone, becoming a maddened
Vivaldi spring

I cannot imagine any benevolent intelligent
energy creating worlds, manifesting in every
being, reality being 4 walls and TV repeating
Top Gear - I want one thing only: translating
for a salary - today does not count because
we all work

To provide for that terrible time when we shall
be forced to live in decaying bodies - no-one
allowed to plan their own death with grace -
waiting like dumb animals for the last bell to
toll - while modern medicine gobbles up the
amassed wealth

We did not enjoy in our youth - we keep
working, losing all feeling - luckily the
pain is gone - the main obstacle to
being resigned with life...

Margaret Alice Second

Resigned Bitter-Sweet Amen [rev.]

There is only one true reaction listening to Ave Maria sung by Maria Callas, a single way to feel what the music brings - tears, the stab to the heart so painful and sharp, the full, beautiful voice piercing previous defences against feelings, voice gaining in intensity - like a judgment from God

Increased urgency ascends to its highest notes expressing unbearable pain, all this spinning in circling scales, rolling cascades following each other - creating an aspect of increasing dread, the inevitable feelings of eternal sadness accompanied by terrible emotion as the words "Santa Maria";

Repeat against overflowing streams of notes rolling over and over and drowning listeners in their own sorrows, then with its crescendos spent, winding down to a resigned bitter-sweet Amen...

[21 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Respite [rev]

I tried to forge a close relationship with my performance assessment - changing the font - studying the contents; yet right then my pathetic project came to an end - dead lines relaying moth-eaten minutes, & cold hours lived by an ordinary human specimen without beauty, charm - or intrigue of soap opera - without humorous slapstick; it

Just states 5 docs in and 5 out - tra-la; what a marvellous victory over adversity - what triumph for the human spirit - and recorded electronically, how inspiring is that; what an electrifying challenge it is: - stop and record - ad infinitum, the employee arrived on time, drank coffee & tea, told her colleagues about last night's movie - made a list and did

Research, found the required terms & used them in ways irritating a mighty superior's fine-tuned nerves - changed the text immediately to illustrate how much more weight a higher title carries in crushing a little soldier's spirit, which is tested in the trenches, and who shall never understand profound and intricate complexities in pedantic superiors'

heads - so this toxic text, this lacklustre official form only gave me a headache; our relationship didn't blossom as my friendly overtures lead to mental death - and I turned my eye to the Internet - hunting spiritual food to feed my little life requiring but fortitude as nothing offers a respite of accomplishment

Margaret Alice Second

Responsibility [rev]

I accept the responsibility for my own little family despising my relatives, it is my own fault in the way I represented them, it's my fault that my kids do not know and respect their grandpa - though in all fairness, let it be said he doesn't respect any of his own kids - so maybe this is a blessing

I'm guilty of listening to negative comment on my mother - accepting this as if it made sense - though logic has scant place in the larger scheme of things; so my kids'll never know their grandma - and worst is, Scorpio will never honour the existence except by acknowledging it in monetary terms by

Paying a small sum for their survival as far as possible from him - it's all my own fault, I'm the idiot responsible for my misery - for my parents; - it's a major loss, though they will not admit it - and an indictment against me, an accusation I will carry always ...

Margaret Alice Second

Responsible Intelligence

Intelligence, energy fields filling space
with filigree fingers of lace, interconnected
energy fields form all units of time and space

Mind forms the cosmos and beyond
part of a universal intelligence,
mind changes natural law

As spiritual beings having
a human experience, we
have created it all

Quantum physics describes
far-off action without discernible
cause, consciousness determines
outcome, belief setting direction

Shine a light through a split while
visualising light as a wave, see
smaller waves appear on the
other side, visualise light as
a particle stream and
triangular particle
patterns appear

- So explain to me, how can you
still claim today - you are not
responsible for the events of
yesterday?

Margaret Alice Second

Rest In Peace [rev.]

I have my new James Bond movie role
down pat, I'll be the old crone acting as
Doctor No's disciple; so when the bullet
is fired to kill the invincible James, he'll
use me as a shield

As his enemy is readying to fire, 'Sean
Connery' James will first see all in the
mirror, turning me to take the full blow
while he bows low & flees this venue
on his way to tryst with another Lady

Fair; then using my crutch as a gun to
slay the bandits - James will run off to
more adventure, romance, a deep-sea
dive, another life, blowing a gracious
kiss to my body deceased

And thus I shall then rest in peace

[Original:]

I have my new James Bond movie role
down pat, I'll be the old crone acting as
a disciple of Doctor No, when the bullet
is fired to kill the invincible James, he'll
use me as a shield

As his enemy is getting ready to fire the
first Sean Connery-James will see all in
a mirror and turn me to take the full blow
while he bows low and flees the venue to
go for another tryst

With a lady fair, after using my crutch as a
gun and shooting the bandits, James will
blow my dead body a kiss and run to more
adventure and romance, another deep-

sea dive, another life

While I shall rest in peace

Margaret Alice Second

Rest My Thoughts

Caught in that state of mind from which escape
is barely possible if at all, effected by means of
a complete change of consciousness, a shot of
adrenaline or a good book

Yet there is light at the end of the tunnel: ordered
Mary Poppins and Bedknobs and Broomsticks by
Walt Disney on DVD in order to rest my thoughts
in these magic realms

Now you can watch rugby for hours at a time while
I shall visit my own Wonderland to etch the grooves
of delight deeper in my mind, escaping the feeling of
bondage that formerly

Used to keep me immobile for hours on end, I can
manually change the mental gears to override
automatic reversals into depression, I can
enter a state of meditation

To experience the sparkling joy of pure existence
without the encumbrance of the spectres that so
often haunt my imagination

Margaret Alice Second

Rest My Weary Head (Cor.)

Spent the most exhilarating weekend, my beloved
and I had a terrible argument as I read on the Net
President Obama is a Muslim; my beloved claimed
he was not - I found many articles proving my point
Obama always took the opposite side to everything
that Israel needed to survive, in the end I had to for-
give my dear husband for not understanding what
I meant - then wide-eyed - staring in silence

At Rex Harrison, Professor Henry Higgins in 'My
Fair Lady' doing ballet as an eccentric millionaire
in the movie 'Honeypot' - a young Maggie Smith,
Professor McGonagall in Harry Potter, unravelling
the riddle of a murder in this who-dun-it, but I felt
millionaires never dance doing pliés and jetées on
their beds; power sharing interfered and the movie
cut out just before the doer of the dastardly deed

Could be revealed; a dastardly electricity cut left me
bemused and disillusioned - my son offered me the
use of his bike, elated I jumped on the saddle and set
off just to discover when I stopped my legs were too
short to touch the ground so I deftly dived and rolled
earning my son's admiration, thus promptly cured of
my depression, my heart healed as I realised it's not
my responsibility to save Israel from anyone

Meditation and prayer is all I can offer and my only
responsibilities in life are the compilation of a pro-
duction report as the hapless incumbent of a trans-
lation post in government and paying the bills of the
charlatans who wasted so much time preaching on
the recovery norm of my third-degree torn ligaments,
my world's small enough to rest my weary head...

Margaret Alice Second

Return To Loving [revised]

Saul promises that time for hate and war is over, humanity en masse desires love and peace, all countries at war within themselves are ready to throw off medieval chains they've been bound in for far too long

He warns violent interference by enlightened ones cannot solve these problems; only LOVE can bring an angry mind to rest, the one role left is to project positive thoughts to those in strife – a wonderful idea to get outsiders involved without making war

Violence will only exacerbate the situation in Syria and Egypt. Saul assures readers we live in illusory space & carry out experiments; we wanted to know what it is to live without love, a general conclusion is this makes us unhappy

We can return to universal loving, the experiment is ended, we have proof that living without love is hell in itself – we need not repeat the experience again, and can respect those who still want to play with unbridled emotion and no self-discipline – there is room for

Everyone; people seeking wisdom as well as others seeking hedonistic pleasure. As for me, everything is tried out in my mind because mental feedback brings perspective - using the imagination is such a high form of freedom...

28 August 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Return To Sanctity

When allergy symptoms become unbearable I
always end up sitting cross-legged on my bed
reading the Bible - Proverbs and Ecclesiastes
the Sermon on the Mount and Ephesians, if
feeling adventurous a quick detour to one
Corinthians thirteen

Why love is more important than faith and hope
though I believe wisdom is required to apply love
correctly – without it, love becomes impractical
even faith and hope only acquire value if led by
wisdom as blind faith and false hope are sign-
posts leading nowhere

After reading everything prescribed and required
and all that appeals to me; I return to the sanctity
in the words of the scribes to rest my mind, taking
my thoughts on a religious journey to calm
my soul and release my feelings...

Margaret Alice Second

Return To The Dream

'Through The Wormhole' Morgan Freeman debating whether intelligent life exists in our universe led to my mind getting stuck on the wrong mental station where my fictitious characters cannot help in resolving the argument

My five senses let me experience the dead universe which Morgan Freeman insists is the only thing in existence – making me feel so desperately lonely; I need an alternative to the physical depiction of a cold and lifeless universe

My instincts and feelings require the mystique of Spiritualism and Occultism to empower my 'dead' body in which the 'thinking ghost' is enclosed to work efficiently; the 'thinking ghost in the machine' theory is suffocating – let me return to the dream

In order to lead a happy and productive life; let these scientists enjoy their self-created dark, cold and meaningless universe restricted to their illogical assumptions of undesigned life, the limitations of their senses and the level of their technology

"Through The Wormhole" - Channel 251 - BBC Knowledge

Margaret Alice Second

Revelation [revised]

Why isn't it easy to listen to tenors' voices on my André Rieu DVD? It puzzled, but skipping Chianti Lied & Nessun Dorma then listening to the Twelve Robbers made the reason clear:

When a male choir sings softly it is wonderful background accompaniment but on raising voices forte to fortissimo, the noise grates on the nerves – something happens to vibration

And pitch on going loud; the softer voice is more controlled, sweet, velvet on a working ear like mine – so turn the volume down. I've given up; yesterday, after redoing work on two versions

Of a document, I've hoisted the white flag, I am beaten, cannot fight my own stupidity while sitting in increasing heat as air-cons are out of order – no fresh air coming in

Eyes unfocused, only centre properly while wet and I am tired of spraying my eyes; today is a victory because of the revelation why I have to flee from loud tenors while trying to translate...

[ORIGINAL:]

It is puzzling why it is not easy to listen to tenors' voices on my André Rieu DVD, skipping Chianti Lied and Nessun Dorma, listening to the Twelve Robbers made the reason clear:

When the men's choir sings softly it is wonderful background accompaniment but when they raise their voices in forte to fortissimo, the noise grates on the nerves - turn volume down

Something happens to vibration and pitch going

for loud while the softer voice is more controlled,
sweet, velvet on a working ear like mine - I have
given up, after redoing yesterday

Working on two versions of the same document, I
have hoisted the white flag, I am beat, cannot fight
my own stupidity while sitting in the increasing heat
as air-cons are out of order

No fresh air coming in, eyes unfocused, only focus
while wet and I am tired of spraying my eyes, today
is a victory because of the revelation why I have to
flee from loud tenors while trying to translate...

Wednesday 26 June 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Revelling

All of a sudden everything turned out right:
the tree team carted the fallen tree away,
garden services fixed the grass till all was
spick and span and my truly bewitched ear-
phones, silent for so long, suddenly work
again - magic's in the air and everywhere

Found the most beautiful pink material off-
cut, covered the couch with black material
to general delight, hung white net curtains
in the study and lounge, now we're friends
again & my daughter's studied insolence
does not bother me at all and I can listen

To the first Nodame Cantabile series with-
out interruption, how can one express the
wonder and peace of this turn of events?
I wish I knew, I wish I could float up as I
tried to show my son who made fun of me -
his entertaining personality endearing him

To me; finally we are revelling in the good-
ness of the universe...

Margaret Alice Second

Rich As A Queen (Revised)

Came home rich as a queen from the library, Tiaan driving, two coveted books in my hands, and a third advertising 'an old-fashioned rattling yarn' – 'with a sinister Russian' and a 'derring-do band rescuing prisoners left, right & centre' such that I was

Seduced by these interesting comments and took out 'Key Without a Door' by Anthony Lejeune; the first two, 'The Secret Garden' Frances Burnett, children's classic and cream of them all 'Maskerade' by Terry Pratchett – I have read these books so many times before

Like a child with a penchant to eat cakes and ice-cream, I return to them, my favourite treats; entering the minds of these two special authors takes me into a wonderful world glowing with insight and wisdom and with honour playing the main role;

I hope that 'Key Without A Door', about an Oxford Don faced with a mystery, will also lead me to old-fashioned grandeur, spiced with who-dun-it delight; armed with these I'm ready to face the weekend – I am as lucky as can be!

24 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Riddle Of Quantum Entanglement [revised]

Spiritual seers already know quantum entanglement
as all consciousness is indivisible, life forms pretend
to be separate to heighten the suspense of illusory
reality where independent particles seem to engage
in random events - yet at the subatomic level

Particles separated in time and space react together
as if information can travel faster than light or can go
back in time; fact is every particle knows exactly what
is happening to the other because all are tuned to the
same frequency receiving the same information

Symbolised by Indra's pearls hung in such a way that
every pearl reflects all the others & Explained by laser
light showing every PART of a hologram contains the
complete original; together ancient Indian mysticism &
modern Western laser-light-reconstitution-science

Solve the riddle of quantum entanglement seen when
two separate-in-time-and-space particles BOTH react
IMMEDIATELY to events taking place in the presence
of only ONE of these particles!

Margaret Alice Second

Righteous

A while ago - can't remember when - the Duchess stomped out of our house, angry with Nici because my darling daughter took MY side in an argument - I know Nici's on my side just as I'm on hers - never repeat the history of family members taking the side of who is right - the mistake I made long ago - BUT

Today I know to take the side of family, irrespective of their degree of rightness - only thing that counts is blood calling to blood - my darling daughter stood up for me and today I stand up for the Duchess - my darling twin sis; whoever points out that she's wrong will find me irrevocably backing my sis because this

Is what family does - this is the rhythm of life which is contrary to the righteousness of the Jewish faith thus explaining the suffering they endured - they did not attain the specific righteousness which is required by their faith - at least the fallen nature of Christians allow them to be saved by another

Who is perfectly righteous in their stead...

Margaret Alice Second

Righteous Dustbins

Coffee break at ten, whirled through the antichrist's birth as retold by Neil Gaiman and Terry Pratchett - the Spawn of Satan without hoofikens, looking unlike his daddy-waddykins as Sister Loquacious remarked

Brought to a Chattering Order where nuns speak incessantly, however inconsequential, in marvelous contrast with the usual nun's tale of silence broken by delightful renditions of holy songs all jazzed-up; I laughed aloud

This day is blessed by this great piece of irreverence, creating a context in which I can read little documents, my mind held in thrall by the righteous dustbins of this saintly tale – thank you so much!

Margaret Alice Second

Rise On Marzipan

I'm dangerously, totally addicted to sugar, started this morning with a killer headache - neck skew - head a steel grey clamp constricting earth - then I shuffled, lurched and stomped to a shop to buy 3 big chocolate bars with toffee, peppermint crisp and crisped rice, ate half of each & the headache left like the devil upon meeting arch-angel Gabriel

Maybe this is not addiction, just casting out the bitter pain-spirits by chocolate sweet, all attempts to wean me failed - this is a sign that my guardian angels are called by the delight of chocolates - I shall no longer fight this strange need for something chocolaty and sweet - so be it, it's my survival kit & has been since I was a kid and ate sugar by the handful; life to me

Was an unbearably bitter medicine and a spoonful of sugar was never enough to help the medicine go down as I needed mountains of sugar to help me through the travails of reality, my vision is to rise on Marzipan and Sugar Plum...

Margaret Alice Second

Roaming In Empty Places

Just like noise silence has a presence too, when a sudden sound assails my ears my life is saved by IPod and earphones, when silence fills the open-plan office with a sacred atmosphere and it starts feeling like a crypt, my refuge is music in my ears
□

I listen to Heino over and over hiccupping his deeply emotional rendition of a German folk song: 'Was kann das Leben Schöneres geben, wir wollen glücklich sein' clearly a solution for my feeling of chemical depression is to visit a pub for a Karaoke sing-a-long

With my spirit roaming in empty places without finding a space to alight in happiness, I feel uncomfortable and cannot see any light at the end of the tunnel of today, the train of this day is steaming on - I don't feel like joining in yet have chosen to try doing my duty long ago

So on the train I am, quite rebellious and uncomfortable, but I must accept responsibility for the choice to become a puny human being, living in the illusion of routine as everything keeps changing – into the same thing, over and over, just like Heino repeating itself...

19 June 2013

In Junkers Kneipe Lyrics

Heino

In Junkers Kneipe,
Bei Bier und Pfeife,
Da saßen wir beisamm'.
Ein kühler Tropfen,
Vom besten Hopfen
Uns durch die Kehle rann.

Ja, wenn die Burschen singen
Und Klampfen klingen
Und die Mäd'el fallen ein.
Hei, was kann das Leben

Schöneres geben?
Wir wollen glücklich sein!

Die alten Zeiten
Vorüber gleiten
Und draußen tobt die Nacht.
Und immer wieder
Singen wir die Lieder
Die uns so froh gemacht.

Ja, wenn die Burschen singen
Und Klampfen klingen
Und die Mädels fallen ein.
Hei, was kann das Leben
Schöneres geben?
Wir wollen glücklich sein!

Es ist so spät schon,
Der Wirt, der schläft schon,
Das Bier wird langsam schal.
Doch eh' wir gehen
Zum Schlaf uns legen,
Da singen wir nochmal.

Ja, wenn die Burschen singen
Und Klampfen klingen
Und die Mädels fallen ein.
Hei, was kann das Leben
Schöneres geben?
Wir wollen glücklich sein!

Margaret Alice Second

Rock-Strewn Sea [revised]

Broken through today's great boredom curve
fighting to ride the tide of new surroundings,
from a round high-edged table on which to
type to swimming in a rock-strewn sea where
standing is precarious - to tasteless chicken-
schnitzel smothered in atrocious sauce

To watching a watercolour-sunset morph into
a tasteful grey although visual imagery won't
alleviate boredom; Douglas Adams' satire on
time travel offering a brief escape ending on
a wooden bench where my beloved extolled
the virtues of a mid-year jaunt to this beach

My impatience converges with long-suffering;
all conversation losing interest indicates it's
unrelated to the real world, now the feeling of
alienation in a new place is abating - but oh,
to reach a point of no bad meals, no cleaning
all-pervasive sand from swimwear and -

Now I know why people stay out of the sea:
riding high-tide waves is nearly terminal while
wading at low-tide is boring in the extreme...

Margaret Alice Second

Role Of Sophisticate

A gift from the gods for spreading my love of fairies:
a colleague doesn't know Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker:
Sweets: Spanish Chocolate, Arabian Coffee, Chinese
Tea & Russian Candy Cane, French Marzipan and

Mother Ginger with the Mirlitons, she hasn't marvelled
at the Sugar Plum Fairy, nor does she know Verdi's La
Traviata - Barcarolle will blow her away - sensory over-
load my recommending "Mary Poppins", "My Fair Lady";

"Bedknobs & Broomsticks"; and Fairy Tales, Tom Thumb,
what a treasure is waiting for her clear mind- what a joy
to discover all this for the first time! - and I found a new
fairy tale based on Goethe's well-known Faustian theme

The best, cleverest man on earth selling his soul to the
devil for 30 years of prosperity, afterwards to go down
& spend eternity with the devil, congratulating himself
the devil will appreciate his wit and use his ingenuity

Just to discover to his eternal chagrin he sold his clever
soul an idiot: the devil is a witless fool, so continuing in
the bitter knowledge eternally that he, the cleverest and
most loved man on earth sold his soul to a silly buffoon

Such lovely irony - what a world of discovery waits to
be processed through the prism of my colleague's so
open mind without preconceptions and assumptions
to mar her enjoyment in fairies & magic - as well as

Find symbols, parables and give meaning to "The Red
Dancing Shoes", "Snow White and Rose Red" and "The
Emperor's Nightingale - I can't wait to see these scenes
reflected on her impressionable mind - with the force

Of a torrential storm - or maybe not, it depends on taste
after all - and I can play the role of sophisticate who
accepts the ennui of an ingénue with aplomb, I think...

Role Of Sophisticate (C)

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Margaret Alice Second

Role Playing

Strange - when mom talks about moving to the Cape as decided a week ago, her voice seems strained as if she's role playing - it sounds more like one off to her doom 'delighted' to be sinking into Hades with the Phantom of the Opera

Such is the case: my Duchess-twin is the first Phantom and dad - Conan the Barbarian - the second; both overbearing and bullying mom to take an ethical 'ought-to' route; she ought-to be glad to be moving to the Cape, grateful

To be supporting the Duchess - Mom's whole life has been centred on 'ought' starting with marrying Conan, believing herself obliged to uplift him - not consulting her own feelings, later asserting themselves in her becoming a Queen of Hearts

Living a private life beyond Conan's crudeness, as a Phantom Queen she could never play a forgiving Christine to redeem his mentally disfigured being & she loses all rational sense when faced with my sis, even I lose all intelligence when my twin -

The peppery-tongued Duchess - is in charge...

Margaret Alice Second

Rolling Out Notes

As the Snow-Queen admitted, the storm is raging within me, the outside world forms the screen on which I project the waves breaking within me, burying my spirit with inexpressible feelings - the harrowing swim in the deep sea, tossed without a pause to breathe, the surface such a long way off and I keep sinking -

The darkness within becomes overwhelming, the storm isn't abating - as the origin of the hurricane is lost, the wild winds can't stop throwing me about on land & I drown out the sound of another's inane laughter & tumble within the glow of these spinning spirals left by a bass guitar rolling out notes circling each other, my feelings circling each other also -

I need to find new thoughts of deeds and challenges to colour my monochrome life with multi-dimensional dreams; everything tastes stale after the grand finale of my father's life, his Stoic forbearance as his life was grinding to a halt - as grand as a King - all accusations levelled against him came to naught as he was proud and defiant and refused all help until the end -

After that adrenaline-event, taking leave of a glorious human being with inner lights shining; routine life feels stifling and an inner storm builds as I tumble in waves of vague thoughts and unnamed feelings - projecting my inner turmoil on both translations and the quiet hours afterwards...

Margaret Alice Second

Romantic Emotional Content [revised]

Nearly the end of my long, languid swim in the quiet waters of my tamed document - after being stung by torrents of sharp words like thorns in a devilish mesh of technical terms, after near-drowning in the spinning currents fearing loss of life and limb - I have tamed it

Mastered every line, analysed every aggressive turn; though it seemed there wouldn't be an end I'm finally checking my own work, tottering at times - edifice not too steady at all, but knots sorted out, I'm languishing in soft waves lapping the shore of my consciousness

The document my friend, a favourite welcoming me every day; as life grew beautiful the bell tolled for the beginning of the end, due date ahead, boss demand translation before the end of March - I'm aghast, was prepared for timeless eternity held in the warm clasp

Of my new friend while safely kept in the stream of its familiar terms, but no, once again it will be taken from me to be vilified - my judgment questioned and my sentences changed - me tossed back into a wild sea to sink or swim, a new enemy text to be tamed

What could the new challenge possibly be, maybe a turbulent storm at sea - or a desert so dry I shall die thirsting for sweet, romantic, emotional content?

Margaret Alice Second

Row Downstream

Inspired & enthusiastic, face blushing in the surge of adrenaline evoked by the dream of peace in Israel and Palestine, I'm perspiring while my head feels hot to the touch with heat rising from my scalp - at least, so it seems - and I turn around to find my hapless colleague turned on her heater to defrost her frozen feet

I have to cool down and move a chair into the opening between us, switch on my small air-con, spray water in my face - gloating, this is a perfect example of different people living together in peace, solving problems caused by our attempts to survive: she and I should be ambassadors explaining to a wondering

World how to be unique, hot and cold - yet live in peace without compromise, she has her heat in the open-plan & I have freezing conditions in the same place - & when noise levels increase in decibels - I am saved by Bert Kaempfert and Ivan Rebroff in earphones; Dalida when looking into Palestine, I sing Havah Nagilah by myself

And when life becomes oppressive, Mozart Piano Concerto No 21 Andante and Maria Callas as the Queen of the Night singing it better than anyone else, Bach's Ave Maria passionately till I wipe my eyes furtively, the nostalgic Cent Mille Chansons by Frida Boccaro, Saint-Saëns Carnival; the Nutcracker for flashing inspiration - we have a true

Democracy as everyone listens to what they love on earphones and snap! the job becomes a dream in which we row downstream....

Margaret Alice Second

Rowing Upstream [rev]

Reached the plateau in the translation-dimension
where grass is sparse; things are dire in Registry,
beauty is lacking, no music at all: aha! dig up iPod
& earphones necessary for contentment - looking
up cost of manufacturing, sick pay - all deducted
from income - my zeal's left me, the vigour & vim

Of a make-a-good-impression beginning has gone,
only Desperation's left, Sweet Lady Resignation is
nowhere to be seen, Lady Wisdom is invisible and
no email reaches me in Registry, losing confidence
in my ability to keep rowing upstream against the
current of joy & adventure

That keeps flowing down, making me fight against
the desire for excitement which is drowning in this
avalanche of single terms and short sentences -
Trade-and-Industry's need to analyse business in
all it's glorious details fails to ignite any fire in me,
drinking endless cups of coffee interspersed by

Conversations about dogs: where's Hope when
we need her, where's Forbearance - as well as
Temperance; yes, to keep me from overindulging
in sugar-sweet coffee and self-pity, giving in to the
feeling of boredom which changes life into a cross
the mind has to pull without respite; my memory

Does not retain the meaning of a single trade-term
and everything has to be looked up over and again,
I feel so useless while dealing with cost-effective
process and purchasing value, there is no end on
the horizon and I trudge all slower - no getting hurt
so as to report excitement of pain and sacrifice

Let me make another cup of coffee and smile for
my colleagues, my only weapon - wearing a mask
that reveals nothing of the unwilling little alien that
lies gagged in my head, and where he'll stay until

this document is done otherwise he'll interfere and
make me powerless against the tide as I keep

Rowing upstream...

Margaret Alice Second

Rules The Roost (C)

Admire our dear Marie Antoinette who prides herself on being courteous and gracious at all times, even if she has 15 staffer's jobs, as she so magnanimously proclaims with self-congratulatory pride - but sadly she has been driven to distraction by Snegourka from the Russian Fairy Tale who needs ice to survive - a local office dunce, stripping Antoinette of her artificial mask

Graciousness gone Marie adopts an accusatory snarl since Snegourka is from another dimension causing a squint in Marie's elegant eyes & an aggressive stance against Snegourka's totally impenetrable dreaminess, Marie insists the Russian is all wrong while her usual saccharine voice becomes a vicious growl as she tries to overpower & break down her Russian Nemesis and

Attempts to keep her on a shortening leash, fortunately Snegourka is so dense her presence does not wear thin and she vaguely smiles when the queen descends, she doesn't fall on her knees nor does she leopard-crawl, so Marie Antoinette reveals her carefully concealed feet of clay - her dainty manners are giving way before the Ice Maiden, revealing lack of consideration for other people

Which is more precious than protocol and etiquette when applying the Wisdom Principle: Snegourka's not a jewel in the sceptre with which Queen Marie rules the roost...

Margaret Alice Second

Run On Automatic

Mostly lots of action in my head, ideas fighting for priority, a book to read, plans for borderline crime or at least relatively interesting things – as empty as a sieve today - all thoughts fall into a myriad miniature black holes in my mind, nothing sticks

Nothing has meaning, annoying and boring, must be the result of something I have eaten, the curry last night, allergy rampant destroying everything except the outline of my thoughts which run on automatic, everything else lost, munching like

A worm, trying to minimize this effect though it seems all attempts are worsening it, need sleep to change personalities, escape the zombie state

Margaret Alice Second

Run Out And Lose My Head

Run Out And Indulge

Look for positive aspects in your experience
declaims the Oracle of Delphi - at least in his
own eyes - and I decide this gives me leave
to purchase more purple flowers to bring
a feeling of spring into the office

Sitting here like a wilting willow tree buoyed
by various devices - the sides of a rubber hot
water bottle changed my seat into a purple
stronghold - waiting for lunch to run out
and indulge in the colours and textures

On offer outside, the sun weakened by clouds,
Jacaranda trees threatening to burst into purple
falls and a few shops in which to browse aim-
lessly - for the simple delight of discovering
interesting objects I never would buy

High-heeled shoes, handbags, flowery dresses
soft evening gowns with shiny bodices, new
styles in sandals and the finest scarves with
glittery lines - if I were a millionaire I would
buy up the shops and play with everything

Just to put them back feeling relieved that
I do not have to take care of anything

Love To Lose My Head

My headache lifts completely when I think of
lovely things, all pains seems psychosomatic
and can be controlled as long as I set my mind
on finding intriguing things

Found slip-on platforms to wear at work, hair
colour spray and Coke zero - bought a purple

flower also - slowly preparing a great colour
explosion in line with the purple fall

Of Jacarandas outside; these heavenly touches
change life into a dream, I am going to hunt for
the Nutcracker ballet on DVD and watch it taking
in sugar plum fairies and mouse kings

Accompanied by the sweetest music humans
ever produced, Tchaikovsky was scared of losing
his head while conducting - maybe he felt the
magic in music would cost him his mind

I feel the same, I would love to lose my head and
change into a melody, existing as vibrations in air
would be an existence of eternal bliss

Margaret Alice Second

Rust And Good Taste (Rev.)

You made it clear the bright colours I wear
aren't to your taste, so a cerise top chosen
first goes back into the cupboard today -
out comes the zebra stripe top with black
jacket & pants alleviated by grey

The amazing excitement of GREY making
my heart race, how joyously daring to use
scintillating grey to break the monotone in
the conservative black of good taste - and
I have a silver and white wrap also

Besides, black suits me best & without a
colour code at work I'll be colourful there
but here I'm depressed as classic black
changes a zenith blue Snow Queen into
an ugly old witch in domestic drag

But I refuse to be saddened, life will still
shine radiantly keeping its beauty as the
covert Snow Queen goes underground
keeping her dreams intact against
space-time, rust and good taste...

Margaret Alice Second

Sacred Phenomenon [rev]

The world lives by a policy of 'cut off your nose to spite your face' persecuting Israel, the source of advantageous technology and useful scientific discovery

Since the people of 'Palestine' martyr their own people - hiding behind civilians while fighting to blame casualties on Israel, the nation winning Nobel prizes

And changing 'Palestine' from dry desert into fertile land, becoming a technology hub of 'startups' which are working on assisting humanity- but NO, the world prefers to

Destroy the nation from which these wonders come, rather let us suffer ourselves than allow Israel to shine through their ethical sense and respect for life - which awakens the

Conscience of the corrupt openly living by a the rule that life is worthless unless politicians can profit by it: Israel's unwavering devotion to improving moral worth, accuses the world

Of moral deficiency, thus to live easy, the corrupt leaders kill those who remind them they devour everything in their lust for power and wealth & no life has intrinsic value for them

Only life that is exploited for a practical purpose has meaning, otherwise life shall be destroyed: while Israel applies the dictum that ALL LIFE is a SACRED phenomenon...

Margaret Alice Second

Sacred Space [rev]

Do you know what it's like when it rains after a drought? That joy of silver rain sifting down, a feeling of green trees and leaves glowing from within; do you know what that scenario brings, do you know how its sprinkling fills my heart?

Even my beloved; furious, frustrated, angry & strong has been won over, and my kids being insouciant expressed their relief - dad's calm again, we can breathe; my daughter's leaving for a photographer's job on a ship at sea near

The American continent, how can I be calm & have dreams on the beauty of understanding, common sense and quiet inner deliberation - the confabulation of my situation makes me lose threads of this Plot - I'm an undercover

Poet with too much emotion, when I try harder to be perfect, everything goes awry; I can't go to sleep - staying awake to encourage the rain, this lovely cool weather needs lots of support to continue - peace in my sacred inner space

Margaret Alice Second

Sad And Bleak (Final)

Sad and bleak is the poor life of people who write to the President; one lady has epilepsy, arthritis, diabetes - an occupational therapist testifies to her decreased functionality in daily life - she is not able to lift up her arms, needs a disability grant to survive

After reading this sad, sad letter I turn to the other, a jilted husband describing fears that his unhappy wife will kill him since they have already interred a policeman at home (whose home is quite unclear) , the note added with all sincerity as that man's wife is

Suspect No.1 in the case; extrapolating from this he feels it will be easy for his estranged wife to kill HIM also; before I can stop myself I morph into Alice in Wonderland, falling into surrealism - taking instant soup and coffee from the shelves around me to wake me up

Should this be a hallucination - but no, with help of soup & coffee's these letters become more visible, their words drag me thus into a nightmare-reality - people in rags begging for relief from the President as if he were priest in a secular religion, I sigh -

The really strange thing is reading how the poor woman with arthritis "is attacked by an epileptic fit at least 3 times a week" - I see Mme Epileptic Fit tiptoeing into her room at night and carry out a psychedelic attack with electrodes as used to restart a heart

I don't like this nightmarish land, must have missed Wonderland and travelled on to the astral dimensions as described by Eastern spiritual masters

Margaret Alice Second

Sad Musical Theme

Final destination, final revelation by my dear
kind physiotherapist; why he didn't give me
exercises resulting in remonstrations at my
recalcitrance to move my imprisoned foot
freely about, to pirouette and waltz

Being haughtily informed of thrombosis, sent
home with dire warnings about laziness - but
right now it seems so unnecessary, left alone
I'll wiggle my toes in the air, dance my feet on
the wall, walk everywhere - still sulking

Because medical people dare to launch attack
after attack while I parry their blows quietly like
a lamb dumbstruck at being led to slaughter -
total mental disappearance sounds attractive
right now, becoming a sad musical theme

[3 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Sadness Is About

This is such a sad, sad, sad day, the sun
shining in a sad way, the very air I breathe
is sad, the music in my ears crying in violin
and sad theme, all comfort lost, security is
but a memory in the past

The flowers at my work station looking at
me sadly, yellowed leaves moving sadly
in the draft, even the ubiquitous office din
is sad, the smile on every mouth is sad,
sadness is creasing reality

Everything falling into tears and despair,
sadness overwhelming and no release
near, sadness colouring my soul until I
am wearing the deepest purple shroud
of loneliness where nothing else

But sadness is about

Margaret Alice Second

Safe From Infection [r]

I can't believe the idiots on the Dream Wedding Dress programme; the presenter dressed in shabby clothes without 'chic' that could make 'shabby chic' a winner - trainers with stovepipe pants and a quiff created by a sadist prison barber; also 3 members of my tribe with

zero emotional intelligence; nerdy-glasses guy with his Big-Bang-Theory-winner hairstyle, plus 2 super-idiotic girls - the first's head was flower-garlanded making her look like an escaped Ophelia who-had-too-much-water, as Hamlet declared; with far too much alcohol in it

all speaking as if Afrikaans was a nasal twang and their dialogue prepared in a gr.1 class; bride-to-be hair roots brown & top bright red, fidgeting all the time - choosing boring dresses with imitation flair, no bodice to make up for the lack of a chest - and this would land her the role

of a man in The Ride of the Valkyries, armholes cut deep, no support to make up for her lack of Pamela Anderson's signature treasures, thus she resembles a concentration camp survivor - no Swarovski crystals - just cake-icing layers of net and tulle enveloping her bleak presence

like the wide dresses my aunt crocheted for doll faces with toilet-paper-roll bodies to adorn the WC - all the while the 3 idiots talking her to death - I had to resort to silent-movie style - why stay, I hear you ask - because I'd hoped to see a beautiful dress that would make up

for the lack of finesse - yet it got worse; the last dress was dipped in oil and splattered with ink, a dark brown & black creation, perfect for a vampire's wife in a third-rate movie - then my family tired of my stream of inane comments & called me to watch Diners, Drives-Ins and

Dives to divert me from the arrogance and snobbery of the 'cream' of 'Afrikanerdom' - which failed to impress my kids in their expensive schools where an irreverent

attitude kept them safe from infection...

Margaret Alice Second

Safe In My Sister's Care

I have often wondered what real happiness would feel like,
when I saw my twin sister's journal, I knew happiness at last
– a feeling like warm coffee enveloping one softly, a joyous
fulfilment, all life appearing joyously precious

Because she printed a few of my poems and glued them next
to pictures I love – of old English cottages, illustrations from the
Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady, quotations from Esther
Hicks- Abraham, all the things that sustain me daily

Seeing my thoughts safe in my sister's care, hearing her saying
that her own dreams are fulfilled, is the highest happiness I could
dream of - though she frequently loses the mental frequency
which ensures access to sweet thoughts, she is on her way

To finding the joy she was born for, stop lamenting a past that she
mourns for; I cannot ask for anything else, trusting that she will
break free from a legacy of bad memories

Margaret Alice Second

Sail Away

The maddening pain in my head is destroying everything I have ever read or said, my world implodes until there is only one infinitely heavy dark item left ready to explode back into life as soon as the headache lifts - but it will not

It clings like a parasite; I accept responsibility for the crime which has such dire effects: eating that beautiful baked potato dish my Beloved prepared with such relish, I did not want to disappoint him and tucked in with delight - but later that night

The headache claimed my head with spite, I know it is right to suffer for hurting others but why suffer for eating with the wish to please another being? Now I'm estranged, alienated, listlessly looking through documents, my brain a mushy mess

And I have no feelings left, only sharp edges of pain that drain all emotion until my head is a flat screen without pictures or writing...I'm free to do as I please the only limitation is my body reacts violently to anything identified as threatening - that's about

Everything - from rice to grain to fat to fish, paying the price for my own recklessness in eating a rich bacon & cheese potato dish, slipping into an ink-black place with inner screens for literal tunnel-vision, pressing with such force on my ears

Hara-kiri sounds like heavenly purging, losing contact with all as my head inflates and the software swells against my cranium, berating myself has no positive effect while the guru's chant 'You create your own life' - clearly I create existential distress with

A masterly hand, clearly my Beloved is right when he says we'll never travel as my digestive system would make it a misery, clearly I'm bound to this chair, the

only safety is in waiting with Stoic calm until the storm
abates and I can sail away from this place of pain

[17 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Sailor On A Lonely Island (Revised) An Odyssey

Mind-therapy wandering, browsing in little shops, seeing delightfully coloured roses, delicate in pink enlivened by golden flecks; overboard went my thrift, had to have it, willing to give up all imitation flowers for these - like a man upon finding a pearl of great value sells all his other jewels to acquire just this wonderful one

First day back at work, chafing at the bit, sitting behind blinkers shuttering my eyes against challenge and outside adventure, feelings evoked by admirable deeds and dreams, tiptoeing through a list of things to be done, lightly scratching the surface of messages about criminals, surfing through music on my iPod, jumping from song to song

Nose enchanted by the delicate new rose, looking at emails while searching for music to fit my mood - all becalmed, an impatient sailor marooned on a lonely island, hoping for a siren song to lure me on to exciting times packed with more action and drama than this peaceful time without meaning: an Odyssey is what I need...

Margaret Alice Second

Saintly Presence [rev]

Such gentle and upstanding colleagues, all pillars of the community; an exceptionally kind teammate disciplined me to show how overly unwelcome my attitude of consideration is - chagrined I kneeled in awe of her Christian tranquility & thus I confess my

Knavery here - the only place where I'm free to be heard, in the office every gesture of mine is found wanting; ashamed of contaminating my confrères' sanctuary I fled home while feeling contrite, guilty & sinful as I was in their dutiful, saintly presence

If only I could sink into the earth, if only I could be swallowed by the land of my birth - it is clear that the person I am is an insult to humanity; well, after sailing on my stomach at work, & indicating to my beloved what had happened, he sided with them

Immediately, my misplaced friendship attempts are abominable and should end with immediate effect - yes - it's clear my only purpose on earth is to learn humility - thus I'm perpetually put in my place as the most irritating person around, at home I learn

To accept my colleagues are eternally superior and I'm an idiot who should learn to be content with my fate as lost among the morally advanced...

Margaret Alice Second

Saintly Sisters (C)

It's amazing that the Killer Sisters Self-Righteous and Strange-Love know they are Infallible and possess Ineffable Information that can never be accessed by little Postulants like me, they can even tell me HOW my eyes perceive regardless of my own experience, they contradict everything I claim because they know best, I'm just a happy-go-lucky Candide who can only regard these two Prodigies with admiration as all arcane, esoteric & mystic knowledge is at their fingertips and their

Hard-working hands and clear minds know of no obstacle they can't overcome, to be near them is to experience Magnetic Rays of Supernatural Ability and all that's left is to genuflect and fall on one's stomach as subjects did in the Musical The King of Siam and - I let down my guard and our Chief saw my glasses fastened with Prestik to my nose, he appealed to the Occult Sisters to confirm that I looked like a clown and they, blessed be their saintly presence, kindly smiled

And condescended to explain to little me that it's impossible for my sight to improve by pushing my reading glasses higher up on my nose and keep it there with Prestik, my explanation of the effect of Lasik-treatment firmly rejected as the ravings of a lunatic and after their kindness in explaining my idiot theory away, turned back to their desks in a great show of industriousness, suitably impressed I turned back also - secretly adjusting glasses again since the magnificence

Of their magnanimous beneficence failed to change my eyesight, I do not blame them for my failing to comply with their diagnosis of reality, a foolish clown like me is just a little postulant who knows nothing, a Candide who can't satisfy the Saintly Sisters of our Sanctuary

Margaret Alice Second

Saints And Confusion (Rev.)

Confused people should not use too many drawers;
six are already too many for me, rummaging loudly
to find lost items, irritating my open-plan colleagues,
I can't even take care of too many pieces of clothing,
my cupboard is an indescribably inaccessible mess
as I add more pants & favourite fleecy pyjamas in a
back-up contingency

Every new cover-sheet entering my work station is
carefully placed under my assortments of hats, but
when looking for it, it's lost in a carefully concealed
clutter under purple & white scarves; writing in my
poem-diary means there's no way to keep track of
title and date except by posting directly to the Web
in a blogsite which demands such data

And PoemHunter insists on a subject classification
when most are about feelings, music & philosophy -
without help assorted papers would have floated off
as study assignments once did, the lecturer caught
these falling sheets - securing them with a pin - it's
then self-evident why an infinite number of angels
danced on the pin's head

And the lecturer instantly turned into a saint

Margaret Alice Second

Salvation [revised]

The hostess who blithely claimed she never prepared dishes - offered pizza bought en masse for her guests; she never cooks, the

Domestic does it twice a week, that's it, and since making coffee or tea is anathema fruit juice, soda and beer were on offer, I ate

Pizza knowing I'd pay afterwards; one o'clock on Saturday the sky dropped on my head after shopping, headache, fatigue forcing me to

Bed, woke two hours later to a meal of whole-wheat rusks and a strange miracle took place again: this wonder-food made me feel so well

I washed dishes and cleaned the kitchen; all other wheat dishes cause narcolepsy yet this one is more beneficial than other foodstuffs

Oats put me to sleep, breakfast cereals cause pain, experiments with maize products proved disastrous; only these whole-wheat rusks can

Work this miracle - delighted and surprised I think it's heaven to find salvation in such a comforting, marvellous thing!

Margaret Alice Second

Same Vitality For Evermore [rev.]

There's evolvment in Madonna's clothes, it creates new persona to symbolise her latest ideas or begin a new pop craze - while dear Lobsang Rampa says clothing has no other value than hiding our motives & thoughts

Darling Madonna liberates women through appearance - clothing, songs & stage antics, teaching ageing women to be as young and as fresh as twenty - preserving & enhancing their physique by exercise & plastic surgery,

hormone-therapy, make-up techniques and clothes - as lady singers follow her example there is truth in Madonna's claims; but ideas of 20 year-olds don't interest me any more - I don't want relevance as an erotic symbol

Nor to play with boys to prove the appeal of a botoxed, over-exercised, blonde-bleached older body; life unrolled and mind unfolded - in my youth I followed trends & today rejoice in the liberation from the superficial appeal

Of materialism; I respect Madonna, epitome of obsession with everlasting youth & erotic prowess, her right as women's revolutionary leader to keep them in the same category as 20-year olds vying for older men's heed

The same who'd possibly value sexy older women for their money, if it's a victory to make women see they need never grow up, never stop the hedonistic race for sensory pleasure which marks the life of contemporary

Entertainment stars, I applaud, but it sounds like bondage - maybe Madonna believes she's leading women into a physical eternity where

by magic surgery women will indefinitely retain
20 yr old outlooks and emotional levels

They need never die and look at the life they
led, maybe she feels she'll never die herself,
she's 20-something in mind and body for all
eternity - leading disciples whose bodies are
preserved by New Age spirituality for eternal

Life in the Age of Aquarius with the sun rising
behind this scene; who knows - I'm at ease
being my age knowing a body switches off as
time passes, preferring Lobsang Rampa's
ideas to hers - and wishing to learn

About the invisible ethereal body and aura -
maybe Madonna has hers in hand also,
sternly telling them she is a 20-something,
they had better shine with the same vitality
for evermore...

Margaret Alice Second

Sanctifies Life

When all is said and done,
I stand with Israel, side with
Judaism which sanctifies life,
the only liberal democracy in
the Middle East which

Guarantees religious freedom,
ruled by a liberal code of law &
living by democratic values that
protect human rights - enabling
people to reach their full potential

Israel's a joyful and optimistic place
that brings out the best in its citizens
and embodies the best of humanity's
values - that's why the Israelis protect
their land with all their heart

Margaret Alice Second

Sanctify [rev]

Should anyone dare to interrupt my serious task of checking a list of scientific terms, I'm ready to react with self-righteous indignation; I'll interrupt conversations, rest legs on the desk, as a stand-up translator my feet feel sore - but not a single soul breaks my concentration or shifts my focus

I have to do it all by myself, digging for intrusive emails - nothing - hunting for shocking events - nothing - left to the celestial resignation of ages I go on BUT checking without playing is boring; Maria Callas singing Bach over and over until I change to the Skaters' Waltz - yet even these

Amusements lose their attraction, time's slowing down, if only I could work in the empty moments, use every second preciously - if only something would appear so I could ignore it & demonstrate my conscientiousness; what's the use of ethics if not to impress our fellow human beings - how

Can I ignore a raw fact that nothing is happening, how demonstrate dedication to passive checking jobs if nothing offends to test & sanctify my very steadfast resolution...

Margaret Alice Second

Save From Themselves [revised]

It is time Afrikaners learn apartheid
was devised with evil intent; it was
not good intentions that went awry,
it was evil capitalism at the behest
of superrich, simple Afrikaners had
to face tribal Africans killing one
another - when things went awry,
the rich absconded with the loot!

Luckily simple Afrikaners won the
heart of Mandela in jail, he studied
them & decided to save them from
themselves; when the rich masters
left, Mandela kept his promise and
today Africans are free & everyone
gets along famously - at least I do,
praying for the rest of my country...

Margaret Alice Second

Save Me Instead

Rima never watches scary movies while I never read sad books; trusting Jean Ure to be a good author for children, I read her book, expecting the abused kids to escape nasty parents – it did not happen; leaving me with a gaping hole in my heart

The whole world bathed in a sad grey light, yet it was necessary to feel this sadness tonight, felt melancholic and useless all day: my eighteen year old kid getting angry at me and nearly crashing, not stopping at stop streets and barging in front of people

Not listening to me, stalling the car on a steep incline, stalling on the road because changing gears down is too much effort for the lofty 'Madame', I am a failure as driving instructor, a failure at work, no documents received for processing, no idiots writing

To the President, they might have made me angry, but it would have meant being useful- I'm only an oxygen thief trying to learn about quantum physics instead of trying to meet demanding requirements, this is most unsettling, my mind is unhinged, I'm lost

I have nothing to rant and rave about, just the cold knowledge that I have nothing to dream about after reading the world is well-ordered and does not need saving, if I cannot save it, the world must save me instead, give me a goal to accomplish...

Margaret Alice Second

Saving Translations Electronically [rev.]

Watching smudged eyebrow-lines sinking lower below my eyes - a sultry 'Marlene Dietrich' look given my painted lips; I love lipstick, a thing that makes unkempt-me look almost well-groomed, & commending my Capricorn colleague, remarking upon her genuine kindness - she helped a guy in a wheelchair so enthusiastically a wheel drove over my foot - it is a warning any desire to serve can also be effectively deadly

Seeking Hermien's advice, she knows everything about study help for my son, & making notes, now I'm confined to Constitutional Development Text on record access - should I opt for Escapism of swift chocolate death - or save the precious cacao for tomorrow? Though I LOVE being in an office with neon cloths draped over air-con, hats, pink scarves, flowers & beads almost burying books, thankfully no-one berates me for this obvious mess

Planning to clear it one day, become an uncluttered me who will effortlessly produce lines of Officialese without existential questions regarding meaning of life intruding to confuse me as to reasons for being on earth; only when my words or actions help the person in front of me is life meaningful - sitting here translating for nasty people who, with evil intent, will scrutinise legal documents attempting to take their neighbours to court or harass hapless translators

Over words they disapprove, isn't uplifting; I lose interest - only chocolate can induce my poor alien brain's serotonin secretion to make me feel happy & still focus - yet images of rigid officials seated in rows relaying words or even worse, looking for new terminology, recalls my state opera where all read newspapers in unison - then jump on their desks and dance the Macarena with owlish glasses and old-fashioned clothes, pale from lack of sunshine

Desperately trying to convince this uncaring world we have a purpose; knowing that outsiders think government servants are the most boring species, hah, but not me, my smudged eyes recreating the New Goth look's proof there's a fire burning in me no amount of administration can quench - even though I mastered the art of saving translations electronically!

[ORIGINAL:]

Watching smudging eyebrow lines sinking lower below my eyes for a sultry Marlene Dietrich look given my painted lips - I love lipstick, a thing that makes unkempt me look almost well-groomed & congratulating my Capricorn colleague remarking upon her genuine kindness - she helped a guy in a wheelchair so enthusiastically I was in the way and a wheel drove over my foot, a warning that such desire to serve can be deadly also

Getting advice from Hermien who knows everything about study help for my son, after making notes I'm confined to a Constitutional Development Text about record access - should I opt for Escapism in a swift chocolate death - or should the precious chocolate be kept for tomorrow? - Though I LOVE being in the office with neon cloths draped over the air-con; hats, pink scarves, flowers and beads almost burying the books - thankful no-one berates me for this mess

Planning to clear all this one day and becoming an uncluttered me who will produce lines of Officialese effortless, without existential questions regarding the meaning of life intruding to confuse me as to reasons for being on earth; only when my words or actions are helping the person in front of me life is meaningful - sitting here translating for nasty people with evil intent who will scrutinise legal documents attempting to take their neighbours to court or perhaps harass hapless

translators for using words they disapprove of, isn't

Uplifting; I lose interest - only chocolate can induce my poor alien brain to secrete serotonin to make me feel happy and concentrate regardless - yet images of rigid officials sitting in rows relaying words or even worse; looking for new terminology, recalls my state opera where all read newspapers in unison then we jump up on our desks and dance the Macarena with owlsh glasses and old-fashioned clothes, pale from lack of sunshine and desperately trying to convince an uncaring world we have a purpose; knowing that

Outsiders think government servants are the most boring species, hah- but not me, my smudged eyes recreating the New Goth look is proof there is a fire burning in me that no amount of administration can quench - even though I mastered the art of saving translations electronically!

[A POETIC ESSAY]

[25 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Scalloped Scales [rev]

A stream of clear Mozart notes is flowing through my head - the cool water calming my senses, then running up and down on the chromatic & scalloped scales finally leaves my soul on the edge; now I am lost in the sensory overload of the Dancing Series recorded at home and a new cell-phone to cradle the Internet-world in my hands, suddenly watching

The Nutcracker ballet on its miniscule screen, like a childhood dream of a gold-embossed card becoming a Magic Flute to visit exotic new places - & the phone takes me everywhere; to calm down I adorn my 'Soul Music' book - Death trying to forget and Imp Y Celyn playing Sioni Bod Da - Susan crying for the first time - with Escapism's magical blue Fairy Tale Stickers

The threat of a move to a seedy part of old Pretoria is resurrected & tenders from illiterates lead to tragedy-comedy in legislation - as self-confident, headstrong officials steam-roller ahead - blissfully unaware that translators need to read and spell in 2 languages at least; my livid colleagues spewing fire while I - with the nonchalance of the traditional public servant -

Drift in insouciance down administration's long, dark tunnel carried on clear, rolling notes which obliterate the sharp stones of stark reality - in the shimmering silver rings of the sun's kindness and peace...

Margaret Alice Second

Scared And Unheard

Sunburnt, sorry for myself, lost in holiday-making,
the only challenge is making peace with myself,
no obstacle to overcome, no problem except de-
ciding what to eat when, going to the beach and
surviving the heat while you give the sea a wide
berth; why on earth did you want to come if this
is how you feel - at least the kids are having fun

Found a friend to hang out with, playing pool while
I gather the clothes to be washed, watch the cars
passing in the street - wondering how I fell into the
trap of holiday-spirit without the power to survive, I
am just like Marvin, the paranoid Android - at work
I fear those long documents, here I fear the lack of
challenges - it is my theory that I cannot die

For fear that when dead I would be bored and make too
much noise in the afterlife realm - boredom would send
me to the wrong frequency where those depressed and
cynical souls lurk - an eternity being depressed would be
hell indeed, maybe I should learn to sing loud and long in
the street like Edith Piaf did, instead of singing softly to my-
self as I always do, maybe it would develop my voice

Maybe I could sing for my life instead of driving my family
wild - but given my Marvin-like propensities and complete
inability to be wild and inconsiderate; I suppose singing
will remain in the domain of the scared and unheard...

Margaret Alice Second

Scaring Enemies Away [revised]

Hurriedly left my work station ashamed to admit its
where I sit; a tornado couldn't have wrought havoc
as effectively - & tomorrow is fumigation day! What
will the cockroach squad say, or those ponderous
security men accompanying them think when their

eyes greet one of my chairs covered with blankets,
scarves, two warm jerseys in ice-blue and a warm
hibiscus cerise, strings of beads, cardboard-tasting
packets of wholegrain rusks and awful cereal - will
I die if I eat all this after those poisonous fumes

did their bit and what of my dirty mug, my plate with
crumbs, will the dainty china blind them to the dirt;
what of the newspapers in a heap, hats, flowers &
trinkets - too many things to enumerate, at least no
spy seeking confidential government papers would

have the nerve to go through my stuff - everyone
shocked, even strong constitutions leaving the pre-
cincts scared of contracting hepatitis A and B from
my 3 day-tea-stained cup - nothing locked and still
no breach of protocol; I could be awarded a prize

for scaring the nations' enemies away!

Margaret Alice Second

Scent Of Holy Incense [rev.]

A deflated Monday reality and I fail blowing life into it, all is boring, dull, and listless; my eyes usually manage to bestow magic but not today - my ears hear nothing but a soft hushing sound of the air-con behind me

Stranded in nowhere-land wishing instead it were Alice's Adventures - magic present in singing flowers, mushrooms to change one's shape and a Mock Turtle dancing the Lobster Quadrille; all watching the Archchancellor*

Of Unseen University marching in, unfolding his compartmentalised hat while cursing* in stinging insects which make everyone cringe - the Disc-World certainly does add aplomb to the pack of Wonderland cards - while

Death, delighted with time, goes diamond-hunting and tango-dancing, I'm quite sure the Mock Turtle would like to add the tango to his repertoire - while a twinkling Little Prince watches as he passes on his way

To his own planet & his unique rose unlike any of the others he's found - there's a place in my heart already filled with magic, where a Prince's golden statue is stripped to help people in need - a place where

The scent of holy incense fills the cathedral of peace constructed of familiar dreams...

[Archchancellor* = spelled as one word in all Terry Pratchett's books

cursing* in stinging insects: every time the Archchancellor utters a curse, another stinging insect appears]

[18 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Schapensrust - Where We Lived [revised]

Memories of Ria and Susan living on that plot, washing my uncle's car, he in the house busy cleaning a train set with miniature trees, laying railway track and laughing as the steaming locomotive clattered through the tunnel

Susan strumming her guitar, singing Sloop John B in a rich, sonorous voice - Ria singing descant perfectly, my brother singing Old River Steamboat Number One while yodelling to Pook-chook-chook; - a back-flash

To when we were small, four-year olds at the same low coffee table for music lessons where I studied composers in my high-school years; later Gerhard a skinny six-year-old sitting at breakfast - then I was at least twenty

Quite envied him when his mother asked what he wanted to eat, we were five kids and there was no time to cater for personal preference - Gerhard grew up on the same plot in Schapensrust where we lived, went to the same high school

Which is changed into a college today; Gerhard's gentle joie de vivre, kindness and happy smile remind me of my train-set uncle delighting in banjo's and toys so much...

21 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Schizophrénie Algérien

</>Les Mots de
Madame Seloua
Luste Boulbina

(Quoted from
En Algérie
il n'y a pas
d'institution
équitable et
impartiale
arbitrant
les conflits
de la société
civile

Rien ne peut
se régler autour
d'un bien
commun

Un mot
qui revient
souvent
chez les
Algériens
c'est la
schizophrénie

Jaloux de leur
souveraineté
les dirigeants
algériens
ont importé
une langue
officielle -
l'arabe -
qui a été
préférée
à la langue

officielle
subie (le
français)

Or l'arabe
est étrangère
à l'algérien
de la rue

Mais comme
c'est un symbole
de souveraineté
ou de ce qu'on
croit tel
on préfère
vivre dans
cette
schizophrénie

Philosophie politique en Afrique contemporaine: Etat des lieux - Le...

en Algérie s'est faite par la guerre....

La philosophie politique africaine et ses développements
contemporains

CSPRP – Paris Diderot / CNRS Nancy 2

Vendredi 20 juin 2008

Notes prises par Laurent Ladouce

Le Centre de sociologie des pratiques et des représentations
politiques (CSPRP -) est une
équipe d'accueil pour des chercheurs, des doctorants et des
post-doctorants français et étrangers. Le CSPRP organisait
le vendredi 20 juin un colloque à Paris VII, en coopération
avec le CNRS de Nancy 2 sur le thème «La philosophie
politique africaine».

Margaret Alice Second

Science Poems 1. (4)

SOAP-BUBBLE UNIVERSE

Imagine the beautiful, fragile soap-bubbles of shimmering voids formed by great explosions galaxies streaming in filaments

Imagine a sponge, dark voids filled with invisible galaxies, unknown particles outlined against the Great Wall opposite the star sign of Perseus-Pisces-Pegasus

Which would you choose?

The Universe is a patchwork, cosmologists cannot decide whether it is bubbly or spongy, so I base my choice on the subjective criterion

Of aesthetics – let it be a fragile and beautiful soap-bubble universe

EXCITING SPECULATION

Mystery creating exciting speculation in the infinity of a moment of eternity:

In the year nineteen hundred and nine near the Grand Canyon's dramatic impact a man, Hicaid, found a subterranean city built with the most marvelous precision to accommodate fifty thousand people

And mummified bodies of Oriental or Egyptian origin - tantalizing titbits of information presented for speculation about its significance - enlarging the range of my imagination...

PARTICLE ZOO

A theory about
exploding atoms
in an atomic blast
proof of particles
that cannot last

Scientists used to claim
atoms should only contain
three types of particles

But when atoms are smashed to bits
new types of particles form, dif-
ferent 'flavours' of different
kinds of 'quarks' -
what a lark...

'A quark for Mister Mark...'

Now we know it is true:
there exists a real
particle zoo

DNA STRINGS

Mapping strings of DNA code
such a great bore, one day a
scientist just couldn't stand it
any more

No more looking, but listening
for each part of the string
he wrote down a note

When the DNA score was played
he listened in wonder to the
musical themes of the
DNA strings

In the song of the cells such sweet
melodies were ringing, while tunes
created by cancerous cells were sad,
slow and sickening...

Do composers know it is so;
do they delve into their own self
to find beautiful tunes?

When my heart is singing and soar
with a tune on musical wings, my
words express the literal truth...

Margaret Alice Second

Scintillating Humour

French class is cancelled, I remain stuck in my little space, faced with administration, Tim LaHaye is ready to tell me about temperament and marital presence, the last thing I want to hear today, a forced break have me enjoying phrases by Terry Pratchett like a gourmet enjoying culinary delights

The cool spearmint of Pratchett's scintillating humour makes the heavy meals of Cataclysmic Egyptian events more palatable while I'm spicing my Bibliotherapy with the mixed chocolate and strawberry ices provided by the temperament theories of Tim LaHaye

"Igneous had always found the general denial more reliable than the specific refutation" - and I am even more amused by "If you want to be successful in the criminal world, you need a reputation for honesty"

Ohmygoodness, this is wisdom indeed, I love it!

Feet of Clay - Terry Pratchett - Victor Gollancz, 1996
p.81

Margaret Alice Second

Sea Of Perpetual Life [revised]

What is the meaning of life? This is the question asked in the Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy; according to Douglas Adams there is none, but a guru, Abraham, replies:

The point of life is the thrill of the process along the way, we are not going towards some end, it's a flawed premise, we exist in never-ending cycles of joy - well it seems to me we have to enjoy life

Like Ecclesiastes says, enjoy catching con-men or women within the thrill of the chase, be ready to face sharks in the sea of perpetual life, knowing such lessons prepare us for bigger things, greater challenges, to remember what we did wrong

So as to never walk into the same trap again....

Margaret Alice Second

Seaport Of Beni Ansar

Interpol sent me off to research the Seaport of Beni Ansar called 'alhaj jimi ahmed' according to Wikimapia sounding a warning: Beware of filthy, sleazy Moroccan men waiting outside all nice hotels, seaports, bus & train stations

I sighed, following my role models Miss Lemon and Miss Money Penny I am stuck behind my desk, only fantasise about sleazy types, being so conventional, they don't even spare me a glance, cultivation of a haughty demeanour

Has never been required in my little life, I smile at everyone I pass and seldom need to fend off an unwanted advance, maybe once - it is rather sad when sleazy, filthy types do not even touch the carefully designed collage of my life...

Margaret Alice Second

Secret Meaning

An impish grin on a strange Puckish face,
a message meant for another caught my
eye, I smiled at the beautiful sentiment of
hope rekindled, the belief in unblemished
goodness expressed

This is exactly what I have faith in, to find
my ideas reflected in the words of complete
strangers is such a relief; it means my feelings
are universal, millions still cherish the hope that
keeps my dreams sweet

That guides my steps as I seek answers to
everything that makes me wonder about
the secret meaning of life!

Margaret Alice Second

Secret Melodies (R)

Outside kicking bottles for our long-legged fox terrier until we both succumb and fall down, my beloved a handyman fixing taps - as his rugby team lost and the taps drip even more than before - he takes his frustration out on me and Mufasa and we hide in the kitchen; nearly time to start on the Arabic alphabet, keeping the phantom of Afrikaans at bay as Mme La Pompadour terrorises me with it and -

Sisters Self-righteous and Longsuffering discovered I am an idiot and thus rewrite everything I've done, breaking my heart & changing a wonderful world into a nightmare realm of fire and clanging Iron Maidens spearing my insides until I'm bleeding and crying on the quiet - I love languages and Lullaby for Liefstetjie is my favourite of all time - but since Afrikaans has been taken hostage by the Holy Sisters -

I flee for my life, our mother tongue taken captive by Nazi racism & pedantic pedagogues leaves me and poet Koos DuPlessis in a private world of secret melodies...

Margaret Alice Second

Secret Tryst

The soft touch of his mouth, lips whispering
in her ears: your beloved is here, teasing like
a butterfly's wing against sensitive skin and
dangerous like the abyss of night in the mind

Promising a secret tryst with new and exotic
delights, lips touching, two minds becoming
one sharing sensation, following the hidden
way of tense tantric touch meaning so much

Leading to such spiritual heights from where
the world seems as small as a sphere we can
hold in our heart and cherish in the explosion
of sweet, passionate awareness which creates

New life and exciting visions of us evolving to
a higher existence in which feeling shall play
the sonorous octave within the beginning and
end of everything

Margaret Alice Second

Security Guards And Sun (Revised)

Signed forms today that we're live minions of
Department: Arts and Culture (Languages) : in
signing each page undertaking to do all within
our power to execute Minister and The Staffs
wishes – translate each document assigned with
alacrity, effect all tasks allocated by superiors.

Meaning crawl on all fours when ordered. We are
legal accoutrements of our employer for one year
but come April next it shall be null and void and
we'll have the same exercise to go through,
proving again we still exist and again agree to
everything thrown our way,

Time lost in administration is accounted for by
missing dark mass and energy of the universe –
consult the Internet presented quantum physics,
visible matter, just like production, makes up but
5% of everything, the rest invisible administration
of the auditors,

Just like Sir Terry Pratchett said, of everything
95% is unknowable – and so the Government
only gets to see 5% of what we actually do, but
who cares as long as I have my song and dance
in the place where I belong – my work station,
with all the security guards and sun...

3 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

See My Melody

A wonderful new rhyme to learn - Mokgadi, Mimi, Mankidi and Thandi, sitting near me in cubicles formed by loose screens, expressing righteous indignation when I continuously ask their names, so I wrote down a melody putting them in the order in which they appear in the open-plan office: Mokgadi, Mimi, Mankidi and

Thandi; like Maria teaching do re me by singing a descriptive line for every note: first Mokgadi face friendly and familiar, giving me a hug, Mimi voice and smile filling the building, then Mankidi mirth in undetermined rhythm, Thandi, looking shy as a smile lights up her eyes; see my melody singing softly: Mokgadi, Mimi, Mankidi and Thandi

5 November 2013

Margaret Alice Second

See Not At All

The high and mighty lady who seldom honours state office with her graceful presence told Madame De Lafayette, supervisor - off for follow-up tests

Still not coming to the office while the rest of us are threatened with legal procedures should we violate any regulation pertaining to absence

Stunned by these double standards some openly mimicking Madame La Pompadour's haughty manner - the Calvinistic work ethic of colleagues

Enabling them to do her work also, nobody lodges a complaint; such good officials, used to oppression for no apparent reason other than

Management's inefficiency which only intimidate the law-abiding while serial offenders are untouchable - best is to see La Madame not at all...

Margaret Alice Second

Seeking My Demise [rev.]

Sitting amongst a Calvinistic work force in the translation section - receiving mind vibrations of workmates shaking their heads on learning its my duty to translate a 'Manual For Access To Information' into Afrikaans

I'm shell-shocked, not my field of expertise, I abhor boring legal admin procedure intensely, this is my ticket to hell, the descent to a depth of despair that has never been reached by a human being; maybe if I embrace darkness

Learn how to bear my cross it can become a spiritual journey - a Pilgrim's Progress to be completed in sorrow; - every sweet word can be interpreted a multitude of ways - but only ONE term is right, the Afrikaans language is

All rules & tightened corsets pressing the life out of you; already my breathing is affected - hives & swollen glands on the way, how am I to be grateful for love's painful labour to a maternal language personified in Demons

seeking my demise, plotting my end?

[11 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Seemingly Good Beset By Cowardice

I know certain things are run by idiocy, the most immoral and unprincipled rise to the top; but what makes me wonder no end is why seemingly moral people abet and support them, the only reason is the seemingly good are also beset by cowardice, need to relate to weaker specimens, feeling threatened by those with high moral principles - which means the seemingly good are not good underneath, just white-washed tombstones

Best is find the humour in their doings, laugh as the situation is droll - I know the fragile peace between us only exist because I traded freedom for advantages - however conditional - what use would freedom be if you were not there to help me deal with the duties of life - we only live in peace because I obey the law laid down by physical force - and why not, being free and alone without a home and family would be meaningless

New friends might reveal more of the shortcomings forming part of life in captivity - after all, when I relate our farcical discussions to my friend, we laugh no end; thus this relationship affords food for the soul, sometimes I want equal rights but if I wait long enough, the feeling subsides, I can leave this task for another to complete; discrepancy between want and need is illustrated by all, why should I want anything less in my life; let me bow

Lick your shoes, say amen to all you say, be silent long enough; let me be very obedient - facing a male prima donna is not my way, I love quiet contemplation and peace, let me look down on the world, see the unprincipled leading the way and be calm, what does it matter what they do and say, as long as I manage to keep my eye on the vision of what harmonies might be encountered after this life of sorrow has passed...

Margaret Alice Second

See-Saw Carousel

Blocked nose, mouth open to breathe,
could not open my work document,
reading Paul Gallico, a Cockney char
having adventures in Russia, my own
feelings scrambled, life such a success
yesterday, a super evening - yet today
uncomfortable in my skin: why does life
have to be a see-saw carousel, up and
down, all the time?

□

Mrs Harris Goes to Moscow - Paul Gallico

Margaret Alice Second

Self-Destruction

Let's change focus from corruption - to the nature of state capture, a political-network-project for symbiosis between the Shadow State and the Constitution - after the silent coup which has replaced the original rule

South African politics became a game of resistance to these politics, Zuma's project to change state institutions for the Zuma-Gupta-family power elite to appoint pawns in Government & State Owned Enterprises

Creating a Shadow World of deniability and distributed culpability with NO guarantees of indispensability, governed by fear, a space where criminal networks control the National Treasury & the Financial Intelligence Centre -

Which used to control illicit finance; also the Chief Procurement Office which used to take legal action against corrupt practices - and to take control of Guarantees, thus state entities borrow from private lenders & banks without

Parliament consultation, & the public service grew to provide a compliant bureaucracy as loyalists replaced good cops in intelligence & police to facilitate a criminal network which negates Black Economic Empowerment

The Executive Authority of Cabinet has been replaced by KITCHEN Rule; Party Bosses to ensure ANC National Executive Committee remain loyal to a radical economic-transformation-smokescreen for the patronage to

Use Eskom & Transnet to loot state resources; this Shadow State has to be dismantled and the perpetrators of State Capture brought to

justice if South Africa is to escape the fate
of the rest of Africa destroyed by the

Freedom Fighters turned Predators after
chasing the former enemy away and taking
over government to become easy prey for the
international criminal community to direct their
every step straight into corruption and

Self-destruction...

Margaret Alice Second

Self-Destructive Resentment (Revised)

There is a pattern here: Mother's financial support is received from people with such clear resentment towards her she appears the victim - yet in his book "Breakthrough Experience" - Dr Demartini says there are no victims, only people choosing certain experiences - in mother's case she married dad whose diction is worse than a sailor's

Dad supported her while showing her no respect, later on in life mother gave my sister's furniture away and tried exorcism on me - which led to my incarceration in a state mental hospital, running the risk of never getting out again; luckily Tannie Yvonne and Prof Piet DuPlessis got me out, I was saved not my mother but by Strangers

Mother's later interest in my brothers' lives led to their financial ruin, she's currently involved in my sister's financial affairs and sis treats mother with disrespect and resentment yet I can't say a word in mother's defence, who is emotionally blackmailing my sis into paying all credit accounts and expenses; my sister hates her life:

WHY does mother's involvement invariably lead to financial ruin and moral disintegration - as it emerges she propagates a theory she's doing my sis a favour by staying with her, despite my sister's so palpable resentment; I had to flee the lightning, mother cannot stay with me as I wish to protect my little family from such consequences

How can she bear disrespect of people she duped into caring for her financially - they make no bones about their resentment; without trying to understand how mother blackmails people until they resent her in self-destructive ways I vow to keep my little family out of her reach while giving my sister the support that might set her free from self-destructive resentment...

Margaret Alice Second

Self-Discipline [revised]

A self-discipline deficiency negatively influences my self-esteem - compounded by lack of listening skills - carry magazines when attending meetings; cannot even listen to OWN consciousness stream subject to a toxic cocktail of chemicals

Body shuts down after eating certain things cannot comprehend any of the words in front of me, feels like competing against successful athletes while I'm paralysed - forever lagging behind - only half a mind functioning

Limped down to the library, returned without a book, allergy making it impossible to think clearly and I couldn't find the desired read; knowing my hero* read War And Peace in three days while I refuse to consider it

Fearing Russian poignancy, so let me tackle a new day and try to learn self-discipline

[*hero: Nelson Mandela read Tolstoy's War and Peace in 3 days]

Margaret Alice Second

Selfishness [rev]

The lesson I take from La Symphonie Pastorale is probably different from what André Gide intended - the selfishness of a protagonist bringing a stranger into his 5-children house, expecting his wife to cope while lost to his own joy and pleasure in teaching a lost child to read, all at a cost of time spent with his

Own family - he acted just like my granddad, who brought strangers home expecting Grandma Alice to cope, provide extra food on a tiny budget, cook and clean, such largesse towards outsiders while his wife suffered was touted by deceit as Christian duty - in Gide's story the pastor prevented his son

From marrying the girl the married pastor wanted to keep for himself, she discovered she loved the son also but the young idiot became a Catholic priest & she committed suicide; the lesson is selfishness and presumption destroys the most precious things such as relationships with one's own wife and kids

Margaret Alice Second

Sentence For Negligence (C)

Two boys unloved, plucked from the school and countryside they loved in Nonfiction Condensed, I'm on the side of the boys whose parents had no love for them in their hedonist life, the boys sent off to boarding school, parents without honour or a moral code, no integrity, taught no forgiveness, the boys living with burning hearts - persecuted by a father who lived the creed - 'IT's ALL about ME', an uncaring mother chasing excitement all the time: horrible parents who deserved to die

Never taught their sons a moral code - never gathered wisdom to bequeath to their kids, I'm on the side of the wild, forlorn boys who killed their useless parents - they should not have been sentenced for a crime instigated by their cruel, detestable parents, snuffing out the fire of love & emotions in their sons, condemning their souls to ruin and perdition caring ONLY about wealth and a social lifestyle in which children were unnecessary and unwelcome

The situation growing worse as the boys grew up & realised how unloved they were compared to other kids; detestable policemen who punish the sons for the parents' deeds - now my mind finds reality grey and stale; a sad account of the lonely lives of two little boys - a burden to their happy-go-lucky parents, the boys judged for a crime their parents prepared themselves by living like faux socialites, they are lucky to be dead - THEY should've received the death sentence for negligence...

Margaret Alice Second

Separate Beings [rev]

Let me embrace the depression which WILL be acknowledged and insists on 'right of being'; let me stop balancing on the precipice while trying to convince myself to believe my emotions are under control, that I can govern my thoughts -

Wrong, I just blocked them like chemicals stop synapses from firing in this slow decomposition process while I'm still alive - how gory, bizarre - let me sink into the dark & know the frustration that resides therein, let me plumb the depths of

My feelings & allow them freedom of expression, no longer making doomed efforts to turn myself into a robot executing dreary routines in a semi-comatose state; allow passion to spend itself in reality & let me stop this slow rot of attempting

To escape the fate of the infirm no longer able to walk - let me LIVE while I'm alive and die quickly when deciding to move on to new dimensions of non-physical existence where the emotions are communicated without need of words & music

Plays in feelings as separate beings...

Margaret Alice Second

Serenading (Rev)

So I'm awarding Rogers and Hammerstein a Nobel Prize for making me feel better after a devastating nightmare last night, with Hanlie and Ntsoaki going along enthusiastically - while Annette and Hermien ignore my levity with a stolid, stony silence driving me from Maria I have Confidence right into Simon & Garfunkel's The Sound Of Silence, with a black

Nothingness threatening - yet - serenading myself quietly, I remember Hanlie's twinkling Tinker Bell & Fairy Dell words that if we ignore all others we can soar; thus countering with impish mischievousness I launch into The Donkey's Serenade - And all that the ladies can say is e-e-aaaaaaw - which must be heard with Mario Lanza lovingly stretching the note

And to cover my tracks but teasing my colleagues, I hum Guantanamera, Yo soy un' traductor sincero de donde crece la palma - because I'm really such a sincere translator with palm trees at my home - even when I forget the stoic Spartan attitude of the serious translation crew in the next act of my much-maligned Government Service Opera...

Margaret Alice Second

Shackles I Cannot Face [rev.]

To react emotionally to information in writing is idiotic; I am such an idiot, I have to ignore things like the Raelian Movement; although respecting its right to establish a new creed based on Sitchin and Von Daniken's ideas

I keep my distance from sheep following the original thinkers whose books I enjoy reading enriching the imagination, but never making philosophies into rules to enlighten my life, freedom is more important than new dogma

Where sexualised love's a norm required as a way of life - already a distortion of the kind of love we feel for the world plus everything in it; reading about the new mind manacles caused such a headache - a sure sign that

It's not for me; people with integrity benefit from whatever they believe even if it means topless rights for ladies, while I'll cherish my freedom to wear layers of clothing allowing me a sense of security, leaving their overly

Restrictive company, the headache lifted & even the beautiful-underground-temple of the Damanhur Federation in Piedmont represent shackles I cannot face

[21 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Shadow Play

The challenge is bigger than I thought – playing charades to make the world go round, playing games to keep illusions alive, living within your convictions, following your rules and regulations

Describing the world as you insist it should be though the five senses reveal something which is entirely different, not giving away I am aware this is a play to reconcile conflicting situations

Wait - this is a comedy, once we know that deep inside everybody chooses his life's game to learn spiritual greatness, staying calm, tackling the self-created problem with resignation and fortitude

We shall all be winners together in this shadow play, everybody does it, becomes reconciled to their own choices, however imbecile – if they can, so can I...

Refusing to move means being paralysed, refusing to exercise means muscles atrophied, being left to immobile fixation means frozen attitudes, people who refuse to follow physiotherapists end up in wheel-chairs

You take an interest and threaten with aggression that someone given freedom to remain motionless for three months must get up again – guess what, she cannot; threats cannot replace intelligence and common sense

I am completely at ease, following your decrees and requirements, life is a game for learning so here we go, let the games begin...

Margaret Alice Second

Shallow Breakers

Being strong, facing and solving my problems at work,
learning to face the boredom of nothing ever happening
by wearing a hat - and long black wrap over my T-shirt
as well as scarves glittering in silver and white - plus

Purple glasses and a wide smile; now to start facing the
problem of how to wear a swimsuit at the seaside - old
suit will do, though much too flimsy for the protection
required - find another black top to cover the old one

Will solve this problem just fine - wearing my purple
mask while thinking about the problem of swimming
without being too self-conscious to play in the waves
leads to the conclusion wearing clothing in layers

Is the solution to every pitfall in appearance, with two
scarves over a grey T-shirt I survived today, preparing
for the seaside - where kids always deride my delight
in playing in the waves - claiming not even babies

Play in those shallow breakers where I tumble head
over heels in the bubbling surf; with double layers I
shall be impervious to embarrassment while rolling
in the champagne of shallow breakers...

Margaret Alice Second

Shape-Change

A conspiracy of mites, dust and allergy makes life a misery – I am either very happy outside wearing magical sandals or sitting in the depths of despair in an air-conditioned office where I shape-change

into Quasimodo, hunchback, gnarled fingers, warts – oh wait, that's witches, I also become the Gingerbread Witch of Hansel and Gretel, it's why I identify with Alice in Wonderland, eating anything marked 'eat me'

breathing pollen, house-mites and dust-laden air changes me from hour to hour, I can only be a dancing fairy outside – any building changes me into a variety of horror story characters - though

I don't mind being a vampire or witch as long as I can fly, but changing into Quasimodo makes me want to cry ...

Margaret Alice Second

Shapley Supercluster

</>Found a shapely theory: The Seven Samurai's Great Attractor was replaced by the more massive Shapley Supercluster

In 2005 the X ray CIZA survey, Clusters in the Zone of Avoidance, revealed the Milky Way is not drawn towards the Great Attractor

But to a more massive region behind it, The Shapley Supercluster, four times the distance to the Great Attractor, 500 million light-years away

The CIZA team demoted the Samurai's Great Attractor to only a tenth of the mass originally estimated

I feel quite deflated, though Shaply Super is shapely enough in theory...

(IFA press release; Maggie McKee, New Scientist, December 15, 2005; Kocevski and Ebeling, 2005; and Kocevski et al, 2005) .

Margaret Alice Second

Share Your Ideas (Revised)

What do you think first thing of a morning? Of wonderful tales naturally; stories, romance, lovely people in plays, animals with names, singing nuns impressing the pope, tiny mermaids' tails turning into feet when a sea witch is bribed by their vocal chords to go forth mute but still beautiful, on legs which hurt as they dance – sadly a soulless mermaid dies utterly when her life ends – or

Of angry Rumpelstilzkin stomping a hole and falling through the floor – whatever we first think is what we should be doing as our life's calling, for me stories of glory, my next favourite reading, illustrations complete the feelings, my third is listening to wonderful tales related by others, especially stories for children – like 'Fairytale' by Hans Christian Anderson and

Perrault's 'Twelve Dancing Princesses' – if writing of feelings it's of utmost importance especially, it might be your dream and you will find joy follows for you; life is incomplete if I cannot express overpowering emotions, if you love sounds and words as symbols fraught with deeper meaning – write them down, share your ideas

3 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Sharing My Mind [rev]

Wearing a delicate cobweb around my neck since
I'm the fairy Pea-blossom living in the transparent
leaves interspersed among dark green trees on a
soft, cool day; later a languid promenade will take
place to view the world through enchanted faerie
eyes & contemplate how to be a fairy all day with
glorious noble gestures & delightful faerie smiles

I want to eat fairy food - but what do fairies eat,
nuts & apples & a nice cup of tea to substitute
for nectar and ambrosia, can the tree-house on
a TV show induce ethereal dreams of fairyland
hidden in eldritch forests - and can fairy sandals
with silver glitter help me fly like the messenger
of the gods known for special winged footwear?

My couch decked out in rosy state - the perfect
place for a Fairy Queen and since no-one else is
playing, this fairy first turns into Cinderella to wash
the dishes in soap bubbles, afterwards I become a
Fairy Queen meeting distinguished ambassadors
from a myriad nations followed by another formal
promenade with visitors and my entourage

Through castle gardens with bubbling fountains
where lively water sprites & quiet spirit angels will
entertain until our lively conversations on planned
journeys to exotic places to find the origin of pure
vibrational consciousness, will fire the imagination,
such great escapades for Pea-Blossom - sharing
my mind with Cinderella and the Faerie Queen...

Margaret Alice Second

She Is Unique

Mom's surgery today, though her behaviour is infuriating and my (self-) righteous indignation excruciating - I'm dying in my skin, waiting to hear the report from sis who argued with mom on their way to the hospital - mom insisting to greet a friend - then being late

Whatever outcome, I must be informed, I walk up and down - haunted - a spirit possessed - how shall I deal with the result - what is to be PLEASE let me know - mom is irrational but then she has always been; even if she were oblivious to our existence, it is great

To know her; though an Astrogenetic Leo like mom creates problems, she is also unique and her heart is BIG - much bigger than yours and mine!

...18 July 2012 ...

Margaret Alice Second

She Speaks The Words (Correction)

I used to play my song all alone,
dreaming of becoming a melody:
most people brought out the
piccolo or pizzicato in me, but
I dreamed of being a chord in
b-minor, then a long ago friend
wearing jeans on Muizenberg
beach, wading in, getting wet

Driving around Chapman's Peak,
appeared on the Internet, and
suddenly I saw my themes in
her writing, patterns I'm trying
to trace already explained in
her words - what a surprise
to discover she speaks the
words I'm trying to think

It is a privilege to meet again
and know – she understands...

[For my friend Ronel O'Reilly]

27 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

She Will Not Let Me [revised]

The same volcano that drives and colours my sister's angry behaviour also simmer in me, upset by the same things I only react differently: becoming depressed while she turns into a fighter; I withdraw trying to become invisible, dwelling upon the causes of my feelings and making plans to deal with them

Minimising my exposure, trying to keep my loved ones happy and content - going underground when an event drives my colleagues mad, applying salve to wounds found in people around me, switching to the vibrations we can enjoy together, I leave when others indulge in things to which I cannot relate

While my sister is set alight, puts up a fight, often breaking things - I wish could mend them for her - but she won't let me...

Margaret Alice Second

Sheep Easily Fleeced [revised]

Sis found help in a Christian book describing a vision readers can apply to their own lives - it tells how bad human decisions are used by God the Spirit to a believer's benefit; calming my sister's nerves - content in the end things will work out without her feeling scared

I'm glad, when she's unhappy she spoils her plans; the vision is a union between New Age ideas and conventional religion - based on a Proverbs Wisdom & fundamental literal view of Adam and Eve, great theory to make true but the author ascribe his ideas to God

"Love is blind obedience" expecting readers to accept without query the author's theories presented as 'irrefutable' truths expressed by a deity who manifests as a supernatural trinity which defies rational analysis; everything said blindly accepted - but I believe we create

Truth through beliefs and we're free to choose these - I applaud attempts to help fundamental believers but by putting words in a god figure's mouth, rational inquiry is stopped and only blind obeisance can bring salvation; thus believers MUST be gullible, although history

Proved this doctrine dangerous; informed choice needs protection against religions exploiting their disciples to obtain power and wealth by using the religious injunction "live in obedience" to create flocks of sheep - so easily fleeced...

Margaret Alice Second

Sheer Delight

Movies liked by me only means I have peace
to sit alone instead of watching general TV,
with Fantasia for company I am free to put
up my feet and balance the laptop on my
knees as the wooden school desk is too
cold, and feast my eyes on things I love

Watching Walt Disney fairies covering flowers
with glittering crystals, autumn fairies turning
leaves to gold, skating winter sprites catching
rides upon spinning ice crystals while my eyes
keep wandering to the filigree of the gilded
winter grass I had sneaked into the house

Then I admired the Edwardian Lady decorations
on page 29, a poem by Wordsworth in which he
laments what man has made of man; wondering
whether he meant proliferating laws destroying
general freedom, making all into criminals
on the basis of our basic instincts

Wordsworth knew birds and flowers enjoyed the
air they breathed, knew pleasure to be the holy
plan of nature, realised man was exiled from
his inner being and the sheer delight
of mere existence

Margaret Alice Second

Sheer Guilt

Aha, finally realised what's wrong: guilt
you little criminal, it's sheer guilt that has
you feeling so bad: unilaterally decided
on monthly payback whereas you know
Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle
insists on full payment immediately –

Now you fear discovery – the little alien
in your head passed out from anxiety,
crocodile lost interest in swimming and
thinking, translating & dreaming, knowing
it was wrong to cover up expenses; all
attempts to work came to an end as

My head shrivels up & burns with anxiety,
must make up the deficit, money used to
refurbish my changeling child's room with-
out Scorpio's consent, scared – now my
conscience demands steps to rectify the
problem of payment and I can't because

Credit's expensive – at least I confessed,
knowing what's wrong will help to solve
the conundrum - repaying credit with a
credit card's not working, bank fees are
killing me; I'm caught in a storm
of my very own making...

Margaret Alice Second

She'll Be A Still Life [c]

An ice princess wearing a rose petal jacket driven to distraction by the heat she feels, cheeks glowing red colour exploding, running away and taking up a dew-drop string, gets rid of the rose-petal jacket and dons a pitch black top over a snowflake blouse and hangs the dewdrop string around her neck - then

Adds a silver rose and she's pleasantly surprised, no more heat, feeling cool with the dewdrops glistening around her neck, wondering when she will ever get to wear the enticing rose petal jacket, this cold night did not suffice, where could she wear it - never it seems, sighing she resigns herself to the beauty of

The glittering silver transparency of crystal dewdrops, one day she SHALL wear her favourite colours - till then, she'll be a still life in shadow and light...

Margaret Alice Second

Shine Laserlight Brain [shortened]

What a gem, the world's history told by a Tibetan hermit,
incorporated into my expanding kaleidoscopic world view
with Zecharia Sitchin, the Bible and evolution directed by
the earth's rhythms; wondering again about planet Tiamat
split in two by Niburu and one piece still intact

The remnant of the other half formed the asteroid belt, the
Moon accompanying Tiamat, oceans flowing into the hole
left by the lost half, concurring with Velikovsky & Zitchin's
Sumerian chronicles: explosions, incandescent gas globes,
an advanced race bringing life to a wobbling Earth

A nuclear bomb destroying earth, a warlike race wasting the
solar system, a planet dislodged struck Earth, a few humans
and animals survived to continue into an ice age - one can
incorporate everything in one theory, every particle contains
all the rest, just think holistically of Indra's heaven

Never be scared of a different opinion, everyone has the right
to their own ideas, pounce on everything good to increase the
number of facets in our amplituhedron world; shining your laser
light-brain on everything, including every beautiful scientific
or spiritual theory...

[Lobsang Rampa – The Hermit – Abraham: Everything is true,
WE decide which truth to live by investing belief in it; because
we are free to use our brain to examine every aspect of our
mental and physical reality!]

Shine Laserlight Brain - [ORIGINAL:]

Coming upon this gem, the history of the world according to a
Tibetan hermit - incorporated into my expanding kaleidoscopic
world view – making space for Zecharia Sitchin, the Bible and
evolution directed by the earth's rhythms, I read and wondered
again about the planet Tiamat cleft in two by Niburu

The planet, now halved, one piece still intact while the remnant of the other half formed the asteroid belt, and the Moon still accompanying our stricken planet until the wounds were healed, the water spreading in the hole left by the lost half, so concurring with Velikovsky and Zecharia Sitchin's Sumerian chronicles:

Our time started when a huge comet collided with a dead world in Milky Way's centre - exploding incandescent gas globes shot out to form the planets, an advanced race explored new worlds, dropping biological specimens on land and sea; many millennia later they were inspired to bring huge dinosaurs to planet Earth

When the Earth wobbled on its axis they broke up the one super-continent with a laser beam and after thousands of years with so many climate changes, humanity developed a mighty civilization, but mankind stole the advanced race's technology - fought them and let off a nuclear device which all but destroyed the planet

Sinking cities and continents beneath the oceans, for centuries the advanced race stayed away from the irradiated planet and on their return brought more human and animal specimens for spreading on all continents, humans built cities & worshipped the supervising race as gods then a terrible thing happened

A race with horny growths on the forehead from another galaxy attacked the advanced race's empire wasting our solar system with cataclysmic battles in the skies; atmospheres blasted away, worlds destroyed, a planet dislodged striking the Earth to cause a catastrophic loss of life while just a few humans and animals

Helped by the advanced race, sailed to safety in an ark and all ended in an ice age which covered the earth for so long... see it's possible to incorporate everything in every theory, just think holistically, fit bits and pieces into a giant jigsaw puzzle, look for similarity and never be scared of a new opinion, accept

That everyone has the right to have their own viewpoint, pounce on everything good in their idea - increase the number of facets of our hologram reality by shining your laser light-brain on every part of reality and every beautiful scientific or spiritual theory...

[Lobsang Rampa - The Hermit - Everything is true, WE decide

which truth to incorporate in our lives by investing our belief in it; all because we are free to use our brain and examine every aspect of our mental and physical reality!]

Margaret Alice Second

Shine Like The Sun (Revised)

Rearranged the white sitting room – proud of how
yellow flowers lift drabness it was clothed in as the
sun ebbs to its lowest on the horizon, a zenith which
brings such weak light the shady side of the world

looks like a black and white painting. Brought home
more flowers, placed in the corner where my white
lamp stands sentinel, saved from starkness of police
grilling by beads, spider-web festooned strings of

glistening pearl dewdrops. On a chair adorned with
its fabric lion rampant is my hat hung with a purple
scarf – then the coup de grace – silver curlicues on
transparent material placed on the armrests of

the couch – effect is total obfuscation of winter
sorrows, summer colours shining like the sun!

Margaret Alice Second

Shining From Within (Rev)

Twelve o'clock; I've already had so much fun - ran down singing to the basement for more boxes, the first lot are mysteriously gone, and then explaining reality TV 'how the rest of the world lives' to a work mate - my joyous discovery, different from cooped up us in an office; pageant brides dream wedding

Dresses; plastic surgery rectified for narcissist-lips caught in a perpetual pout; crooned my way softly through leave authorisation - ran out into sunshine for more boxes; - my surreal sibling in the magical realm of clickety-clack poetic expression still to be sent my poem today - when I'm stopped, giddy in

My tracks, by Katie Piper's tale of acid thrown into her face; she's no beauty addict, a victim restored by skin transplants, but she interviews beautifully - even undergoes procedures to support others; my heart aches for the lovely girl whose inner beauty fills viewers with sweetest incense conferring

absolution of sin - it is how she spreads her inner strength - with her light shining from within

Margaret Alice Second

Shivers Of Excitement

Lord Vetinari understands the human psyche so well
he thinks smuggling is rather swell, develops enterprise,
stealth and original thinking, allowing average people
to experience shivers of excitement

Lord Vetinari recommends everyone to break the law in
delightfully delicious ways from time to time, it keeps the
brain sane - lovely advice; though I break the law simply
because my brain wiring is wrong - it still is

Necessary to combat the pangs of conscience when my
brain synapses misfire while I am paid to play at being a
machine, a robot on autopilot, the problem being auto-
function is non-existent in me - it seems

Just to be alive is already a transgression against the well-
regulated people I meet who enjoy being machines and
do not know the meaning of the term existential crisis;
they KNOW they were born to serve

While I always suspect a conspiracy to hide that we were
born to LIVE – to have fun while knowing we can't get it
done, there is no objective right or wrong, simply a set
of self-made human rules

Snuff – Terry Pratchett, Doubleday, 2011
Quotes from pp 18&19

Margaret Alice Second

Shower Her With Love

One crocodile catching a changeling child
who is running wild, fleeing from everything
as the content of her mind is so depressing,
indelible pain etched into her mind while her
anxious thoughts of criminal attack

Are driving her mad - and Scorpio, Lord and
Master of the Crocodile Castle, is rising like a
Phoenix to analyse his changeling child so as
to decide how to deal with her wish for suicide,
what can be done to ease her mind

Erase her dark memories, leave fear behind,
break out of her isolation and take the helping
hand that is held out to her for now - and the
question is - can this Crocodile and a fierce
Scorpion help to change her feelings of

Desperate fear into the security of knowing that
she has a Phoenix father and Crocodile mother
who will assist her in finding happiness again -
building her self-esteem by finding her purpose
in life - one aspect of my changeling child

Is to give a crocodile mom the chance to shower
her with the love she needs - I wish to nurture all
those needing wisdom and love who cross my
path - Carine is my changeling child in need
of the care I wish to give...

[14 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Showing Its Beneficence [rev.]

This is true magic, a miracle, something more wonderful than success: earphones given to me as a kindness, suffer distress from sudden movement as I turn my head from the computer console - as happened many times before - right ear-phone dies - regretfully I put a set of new ear-phones in such a bad sound quality screeching right to on my very soul and despondently

I put the broken set to my ears to hear the superior sound – and magically both right and left ear-phones worked again, smugly I accepted the miracle - saying nothing to anybody – but once again I dislodged the right cord by mistake to lose sound again; chastised I put it aside - no other choice – suffer the scratching screech, suffering a while then tried magic set again - to

My delight the sound's back - this time I broadcast the eldritch event, whether the work of secret goblins or just a random glitch, I'm happy, the sound keeps the little alien in my head satisfied so I can concentrate and translate - maybe this ear-phone set's really conscious; after punishing me it restores its grace, giving me leave to think -

A supernatural power is showing its wonderful beneficence...

Margaret Alice Second

Showing What Is True [revised]

Is it difficult for men to treat their life partners with kindness and respect – why hide love behind façades of frustration and anger, and why must I swallow my own irritation such that I cannot communicate

I know your love's intact, you strive hard ensuring superb futures for the kids; but angry retorts and brusque remarks erode old-fashioned decorum; do men believe once they have a wife they need never act respectfully again

As for romance, though only a fantasy it makes it easier to face the grind of life; so why do you need to try and break down the last vestiges of such lovely concepts – simply because she who obeys was inept and unwise to marry you?

Sharing emotion disgusts you such I have to play a role; if I demur you explode, I aver most humbly to your direction, become expert in a game played by your rules, no room left for natural devotion as I concentrate

On following His Highness' rules made for his own freedom, robbing me of my mine and then asking why I'm so uptight – you'll never guess, will you? I know you love me, but a life without courtesy and deference leaves no room

For showing what is true...

[ORIGINAL:]

Why is it so difficult for men to treat their life partners with kindness and respect - why do you have to hide your love behind a façade of frustration and anger – why do I have to swallow my own anger to such

an extent that I cannot communicate

I know your love is intact and you go to great lengths to ensure a wonderful future for the kids; but brusque remarks and angry retorts simply continue the loss of old-fashioned decorum; why do men believe they need never act respectfully again

Once they have a wife? As for romance, though it is only a fantasy, it makes it easier to face the grind of life, why try to break down the last vestiges of such a lovely concept simply because she was so inept and unwise as to get married to you

Why does sharing emotion disgust you so, I have to play a role, whenever I demur, you explode, then I defer most humbly to your direction and become an expert at playing the game according to your rules, no room left for natural devotion

As I concentrate on following the rules His Highness made for his own freedom, robbing me of my freedom and then asking why I am so uptight - you will never guess, will you: I know you love me, but a life without a little courtesy leaves no room

For showing what is true...

Margaret Alice Second

Shrine To Beauty

I've built a shrine to beauty - in a basket with
pink flowers and large transparent purple fairy
wings, a crystal mask shining in rainbow hues
and a posy of pristine white wedding roses

A few forget-me-nots in a bottle with a string of
purple beads and shimmering magic wand, my
beloved dragon-fly & my one-inch wooden doll
dressed in blue above miniature paper roses

My Charlotte Brontë doll with a serious-sweet
expression around her rose-bud mouth, a small
yellow sea-horse, a paperweight of transparent
glass like a glacier on the side, a pink hat with

Blue flowers - one office chair draped with white
scarves scintillating in bright silver glitter, a neon
cloth on my air-con explodes with life force in my
eyes, but the best is - my Charlotte Brontë doll

Is sitting on a page of brightly coloured musical
instrument stickers; this beautiful shrine of mine
fills my heart with rousing colour whenever I take
a break from boring documents to feast my eyes

On its Indian market splendour...

[15 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Shrinking (Revised)

Why does a conversational ploy that charms
one colleague fall flat on its face for others?

When I enact a little tragi-comedy for Hanlie
she embroiders the tales I tell, brings out the

hidden glitter in every situation and adds joy
by weaving her wan spell -

but when I share the same anecdote with
other colleagues my story loses its appeal,

I feel guilt and fatigue, and the story shrivels
up and dies; a more robust, feisty colleague

simply kills the story by pulling down corners
of her mouth -

thus, with Hanlie on leave, I already know
why life at work keeps shrinking

Margaret Alice Second

Shrivel Up And Die

Been jumping around, taking shots at my text passing by, cutting off small chunks to dunk in the cauldron of my mind, reading that hands are tied in the real world but in the imagination nothing is tied and everything begins in our thoughts - returning to my technical text

Taking a few more shots - translating snatches of lines; my soul can't accept life can be so dead as to consist of this nondescript text - where is the wonder of quantum sums - the magic of geometry as basis of the equations used to analyse reality; where is everything that makes

My heart sing - why marooned on this island of boring texts, why don't I study the rhythms of life? - The only connection is in the work of a poet brother who makes words sing - for the rest I'm compelled to kill the thing that lives in my fantasy - the dream leading me to see

An alternative reality; there is no space for imagination in translation, selling my soul for the bread I eat, taking pills for the pain as parts of my mind shrivel up and die

Margaret Alice Second

Shudder In My Sleep

The perfect recipe for being a passenger in a car driven by an eighteen year old girl: Reading a book, allowing her to choose her route, staying calm and suggesting the nearest off-ramp when entering the highway by mistake

Reminding her dad would have stopped at every robot in orange and all four-way stops; making a pact: we shall both drive sedately from now on, accepting that my driving caused the kids deep fear since they were small

Shaking hands, we shall BOTH imitate dad, pointing out she can't assume a slow moving car will keep moving and she can bear down on it at full speed- focusing on a book in my lap, not seeing what my little driver does

I remain calm, tomorrow we shall tackle the steep incline; one hellish challenge - forgive me the goosebumps - and if I shudder in my sleep - when does a young driver learn to slow down confronting an obstacle? Oh!

Margaret Alice Second

Shut Out (Cor.)

Passwords are a terrible evil - an atrocity -
a scourge to the lonely individual who can't
remember the swarm of passwords each of
which takes flight as soon as it is concocted
refusing to return when password-protected
medical fund account is to be opened

Credit card account forever closed without the
forgotten password, Facebook branched out
into a scone of three password sites because
old accounts became inaccessible and I tried
again and again - in vain - then gave up; the
famed Linked-Line forever a closed book

To be read by others and never by me - the
prescribed password for the office computer
with all its nit-picking frills and twirls must be
at least 8 characters long & contain numbers
and punctuation marks - totally impossible to
remember by a little alien with her head

In the clouds - does the world really want all
happy dreamers to come down to earth and
fixedly watch only the trampoline - following
the weave and twirl of its surface - creating
passwords for every area of life, locking our-
selves out of our own being: such a shame

Especially given the fact that this little alien
finds it difficult to remain in the assigned body
for physical life - according to Net's chakra test
the red chakra indicating ties to earth shows this
alien's not well bonded at all; what bonding can
take place when the purple alien Snow Queen

Is shut out from her own life?

Margaret Alice Second

Sideline (2nd Revision)

Though the river of time stopped
flowing for me I cannot leave the
water as yet - no flow or progress
possible sinking lower into depths
where coral is deep red the sun a
far-off blur and sea-creatures flee
these flaying legs

Discomforting calm weighs wet on
eardrums in an unheeded descent
leaving disconnected others forking
into parallel space - alone in a cable
bundling time into tarred blackness
bells declaring Atlantis' last hours
ringing in my head

The great city sank beneath waves
hidden forever from earth life and
sunlight - an immobile island of mist-
shrouded legends told in a story
resembling life woven by small
minds folding and bending
infinite timelines together

While I am shunted out of existence
stranded on a sideline sharing no joys
of desire or accomplished fulfilment
keeping hope time-frozen inside me
a magical talisman to light my eyes
as I wait for the return of meaning
and sound...

Margaret Alice Second

Siestas In The Afternoon

In the music room listening to mother playing her favourite pieces on the piano, reflecting on all the things I have learned: not to lean on the driver of a motorbike, I must keep my own head and helmet up; singing gets on everyone's nerves - there goes my dream of singing on street till my voice is strong

And most important of all, people are impatient and irritated when they get up from a siesta; mother is very temperamental when you do something wrong or fail to hear her imperial command, and the most endearing thing is dad's whole existence centres on keeping the piano safe by cooling the music room

The piano's strings are affected by the excessive heat, he wedges in boards to keep the dogs out while leaving the room open at night so that mom can play a piano that is in tune; and as I tried to chase a sparrow stuck in the music room flying up against the ceiling instead of keeping low to leave through the door

I was hit on the head by a piece of wood and felt that physical hurt is not as painful as criticism and emotional wounds inflicted by people having siestas in the afternoon...

Margaret Alice Second

Sigh In Relief

Blithely my spiritual guru declares,
happy smile on its channeler's face,
hands swinging in the air: difference
between sickness and - wellness - is
determined by the amount of time it
takes to figure out how to feel good -
when seeing something that makes us
feel bad - I have seen so many things
that make me feel bad lately, I do not
know how to begin to feel good again

The only saving grace is laughter and
humour; a high-ranking official recently
said: Criminals should feel unwelcome
in South Africa - which means most of
the country's inhabitants, from educated,
sophisticated white collar fraudsters - to
uncouth, violent street thugs, should feel
unwelcome in our own country, including
all politicians, what a marvellously funny
idea - her well-meant remark

Was cause for great mirth in a world where
most everybody has joined criminal cadres
for survival - where dishonesty, laziness and
lack of integrity are actually rewarded - and
I sigh in relief - at least it means there is
room for me...

Margaret Alice Second

Silence A Soft Caress (C)

Investing belief in words repeated - we are one,
sweet to my ears & beautiful to my eyes seeking
symbols for ideas to assign a sacred meaning to
everything - the body's only a vehicle interacting
with earth reality to recreate everything regularly

We're not a body just as electricity does not be-
come the TV-set presenting a programme; when
sets are calibrated perfectly they relay a hidden
meaning in the lives we chose before birth - and
the universe appears a spiritual event recreated

By the Soul-Gestalt through musical scales which
reverberate in emotion and feeling; life might seem
a nightmare of pain, suffering & disappointment we
leave behind when dying; yet the truth is real being
remains joyous in higher spheres, only a small part

Is channelled into illusions which dissipate when we
enter spiritual dimensions; human life's a classroom
to learn wisdom and we are never alone, we can ask
angels for help when lost, anxious & threatened - we
find joy when going within to our inner sanctuary to

Find God's Love Supreme where thoughts stop and
the sweet silence turns into a soft caress which shall
be channelled into inspiring messages strengthening
love, proving belief always results in manifestations-
we have this space within filled with energy by which

We can live in unconditional love & acceptance sans
judgment, setting neither preference nor requirement,
sending forth feelings of contentment with everyone
like the shining sun delighting in everything equally...

Margaret Alice Second

Silence Complete [rev]

Even my thermostatically endowed colleagues
complain about the heat, asking me how I cope
less thermostat controlled bodily temperature; I
feel anger rising in my throat - & wearing a red
top the words flow as if from a sore's opening:

I feel like killing them all - everybody involved in
useless air-con systems, blood flows, red blood
everywhere - these well-bred, kindly colleague
sophisticates softly laugh, enquiring in dulcimer
tones what would happen to our building

I'll blow it up I acidly reply, being sorely riled by
their gentle demeanour - while a Conan's blood
flows in my veins I'll blow it up, fires will destroy
everything; being the sister of Attila the Hun and
daughter of Queen of Hearts always shouting

'Off with his head' with the crazy wildness of an
Indiana Jones, I add - I'll blow the whole country
to smithereens - ring in Armageddon, being the
sixth horseman in my red shirt with whip to lash
out at the Valkyries if they rush in; silence reigns

Making me regret my words, but I feel all the better
for describing the destructive effect of heat - 35°
Celsius and more - - the silence is complete...

Margaret Alice Second

Silently Wander [rev]

As Queen Sweetness of the country Double Delight I
wander Time's passages silently, watching light take
flight within the sun's whirling spiral - bearing a whole
solar system with it, our Planet Earth and the planets,
meteorites and comets - a small galaxy

Among the large groups, the Virgo Cluster - moving
in ways not explained by normal astronomers - as it
seems that movement cannot be determined in the
red colouration of distant stars, and the universe is
an electric phenomenon - not a gaseous fixture as

Thought ages ago; time & place are qualities added
to a magnetic-energy hologram - sweetly I continue
my lone wanderings in translucent corridors where
the only music is stars singing to themselves, and
where the progress of the universe is traced by a

Super-consciousness which lives in every manifest
occurrence, that is everything, and though I feel as
if my mind is cut-off, alone and forgotten - I trust my
awareness is part of a larger telepathic Internet of
The Mind which connects the physical World

As a holographic virtual reality - meaning we are all
small slivers of the hologram and carrying the whole
universe within us; it's such a big concept, and the
discovery past is recreated each time the present
changes, is so enormous I need time to understand

And apply this teaching from the great energy-gestalt
which is learning what life is like when experienced
through physics...

Margaret Alice Second

Simply Is No End [r.]

Happy co-existence is based on universal respect anchored in full freedom to learn personally - no force-feeding of inherited concepts nor deification of ideas; peace requires only one thing, sharing freedom to investigate everything using our own

Utility criteria - not whether something is true, or impossible to prove, but whether I'm empowered to do what I choose; thus awareness of loving & intelligent energy is enhanced & vitalised such it agreeably reinforces mind, body and spirit

This curriculum of freedom & respect will be effective when we have fun living life as a journey where ideals are but stops along the way of inspiration & delight; there simply is no end to consciousness as electro-magnetic energy which will forever

Be aware - spiralling into eternity...

[22 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Simply Tune In [rev.]

Living in an electric universe means dear Lobsang Rampa needn't posit silver cord connection between physical and astral bodies, it's as unnecessary as connections between cell-phones, we simply tune in & receive sight, sound and touch without an 'astral body' moving consciousness

To use computer or cell-phone we needn't leave material reality, connection to websites via satellite is immediate, consciousness remains ensconced in the body while we interact with all known sources of knowledge - levitation or travelling not required to find info or share thoughts

By 'Channelling' some folk tune into frequencies which technology cannot access, death is a device falling apart less affecting wavelength carrying information, switched-off a computer doesn't affect programs available, need for physical movement is obviated

I don't have to fear astral travelling at night; Lobsang's right life's about right wavelength-tuning: on death we're confined to our favoured wavelength, positive or negative, in life we prepare where & how we'll be in the afterlife, we're responsible for our joy - or the pain of self-recrimination

Thoughts & deeds determine our position on losing freedom of physical expression; thus I'm upset remembering pain of betrayal I caused a friend by lying to her on rejection by the group's leaving without her, I should've said her attitude made her unpopular - should've taken her side and stayed with her - instead

Fabricated a see-through lie ostensibly sparing her feelings meaning betrayal; how many bad deeds compromising my integrity will accompany me to eternity? From now I'll try to stay on the positive wavelength in order to be connected and stay there upon death...

Margaret Alice Second

Simulated Death - (Revised)

Looking for good-feeling things in my text about raising infrastructure and economic activity but cannot find them - all the while composing songs in my head, a spirit soaring above physical life filled with wonderful thoughts making my heart sing so gratefully

But forced back to dry lines of a factual text on farming priorities where a dust storm blooms, it obliterates edges of my desk, clouds darken about the world, unfocussed eyes search for equivalent terms that will enable dried-out officials to understand this dire manuscript

Time stops, the world ceases revolving - I sigh, only sleep claims me now, conferring joy real life does not offer; I'm meant for another world where creativeness, fantasy and laughter with song and dance command - not simulated death from a dry, strangulating text

Margaret Alice Second

Sin Of Ugliness [rev]

So here I am, the woman with the ugly hair,
& the little alien in her head - who fell down
and died on being told how bad I looked; it
added, the kids said so too - my work to be
done by an idiot; - so everybody, that's me,
I am the idiot who creates a miserable life -
the spiritually informed claim we create our
own lives - thus I'm the dunce

Surrounding myself with wonderful people
who can see my many shortcomings and
do not hesitate to convey their intelligent
opinions to me, the only plan I can see is
to shave my head, find a temple in Tibet
or Bangladesh and start making amends
for offending all with my terrible hairstyle,
clearly it is a rebellion against

All principles of beauty, requiring many
lifetimes of abject service that can't pay
for the sin of ugliness, my slow fingers
never fixing my hair correctly....

Margaret Alice Second

Sing His Praise [3rd Version]

A Prophet-Priest-King, exalted above all others,
a scene in a dream, sent to save us from certain
extinction; a prisoner who arbitrated everything,
gracing us with his presence and wisdom, when
negotiating with false traitors he saved the lives
of all being betrayed, having conversations with
glib liars wanting all power and wealth for them-
selves - how shall I begin to sing his praise, how
do justice unto him, the Prophet-Priest-King?

Margaret Alice Second

Sing Into The Wind

Did everything right yesterday, I thought, went home and prepared mountains of vegetables, green runner beans, sweet potato, carrots and plain potatoes - NO ice-cream, no treats, just the bare essentials and look at the result -

Tired at work, dispirited, all the Bombay curry back in full force to torture me, fatigue and chemical depression, and the inimitable wire stiffening around my head, stifling - although I have not eaten allergy foods, finally drank

Hot chocolate and mega-coffee, having landed in molasses and sinking I might just as well stay here, suffering to breathe and cannot see, vision completely unfocused, my only hope is to sing on my way home, sing the discomfort away and

Float on a dream, only great thoughts and mighty visions can prevent me from falling into a maelstrom of pain and regret - so let me prepare my song, let me practice under my breath in the open plan office, let me sing into the wind....

Margaret Alice Second

Sing My Way Home

I enjoy my coffee with cream and walk in the sun with my parasol, this beautiful umbrella festooned with pictures from Frozen on which I hang scarves and strings with beads, singing as I go - accepting all good things offered by the universe I stare at the lemon-and-lime green of the trees as seen through

New golden brown lenses; I enjoy the diamond-bright silver sunlight shining through the leaves as I float in the pool happy and docile like a satisfied Crocodile; I watch Pointless on BBC with my beloved and marvel at the fact that my kids chose partners whose names begin with an E: Estiaan and Eloise - both blessed

With allergies - fitting right in with me, I wonder at my colleague's sunny disposition which accords with her surname Sonnekus: kissed-by-the-sun - I'm amused by our own Marie Antoinette who declares my artificial flowers of deplorable taste and look, she says, holding coasters brought from home, THIS is what good taste

Looks like; I hypocritically nod - today real flowers adorn my desk and I have two super-boring and POINTLESS documents to translate, providing a raison d'être as I'm held safe by this work while not starting yet - so no fear that I might get it wrong is rearing its ugly head as yet, sitting here breathing in Velikovsky's theories that

The universe is determined by electro-magnetic streams and reading about the establishment suppressing all the evidence which supports these in our return to the Black Middle Ages' scholasticism, I'm happy and content with peace in my heart - having survived the attempt on my life I'm ready to sing my way home - leaving soon

Margaret Alice Second

Sing The Wonder [rev]

For being the creature I am I take full responsibly
unable to concentrate, unable to master dislikes,
unable to conquer translation by analysis of the
information when it was boring - all I can do's try
to make up for deficiencies offering unconditional
love - as a worker of any kind I was useless, but
at least I tried, though I failed most spectacularly

I really tried I can honestly say, put in all the effort
though never managed to conquer the little alien in
control living in my head - maybe I've reached the
end of my reincarnation cycles in a magical world
where enthusiasm, dreams and ideals are enough -
I leave my legacy in writing since discussion never
worked; I confess my faults and leave it all to

Youth to reach a place where conquest's real, one
where I've loved, and still love deeply, which is the
most important thing in my life - I love all, will stay
true to it for ever, for all eternity, our descendants
will make more progress, & I take ALL love I have
given & received with me, which includes loyalty
and friendship, honesty and integrity - and this is

So precious, a treasure more beautiful than any
symbol I'd like to remember it by - grander than
diamonds, gold or other jewel, more enchanting
than crystals & song - when I turn into a melody,
I'll sing the wonder of love, wisdom and joy
eternally...

Margaret Alice Second

Sing To The Sea [rev.]

Visiting with Tinker Bell, my twin sis, she is
sunny & practical, does everything herself;
I'm Periwinkle - living in the snow though I
adore the sun myself - together we've still
to learn the secrets of wings, how to glow
when we see each other instead of anger
and argument; we're on our way to see
mom, Queen of Hearts, and dad - Conan

It's past twelve already - I've yet to plan &
pack, & should things go wrong get ready
to face adversity, though I am prepared to
like everything as long as we return to the
water-fall in the mountain, which is more
beautiful than anything I can imagine

And if the mist lies quiet in the dells I want
to stop and stare amazed, not charge past
at the speed of wind; I want to feel beauty
of the Cape, experience the restrained but
zany nostalgia of that pristine mountain
world, walk on the beach, sing to the sea...

Margaret Alice Second

Singing By Myself (Revised)

A gratifying result combining temperament chart with personality type - seem to have been choleric and sanguine before but the experience of years abated it to tolerance - a phlegmatic trait; and melancholic - arts and music are my life

Not sanguine, a cheerful attitude at work conceals emotions, no choleric desire to take charge of others, what a relief, it is disastrous not meeting expectations: at school I played and sang for mom - singing in choirs is great, but mingling with others is not;

I love songs but cannot perform on stage; without mom I am an a-social melancholic; remaining behind scenes, singing by myself shocked by paraphrase ignoring rhythm and sound, only meaning and grammar taken into consideration -

Ironically music is the love of my life and not my income source - while translating offers musical lines of many languages, creating lyrics for songs I can sing along, keeping my melodic spirit alive until enjoying the raw delight of musical poetry...

[ORIGINAL:]

Combined temperament chart with personality type, gratifying result - I seemed choleric and sanguine before but after years of experience prove to be tolerant - a phlegmatic trait; and melancholic - arts and music my life

I'm not sanguine, a cheerful attitude at work hide my emotion, no choleric desire to take

charge of others - what a relief, life seemed
a disaster not meeting expectations: at
school I played and sang for mom

Singing in choirs is great, but mingling with
others is not; I love songs but cannot per-
form on stage; without mom I am an a-
social melancholic; remaining behind
the scenes, singing by myself

Shocked by translation ignoring rhythm and
sound, only meaning and grammar taken
into account - why should music be the
love of my life - yet cannot be my
source of income - luckily

Translating offers the musical lines of many
languages, creating lyrics for songs, I can
sing along, keep my musical spirit alive
until enjoying the delight
of music in poetry...

Margaret Alice Second

Sink And Rise [rev]

I wandered home sorry for myself wrapped in self-pity,
sat down to watch TV and when the story of Dracula's
grandson played out life became joy - it doesn't matter
what's wrong with me, there's something magical about
reality where gifted people tell stories which elevate my
heart & set my blood on fire, whooping, jumping up and
down with delight, infusing my whole being with an

Unknown power propelling my mind onto another mental
station where explosions fill the air & I'm a mote of dust
enjoying every moment; this joy brings great vitality and
gives me the energy to sink and rise with my fluctuating
emotions; luckily sadness and self-pity provide that all-
important contrast that jump-starts emotions, otherwise
life turns into the most a boring one-dimensional pool

Of translucent insipidity; I prefer the fireworks within the
up-and-down movement because even though pain feels
real, it is only an illusion...

Margaret Alice Second

Sink Down

Why am I so sleepy - the office feels like an incubator with a roost of clucking hens as all are talking vigorously - Bert Kaempfert does his best to energise me playing 'That Happy Feeling' but still I feel like a tired bear at the threshold of my cave for hibernation far from everyone until spring comes, sprouting grass in emerald green and then the turquoise pool

Becomes my crocodilian refuge from the hot sun; until such time my only wish is to dream, my mind floating above the clouds in resonant sounds forming a safe place within millions of bewitching spirals above the earth combining everything I ever liked, I'm sinking ever lower on my desk and seek refuge in my lively Ivan Rebroff's song - Kosaken müssen reiten, but

It only serves as counterpoint to my increasing fatigue, I give up and sink down on my arms - carried on Bach's Harpsichord Concerto No.5

Margaret Alice Second

Sinking Into Oblivion [rev]

French criminal cases accompanied by Barcarolle
Tales of Hoffmann against the rapid machine-gun
voices of my indefatigable colleagues; then ballet:
Nutcracker Suite Divertissement which I redesign
for small children in long rows dressed as fairies,
goblins, flowers with green stalks goose-stepping

In time with the music - flowers opening petals in
circular movements, up, down & around my work
station I go, enacting the scenes; rewriting stilted
French sentences in between, finally finished and
after handing over my magnum opus, a flowering
& end result of my translation genius, the fatigue

From last night of watching James Bond movies
showing non-stop on one TV channel, becomes
overwhelming & the dancing images disappear -
it's only me here, my brain blinking out in a steel
clamp tightening until I give up completely and
decide to quietly die - sinking into oblivion...

Margaret Alice Second

Sitting In Paradise[revised]

Back from shops equipped with chocolates,
frozen water bottle as footrest, festooned
CPU with silver glitter on white scarves,
new green box to keep coffee and tea

Miniature snake and sea-horse, blue tray
white flowers and pearls on the black
cardboard boxes –sounds like a boudoir
-actually aiming for the look of a bazaar

(THIS sounds like Vagon poetry – Douglas
Adams would have a field day ripping it
apart) , sequined Alice band around the
delicate stem of computer screen

Pasted transparent plastic flower and
snowflake on CPU, purple below white
paper in front of me, brown and blue
cloths to wipe hands while eating

The best chocolate there is - at
last, I'm sitting in paradise...

30 August 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Sizzles With Electricity

Reflecting on the idea the power of our thought determines which people appear in our lives and how they behave once they are there, at school there was a lovely English teacher who treated us with respect, my better half and kids are rather sweet while all my colleagues are quite a treat

Big brother is courteous & kind, our French teachers are passionate about their subject, my domestic is a life-saving heroine - but my twin sis and I live in an uneasy peace, poised over the chasm of discord, my mother brings excitement, chaos and danger in her wake - the phenomenon is explained

By these words: 'The experience we have with others is about what we evoke from them' I still evoke mixed emotion from twin sis and mom - friction dating from early youth has never been solved; sister sees attack in every remark, mom plans to improve the world, in her religion we are the lost horde

I believe in integrity while mom thinks only one creed, her own, is the salvation of man; the air sizzles with electricity when they are around - I probably need mom and sis to keep my life interesting!

14 February 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Sledgehammer [rev]

The sledgehammer in my head hammers
away, imploding eardrums as I try in vain
to think translating thoughts - to commit a
few translating deeds - with the net effect
I'm lost in a hive of secret rules I will never
understand, the shrinking feeling indenting
my head & sucking all light and theory into
the black hole lurking there - is leaving me
with the realisation that the light shining in
the darkness did not reach my brain - with
the angry Little Alien glaring at life through
the red haze of scared incomprehension

Margaret Alice Second

Sleep Into Tomorrow [revised]

All alone tonight; my Beloved's here, but he's sleeping his way into tomorrow - the new duties at work - a new responsibility as Pricewaterhouse Coopers landed him with more than he bargained for - so

I'm not the only one going into shock as the New Year approaches; I've got the Royal Variety performance as company because everything else's worse - that's how bad it is; daughter left with her best friend, son left with

A casual work acquaintance, my beloved left for bed to sleep away the old year with impatience for tomorrow - he can't stand the wait for important things to happen so I'm alone - and that's the way it should be - IF I'm

Willing to remain the companion of my honest, sweet, enthusiastic, unique beloved - my sweetheart has my full support in overcoming his staggering obstacles -; my son came by with a friend in tow - another friend

Meeting them at the restaurant & I'm left alone which reminds me of the time I was selling flowers on New Year's Eve & old Portuguese women sat around big serving baskets while the young ones danced - I

Was the odd one out; today I'm the oddity again - as long as my beloved regards New Year's Eve an event that's intensely private it has a meaning that I will be discreetly isolated as he goes off to try sleep his way

Into tomorrow...

Margaret Alice Second

Slid My Own Throat (Cor.)

After carefully studying esoteric advice on
how to obtain a specific amount of money
I felt so elated about my credit account –
immediately took a look at the fabrics in the
shops - lilac velvet for Nici's bed; black-and-
white off-cut for Tiaan - with words "delicious"
& "scrumptious", bought with my credit card
I have stated to the universe what I need

Thus no worries - but on reflection laughed
at myself, making a plan is not enough and
getting more credit leaves no hope to reach
my goal - the only one fooled is me, I must
earn the sum – but how when there are so
many glorious things to be bought for my
kids and I have already forgotten to read
my positive affirmation aloud: I believe

The money will come, to brain-wash the
lazy sub-conscious in need of repetition
before it will assist us; all power resides
in Over-soul connected by silver cord -
goodness, where's the sense in this, it's
muddled again - as with all my finances,
maybe in the next life I shall be

An accountant or something - and slid my
own throat, I wouldn't wonder...

Margaret Alice Second

Slow And Whimsical Waltz

Great to receive a Hebrew word every day as words have deeper contextual meaning in the Torah; Bible Codes have been found containing information on ancient & modern history - I believe these words have mantra value - that is, they influence humanity's

Collective unconscious à la Jung without our needing to understand the literal meaning of the words and symbolism - like the kind guru Lobsang Rampa explained Eastern religions, oblique mantras with very specific vibrations bring forth benefits from the universe

We are blessed without having to understand; mantras working like international currencies- esoteric thoughts are exchanged & all peoples profit spiritually - think of the blessing in letters b as in bell ? - h as heaven with 3 forms ???; Nina ? and No ??; H as heartache in

Two forms – ? ?? appearing in Arabic, mantras that touch my heart-while Hebrew ????? means shalom, this vibration creates frequencies that bring peace – hoping inner calm will fill mind & spirit as the count to which I dream and dance decreases from a fast, breathless polka

To a slow and whimsical waltz...

Margaret Alice Second

Slow, Low-Key

A slow, low-key war has been instigated by jihadist Islam, Iran already fired its twelfth missile since the Obama nuclear deal; the previous 3 generations of American administrations supported Israeli enemies

Trump doesn't follow standard PLO policy indicating Israel is free to defeat its enemies: al-Qaida, Hamas, ISIS, Hezbollah and Iran - threatening not only Israel but the whole wide world, everyone, you & me also

Trump wants to win this war for America & Western Freedom against Muslim Fundamentalism, Israel is an important ally & the PLO is right to be hysterical, this is the exciting state of affairs in February 2017!

[PLO = Palestine Liberation Organization]

Margaret Alice Second

Slowly Freeze [rev]

Slowly Freeze [Rev]

I feel a magnificent emptiness within, a rational calm
resigned to a lack of passion & perfectly bureaucrat
in terms of objective realisation results of my activity
mean nothing and it doesn't matter what's going on
in my head - the only thing is to remain

Calm and focused on finding parallels between two
texts, soft as snow against my skin, no challenges -
nothing texts offer merits emotional investment, it's
a quiet way of life holding no surprises or delights,
and thus no deceptions or disappointments - & as

Long as I live blandly as a vegetable & my emotions
report all's quiet in generous meaningless, snow will
keep falling, freeze me slowly into sleep without pain

Margaret Alice Second

Smile So Wide [rev]

Why do they add keratin, found in hair, nails & teeth to shampoo and conditioner - but not to toothpaste? If keratin strengthens hair, surely it'd nourish teeth - after dutifully massaging conditioner in my wet hair & not rinsing thoroughly, why get rid of a good thing, I put some on my teeth - it didn't taste bad & there's no warning of toxic content in the small print

If I'm alive tomorrow, not dying through the course of a night after imbibing those strange ingredients in that eldritch list, I shall have stronger teeth and spread my discovery all over the Internet - just like those sneaky advertisements: A woman looking 30 years younger, doctors angry and the world astounded, just buy two creams at an exorbitant price, you're worth it, isn't it?

Who falls for this kind of cheap innuendo, like the so-called free astrological reading offered by an idiot with pseudonym "Adrian" who received my false birth date and had his minions send me innumerable messages exhorting me to PAY Adrian to carry on his misleading claptrap promising he'll direct my life, what a useless way to spend one's day; I'd rather read more silly

Satires of the spy genre such as Sayer's "The Spy and the Diabolical Plot" for children - than waste time with these charlatans - the absurdity in the Adrian project and this kids' spoof of the Secret Service is the same; as for my keratin-project, if it works and I survive long enough, I shall smile so wide the sun's glare reflected from dazzling white teeth will blind everybody around!

Margaret Alice Second

Smiling Security Guards [revision]

Early to Bank, call credit card bureau from the desk, try to fix overdrawn credit card – they demand my salary, back to Enquiries for a Bank statement, no, gross income required, exactly what I don't have, I capitulate

Such a spendthrift, I realise increasing any amount owed is crazy, there's no way it will ever be repaid – hope to be long dead before the clarion call for recompense comes – tell my beloved I'm overdrawn and he isn't angry at all

Breathe easy at last, celebrate a Great Escape from my inner Alcatraz feeling, tomorrow I can smile again, sing Hallelujah at the top of my voice for smiling security guards

24 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Smoky Pathways [rev]

The little alien cried - then cool grey resignation took over so, like a machine, I relayed two short texts, into English; to be checked & polished by two of our most revered administrators who love language as a product of edict & strict regulation & thus look forward to heaven as a thick book of legislation while I dream of heaven as freedom

Meantime a soft mist of fatigue sifts down my mind and encloses my feelings in safe bubbles which keep them out of sight so only the red-hot motivation remains & everything else is unreal the concept of time is bent, the fabric of reality is ripped and only smoky pathways glimmer like far-off lighting showing the road ahead

One of these probable smoky pathways will be chosen as reality and see my tears when taking leave of my child; thereafter I shall be reconciled & live life as required - resetting my course by the lodestar of love and still continuing my search for the pearly sheen of sweet, safeguarding Wisdom

Margaret Alice Second

Smouldering, Mysterious Type

Told my friend an anecdote* that made us roll over in laughter, the troll rumbled at the young man - It's not right when a lad is alone in a lady's 'boodwa' - the lad replied - It's quite all right, I'm not alone, she's here with me' -

My friend remarked she would not have liked to have a chaperone all the time - I thought about this - You and I would not have noticed a chaperone; she would have taken us into adventure and danger out of pity for our boring lives

Since we are both the eternal wallflower kind - we laughed even harder - what we would give to become the smouldering, mysterious type instead of being ourselves, always worried about things - to the point of suffocating -

My friend cannot forgive herself for saying 'Heil Hitler' to a Jewish lady teaching Spanish dance when *she seemed to salute her; I still feel a pain in my heart when I remember my small daughter cried when I broke her magic wand by accident

anecdote* = from "Moving Pictures, Terry Pratchett
'Boodwa' - boudoir

*she seemed to salute her = The lady made Spanish dance movements that translated to a Heil Hitler salute in Alet's mind, all confused

Margaret Alice Second

Smug As A Slug After Rain

Marvelous, delightful, the exam was a joy, the questions were tough - challenge enough - Christophe so happy to test us on things he had explained, early in the morning in the office I felt the mounting stress, went to the Wimpy to drink a coffee I did not make myself, reading 'Mort' by Terry Pratchett made me feel so good before the exam

When we received the papers I couldn't wait to get started, listening and an essay, no boring introduction- but a report on an exotic vacation, I chose Russia of course, though my vocabulary not so good, I could not explain a visit to the red square only managed to tell the world we had drunk several bottles of vodka, worked in the rule with the 'de' being used

Je me suis reposée - I rested well - took care of the required pronominal - then the oral, implementing inflexions I heard on the CD playing in my car - it was such fun, I remembered all we had to say - Christophe complained he could not ask me anything - I felt as smug as a slug after the rain; sometimes life hands us an Ace - and isn't it great

When we use it to feel so wonderful about ourselves?

17 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

So Incoherent

French class a total disaster, I was incoherent, trying to vent passionate anger about the issue of Dominique Strauss-Kahn - Tristane Banon and her celebrated mother, Anne Mansouret who actually named Tristane 'Anne-Caroline' she later changed her name, the absent mother sighed; Tristane only remembers a nanny who hit her - Anne told her not to press charges

against Dominique at the time, Anne revealed too late that she had relations with Kahn herself, and violent too - allowing her daughter to remain in the dark, Tristane went to him with a provocative title which invited dramatic violence in illustration of male aggression; he assumed daughter knew of the mother's relations with him - naming her daughter after herself led to Tristane reliving

her mother's mistake - but my presentation to explain Kahn's callous attitude fell through - I was so incoherent...

[Tristane Bannon wrote a book, still to be published, about politicians called "Erreurs avouées, au masculin" inviting speculation from Strauss-Kahn that she was au courant re. her mother's doings, her mother is Anne Mansouret - and Dominique Strauss-Kahn is awaiting trial in the USA - charged with violence against a Guinean immigrant, Nafissatou Diallo]

Margaret Alice Second

So Loftily Silent

Why buy newspapers when you refuse to discuss anything appearing in it, totally unconcerned that the farmers are tortured on their farms, killed for their money and livestock - as long as YOU are safe in a cushy job while the rest of the country burns and dies and goes down the drain, you simply will not say anything

FINE, swallow your bloomin' newspapers, delight in your existence without sympathy wasted on farmer martyrs - their function of food provision does not concern anybody, especially the government, who cares what happens to anybody as long as they are safe far away from children suffocated in boiling water, people burned with hot irons

Why should you care, you can import food from overseas or anywhere, who needs farmers here in South Africa, you cannot be bothered even to express sympathy with their fate, may you wash your hands in innocence while the country burns, following your political masters who see the land as just another Tunisia to be sucked dry

By government and all their acolytes; destroy all private business until the state is bankrupt and international groups must administrate the remains of their destruction - oh well, I am glad you are all so happy while these people cry unto heaven - retribution follows when people are exploited, hope you will be so loftily silent then...

Margaret Alice Second

So Many Good Things (Revised)

The weekend was perfect until I dared – and
oh, HOW I dared – to lend my credit card to
Nici my daughter – whom, mind you, I'd
trust with my life

You were angry and mean, and afterwards
didn't think to apologise as it was RIGHT –
lecturing me on never loaning my credit
card and teaching my kids as much

I corrupted Nici utterly, I see it's been the
ruin of your life & kids; I'll spend the rest
of my days in mourning for everything I've
taken from them – or deprived them of

Like my working when I should have been
playing with them when they were small and
impressionable – I plead Guilty your Honour
to every accusation made against me

But let me add – I've been trying my best and
so have they, to keep you in a good mood –
because if a benevolent dictator is of a positive
disposition – so many good things get done...

8 June 2013

Margaret Alice Second

So Would We [r]

Although it's drizzling this mermaid keeps swimming,
always choosing a different outfit to wear afterwards;
the new red kaftan - awful; red & black top - so bleak;
the butterfly top - clean, zebra stripes - boring, a blue
forget-me-not top; trying to change herself with every
change of clothes: now the mermaid's wearing a lilac
dress that makes her feel like an oversize fairy fallen
from the sky, seeing Dynamo the Magician changed
her a little bit, renewing old belief in a universe that's
infinite where natural & supernatural is the same: the
only part of existence where boredom enters is human
feeling, if we were allowed to retain our love of life and
belief in joy with which we are born, we would live in a
different world where perspective would be free from
all coercion - and naturally - so would we...

Margaret Alice Second

So-Called Wise Men

How does one apply the theories of so-called wise men to be present in the moment, live in the now; to a care-facility for the elderly where seniors have no function - or purpose - except being and breathing, waddling to the mess hall eating and excreting - in good order in the right place, not making a mess

While loudly conversing, groups of care takers voices fortissimo - serve, clean and wash and administer medicines while the pain keeps old mothers awake, some walking three-wheelers in the long passages longing for the oblivion of sleep to claim them, one old dame permanently attached to an oxygen tank

Old ladies watching TV rugby matches in their rooms, while visiting I do not know where to put my thoughts and rest my mind, I cannot find joy in this environment - the only solution seems to transcend reality, living life in a dream, staying attached to the facts of old-age reality makes me feel useless and depressed

I wonder whether Buddha and Heidegger with his Phenomenology had ever visited an old-age home and tried to apply their theories to the here and now while interacting with those living restricted lives in debilitation, discomfort and incessant pain...

Margaret Alice Second

Soet Opbeurend - Afrikaans

Aanhaling: 'Soet opbeurend
prys die lug homself aan
by ons rustige gemoed'

Alles wat ek hoor vergeet ek
dadelik weer, ek het geen
korttermyngeheue meer

Ek is moeg en moet tog steeds
swoeg om woorde op te soek
in sinnelose geskarrel

Ek moet slaap totdat my kop
weer lig en helder is, tot ek
weer kan lag en verstaan

Alles wat in die lewe en die
klas aangaan, lae bloedsuiker
is my kruis, maak my dom

Verhoed my om andere by te
staan en maak my wens vir die
dood om my liggaam

Weg te neem, ek weet my gees is
ewigdurende lewe, deel van die
intelligente energie

Ek is te moeg om om te gee wat
gebeur, ek wil net slaap en droom
tot ek weer my rol kan speel

Margaret Alice Second

Soft Awakening

I love the rain and ice-cold wind of winter proudly
taking its place instead of bowing to this upstart
of a too early summer threatening to derail the
soft awakening of a slow-moving spring

The cold is exhilarating with the wind intoxicating
I joyously sing within its glaciating embrace, lightning
and dark clouds and hailstorms; I tread the softness
of soaked leaves under fragmented trees

Enjoy the fresh, rain-cleansed smell of pavements,
the sky in sophisticated grey, watch the merest hint
of a rainbow turn into an intense laser-light show,
realising how beautiful the green planet earth

Natural wonders keep us alive even when we fail to
notice these marvels, keep us going when we feel
existentially challenged; the last surges of powerful
winter quicken the life force pulsing in my veins

Heart beating wildly as the sensation of winter s
icy touch awakens all my passions

Margaret Alice Second

Soft Beauty [rev.]

My colleague June wafted in as the Snow Queen dressed in a beautiful zenith blue & lilac top; I then present my case against author George Simenon who was inflicted on us in a French course as we started university with stars in our eyes and dreams in our hears - only to be forced into bitter Inspector Maigret "roman dur" - which was lost in the mists of time: sadly found him again in the The Glass Cage

An enticing book, title reminding of Snow White, yet was disappointing & lead into a visionless world of psychopaths living meaningless lives - Maigret Sets A Trap shows lost Parisian society - the Inspector & his wife move mechanically in a dull bleak world; bitterness augmented by a toxic Sunday breakfast where I got rid of my own poisonous artificial smile, ill afterwards - alternating between fevers & chills

With molten lava running in my veins, head fit to burst - thank heaven for Monday ending the bitter weekend, I'm free from scars as love & hope sprout anew in my heart & lead away from a grim & monstrous Simenon, poems left in my mailbox delicately create poetic peace where assonance flows in encounters with wiles and deceits of modern technology - gone are Simenon's horrors in soft beauty offered by the integrity of my

Long-standing poetic friends...

Margaret Alice Second

Soft Fleece [rev]

Finally the jittery feeling's gone & two mischievous connivers, my son and I, creep from the house with sleeping Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle's garage card, put fuel in his car - five distinctions in the law exam deserves my son this credit, and the shakiness is suddenly gone: I always suspect

Supernatural influences - though it's infantile & no evidence is ever found; I feel anxiety about mom & sis fearing I pick up subliminal help messages; yet when I enquire, sis turns into a haughty Duchess pushing me away and mom becomes the Queen of Hearts bragging about her conquests - maybe

The illegal oats mixture I had earlier today really fixed my system, even if insomnia and sinus are the result; now peace covers me like soft fleece spreading wings enfolding my soul - making my heart feel safe

Margaret Alice Second

Soft Shine [rev]

No more fear for the dark in my mind, no more anxiety when the Black Hole seems to dissolve my being - it's all an illusion, light itself forms the darkness since it is still alive within that total absence; light manifests in

Many ways, not just as a physical sensory experience - empty space comprises consciousness units of bright energy, alive with a light not physically detected, giving birth to a full colour pallet while lighting the fires of life,

Consciousness units are alive, aware, intelligent & loving toward all being, & there is no darkness in our physical universe - so if dark's alight with life experience which is seen in dimensions outside space & time - I need never

Fear the dark descent again - there is a joy in the warm, intimate light that enfolds the soul & encircles the heart, such that we are safe in the dreamtime from where inner senses get information, as it acts as the film set where

Planning takes place, from there we produce the movies of our lives - all dark spaces alight with velvet comfort and warmth - I wish Pratchett's Death also feels its solace since light keeps all who choose Wisdom within the

soft shine of perfect love...

Margaret Alice Second

Solo Flights

Woke up to the scary fact that I have no book to read, after completing household chores ran off to Tall Stories, second-hand bookstore, got hold of "From Atlantis to the Sphinx" by Colin Wilson, left on a quest for ancient wisdom led by John Anthony West assisted by Robert Schoch, palaeontologist, travelling to rain-weathered Sphinx, studying the Piri Reis Map detailing Antarctica before ice covered everything; my loved ones mesmerised watching great rugby wars on TV - while I'm taking solo flights to pre-history...

"From Atlantis to the Sphinx" by Colin Wilson,
Virgin Books 2000
pp 1-108

Margaret Alice Second

Solve The Confusing Riddle (Revised)

My peppery-tongued Duchess couldn't let the matter rest – drove her Robin Hood to despair again; he said for all that's fair he couldn't fulfil her request. With broken heart & resolve strong she drove through the night to consult The Queen of Hearts – and as I couldn't be

trusted to take her part, not conferring with Alice in Wonderland. Now my love & task is to heal my Duchess sister's wounds, and through Scorpio, Alice's consort, advise strict honesty; I'll leave it to him to be self-righteous while I'm giving unconditional love receiving a

grieving Duchess – alert her pompous ways conceal a noble beneficence, tho' people misread arrogance and lack of respect as a negative disposition – I know deep within she loves all who matter to distraction, that her lack of tact is an innate characteristic which

causes real problems when she shows love in ways others can't understand; they do not try to solve the confusing riddle represented by a mysterious peppery-tongued Duchess, daughter of The Queen of Hearts and Conan the Barbarian

20 May 2013

[ORIGINAL:]

And so my peppery-tongued Duchess who would not let the matter rest once

again drove her Robin Hood to despair
and he said for all that's fair he cannot
fulfil her request and with broken heart
and resolve strong, she drove through
the night to consult a Queen of Hearts

Not conferring with Alice in Wonderland
I could not be trusted to take her part –
But now it is my love and task to heal
my sister, the Duchess, broken heart
and though Scorpio - Alice's consort
advise strict honesty, I shall leave it to
him to be self-righteous while I shall

Give unconditional love and receive
the grieving Duchess - knowing her
condescending ways conceals her
magnanimous beneficence, though
people misconstrue her arrogance
and lack of respect as a token of a
negative disposition - I know deep

Within she loves all who matters
to distraction and her lack of tact
is an innate characteristic which
causes a real problem when she
shows her love in ways others
cannot understand, they do not
try to solve the confusing riddle

Of a mysterious peppery-tongued
Duchess, a daughter of the Queen
of Hearts and Conan the Barbarian

20 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Something Deep

Upon completion of correcting my text I felt the need for something deep and found my old friend Arthur Findlay again, author of 'On the Edge of the Etheric' another Scotsman who believes in ethics, but where his compatriot the lovable McGonagall was religious

And preached a dour morality; the friendly Findlay is a Spiritualist who believes the Golden Rule of 'Do Unto Others As You Want Them To Do Unto You' is bigger than local religion which has been used by priests to keep people ignorant and subservient

In 'Curse of Ignorance' Findlay explains that history exalts heroes without wisdom or self-control simply because they fire the imagination - yet perpetuated war and unethical behaviour, he believes in teaching kids ethics and rational behaviour - that the mind

Continues after physical death, that the individual's integrity or lack thereof determines where we shall harmonise in the afterlife - and I love this, learning must be acquired & wisdom comes from experience I think feeling what we're reading is the same thing

Thus have I tried to obtain wisdom without having to live through every painful event recorded, extra sensory experience would be wonderful but would estrange me from my beloved community, Findlay did the experiments with mediums and spirits and

Reported all in a no-nonsense way - ignorance has always been abhorrent to me - childhood seemed a suffering & enlightenment removes the curse of suffering while wisdom is a delight far beyond any material event - I love Findlay 's ethical wisdom

And rejoice in McGonagall's glaring with love-beaming eyes - what a brilliant combination - Arthur Findlay and William Topaz McGonagall!

[12 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Somewhere Else (Rev)

Awakening to Love as irresistible & irrepressible,
without fear, be loving only to changing the self
and achieving miracles: love's power is infinite -
tho' freewill may deny it, man chooses Love in
this age freed from doubts & fears as we leave
the illusion of loveless existence

Love resonates at a frequency we'll embrace as
divine energy which everything exists within for
eternity; separation is illusory living without the
grace of godliness: Wake up, leave its suffering
because we are Love inextricably connected
to everything, to feel & see love - turn life into

Joy where pain's illusory and sadness dissolves
leaving peace and contentment within the circle
of our loved ones, rejoicing unlimited existence,
beyond pleasure passing, leaving us empty and
yearning - when suffering is intense, it appears
endless in unsatisfactory and inadequate life -

When living in love consciously we don't regret
lack of satisfaction in what we achieve because
we only need godliness; deep within we seek
the golden fleece which only an unbreakable
connection to eternity bequeaths; enchantment
of sensory illusion, power, money & accolades

Are vain; turning within the reality of our Love
unconditionally changes the world to happiness,
love without requiring reciprocal proof; when the
beating heart is enough as we regard the wonder
of existence Vs nothingness, knowing we're more
than the spidery web of consciousness we weave
as we live, unaware that our real Mind is living

Somewhere else....

Song For Tara [rev]

I heard a voice so sweet & clear - it seemed
the music of a flute or bird; astonished to find
this voice belonged to Tara dear as she sang
her life for all to hear in rhythmic story notes

I climbed on a Merry-Go-Round of her mystery
song and found so much - a poet who majored
in philosophy is quite unique and the magic of
her carousel revealed her a lively, energetic

Acrobat who dances all night to words, who
takes on the world and sets aspiring poets to
flight - I'm so fond of her voice as water clear
and crystal consciousness - she became my

Cherished friend & through her life's trials I've
kept reminding her of her music & song - she
promises she will sing again and dance to the
rhythm of stars that only she can hear, & as

Only she can recreate in her own words...

Margaret Alice Second

Song On The Overself (Revised)

I now sing the Overself song, our nearest help is
like a Big Brain and we are the extensions thereof;
it can only use our bodily senses to experience and
interact with the physical world

The Overself desires to know everything, what
wealth, poverty, privilege and adversity, to
take part in intrigues; our whole existence is
stored within our subconscious

The subconscious knows where to retrieve the
data we need and enables communication with
the Overself called spirit guides, direct contact
by mystical meditation is seldom managed

Lets add Jung's collective unconscious to these
mystical concepts, then there is no need to ever
feel lonely again as there are an infinite number
of dimensions with Overselves to watch over us

Looking back from various temporal dimensions,
ready to share their knowledge upon request, oh,
I love the theory, having a subconscious library
where all information is accessible

No need to live through tragedy if we consult the
subconscious to get help from our Oversouls, or
more realistically, consider the manifold stories
relayed by books and movies

I'm sure my Oversoul is happily ensconced in a
movie theatre enjoying the tragedies enacted by
others- and thus I need not live through these
harrowing experiences!

17 July 2013

[ORIGINAL:]

Now I shall sing a song on the Overself, our nearest help,
we are extensions of a Big Brain which cannot see, hear,
smell, touch or feel and uses our bodily senses to interact
with the physical world

The Big Brain desires real experience of wealth and poverty,
privilege and adversity, taking part in intrigues, nothing we
do remains unknown to our Overself, our existence is stored
within the subconscious

Which is rather dim but knows how to retrieve the
information we want and enables communication with our
Overself symbolised in spirit guides, direct communication
with our Overself

Is done by mystical meditation - managed by a very few
people, lets add Jung's collective unconscious to these
mystical concepts and there is no need to ever feel
lonely as we have

An infinite number of dimensions to visit and an infinite
number of Overselves to watch over us, looking at us from
various temporal dimensions, ready to share their knowledge
upon request - I LOVE this

Life is a library, we can use the subconscious to find any
information we want, there is no need to first live through
a tragedy if we consult the stock of knowledge available to
us all - through Oversouls

Or more realistically, the many stories relayed by books
and movies, I'm sure my Oversoul is happily ensconced
in a movie theatre enjoying the many comedies enacted
by others so I have no need

To live through the same harrowing experiences!

Margaret Alice Second

Songs Filled With Feeling (Revised)

A waffle saw me through French class in which Christophe Bunduki, professeur, inspired us with his energy, listening to taped conversations without text proved yet again I hear only vowels that sing

Without seeing written words I can't hear consonants acting as stops and explosives or whispers inserting breaks in the musical stream and everything becomes 'aaa-euh-auh-ouu-ieee-auu'

To me, I cannot hear separate terms in the sound stream, French is lovely to listen to - yet without the lines written in front of me, it is only songs without meaning - yet filled with feeling of course...

Margaret Alice Second

Sonorous Light (Rev.)

My flying is patterned on your flights with
words creating brilliant designs & songs
flying free, you do things I never thought
one would see, I tag along following your
flight paths shining as sonorous light

Thank you for teaching fledgling me how
to sing melodies in different rhythms and
giving me feed-back, you redraw slipshod
lines to create resonance while languidly
staring into space, changing the text

With a vocabulary wider than my mind
can ever comprehend or emulate...

Margaret Alice Second

Soothed Peace

I feel lots of bugs, germs, having a ball my throat
they're doing the jive & jitterbug in the congenial
ecosystem provided by my body, dancing the can-
can with admirable energy which burns and hurts
and leaves me swollen and sore - I fell asleep on
the couch, too tired to look for ways to fight back
other than adding salt to my tea as salt sanitizes,
I think, after eating salt food I felt better - then

The party started again, I can feel the little thing-
gummies starting slowly with polyp-like floating
movements in a lovely romantic dance - then the
burning begins like red lightning streaks all over
my throat and the party heats up until the feeling
of fire raging in my throat becomes overwhelming,
defeated I return to couch-potato state while the
wish to escape this terrible party in my throat

Grows stronger and stronger, right now's the time
to gargle and take painkillers - I've enough of this
wild pirate party in my throat: my only wish is to
find soothed peace...

Margaret Alice Second

Sound Sweet No More

Frittered the morning away, focussed on the child prodigy phenomenon, Amira's pure voice is lovable, but it drove me to tears to hear her SanRemo rendition of O Mio Babbino Caro - Oh My Beloved Daddy - her voice sounded strained, so unlike her previous performance at the Holland Talent Contest; I discerned no sign of improvement & phrasing worse than ever with an excuse: pre-recorded music's tempo too slow for Amira's rendition, hence forced gulps of air - but

Listen to the gritty sound as she strains her voice - the lack of unhindered free flow of air through her throat on the high notes: the powerful voice so unforced & sweet on her first DVD now seems to be loosening at the seams - why won't her parents insist on voice tuition to teach how to take care of her heavenly sweet vocal chords that sound sweet no more, but seem to stagger under the attack of endless repeats of the same repertoire: when will practise bring strong breathing

And elastic vocal chords which do not become gritty on frequent use, but add resonance & balance to the songs she choose - it would be wonderful to hear her doing age-appropriate work instead of these English interviews which leave her dumbfounded whenever she should be looking and saying thank you...

Margaret Alice Second

Space Unlimited

1. Foolish Enterprise

Struck dumb, overcome by this day's exigencies,
opening a document written in Tunisian legalese,
no Internet access, looking up terms deepens the
mystery, no email messages, no communication

Mental files locked in a mist of incomprehension,
eyes flickering, images on screen moving, trying
to get anything done when my brain is on the
blink proves to be a foolish enterprise...

2. Space Unlimited

A spiritual website claims Internet communication is
only an externalization of an already flourishing tele-
pathic network between minds everywhere, I cannot
agree, it seems to me my mind is closed in its own
experience and nothing leaks into another person's
head as I am sitting here

No osmotic movement of information between the
sources of awareness which comprises everything
in existence according to another spiritual source, I
love the idea that sources of five-sensory evidence
are endowed with consciousness as attested to by
non-verbal communication

Through chemical signals by ants, bees, trees and
the electromagnetic agitation on lie-detectors con-
nected to philodendrons by their loving owners; I
remain unaware of such messages since human
antennae cannot be tuned to these wavelengths;
when spirit separates from body

Vibration will no longer be limited to a holographic
universe constituted by the laser-light of a prism-
brain forming surrounding frequencies into sound,

light and form; consciousness free to experience
Ding-An-Sich, being without sense interference,
free from assumptions and preconceptions

Unlimited universes existing in parallel dimensions,
infinite, eternal; probability, improbability, potential,
possibility and impossibility realized according to
taste without trespassing on the other universes
of every single individual, floating free in space
unlimited – now this makes sense to me!

**** **** **** **** **** **** **** ****

After writing the above my head feels lighter, as if
the heavy thoughts were taken out to be stored in a
pensieve, now I can breathe, the content is dense,
few might endeavour to understand the meaning,
yet this lovely feeling of relief helps me to sit here
without the pain of total isolation...

Margaret Alice Second

Sparkling Red [rev]

Hanlie's back - and giddy as a child I run about
in delight depleting all my energy & adrenaline,
now tired out after talking incessantly telling her
everything; from Tiaan's comedies to Algerians
cleverly changing Arabic & English Agreements,
explaining that I'm made of mercury - glowing

red as the office heats up, all the while drinking
endless cups of tea and keeping two sparkling
red flashing texts angrily instructing me to start
translating as motivation - altho' postponing the
moment starting from the blocks, using them as
a trampoline to take off from material reality into

infinity; without projects on my desk I'll fall back
into depression - these two tasks are precious in
providing inspiration for means to escape them -
I'm so glad Hanlie is back to point out absurdity
in every situation where other people just live in
grey; my whole life is sparkling in blue and red

today; how grand it is when people like Hanlie
brings the sunshine of animation with them!

Margaret Alice Second

Spectacular End (Revised)

I am manifestly not ready yet to exist
in a realm with the immediate thought,
anger and fury felt on reading small-
minded politicians misleading African
peoples in order to keep exploiting
them under repressive systems

Unwilling to admit outdated, unsuitable
systems keep Africa subservient to
rising Eastern and South American
continents makes me wish for their
spectacular end by fire, lightning,
missile or nuclear devices

Cannot become higher awareness of
loving consciousness while thoughts of
immediate retribution visited upon mean
exploiters too easily fills my head, doomed
to earthly existence until learned to
forgive violations of human rights

Politicians are the true spawn of hell,
origin of prophecies of an Armageddon
created new Universe where free men
shall not own their futures; they are
people who blackmail humanitarian
organisations, emptying the nation's
coffers while blaming the West for
their deficits...

Margaret Alice Second

Spectacular Failure

Ran into the office this morning to confess the French mess to Hanlie, my Stoic Spartan colleague, as I started to tell her of the chaos in class – my passionate explanation why Dominique Strauss-Kahn thought Tristane Banon came to him with a mysterious plan

Given the title of her book "Male Mistakes"* immediately suggesting he should illustrate what it meant, given his fling with Tristane's mother, Anne Mansouret, he did not know Tristane was never told, he thought Tristane wanted to see his Cro-Magnon approach -

Marine confused; sweet Rima scared; Marius angered by Strauss-Kahn's lack of respect for women and ethics, disorder obscuring the brilliant explanation of incomprehensible events, Hanlie laughed with me about my spectacular failure to communicate....

Anne Mansouret never told her daughter, Tristane Banon, that she had a wild fling with Dominique Strauss-Khan; so when her daughter approached Khan with a suggestive title for a book, he thought she wanted to taste the same forbidden fruit, totally unaware she never knew about the wild side of life...

Margaret Alice Second

Spice Up My Little Life

Ah, a soft sigh - our guardian angel takes care of us till we grow into our own higher self - though we retain individual self-identity, consciousness expands right into a collective - sweet release from existential angst indeed - I rejoice to think

Finally we shall enter in the Fifth Kingdom to become superhuman beings called The Planetary Hierarchy who might incarnate to teach humanity, but sadly, the story goes they were banished by the people 12 000 years ago and since then

Mankind has been fighting non-stop - today this group is active on the etheric plane, they send esoteric information to advanced disciples who publish it openly on the Internet where delighted seekers read it avidly - although the Planetary

Hierarchy never communicate with me directly - arcane knowledge is reserved for those considered absurd in normal society; what would I give to join their ranks, become a channel revealing news from the Hierarchy, run the risk of being considered

A heretic by the church and a lost schizophrenic by the hapless psychiatric brotherhood - ah, no - I shall also work behind the scenes otherwise I'll lose my dream of caring for my little family, if the Planetary Hierarchy is clever enough to hide from humanity

I shall follow suit and just read what their ardent disciples publish openly, no need for cults or sects, they say, in this way I keep 'au fait' with the amazing mysteries which spice up my little life...

[27 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Spinning New Patterns (R)

The titles say it all - Hamburger's House of Horrors, A Kettle Full Of Magic, Worlds Apart, The Ghost And Bertie Baggins, The Emma Dilemma & The TV Time Travellers; no detective novel with graphic, shocking descriptions of crimes too gruesome to contemplate such as delight our translators, books - not crimes

as such; no acclaimed and prescribed prize-winning novels by prestigious authors without morals whose attitudes I don't wish to examine nor experience as I respect people's rights to like whatever they want & honour their decisions to make war, commit crimes, gossip & be nasty - but I admire beauty and people

scaling new heights... Emotions - curiosity; desire, anger & hatred land people in exciting, challenging situations - whereas the laid-back attitudes of calm philosophers lead to routines & administration, so I prefer stories for kids that strengthen faith in - and attract - goodness: reading indiscriminately led

me to sad times & places - I adore fantasy books spinning new patterns with shining, dancing terms, never again to be caught in the snares of cynical authors mocking their readers...

Margaret Alice Second

Spiralling Eternally [revised]

Every note perfectly formed, a unique pearl
with beauty enough to reflect life holistically,
every note a small part of the hologram that
portrays this whole when laser-light of our
consciousness shines upon them, every phrase,

every peak in Ave Maria becomes feeling that
expresses longing, reverence, a dream of help
from spiritual dimensions, a silent meditation
composing my mind, calming my heart, filling
the moment with delight; my soul soars and

returns to the hologram, merging individual
feeling with a kaleidoscope of multifaceted
emotion containing everything that has been,
with enough space for an infinite range that
keeps growing, spiralling eternally

[When Maria Callas sings, I see her as a potter
carefully forming every note – deftly changing
her mouth, using her breath, to create rounded
notes that sometimes stretch into a longer
line, waxing and waning perfectly...]

Margaret Alice Second

Spirit & Ideas (C)

Lovely, published in 1998, William Bloom's book on Angels, Fairies & Nature Spirits inspires me with a new theory of the delicious immensity of the creative spirit; when we accept the presupposition that OUR consciousness is the creator of this illusion we call reality, we know we can create an inner world, any mental addition to support our 5-senses actuality that is kept intact by imagining it over and over in the same way

I failed to imagine administrative procedures successfully for myself - why does the perfectly completed form of a spotless production report always elude my questing mind, oh, why do I pause in vain invoking the spirit of the exercise just to produce one more lacking rendition of a Holy Grail Report accounting for my every move, every breath, every thought & inspiration, why does bureaucratic perfection flee from my typing hands -

My industriously applied questing mind - all I can say in the end is that this must be the means of leading me to reflect; whereas certainty keeps my word artist colleagues using their knowledge only for translating, perfect in administration - they feel no need for a quest; the pastor's wife refusing to look at anything except their religious dogma - all my shortcomings - typing difficulties & lack of rational perspective & sharp focus on the here and now

Led me to reflect on the meaning of life & the role of philosophy, love, ethics & morality - the role of Wisdom, Spirit and Ideas...

Margaret Alice Second

Spirit Will Be Free To Dream

Feeling so alienated, so deeply disappointed in myself, so guilty for failing to complete my pre-set task, no matter how hard I try, I cannot produce the kind of translations which require bone-dry facts and statistics and numbers

Even made a mess of the production sheets in my zeal to try and feel better about myself, doubly shamed and deeply chagrined, worst is, I cannot use fantasy for a short-term escape to gather my powers

Before continuing on my self-inflicted route, I should never have started climbing this mountain, I was meant to float in water, not break my legs and nearly bleeding to death in a an attempt to scale translation mountain

Where there is no sustenance for feelings and no emotions and I cannot breathe in the thin air of these high altitudes and right now I'm backsliding again - literally, falling back to a lower place on the mountain

My ability to suffer without hope is leaving me, only solace is my physical frame is giving way, at the rate I'm losing what health I had, I shall soon be without a body to live in and THEN my spirit will be free to dream...

Margaret Alice Second

Spiritual Equivalent Of Facebook Friends

I used to believe when we die special guides
would be waiting to guide us over the divide
between the dimensions, but after Facebook
experience, strangers clamouring for attention
and statistics measuring popularity, requests to
rate photos and would-be-poets demanding we
read their poems

I think when we die we shall be accosted by
spirits seeking votes for them, how suitably
unearthly they look, how their wailing sounds,
the newly dead will be victims of a million scams
in the after-death realms, false guides demanding
a price for non-service delivery, I verily believe
we shall have to steer clear of everyone

In the after-death space, do things on our own to
flee the spiritual equivalent of Facebook friends

Margaret Alice Second

Spiritual Musings [rev.]

I need to travel in time to surcease my brother Attila the Hun's suffering through the strife of mom as the Queen of Hearts and dad as Conan the Barbarian; to give him a better life, prevent the bitterness showing upon his lips and ruining him; to guarantee his smile

Only problem is - how does one travel in time to just the place where this universe splits; should I go back to stop Mother teaming up with Conan thus Attila not born: but what about my brothers Peter Pan and Tom Thumb, and my twin sister - the haughty Duchess

And what about me, Alice in Wonderland - who'd I be with other genes or if the Queen of Hearts never read Lewis Carroll to me when I was small or if I didn't read Agatha Christie; what if this equation did not contain Conan, who would my eldest brother be - would he

Become the strong, happy brother I admired when we were kids; but who would "we" be with another set of parents? Given these questions, I'm glad that time-travel is not possible - going back means I'll be left in another reality without family, without references and

Even if Attila looks bitter, maybe his soul or spirit is all the more improved, maybe he came to earth to learn spiritual lessons which could only be taught by being an hysterical Queen of Hearts first-born & son of an aggressive Conan who formed a terrible bond which

Still strikes fear to my heart; maybe Grandma Alice needed to be the Cinderella who never went to the ball as she made it possible for us to go decked out in clothes she sewed; led by her selfless example a gifted Queen of Hearts suffered in her own attempt

To grow spiritually...

[19 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Spiritual Nerves

Though I feel like the fairy Pea-Blossom in my new muted pink ensemble, there' s greater resemblance to Miss Marple, a fluffy sleuth - yet this will not stop me from dreaming with my magic mirror that plays along and shows me as a flower fairy - even though

Other mirrors tell a different story, with a flower-fairy-concert in my head I sing & dance all day long, the little alien in my head turning somersaults - singing louder than me - now to evaluate the words of deva-conscious, angel-& -spirit communicating Dr Bloom

Who says we can meet devas by being still - being aware of our bodies - when I tried my body insisted chocolate-dipped koeksister's essential for survival, ate one, still again & I fell asleep - at least it was a marvellous feeling, I suppose the devas know that

I'm not a very good friend, they don't waste time on me as I would be reading while they're talking about the home-altar-spirit, and singing when they explain things - I won't be an asset to the devas' world, too tense & on edge - which forecloses my mind and

There are no willing disciples waiting in the wings to hear me relay any spirit-messages, verily, their poor spiritual nerves would be frayed...

Margaret Alice Second

Spiritual Nerves [rev]

Though I feel like the fairy Pea-Blossom in my new muted pink ensemble, there's greater resemblance to Miss Marple - a fluffy sleuth; yet this will not stop me dreaming with my magic mirror that plays along and reflects me as a flower fairy - tho' other mirrors

Tell different stories; with flower-fairy-concerts in my mind I sing and dance all day long, the little alien in my head turning somersaults, singing louder than I; now to evaluate words of deva-conscious, angel-&-spirit communicating Dr Bloom, who says

We can meet devas by being still - being aware of our bodies, when I try my body insisted chocolate-dipped koeksisters are essential for survival - I ate one, still again, and fell asleep, tho' at least it was a marvellous feeling; I suppose the devas know that

I'm not a very good friend, they don't waste time on me as I'd be reading when they're talking about the home-altar-spirit - & singing as they explain things - I won't be an asset to the devas' world, too tense & on edge - which forecloses my mind and there are

No willing disciples waiting in the wings to hear me relay any spirit-messages; verily, their poor spiritual nerves would be frayed...

Margaret Alice Second

Spiritual Self-Discipline [rev]

A long day of rain, its perfect for survival but fatal for fun - tho' a beautiful idea making the world glow with fantastical growth it turns me into an in-front-of-TV couch potato bored with reruns of old movies; & thus I'm deceased in the head - eating has been made irresistible, - home-baked bread to go with home-made soup, the sun only broke through the clouds to say a gilded goodbye, now it's only I with shows of criminals & A Thousand Ways

To Die as my beloved watches sports with a fixed eye - Sunday, and once again the sun sparkled a glistening greeting - to disappear and leave us a promising soft grey hinting of more rain; my energy rose with the sun then plummeted with the grey skies - the idea of rain is delightful but the experience is very depressing, therefore wisdom is required to appreciate the muted garden knowing that it's the only way to keep the world alive

& since wisdom is my quest, I'll do my best to learn spiritual self-discipline, look behind the illusions to see love & enjoyment within every manifestation and appearance

Margaret Alice Second

Spiritual Tsai-Wen [r]

On this dutiful day a skills audit workshop:
as the funny instructions to fill in the form
were idiotic, I completed it MY way - then
ate chicken mayonnaise in maple syrup -
also on its bland chips - a delicious meal,
returned to the office filled with joy - grey
clouds of accusation rising from morally
upright religious sisters are gone today -
as health problems spirited them away

Ready to play with the list of 100 most
influential people: Roy Choi from Seoul -
a goodly soul, Jin Liqun from Cnangshu
drinking orange liqueur & doing jujitsu,
Tu Youyou from Ningbo and Kim Jong
Un of Pyongyang - reminding of Spike
Milligan's Ning Nang Nong, add to that
the Taipei delight of spiritual Tsai-Wen
the Eternally Surprised who had a son

In Thief of Time by Prachett, don't forget
the good Gou Pei representing Beijing,
add angst of Aung San Suu Kyi - like a
Suzuki - from Rangoon, leading to the
ice-cream sundae of Sundar Pichai &
pickles if you please - from Chennai -
then we traverse Jamshedpur, apricot
jam as you pour the tea, to the nimble
Priyanka Chopra and on to the benign

Shine of Bhopal's Raghuram Rajan -
add the data carried in a satchel by
Sachin Bansal of Chandigarh, then
we declare: tongue twisters are fun!

Margaret Alice Second

Splits Again And Again

The universe split again, felt it going plop as the pastor and his church veered off down a different line, one where civilisation's whole is destroyed at Armageddon by a jealous God guarded by his followers zealously, and they

Wield weapons against everybody not of the fold, blow everyone out of existence, explode nuclear bombs ridding their world of nations other since they cannot control them, smiting whole-of-earth self-righteously until only their

Small kernel's left with no murderers - except of course those who killed in righteousness, no rapists - this kind of religious sin happens in private, kept secret by everyone, don't ask, only those who query are held guilty

No abortions, an even deeper secret: thus a new world comes into being, worse than the Orwellian 1984; religious sects live devoted lives like whitewashed tombs - from there the universe splits - again and again...

Margaret Alice Second

Stand Up

When happy, I sing and dance, and when
happy conversation glitters with sparkles in
the air, the delight is overwhelming - but it
irritates Scorpio, the Lord and Master of the
Crocodile Castle, he doesn't mind my being
happy by myself, yet when others are around

He requires me to be quiet, rational and well-
behaved - and then my happiness dissolves
and I'm left with a flat spirit - maybe one day
I'll learn how to overcome this problem - this
is why the Duchess dislikes Scorpio so much
she likes it when this crocodile jumps around

Though she doesn't hesitate to discipline me
with her sharp tongue, they both like bullying,
both Scorpio and the Duchess tell me what to
do - therefore the only change needed is for
me to learn to stand up to bullies, you see...

Margaret Alice Second

Stand-Alone [rev]

Anxiety attacks 2 days in a row, sad and scared since
I can't do a perfect job, fear is making my scalp shrink
like the American Indians did to their victims long ago,
shrinking I'm sinking into a lake of despair - with eyes
unfocused, noise hurts my ears while the self-inflicted
pain is caused by my desire for excellence & inability

To achieve - nothing can ever infuse my work with the
excellence required by those in the know, reading text-
books for fun and checking rules on the half-hour while
I listen to the rhythm and sound of the words - wrong -
I know meaning is everything in the 1-to-1 relationship
between reality and concepts - to satisfy all those who

Believe truth is objective and stand-alone, therefore,
should be nailed to a cross then cast in stone...

Margaret Alice Second

Standing As Sentry [rev]

A Sunday afternoon at home in the sun room has seldom been so pleasant compared to a 26 degree Celsius open-plan office, it's only with the greatest effort I keep my eyes open by listening to Mozart's Piano Concerto No.21 - and Franz Liszt's La Campanella & if all else fails, I'll watch the 80-year old Janey Cutler debut on Britain's Got Talent and the Prima Ballerina of the Royal Ballet prepare for her role as the Sugar Plum Fairy - I even didn't notice it's lunch

Now I'm falling asleep again & a bucket full of plain tea must revive me to face Elisa tests for Rift Valley Fever in imported bovine embryos - but it's still gross & my latest theory is that my brain's been dissolved by the chemical stuff quacks give us these days to keep active while our legs fail due to the onslaught of osteoarthritis; as sentinel at my computer console I stop unauthorised wild-card texts from escaping authority before I try to relay these into my very best prescribed

English sounding clipped & circumscribed when expressing the Portuguese Animal Health Regulation lines; in need of serious diversion I find Dalida singing Salma-Ya-Salaama, wish I were travelling around the world as she proclaims to have done in her energising song...

Margaret Alice Second

Stands For Love [rev]

All through the house I leave trails of pink wherever I go - pink in a satin scarf in the parlour & flowers in hand-painted basket & hydrangeas on curtains with white transparent bows, a rosy soft blanket as sun-screen, or even heater when I freeze, and purple-pink scarves on chairs with mint-green cushions

In my defence I built a black table-cloth sunscreen with velvet trimming for the sun-room, blue table-cloth curtain in the kitchen: Scorpio never feels heat which is worrying - while this crocodile hates being either too warm or cold; wet the pink blanket hung on clothes-dryer in front of glass doors letting in

The sun's glare, masqueraded as washing; Scorpio happily left the pink screen without suspecting foul play in my friendly reptilian mien; today maybe the pink-&-blue heart design blanket, hung wet in the same place, claiming washing again; a problem's Linah's black table-cloth sunscreen's laid on the

Clothes-dryer; I keep the sun at bay like this with infection-fighting non-swimming - thus my friend Soleil understands why I can't come out to play - time to hunt sheets of white paper to cover study walls convincing Scorpio white reflects light better than sophisticated cognac-champagne, which at

Present is a dowdy drab-default colour swallowing bright light required to generate rainbows shining within transparent glass vases - me adding pink - stands for love, I love all things & everyone, even recalcitrant dogs; my son's room ended up golden as the be-lioned towel on his door proclaims

At least I added blue to a golden scene to indicate his golden spiritual abode in the clouds, but don't tell him, he's not into colour as symbols like me

Starry-Eyed Guys (Revised)

I have constructed a bulwark of boxes
between the sun and I - even hung a
Harry Potter toga to stop its warm rays
from frying the poor translators therein

Must bribe my head-resident alien to
focus on translation, yogurt, chips and
coffee have no effect, therefore onto
artificially flavoured Twists,

I want success as an official in repeating
requests for money gifts received from
farmers petitioning the President with a
strong belief in legendary generosity

South African Presidents are seen as
wholeheartedly supporting a whole
continent but strangely and innocuously
not reported by denizens of the press

Infusing the dreams of these Senegalese
thinking nine thousand euros should be
in good cause enough for their new
farming visions for Africa -

I think it would have been wonderful if we
could send nine thousand euros to every
worth-while project in Africa starting with
these starry-eyed guys...

Margaret Alice Second

Start Begging Again

Following the glowing panorama of a tragi-comedy staged by the former President of a languishing African State, the grasping, self-serving characters like puppets presenting a show in my head: I see the President at the wheel of a Limousine welcoming every family member and private advisor who dipped their hands in the State's money bags

All laws and regulations used to further their own cause as financial institutions went bankrupt one after another, I see the puppet faces in this happy farce that had no place for the common populace, grabbing and changing a whole state to suit themselves, Greece looks mild in comparison, I sympathise with the unsophisticated who do not realise the self-defeat when

The goose laying the golden eggs is killed, these hands slaughtered the nation's goose in their greed - now everyone is overcome with contrition, no more golden eggs, time to start begging again...

Margaret Alice Second

Start Thinking Again (Revised)

A prescribed pill, I fall asleep yet wake up tired - it is
useless sleep; why should I be made to do it when it
leaves me more fatigued than upon going to bed

Never could easily fall asleep, all my life tossing and
turning; suddenly this wonder pill enables me to sleep
for eight unbroken hours - it seems like a boon

Yet I wake to this incessant yawning, eyes out of focus,
depressed feelings of dread, what use is any sleep at all
if it leaves the body all messed up so terribly?

Short naps during the day's what I need, never eight hours
in row; and given mounting dread of sitting in the office
not being able to hold my head erect, I MUST experiment

Find a regime that allows the body and brain to function
with optimum vitality... As soon as my brain clears I shall
be able to tackle any document that comes my way

Without feeling lost and confused - my mind presently is
blank and bruised, the explanation seems Tripilene is not
too good when taken frequently - as per prescription

The doctors meant well, kindly solved the central nervous
system problem of pain, lessening amounts of adrenaline
so I'm no longer the victim of the fight-or-flight reflex

But I'm too tired to do my job, too tired to sit in my chair!
As of tonight there'll be changes all round, it's ages since
I read a new book or reread old favourites, I want my brain

To wake up and start thinking again; living like a half-dead
zombie is no fun at all, without a functioning mind, all
conscious awareness is utterly useless!

Margaret Alice Second

Started A New Play

</>My Scorpio colleague jumps into the day with ice-cold precision and complete lack of existential angst, no other emotion than irritation apparent, the beautiful easygoing Libran saunters gracefully through wide scope projects that scares the little alien clinging to the rafters in my head to death

Today the little alien is into Freudian self-destruction and sabotages everything I do, Agony Aunt within me gave up in disgust, my inner Alice has withdrawn and only a shell is left – luckily my characters have started a new play and the story unfolding makes a wonderful day, thank you

Thank you to everyone who consented to appear in my life to become archetypes populating my fictional universe, it is so wonderful when I meet you here, creating the perfect ambiance for the unfolding of a most wonderful dream without my having to go anywhere!

[Seeing me so destitute my fictional characters started a new play and the sweetness obliterates the world and its problems so that Agony Aunt – grim-faced and tight-lipped – is left carrying the consciousness while inside such a magnificent emotional unfolding is creating the most perfect delicate tracery of sublime emotion]

Margaret Alice Second

State Of Being

Rolemodel - what a strange concept this is, young girls choose the strangest creatures to emulate - such as empty-headed Barbie dolls, literally - one such devotee even undergoes hypnosis to empty her head of all thought in order to be as mindless

as a plastic doll, surgery to remove her lower ribs to have as thin a middle while practising to be as useless as a plastic blob & some people choose a "Plastic Cube" to represent their essence when asked to fantasise their preferred desert scene

Plastic does not withstand weathering, scratches & stains mar the plastic surface & heat destroys its original form - much better to choose perfect crystal glass to represent inner being & emulate a creative person instead of a plastic symbol of

immobile emptiness, indicative of a deep-seated belief in meaninglessness WHILE the mere fact of existence is Sensational Cellular Activity - and even a doll's molecules dance in the awareness which keeps it from falling into non-existence

The destruction of thought processes goes against all logic ignoring the quantum world's probabilities from which the bright mind of every sensory being fashions realities; MINDLESSNESS is as artificial & impossible as trying to imagine NO freedom -

And doesn't form part of the intersubjective reality of time and space imposed on spiralling energy to form sensory phenomena as living symbols of the infinite variations on possible themes & to change the past by inserting dreams between the thin

Outlines of inherited fairy tales and myths; choosing different aspects from multidimensional possibilities of parallel probabilities - thus existence is a dance

of the loving & intelligent quantum energy, where
all awareness is spellbound in the recreation of

Future & past from current physical and spiritual
manifestation, I conclude that positing a state of
being without consciousness is impossible in all
facets and aspects of physicality...

Margaret Alice Second

State Of Grace (C)

It is delightful not to be isolated with the Register and Work-Oh-Hand, with Marie Antoinette now steering the heavy, old-fashioned Administrative Foreign Languages bus, swerving round curves, accelerating downhill when the numbers make sense - and within me

The little Alien is delirious with happiness that there is no long, lonely trek through the dark recordkeeping that is bureaucracy; checking my documents I get all the file numbers wrong, confuse the dates and places, now I'm sitting in the back of this automotive wonder as our

Dainty Marie is driving the system with aplomb, unravelling registry codes, demanding to know why the column for the year 2017 keeps changing to 2018 & 2019 with every new line; last night I was still ill from eating processed fish and was led to meditate on the wonder in the world - and now

Today Marie Antoinette, all beautiful perfume and exotic incense, is taking our Administration so high it feels as if we fly, with my eyes on the exquisite surprise that every second brings, I know all is well, kindness renews the air that was stale due to a broken air-con; but here, now -

Colleagues are filled with forgiveness and amazing zest for life, beautiful thought forms with enchanting colours are outlined in the light filling this space - I'm standing here in a state of grace...

Margaret Alice Second

State Of Utter Bliss

Had a lovely time wolfing down a waffle, talking to the marvellous manager of our local restaurant, my storybook hugely entertaining, laughing unrestrainedly while swirling in whirl of social schedules then wafting everywhere enveloped in an atmosphere of good-will

Breaking the evil spell laid upon me by a horrible text, when typing lower-case the computer changed typescript into capitals, setting fireworks off in my head, a red mist covered my eyes destroying my comprehension till only my inner Mr Hyde was left, Dr Jekyll

Left in a huff; I researched equivalent English terms - but nothing made sense and in the end there was no progress, I was wasting my time being miserable to no effect - I stopped throwing good money after bad, feasted my eyes on the book I love

Then proceeded to eat and read myself into a state of utter bliss...

Margaret Alice Second

Statuesque Peace (Rev.)

I'm dreaming of doing more, doing my chores,
documents brought home, & hoping for statue-
calm to check them in front of the TV (to keep
the Little Alien occupied) while I mark suspect
terms - delighted by my aspirations, I'd expect
inspiration to overtake me - passively waiting
for the overpowering urge to get busy

Convinced it'll arrive from outside like a missile
making me check quietly, ruler in hand, line for
line, excluding the world - which I usually invite
offering those with problems the benefit of my
advice; when will the ability to sit immobile like
the Buddha manifest to override my restless
psyche, when will the ability to concentrate

Without reading magical stories or watching
beautiful movies, bring me respite from the
impatience which makes everything seem
pointless - unless the words on the chem
in our heads bring us to a quiet, prayerful
place, we can never enjoy the statuesque
peace that we seek

Margaret Alice Second

Status Quo [revised]

Reaction to a snack of substances my digestion
rejects as banned has me staring at this screen
in stupefaction - unable to interpret anything

Floating in an emotional void, clinging to the fact
I'm in an office, trying to read and react to texts
that remain mysterious to me, at least this way

The world will still be a mystery; I cannot achieve
mastery of anything while consciousness flickers
on and off, caught in the wild fire of interrupted

Brain circuitry & gyrating synapses, dark spots
in front of my eyes weakening my sight, desperately
trying to do research till I give up, sit back in defeat,

Power spent, admit the day is lost, cannot find the
beginning of a line of thought, cannot follow a single
argument, even pictures dance away from me,

surrendering to the confusion, accepting the
chaos in my mind as status quo...

Margaret Alice Second

Stay Awake And Pray (Revised)

Sadly drinking coffee at the edge of a volcano threatening to burst into flames, researching strange terms one at a time, needless to say the volcano explodes with 3 technical documents and more terms, as I lose all courage and die in my chair a fourth arrives

It is even longer and more vile than the previous 3, lost more courage, threw in the towel & prayed for death - there is no way I can do this boring work when I can't watch a favourite programme without falling asleep, the only thing I love - reading the words of William James, philosopher -

Losing more power as headache worsens - can't escape my fate as I've already accepted my monthly pay - but oh, the pain I have to go through to earn this salary, maybe it will finally make a saint of me, though I doubt it - I am too tired to stay awake and pray...

15 January 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Steel Outline (2nd Rev)

Friday, I should've escaped in the wisdom of Proverbs & Pratchett's Thief of Time as every beautiful hour unfolds petal for petal and the rose of time grows until the flower begins to wither, vanishing slowly until the next flower unfolds into a new perfect hour, I'm stuck in real life's mind-molasses and cannot create a special meaning within to fill the mystery of my own being -

A headache grows insidiously until my mind broadcasts on emergency frequency where mental gymnastics manifest a fluttering fear of the immense abyss in my head where all life disappears - oh, where's the crocodilian escape from physical reality where my eyes search for pink & silver glitter to mark every moment in delicate glimmer - only to find a bleak steel-frame out-line of life instead -

[ORIGINAL:]

Friday night blues, I should've escaped by reading words about wisdom & marvellous □ thieves of time because as every beautiful hour unfolds petal for petal and the rose of time grows until the flower starts to slowly wither, vanishing little by little until the next beautiful flower starts to unfold in order to create the next perfect hour, I'm aware of life even though I remain stuck in the mind-molasses unable to create personal meaning within my own being - like everyone else -

An insidious headache keeps growing until the only frequency my mind's broadcasting on is the emergency channel where mental gymnastics lead to butterflies fluttering in my

stomach because I fear the immense abyss
in my head in which all of life disappears –
I should settle with a book and escape the
physical reality I don't understand, my eyes
keep searching for pink and silver glitter to
mark every moment in delicate glimmer, but
only find a bleak steel-frame outline of life -

Margaret Alice Second

Steer The Dream

The dance - a Viennese waltz, the
dancers changed, became dancing
dolls in my eyes, a myriad imaginary
possibilities for dreaming, the dance
being a symbol of perfection, too
beautiful to be only seen once

I must see it again to rekindle the
dream, in these moments I forget
myself and enter a new universe,
my soul breaks free from physical
being and I can steer the dream
into understanding of things

I could never fathom on earth

Margaret Alice Second

Stiff Upper-Lip Sneering [revised]

Should have realised it might seem like the whole issue is an attempt to gain attention, the sad part though is all attention's lost, I cannot even get service from a starved shopkeeper, so it's time to be rational and deal with the matter myself

These symptoms helped the subconscious gain attention of my adolescent ego, forcing me to nurture my spirit and seek soul-food - though it's cost comes as health lost, a sacrifice to gain spiritual bliss, not drowned in feelings of self-pity, no-longer wallowing

In the darkness of the past the future calls, time to follow the bluebird's trail round the world leading straight back home, you did not see Mandy & me giving an impromptu sidewalk performance, just heard my shouting goodbye to Annette who was passing by

We are in the Pretoria Central Business District, nobody knows me, nobody cares, why should I follow English stiff-upper lip protocol, here my colleagues and I sing Gospel songs and we all dance in the passages. I shall continue with my evil ways

Listening to Georgio sing opera on UTube then go out and sing happy songs myself, having the fun of warm togetherness and shared bliss – it is heaven on earth, no amount of stiff upper-lip sneering can give the like to me of the joy I have right here!

22 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Still Beauty [cor.]

The awful tale of Jean de Florette and Manon des Sources is the kind of thing prescribed for kids to force them to regard the world with prejudice - to believe in people filled with avarice and revenge as a necessary measure to balance the scales

Not showing that 2 wrongs never make a right, a dense story forcing my mental cork down to the bottom of depression, I shall not watch the film made of these men - a summary is quite enough to change the world into a den of sin

Let me return to my games which remake the world into a glorious place of still beauty without any sign of this depressing plot, I'll leave it to whoever wants to cherish immoral ideas...

Margaret Alice Second

Still Love Me Too

Power of communication, reading Sunday newspapers
was so depressing; my beloved sighed - Why are you
so difficult to get along with? - I'm totally overwhelmed
- I cried - I cannot see how our country can survive,
the poorest pay the price for political connivance

Farms burning down, I even feel bad about President
Zuma being attacked by others, don't have all the facts,
some say our president uses taxpayers' money to enrich
himself while he cries in public - I did not take your wealth
- Who should I believe and why, how can we ever tell

Who is writing the script, trying to use information on their
own behalf, welfare money directed to Africans only, any
European out on his ears; which is fine, we live in Africa,
but what if the new measures also damage the Africans,
my friends, not just excluded Europeans

At whom these are targeted? - You relented; listened to
my woes with many an exclamation - Stop-Stop! You're
driving me insane - And I remembered my existence is
the bane of your life, I apologised - I'm mesmerised by
communication - the Twilight movie

Made me glad about us, then newspaper depression -
I related all my woes - You recommended a purge:
This is constipation of the mind - you said; being the
only doctor at my command since loss of medical
aid benefits - Look to purgatory medicines

For a cure, castor oil is the thing, as to political land-
scape, forget about it, farmers are forced to clean house
and kids of poor migratory workers must receive free education
to rise above bad circumstance - I also confessed inability
to accept my problems; you laughed

Next year we can redo the house's plumbing and
everything else - and I smiled, you
still love me too...

Margaret Alice Second

Still Right For Me

Facing painful truths without getting upset: we are taught youth should last forever, an ideal to be achieved through botox, hormone replacement therapy and plastic surgery; but just as I never succumbed to make-up, I'm failing in my duty to stay young

It is your right to be angry with me for not being younger in an age of increasing sex appeal, we're taught to believe in physical performance only, females are expected to fulfil male fantasies based on artificial acting in adult movies - therefore

You're right to blame me for being a failure; I never became the siren you were taught to dream of - BUT I am joyful knowing you were just right for me, the romance shared was perfect- I'm sorry you were upset when I told you this, sorry

That you feel I'm failing you today because you are still right for me and will always be...

Margaret Alice Second

Still Savouring These

Came home in a frozen state, my son's gift to me
a waffle bought from Nathan, Tiaan accompanied
me, shared the meal of strawberries and cream on
the best waffle base ever seen, with a dash of
chocolate sauce and ice-cream

My heart melted by my son's sweet deed, Nici gave
me special chocolate, suddenly I felt at home in my
own life and world, the final treat was to reread 'The
Time Thief'; two of my favourite books, Lobsang
Rampa and James Bond

Brought together in one tale that sings; laying with
my head in your lap, the dog behind my back I am
in heaven, however difficult it had been to create
this small world, saying no to all other options,
the pain of leaving everything

That could take me away from this, completely gone;
safely arrived in my own life without regret, nothing I
left can compare to this - the love of my family, twin
sis and lovely colleagues; Hanlie with her sunshine,
June with her impishness

Hermien the calm organiser; you stroking my back
while making plans for another seaside holiday, a
heady mix of books and life warming my heart
and soul - I'm still savouring these

The Time Thief - Terry Pratchett

24 January 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Still To Come

The amplituhedron is an infinite geometric shape containing reality's physical processes within its volume; its geometry creates the picture of particles moving around within space and time not fundamental to the system, to the contrary, its mathematics suggest space-time is a property of an unknown system similar to Indra's heaven with its network of pearls

So arranged every pearl reflects all the other, illustrating that every object is not merely itself, but involves every other, and carries the image of everything else within, thus representing infinite co-determination which suggests that reality itself is a metaphor, time and space are the inventions of an embedded observer – us – who constructed space-time geometry as

A unique way to quantify chaos - the beauty of the imagery is staggering, reality being infinite reflections of Indra's heaven: the Snow Queen sees a wonderful celestial jungle gym where an anthropomorphic personage, outside time and space, can enter human reality and float within the triangular shapes of an infinite jewel, dreaming of the wonders and beauty which are

Still to come...

Margaret Alice Second

Stories Made Up

Retirement requires careful planning, I shall have to
keep quiet all the time; fine, it shall force me to write
when ideas keep flowing in my head, today in class
we learnt that French Kings – Clovis and Louis the
Fourteenth - have been cut from the curriculum
making space for international events

Brains have no space for boring historical facts, might
as well abolish history as subject since history is stories
made-up to exert autocratic power over subjects; today
has been a total mess – no going with the flow, but no
problem – tomorrow is another day as Scarlet O’Hara
eloquently declared in Gone with the Wind

I learnt to look for political articles on BBC Afrique, seek
for jewels of wisdom amongst political intrigue - finding
none, I am so much wiser, no time is ever wasted, just
knowing what we detest helps us to know preference,
I am ready for Retirement, knowing that my title of
Bookworm, Poet and Spy

Confers a job description no form of retirement can take
away, always the incumbent to promote Astronomy,
Science Fiction, Quantum Physics, Fairytales
and Walt Disney

Margaret Alice Second

Stories Without Passionate Aplomb (Revised)

I give up, there's no sparkling humour, redeeming dialogue or touching pathos in Anthony Lejeune's style; the main character, an Oxford Don, is boring, his grey perspective tells a story lacking in passion and interest, long-winded conversations are of a kind I'd walk away from in real life

Let it be a lesson, don't be charmed by the critical acclaim on a book's jacket; nevertheless its good to try new things because this shows why Agatha Christie was an excellent narrator, dialogue short and to the point, characters dynamic, perspective colourful, so without reading other authors

There can be no contrast: the last two pages left a bitter taste of unfaithfulness in my mouth, I am relieved the story could not hold me; a lesson in coldness some people can create during earthly lives does not bring comfort or peace, for this kind of information we can read the news

In literature I seek ideals to fire my spirit, inspire my heart, adore my loved ones; to appreciate my colleagues & be true to all who benefit from my love and efforts, tales lacking passionate aplomb are a waste, subsequent depression does not help to ease boring duties of everyday life

"Key Without A Door" by Anthony Lejeune, 1988
Macmillan London

25 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Stormy Blue Sea

I cannot abide brown when
blue can be had, the irritation
of seeing the brown scarf with
glitter representing sea spray
draped over my coat rack is
immense when my blue scarf
is around my neck

Immediately the brown scarf is
replaced, now my office beach
scene consists of a stormy blue
sea with green patches of sea-
weed, the intense colour taking
the feeling of brown-induced
malaise away

Margaret Alice Second

Straight To Hell [rev.]

It's hot, kids have TV on loud, the much-maligned
moonboot is evil, the doctor said, the only problem
is in your head - throw boot away, start exercising,
you useless Taugenichts, wasting my time like this

Evil I slink away, dastardly evil-incarnate-moonboot
in my hand, doctor growling, how DARE you come
here wearing a thing like this, go away, you devil's
spawn, get you some exercise and be done - yes,

I can see he's right - in my bones I feel demons,
my terrible foot's taking me straight to hell...

[2 December 2014]

[2 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Strange And Awesome In 3 Parts (Cor)

Part 1

I should be translating depressing President letters - but whereas I feel lost and guilty when there is no work on my desk; having depressing work I feel rebellious and fancy-free and surf the web happily and guilt-free, feeling forgiven and justified by having to RUN for LIFE from the work texts threatening me. When my I am given too much work at once, work that makes me cringe, I feel absolved when I write poetry - because the mountain of menacing documents is driving me crazy and I HAVE to escape - so my survival depends on poetry. And without work on my desk and no need to flee, I can't think of any poetry!

Isn't this strange - and awesome - at the same time?

Part 2

Just remember, sweet-talking one, too many macadamias made you ill last time and by sweet-talking I refer to your rhyming, alliterative, assonance lines; wonderful poem, all onomatopoeia; beware the slow-roasting delight by which you are digging your own grave, and thank you for your kind trust in me, being successful will cost me my life or at least my spirit, already I feel it rising out of my mind to leave me empty and sad as I fight a senseless boredom of forlorn legislative administrative mind-numbing lines....

Part 3

I envisage how I clamour for help from colleagues who think I'm brain-dead and how I just ask everybody who knows Afrikaans legislation to help me find the correct terms, taking my sweet time to get the threatening text done; after hanging myself given the sad slow pace of my lack-of-progress through depressing President letters, after being guillotined for displeasing Scorpio, Lord and

Master of the Crocodile Castle, and after you tut-tutted
me and failed to show befitting sorrow at my envisaged
Via Dolorosa - aha, this macabre piece of Bizarre Horror
makes me feel ever so much better now!

[12 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Strange Mental Wavelengths

Page 286 of my book, highlighting in orange and pink, writing down references to check against research notes made long ago, now tired of sitting still for so long - just reading -

Fixing the kitchen the only opportunity for physical activity, could clean the floors but this holds no interest, reading the history of anthropology, palaeontology and geology

Especially astrology, moving from Hamlet's Mill to Maurice Cotterel, I'm stuck on strange mental wavelengths, disappointed that pre-conceptions make people refuse to accept

New discoveries - history of man's scientific development a story of selfish aggrandizement and betrayal - yet the sweet allure of ideals and dreams remains untouched within me

I keep my inner world safe from decadence and cynicism by revisiting high visions, indoctrinating myself to follow the principles in which we can only believe as long as

We keep repeating them to counter the evidence of those who refuse to bring about changes in the reality inherited from previous creators

'From Atlantis to the Sphinx' by Colin Wilson, Virgin Books 2000
pp 108 - 286

Margaret Alice Second

Strange Pictures [revised]

In a city buried in a glacier a Tibetan Monk saw strange 3-D pictures of a strange world with weird creatures and mountains in place of our seas – towering buildings and flying machines where mankind and animals peacefully communicate telepathically

And cities floating on oceans & mushrooming red clouds then the city disappears. If time is simultaneous and the universe is one, this is probabilities future and past - a parallel world where dark fears of continued hostilities are realised; without reform

Nuclear explosions could destroy our world completely, these pictures of lifeless worlds could become us; only forgiveness can save beauty and life from extinction – the universe splits whenever choices are made for or against Armageddon

We are free to choose a new world of freedom and peace – the world of our dreams

[ORIGINAL:]

In a city buried in a glacier Tibetan Monks saw strange pictures of world a long ago with mountains in place of the seas and weird creatures, of scientific progress and flying machines, high-rise buildings, animals and mankind peaceful and communicating telepathically

Oceans with floating cities, hovercraft moving silently, grand roadway bridges overhead: a flash in the sky and the city vanished into incandescent gas - a red and threatening mushroom-shaped cloud in the sky; if all time is simultaneous as spiritualists say

And the universe exists in unity, it's possible to think it's a picture of all probabilities, the ruins of the future and past - or even a parallel world where our darkest

suspensions and fears have been realised to show all
the people what danger there are in hostilities

If we do not reform and seek peace, atom bomb ex-
plosions could destroy our world completely, if man
persists in attacking man, these pictures of worlds with-
out life could become ours, the lesson can be used to
teach everyone why only forgiveness can save beauty

And life from extinction, I believe the universe splits
when different choices are made and we are free to
choose Armageddon or create a new world of free-
dom and peace - the world of our dreams...

Margaret Alice Second

Strangely Substantial

I live with the Discworld view that everything, reality and idea, comes into existence when created by imagination, continuing in narrative

All-That-Is is the product of thought processes, everybody interacts within temporary illusions brought about and maintained by intersubjective consensus

It works as long as we remain in physical bodies to keep these illusions alive; energy, intelligent and aware, manifests freely, flowing towards everything

We are as unreal as the legends and myths we create, all things are only as relevant and applicable as we choose to make them; we are as strangely substantial

As the thoughts and ideas in our heads - I base my dreams on the following elements: Delight in Manifestation, Joy in Variety, Wisdom as Reason and Love as Respect

My life is woven of the visions and ideals by which we transcend spacetime in blissful spirals of infinitely continuing improvement...

Margaret Alice Second

Strangle Me [rev]

Suddenly, unexpectedly, you launched the attack as irrational as a 3-year old; - YOU, you cried, pointing at me, YOU opened the windows so I would freeze; YOU, you accused - YOU hold everyone ransom to the hot flushes nature visits upon you; so how dare you make me suffer for your natural shortcomings -

I've been freezing all night, you add - spewing spit deep from the pit of your angry mouth; ALL because of YOU: resignedly I closed each window and glass door - gratified to find myself unperturbed - getting used to the Prima-Donna outbursts; I congratulate myself, heart bursting with pride thinking you're an

Itty-bitty baby to suffer so much under me; time to take matters into your own hands & strangle me at night given how much heartache I cause you suffer, useless piece of humanity I am in your eyes - time to create yourself a new life where no such sadistic female like me inflicts cold upon your holy self - &

Your new mate brings in more money than I'd ever make - So goodnight, Mr Prima-Donna - may your dreams present you with a solution to indescribable pain you've suffered all these years - read another Agatha Christie & kill me in a way that you can go free; your future's winking without unseasonable

Cold caused by me, a thermostat-less Alien Being, the unwelcome crocodile - get rid of this evil reptile, feast 'til you're replete in a world of gentle breeze & soft, autumnal wind sighing through trees - away with me, the Barbarian turning your sweet life into misery just by my fiery presence ...

Margaret Alice Second

Strangle The Managers [revised]

Sitting at my desk content – perceptive my little world is safe, my supervisor is laughter, kindness and joy personified, my colleague efficient and sweet, the office a joyful place, my fan on a chair stirring the oxygen-less air

It's my favourite afternoon place, colleagues conferring on translations of children's books while admitting they cannot stand Alice In Wonderland, it is too whimsical for their taste, preferring Murder She Wrote because reading

About sweet revenge we are denied as hardy government officials taking buildings falling apart in our stride strengthens us to withstand temptation to strangle managers not knowing how to obtain a safe building for us...

Margaret Alice Second

Strike It Rich [rev.]

On-a-shoestring interior decorating for Carine -
white lace curtains & lace Hollandaise to cover
the table, bookcase and iron chair; velvet bed-
spread in silver, black cover for contrast, small
carpet in white, black & grey till I have funds for
one bigger; some transparent glass marbles in
order to cover marks of old bunk-bed fittings,
mirrors found in the house,

I can't afford new ones, an item I couldn't
omit although your lil sis berated me all the
time: roses - in pink splashes to symbolise
love, nothing can say it so clearly & though
it might be too much - just know I love you
because you've been given to me, a soul
who needs be cosseted - the rest of our
family's so very independent and free

You've taken so many knocks yet you're
here where I can accept you as you are -
tho' with strange obsessions like reading
Hitler's 'Mein Kampf', maybe its because
life's been Hitler to you, destroying those
you loved; I'm a cracked pitcher too - yet
I'm here for you - mightn't relate to pain
you suffer yet weathered my own youth

Maybe we have more in common than we
guess: as your parents were anathema to
you, mine scared me terribly, I had to learn
to relate to them in spite of their failings -
perhaps you can learn to love us, dad and
step-mom; in spite of shortcomings - a time
comes when one finds being unique doesn't
mean being different from all humanity

When one learns everyone experiences pain
in the same way even if causes are different,
the constriction of heartache and suffering is

always the same; you'll find we can attain joy
in the same way: by opening our hearts for
more risks; we might just strike it rich
- one day...

[ORIGINAL:]

Interior decorating - on a shoestring - for Carine,
white lace curtains & lace Hollandaise - to cover
the table, bookcase and iron chair; a velvet bed-
spread in silver & a black cover for contrast, just
a small carpet in white, black and grey till I have
money for a much bigger one; transparent glass
marbles in order to cover the marks of the old
bunk-bed fittings - mirrors found in the house

I could not afford new ones - one thing I couldn't
leave out although your lil sis berated me all the
time: pink roses, splashes of pink to symbolise
love, nothing else says it so clearly and though
it might be too much - just know that I love you
because you have been given to me; the only
one who needs to be cosseted as the rest of
our family is so very independent and calm

You have taken so many knocks and you are
here - where I can accept you as you are with
all your strange obsessions - reading Hitler's
'Mein Kampf' - maybe because life has been
a Hitler to you, destroying everyone you loved;
though I'm a cracked pitcher too - I'm here for
you - though I mightn't relate to the pain you
suffered - I weathered my own youth; maybe

We have more in common than we think: just
as your parents were anathema to you, my own
parents scared me so terribly, I had to learn how
to relate to them in spite of their failings - maybe
you can learn to love us, dad and step-mom, in
spite of our many shortcomings - there comes a

time when one realises being unique does not mean being different from other human beings

When one learns everyone experiences pain in the same way even if the cause is different - the constriction of heartache and suffering is always the same; you'll find we can attain joy in the same way: by opening our hearts for more of the same; we might just strike it rich one day...

Margaret Alice Second

Stripping Life Of Its Sweetness

Sunday afternoon, boredom creeping in too soon,
you dreaming about a family reunion while I'm
thinking of a trip doing our own thing - does not
matter which, as long as we have adventures,
getting to meet new friends

I live in fear of the time my boredom threshold
would make it impossible to do my job - every
third week is a new beginning as I have fallen
into depression by then, dreaming of the time
when I'll be free from these

Chemical-induced moods and feelings that lead
nowhere in the end; except that I keep searching
for deeper meanings instead of believing this is all
life ever holds, I trust that the mind continues after
the body is buried - this

Belief keeps my lips smiling, my mind happy and
my heart rejoicing with every new insight, even if
death were complete after the body is gone I would
not concur simply because the belief is deadening,
stripping life of its sweetness

What advantage is there in believing oneself destined
for nothingness and therefore being incapable of doing
the most basic positive thing - what a way of robbing
oneself of joy and happiness, I believed it when young,
ended up in mental hospital

Today I only believe things that promote my ability to
live in joy and happiness - no longer willing to endure
the depressing pleasure of cynical superiority in
positivist distrust of dreams and humanity...

Margaret Alice Second

Stuck In Limbo (Revised)

An early office arrival, inbox empty, no-one to defuse my early morning grumpiness, no texts to target my grudge on life against, forced to direct displeasure at inane 7: 25 am animation in myself, nursing a headache, feeling useless

Still in a state of shock replaying my daughter's flagrant driving this weekend in my head, lost on how to solve existential conundrums or fete time meaningfully when life seems so pointless in being devoid of boring mountains of words

Filling emptiness with fury and anger, focusing my mind on other people's problems stated in dead-end sentences – preferable to living a non-life in office necromancy, twiddling my thumbs until desultory but distracting documents arrive

Reality does not exert pressure on me, create a need to escape, I am stuck in limbo, no idea how to solve this strange challenge – existence without challenge or pressure seems utter waste, I must create my own reality, but where shall I begin?

Margaret Alice Second

Sub-Conscious Instinct [revised]

She claimed looking for comfort and love on arrival - protection from her terrible debts, she wanted to marry quietly after a week, the magistrate's office no ado or friends and family - I said go home, fix your life, only a pre-nuptial contract would induce me to marry you

She settled for contract and church with complaints next day, at her wedding she looked like an angry cloudburst, no sparkle or laughter, claimed anger at her mother; then she was hysterical about her debts - like a fool I paid. She got pregnant against my advice

Increased pressure to be debt-free, even though loving relations were banned I paid - that's what men do; then she said I failed to meet her romance needs, a liability in life she wanted. Her car I'd paid she insisted I fix, laughing I said lovingly she's good at getting credit

Truck arrived for her things, I had to fight in keeping the bicycle bought with my money; as she left I felt relief, constant pressure off, knew I'd never love an ice-cold, self-centred person draining joie de vivre. My sub-conscious instinct believed she

Intended swindling me, it surfaced as I reviewed all events objectively, she tried to cheat me out of my house; glad she showed her colours soon enough to protect me from her grasping hands and those unending complaints...

4 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Subjective, Strange Way [rev]

Guess who's been told to butt out - & guess who's been told to cease talking & hold her peace - moi - of course - I'm the one banned from verbalising in our little family overseen by regulated, organised, official Scorpio; STOP, he cries over and over as I try communicating my concern about the Duchess,

My twin sister: you are NOT allowed to influence or derail OUR perfect New Year's Party - we're happy, perfectly satisfied with life - your twin WILL NOT be permitted any influence on our delight with the end of 2016 - & I turn away, write down my feelings; my comfort & happiness depends on Scorpio's mood

So I shall desist; no more telling the world how I feel, no more expressing the concerns about My Duchess since my Scorpio wants to feel so carefree & to heck with anybody else, especially my family - I accept it because without rules I'd make a sacrifice to my

Past, a youth in a loveless house; at least Scorpio's loving in his own, very subjective, strange way

Margaret Alice Second

Succumb To Thrombosis [rev.]

Succumb To Thrombosis

I slink around wiggling my toes, waiting to succumb to thrombosis caused by the very murderous moonboot as predicted by the kind doctor who did the sonar scan

Hands' skin peeling from anxiety - the sonar scan doctor recommends moving about moonboot-less - while a general practitioner thinks it's disappointing

Ligaments are only partially healed, kindly made appointment with her orthopaedic surgeon with a bloodcurdling record doing abortive hip replacements - therefore

Whatever he says, I won't let him near me with a knife, now I hang about without the suspicious moonboot on my foot, doing my exercises, turning circles with left-foot

And I still high step with the boot when I get up, knowing the blood-clot threatening boot and I are like naughty kids chided for being bad, bad foot, bad boot, bad foot

Bad boot....

[27 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Succumbing To His Charms

Being an ardent follower of dances, romances,
things of the night - as long as I return to the
comforting arms of my beloved afterwards - I
realised that an English actress who plays My
Fair Lady then ends up in the embrace of a
Russian dancer as she strides a chair in a wild
tango while looking like Audrey Hepburn herself
and the Russian dancer then has to disentangle
himself from his American wife -

Should prepare for possible disappointment as
the Russian who left his American wife without
much ado will probably leave his Audrey Hepburn
lookalike for the next beautiful lady who takes to
the stage on Strictly Come Dancing firmly clasped
in his arms while succumbing to his charms - or
vice versa - point is, when a radiant young lady
takes the fancy of a married man, odds are high
the next more radiant lady

Will have the same effect on him, and I smile at my
beloved who never goes to a dance, content
to be true to me only

Margaret Alice Second

Such A Passionate Person (Revised)

I knew how privileged I was when I came home with a diagnosis you did not turn your eyes away from – you say 'no fear, we'll tackle it as we tackled the allergy'; you're here with no indication you'd have wanted a wonderful, prettier, younger replacement for me

You see us as a team, as we were when Nici fell ill, when Tiaan cried feeling life meaningless – thus we discovered his allergy; tonight we prepare the meal together, you as captain, I your bo'sun and off we go on this trip discovering life – thank you for not

Throwing me away when it transpired I' m not 100% well; your integrity's a shining light, your presence makes the world a brighter place; even the physician acknowledges you in her tests – thank you so much, thank you for loving the kids and I like you do –

Not half-heartedly, not trying to keep things back for yourself but absolutely, giving everything – so much so you shut out the world – it is a new concept to me yet it makes sense; you're such a passionate person, how could it be otherwise

16 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Such Sweet Belief

A wonderful life, serving his fellow-man
the only fear of old age is death seen as
non-being until resurrection at the end of
time to face his loving God – such sweet
belief led to amazing accomplishment, he
is to be commended

He never allowed an Arthur Findlay to
influence him, never checked the British
Occult Society or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
on continuous awareness after death, nor
allowed reports of the reincarnated to
distract him from now events

All he fears is non-existence until he awakens
in heaven – however much I admire his life, I
cannot pay the same price: closing my eyes
to all contrary evidence in single-minded de-
votion to duty; for me the magic of quantum
physics and magnetic energy

Is too wonderful to be ignored for religious
peace of mind and serving the temporary;
I love enduring ideas of eternal conscious-
ness much more than fleeting imagery -
yet I am glad people's happiness is in
the hands of believers like him...

'Aging is an Attitude' Cecil Murphey – AMG
Publishers, 2005

Margaret Alice Second

Sudden Enlightenment

Maybe telepathic messages between people do exist, I felt bad, then received SMS from sis - in bed, ill with something, leading to sudden enlightenment when Madame Pompadour sent her SMS: also in bed, sinus attack really bad, pain and incontinence

I should never have speculated about lack of telepathic communication, sis is connected to a bed-ridden Madame Pompadour, my feeling ill caused by vibrations from those two - let me apologise to the genies in the sky for expressing distrust of telepathy

Today I know everything we think and feel is diffused through osmosis and picked up by a sensitive medium like me; let me lock mental doors, only keep an aperture open for my lovely colleagues: Pollyanna, Heidi, Maria Von Trapp and Wendy who said

All is well in Neverland, God is in heaven and Madame Pompadour in her bed – AMEN – Heidi replied - eyes twinkling with merriment...

Margaret Alice Second

Suffer For My Joy (Revised)

The Key to Success - a professional interview,
Christophe asked us to recount our experience
of such; I had to laugh, my interview was marked
by the passion in my heart, not a cool mien at all,
my boss said afterwards they should have known
I was more a clown when I talked so emotionally,
other candidates were restrained and grey

For me protocol and etiquette never worked; first
time interpreting I spoke as much as Pollyanna on
arriving at her Aunts, afterwards Irene laughed at
my vehement gesticulation, but fire and all, I still
went to the ball, interpreted for Francophones -
a clutter in my work station reveals my emotional
past, but the privilege of working with industrious,
dedicated smile-hiding translators I love

They toil through the night as I boil with impatience
life is too slow - yet I suffer happily for my joy!

Margaret Alice Second

Suicide Mission

Once I realised my brother had legitimate reason to be unhappy and that I could not help him, I went on a suicide mission, got hold of a mountain of life-threatening onion rings and unsavoury chips and stuffed me like a sausage machine, feeling too sorry for the innocent security guard to pawn it off on him once I saw the grisly content of the greasy box in which they arrived

Feeling much better for the effort at self-immolation and a headache to obliterate the heartache of accepting he is in dire straits and beyond the help of a younger sibling - I can do nothing for him, no word or gesture of mine can bring back what he has lost or turn back the clock - at least, I did the next best thing, stopped my own sorrow from escalating

According to a spiritual master we cannot help someone by jumping into the sea while they are drowning unless we bring a life-jacket and can really swim well; I lack both things - I can only conjure an image of him prospering again, all that is needed, the guru assures his readers; but singing while skipping down the street as he also recommends is not within my powers, I must confess

Margaret Alice Second

Sulphur And Brimstone (Revised)

Once I'd mastered cut and paste by cheerfully
bouncing up and down, I transferred my Work
Plan to the assessment instrument making it
sing like a violin, though sadly, an ominous
contrabass creating the song of 'Rating 3 -
Competent' seldom needing to be asked about
progress of tasks while showing commitment

I am an accomplished advisor ready to guide
anxious colleagues through the disastrous
minefield of Self Assessment, recognized as
inspirational after confessing I worked with
a blinding headache and suffered self-
immolation to get through a never-ending
avalanche of self-referencing questions

I feel justified; my being means something
I help others through pitfalls that threatened
me as I braved brambles of confusion, arriving
in calm waters of Assessment Duly Completed
and handed to HR - the Section spawned in
Hell suffering us the sulphur and brimstone
of self-evaluation!

Margaret Alice Second

Sunday Morning Notes

My Sunday Morning Project is to decide what to do to make the best use of time: first is finding a new hot water bottle for Nici, after two months coughing non-stop her computer was moved from the study into her bedroom, the most delightful room in the house; I could not convince my beloved to do this before - therefore it is a victory that he decided to do this all by himself

Now Nici sits on her bed ensconced in a nest of blankets and pillows, busy with her photoshop project, comfortable and warm - and I have the cold study to myself, all tidy and freezing where I created work space by balancing the laptop on a card-board box - another victory is I managed to decorate my bedside table; my beloved's side is austerity itself - a pile of books, a black and white panda and a single white candle

My side is vibrant with colours, the green of sunlit leaves, the glow of flowers in yellow, purple and pink; the rustic brown of the nativity scene; my paper doll & three smaller dolls to keep me company - my Astrogenetic sign means I can't master interior decorating with classical lines - the more I try, the more eclectic my corner becomes as symbolical meaning overrides everything, thus symbolism is so much more important than appearance to me!

Margaret Alice Second

Sun-Kissed Mist

This morning is like a beautiful woman
wearing soft, sun-kissed mist, luminescent
pearls adorning her bejewelled wrists, as I
drive along I listen to my inner voice raised
in jubilant song...

As I sat on mother's bed in Oliver Tambo
Memorial Hospital, Matron Margaret Mbatha
queried me – What are you writing? – I replied:
A song to the beauty of the morning, asking –
May I dedicate it to you

So when you Google yourself you would find
your name quoted in my poem? - Her sweet
face broke into a smile - Yes you may, but
you must go home, we'll take care of your
mother – yet I stayed because

I have not been with my mother for a long time,
she cries in pain from time to time, I break all the
rules in order to be with her, should they evict me,
it would be fine – I cannot leave my mother in pain
at a time like this...

Margaret Alice Second

Superior, Amused Cool

Friday night should hold some enchantment
but when my computer at work got angry at
me and refused to send finished documents
to my colleague, Friday night lost its shine -
nothing I did afterwards got it back

Learning passé composé for the eventual test
does not hold any charm so I did not even begin,
fixing the house does not seem very inviting -
in the end I settled in front of the TV watching
anaconda's, dingo's, tigers and hawks

Devouring their prey - I had a choice to watch
cricket of course, just join my beloved at the big
screen TV, but this does not appeal, I only take
him a glass of wine from time to time and the
night is all mine - but it's energy I lack

Maybe dinner should have been more than a
chocolate with nuts, egg on rye and a cup of
coffee, yet I cannot be inspired to prepare a
meal for myself, it is self-help tonight - the
others got a takeaway - fish and chips

Not an option for me at all, staying away from oily
foods means no stomach-ache, though boring it
is better than suffering - now the seal looking like
an aquatic ballerina is unmasked as a ruthless
killer; the electric eel is stunning its prey

With a high voltage shock, a polar bear takes on
walruses - I might just as well been watching a
James Bond movie, this only lacks the iconic
theme music like 'On Her Majesty's Secret
Service' with George Lazenby

It was a huge disappointment - later tonight
Pierce Brosnan will entertain in 'The World is
not enough' - as long as they play the theme

song, the movie will be fine - without it, the
superior, amused cool is gone

[Friday Night 25 October 2012]

Margaret Alice Second

Supposed To Be Fun (C)

Planning to help my colleague fight cancer I read about alternative therapies & medicine, everything these people say makes sense - only in the end, it's impossible to do because medication's expensive & I'm so dense, can't work out how to obtain expert help & there is the advice on how to prevent cancer -

It boils down to keel over and die before cancer strikes, we're not to eat salt, sugar, wheat, animal products or chocolate; by this time my eyes were bulging and I ran off and bought all the foodstuffs listed as unhealthy before a diagnosis could take free access to these lovely things away from me, scared stiff by the fact that everything I love

Is on the no-no list before & after cancer invades, should that diagnosis ever be given I would hide it and eat myself into the grave without established murder and maiming through chemotherapy that reduces life's quality to zero and destroys zest for life, should disfigurement be necessary for survival, I'll REFUSE as life's supposed to be fun

Not a judgement putting us in hell!

Margaret Alice Second

Survival Techniques

Wearing black to lament the rate of rape in South Africa, I wear black to lament the lack of restraint in the media and to commemorate the sad death of Anene in the Western Cape

What a painful experience dying in this violent way, feeling sorry for the rapist who killed her, wondering what pain in him drove him to hand on the pain to a seventeen-year old girl

Life imprisonment cannot obliterate the crime or avenge Anene's death, cannot help the murderer, living with memories of his own spiritual mutilation and the scene of his attack on helpless Anene

Her death symbolises the spiral of murder & rape in our world, the media bewailing her violent fate advertise ill-clad women to induce sexual tension in men, driven by high levels of testosterone

Moguls stoke fires causing hormone victim and psychopath to rape and kill, it is a jungle out there only extra care for body and child can keep us safe with artificially stimulated men everywhere

And some women on edge, safety lies in serious precautions, the disrupted psyche zooms in on every sign that imply sexual availability, dress to protect otherwise we offer provocation - potential victim inviting attack

Wilful ignorance of survival techniques in the jungle we live and have kids in, leads to tragedies, while we cannot control the media or the monsters created, we can take charge of our fate - teaching all how to survive happily

Margaret Alice Second

Survive Adult Life

Anastasia Krupnik asked open-ended questions doing a project on her career, wanting to become a bookstore owner to sell her dad's poems; today we did open-ended questions in French Class for grown-ups - over the hill and almost lying in our coffins already -

How to use open-ended questions reverberated in sepulchral tones as we studied arranging a meeting on interior decoration and preferred mode of transportation - my favourite subjects - my brain, never willingly cooperating, exploded; I managed to ask closed questions

About paintings and cars, proving myself village idiot again - flabbergasted to know we still have to study the seeming preserve of primary school students - proving that reading children's books is the only way to survive adult life; so bizarre - mere words

Fail to express the absurdity of deciding what to ask spoilt officials during an imaginary meeting with disgruntled French civil servants...

Margaret Alice Second

Survive Another Day [rev]

The Other Side of History explains old & new South Africa share identical desires to invent history while events take place, - both with a disregard for discrete inquiry into what really transpired; as a political narrative of collective self-interest in introverted and egocentric self-belief, politicians & freedom fighters alike just decide what they require then decree what is to be reported - journalists daren't represent events how we actually experienced them

We love creation of a rainbow nation, miracle transition into non-racial South Africa and the brilliant new garb for the hapless Emperor of Truth - made beautiful by window-dressing; & hire-a-crowd meetings to create impressions ANC's a successful governing party; now this merry band of criminals find running a country is a precise science based on knowledge and experience: ambits appropriating tax fund are practised worldwide - requiring planning and

Diplomacy to leave enough to keep services intact and allow politicians to plunder another day - killing the goose is counter-productive; Africa's leaders must learn crime pays only if carefully planned, politicians commit fraud in all countries with such finesse they retain the wherewithal to govern; here, the African autocrats lead their countries down paths to financial ruin seen in derelict states - with at best rubbish status, - so hear my cry:

Why can't Africa's beloved politicians learn to commit felony & perjury democratically - so our economies can survive another day

Margaret Alice Second

Survive My Life

Deaf on the left - my left ear & learning state capture isn't clear - not clear enough to stop capturers from continuing with illegal ousting of honest people, and you complaining loudly about losing your pension - finance being

Your sole interest in life at present; - robbed me from the pleasure of browsing in a local shop for suitable tops - I don't care so much that the country's falling apart, your reaction to this event causes the injury that smarts -

You rant and rave making me feel guilty for trying to save my inflammatory left ear - for living & breathing, then obtaining medicine, the only short-term relief I know is watching the most notorious killers in Britain, taking

Comfort that 1 day a mass murderer might also help me to close my eyes for the last time to become consciousness freed from the isolation of being the failed bureaucrat whose circumspect colleagues treat her as

An anomaly, imagination equating her to a most abhorred incumbent in administrative circles & do you know how awful it is to be shunned by GOOD people? - - rejected for not able to do routine assembly-line work

In a way that improves life since I'm also plagued by existential crises and a brain like a black hole-sieve that shunts all facts into a pensieve before properly realising what important terms mean, how could

My life descend into such a low sphere,
how did I estrange many GOOD people,
how selfish am I that others can never

confide their troubles to me? - T'is the
end and I admit that I never got it right

Yet my spiritual website tells we can't get
it wrong as we never get it done because
evolution is eternal, developing to Infinity
so there is no ending -let me continue to
thwart those who claim to know it all, not

To punish them, only to survive my life...

Margaret Alice Second

Suspicious Of Me

Would have loved this dress – lilac, crinkly, perfect for a fairy – but the bunch of purple imitation roses on the left shoulder spoils the effect AND the style, the way it hangs straight down without form makes me look like a coloured ball on thin legs, thus quite

atrocious at best – I fail to conjure a Mary Poppins scene in it: where one enters a picture and fly away with Pea Blossom and Mustard Seed, the fairies of long ago– I had better wash my face before going shopping since the goo I pasted on it in an attempt

to cover the allergic swelling caused by my eating a pizza did not have the desired effect, I look like Madame Butterfly in Puccini's Opera, wish I could sing like her though falling into a sword sounds a bit harsh, wish I could put myself in a trance `ere

going out so the clumsiness of affected muscles would go away and I would be a perfect consort for long-suffering hubby who forgets my problem and gets angry when I bump into things & make idiotic remarks as the little alien in my head sinks

into the depths of the big black hole in my mind in which everything I hold dear disappears from time to time - it keeps me working hard to replace them thus my thoughts always seem new - I do not age emotionally, dangerous to admit as psychologists

insist one should, so staying under the radar is the only safe place and voicing my feelings in poetry the only really safe channel where I can become a snow queen in my lilac dress and play games without offending the sensibilities of all my

rational, ethical, common-sense peers whose suspicions of me are barely concealed...

Swaying Then Dancing

Crushed under a grey day, reports of my
mother in pain, Carine weighed down by
four steel pegs and ten screws in her leg,
no escape from scrambled thoughts

Went out marching, swaying then dancing
to musical rhythms, becoming one with the
beat of the universe, not a care in the world
as velvet voices sing joy into my mind

“Let me whisper in your ear, say the words you
want to hear, I’m in love with you, just the two
of us, the only sound that you will hear is when
I whisper in your ear - I love you”

“All over the world people just like us are falling
in love ...” and I feel people like me joyously
swaying in every possible universe

Margaret Alice Second

Sweet Acronyms (Revised)

One of the best with lovely meanings is
OMD: right there all rational thought is
gone, Oh My Darling, you are so sweet
she says and he replies - Oh My Damn -
like Rhett Butler in Gone with the Wind,

Off My Desk! A dreamy secretary orders
oily office pest, Oh My Dragon, he replies,
Secretary sighs - One More Day, she's met
someone special to date through the great
Membership Database

Little knowing it might get her killed in a
dazed haste; the stranger has planned
Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark while
Ozark Mountain Daredevils strut their
remarkable stuff -

Then there's me: Oh My Damn, the day's all
but done - I've dreamed it away in a stream
of incredible acronyms - and there you see
how sweet acronyms rate, bringing such joy
to all in their wake!

Margaret Alice Second

Sweet Beguilement [revised]

They who lament absence of technique and mature sound in young upstarts & wannabes who, even before 10 years of age imitate opera greats, belt out 'O Mio Babbino Caro' with shrill voices yet sweet middle register – should state which role models they would decree for these singers who value and excellence so much

Should they be denied joy in singing like their favourite 'artistes' because they're too young to possess mature vocal chords, remain in shadows until years of singing classes perfect their diction, depriving the masses that sweet beguilement offered by these talented dreamers; or should they all imitate modern pop stars

Celestial music rendered in very young voices holds such beautiful promise it charms more than an expert lyrical rendering of emotional distress threatening 17yr olds; like scenes of an expansive Diva's mature Valkyrie who trills threats to papa in shaky voice overpowered by emotion, hiccupping with carefully wrought tears...

Here we have a great problem and eternal conundrum; we only find 10yr olds or large Grande Dames singing these songs: Why no 17yr olds? And 'Nessum Dorma', so dramatically destroyed by the three tenors in André Rieu's concerts so much so that I must bypass them when concentrating against the background music -

Sung so enchantingly in Amira's immature sweet voice, shrill in high notes but controlled by adding cute shy vibrato - oh heavens, how masterly she controls it, just needs time to develop better vocal chords, thus Nessum Dorma is restored, like resurrection belief in Biblical characters, joy in musical prodigies heroic attempts

Can't be measured or taken away while we have free access to the Internet...

Sweet Common Sense [revised]

It is a CHOICE to feel separate,
alone and abandoned, creating
a sad illusion which brings pain
and suffering - some choose to
believe life evolved randomly in
a hostile environment unaware
of life and consciousness - that
humans deserve the destruction
they wreak with their own hands

People seek love relationships
but nothing satisfies deep need
within - while forever dreaming
of an elusive love not found in a
God rewarding good behaviour
or in subjugating others to honour
Him - we thus miss the point of
existence: that is in knowing the
joy of delighted consciousness

Which unmask insane ideas of
life requiring sacrifice - to make
us worthy - truth is we are free
to believe love lives in our own
hearts & genes in unconditional
love for everything - to feel its
magical effect creating a sweet
life of common sense founded
in bright wisdom of discernment

Margaret Alice Second

Sweet Escape [rev]

You're enjoying a lovely dinner while I relate a
miscreant's devilish embezzlement schemes in
perfect English - if such were possible, I doubt
it very much - of my fraudster's latest venture

Embezzlement as a Cameroonian through the
lampooned buffoon of South Africa's President;
the schemes are beyond rational understanding -
only a Biblical Psalmist would be able to render

Justice to this vision in which supplicant requests
enough money to repay his conned former clients
and more - a grant to start a new business where
neither client nor business stands a chance of

Seeing such money again: could our government
ever be so forthcoming as rewarding a psychotic
criminal's planned negligence & running away as
the blackguard's sweet escape from every play?

Margaret Alice Second

Sweet Repose

Everything served as stepping stones, I am not
grieving as the end appeared to be a new be-
ginning; a higher flight, more enchanting delight,
no fear at all, this deep dream unique cannot let
me fall as the silver chord and golden thread
weave in patterns of meaning eluding me still,
but beckoning more beautiful than ever before,
a masterful voice uttering words so choice, my
soul responds, my heart rejoice, my mind be-
calmed makes me see the sweet repose that
used to seem completely out of reach: if it is
there, if it is calling; I can follow because
I know where the doorway is....

Margaret Alice Second

Sweet So I Can Have Peace

I feel terrible, the story I'm reading keeps me in suspense because it does not make any sense, the unhappiness of the characters suffering terrible passion and despair gives me a headache, I don't believe anyone could be so upset without falling ill; authors always give their characters too much to bear, I cannot imagine so much intrigue in reality without complete physical collapse

I make things charming and sweet so I can have peace yet still take note of what others do to break the boredom of an ideal existence, too much safety is just as bad as too much pain, though I am fanatically opposed to suffering, the result is that we are enriched by the wisdom it brings and the new perspective that grows out of it makes me see the interesting world in a different way, variety is

The spice of life - for me - in any case...

Margaret Alice Second

Sweet Tasting Treats

Lovely, after traveling through the bumps of uncertainty this morning, suffering through the existential question why I cannot concentrate like a machine or master the art of sleuthing until finding the correct version of every source text expression, fighting doubt that life can have meaning if one is a million brain cells too short on lightning fast comprehension - yet

Has to seem industrious and accomplished - after all this my existential problems were solved in one mighty sweep of eucalyptus and menthol delight, popping the delectable sweets in my mouth, immediately the certainty and calm of the ages fill my being bringing my anxious mind to rest, everything seems easy and no question can bother me any more, thank you for sugar

It shortens my life, scientists say, making the shorter life so much better and more enjoyable, thank you that I need not eat boring veggies to bring me nearer the end; as for my teeth - there are dentists and the toothpaste industry, I am as happy as a lark as long as I can embark on sweet tasting treats...

Margaret Alice Second

Sweet Voice (Elixir Of Life)

Anxious about doing things I can't do perfectly,
a day spent in misery, nothing working out - no
comment on Amazon accepted and colleagues
discussing work so boringly I'm am in fear my
ears will implode on hearing this -

Ever-smaller spirals turning around me and I'm
dying on the inside - then I returned to nine-year
old Amira singing on her debut CD - & instantly
angst and anxiety lifted as if it was never there;
with chocolate cake and

Ice-cream from a restaurant plus Amira I'm able
to stand the day - although writing this awakens
the anxiety again; suffice it to say Amira's sweet
voice means the elixir of life to me...

Margaret Alice Second

Sweet Withdrawal (Rev)

Becoming a stand-up translator instead of a stand-up comedian, relaying dry source-text less its witticisms, sinking lower to reach a keyboard from above: built a leaning tower of Pisa to elevate screen & TWO Eiffel towers next to each other to levitate my keyboard -

My chair fell apart, second-to-last caster wheel broke off, and sitting on life-threatening office-chairs isn't a success for me; two IT experts claim it is healthier to stand all day - tho' their contrivances are much more professional than mine - so I'm applying the advice -

As long as legs & feet hold me up long enough - all the while trying to stop my book-towers from falling - we'll see where it takes me - if any change is good as a holiday, then I'm on vacation in the office; Mme Pompadour has assured me no chair's forthcoming

This is after State Employer bought her haughtiness a special chair & built her a separate office because she has a psychologist's letter, using up enough sick leave to merit final notices; anything to do with health sounds good: thus I listen to Maria Callas, Gounod's

Ave Maria, on repeat before moving to "Blue Tango" to watch Death dancing, Renata Flitworth in a scene eternally imprinted on my heart - reverently right next to the Torah with its pure ideals lighting up my inner cathedral of peace with this relaxing harmony

in sweet withdrawal from tumultuous life...

Margaret Alice Second

Symbol Of Love (Cor.)

Sometimes I wonder if losing the one we love is a prerequisite to discover a capacity to love many MORE people than just one romance; I wonder whether we have to lose focus on just that special one to offer love to everything

People, animals, nature & inanimate objects as symbols of our deepest feelings; can we have a love affair with the beautiful world, does loss of a romantic love teach us it is not the end of the world, but rather the beginning of an infinite

Love affair with the world as it is, the freedom to delight in all people and all the world's wonders - thus the deep loneliness inside, the hole in the heart can be filled by an all-embracing love, isn't this the effect of mind-altering drugs - could we

Remember the feeling to go on - with a mind all new since knowing what true love is, instead of growing furious when we lose the drug-induced delight; maybe we can increase the flow of love in our hearts and leave the artificial veneer

Of cultural suppression to become who we really are: lovable, loving human beings who refuse to row upstream against our feelings, sharing love without fear of rejection since love unconditional does not require a response, it simply IS - like

The sun giving light to all, not just those of our own culture, skin and location - sometimes it seems sunshine is liquid love scattered by the winds to fill all with joy and we can offer shade to all who take too much sun and we can

Lead those stuck in their suffocating mind-caves back to the beauty of light - as the symbol of love

[4 November 2014]

[ORIGINAL:]

Sometimes I wonder if losing the one we love
is a prerequisite for discovering we have the
ability to love many MORE people than just
ONE romance - and I wonder whether we

Have to lose the focus on just that special one
in order to offer love to everything in the world,
people, animals, nature and inanimate objects
as mind-boggling symbols of our deepest

Feelings - I wonder whether we can have a love
affair with the beloved world in which we live; do
you know what I mean? Maybe loss of romantic
love teaches us it is not the end of the world, but

The beginning of an infinite love affair with the
world as it is, discovering the freedom to delight
in all people and the world's wonders, and thus
the deep loneliness inside, the hole in the heart

Left after loss - can be filled by an all-embracing
love - do you think it is possible? - Isn't this the
feeling we have upon using mind-altering drugs
and alcohol? Shouldn't we treasure this feeling

And relive it when the substance's effect is gone
and we can go on with a new mind which knows
what true love is, instead of growing furious when
we lose the delight created by these drugs? -

Maybe we can increase the flow of love in our hearts
and leave the artificial veneer of cultural suppression
to become who we really are - lovable, loving human
beings who refuse to row upstream against their own

Feelings and needs, sharing their love with everything
without fear of rejection since unconditional love does

not require a response, it simply IS like the sun giving light to all, not just a chosen few on the grounds of

Their culture, skin and location? Sometimes I think sunshine is liquid love scattered by the winds to fill everything with delight - giving us opportunities to help making shade for all who take too much sun

And to lead anyone stuck in the suffocating caves inside their minds, back to the beauty of light as the symbol of love...

[2 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Symbolise Love [cor]

The new pink pool-noodle on my left and new blue bucket on my right with new yellow-green basin behind me - as well as an ice-pink rose affixed to the lilac-pink woven carpet covering my chair - my work station's been arranged in a corner of heaven; the blue calms my mind & the ice-pink lifts-off into a new dimension of transparent light

The decorations brought new energy into my little place, the guilt and fear of yesterday is gone and though lack of emotion's boredom, it is too difficult to live in anxiety and anger; I want to bring even more pastels in here - A non-physical being said he could change his environment with his thoughts and thus his friends could see what mood he's in

I love it when my surroundings reflect crystal consciousness with transparent pastels and sky-blue heavenliness - my big glass paper-weight next to the mouse to keep the mouse-pad straight, I feel so much better now - only need to bring in more translucent green to reflect Life-Energy - and symbolise Love

Margaret Alice Second

Take My Place [rev]

Considering a face transplant
I decide that should I require a
face replacement I'd rather die,
as for organ transplant - such
as my heart, prefer death

The pain of adapting to a new
face or organs does not seem
worthwhile; should surgeons
say I can only live on condition
they cut off my nose leaving a

Gaping hole in my face - I'd
refuse, no joy makes intense
suffering worthwhile, I want
to live a normal life and leave
this world as happy as I can

No dramatics from surgery,
no heroics at the cost of my
joie de vivre, I will not accept
being a guinea pig, physical
death is such a good thing

There is such overpopulation,
It's the reason for so many
wars; I'm sure many souls
are waiting in the wings for
me to depart - jump in

And take my place on earth!

Margaret Alice Second

Takes My Hand (Revised)

A pleasurable anticipation, no great expectations, a small white scarf pasted with silver enlivens this big black mantle draped symbolically about my neck, a gesture to the universe that I believe in goodness of life while surviving allergic reaction to last night's fried fish dinner

Cheesecake pie aggravated the situation yet eased hunger pains, been working since dawn - need a break to assemble thoughts about chivalrous people making me feel a lady, talking to them I'm wearing a lacy ball-gown - darting hither, thither and yon to an orchestra playing

In the rear black attired assassins bear strange cases, no doubt containing rifles with telescopic sights, exotic and deadly weapons - shivers of excitement run down my spine, a smiling stranger takes my hand for the next dance...

Friday 13 April 2012

Margaret Alice Second

Taking Everything [rev]

I feel so sorry for our sleepy International Relations Minister Mme Doo-Dah-Head-Hole-MaitenNkoana Mashanbanebane: colleague Lola was so lucky, when she & her African friends carried water on their heads they first placed a scarf, turban or hijab, or whatever you want to call it, around their heads, and made an indent so the container was secure - and they developed strong backs & were filled with joie de vivre

Colleague Lola was surprised to read Mme Doo-Dah-Head-Hole carried water without this covering, arousing suspicion she'd never carried water on her head - evidence indicates NJET: well, I also have a hole in my head, th' metaphorical Black Hole of Quantum Physics even sucking in light - and nothing resurfacing, until strange currents force something to my mind's surface again - OH, but poor Mme Doo-Dah

Head-Hole oe-là là, I know just how she feels after her talk on Al Jazeera, suffered pain in her youth while the reporter from Azania interrogated her on serious Ministerial matters which Mme Doo-Dah isn't authorised to talk about - they're hush-hush government secrets - & a super-clever, slippery Houdini of Azania lauded for his ability to wriggle out of any situation - leads the way; the country's blessed

It were best to listen to Zuma's praise singers swelling their chests raising up Azania's Prez - & Africa to be stripped of Western universities and returned to pre-industrial nomadic existences, footloose and fancy-free hunter-gatherers; thus intruding Europeans to be shipped to overcrowded Europe to be relief workers, taking hated Western technology and religions with them - and shamanism, fore-father-cults and

Witch-doctors can return to nature-hallowing paganism & pre-Christian freedom from evil of false human rights with its very unacceptable obligations & morality; corruption is unknown in Africa & ethics represent a non-existent creed not tolerated in the beauty of exploiting underlings - given exploitation's also unknown in Azania: with Minister Doo-Dah-Head-Hole in control & Prez Houdini slipping out of

Every bind, even the Deepest Storms of Bubble-Trouble;
Azania's free to pursue the policy of this self-servicing,
laughing Zulu King - taking everything...

Margaret Alice Second

Talent And Integrity [revised]

I'm old enough to know romance is a wonderful fantasy, a way to explain hormonal changes and unexpected sensations giving interaction deeper meaning, making space for great fairy tales, and when the real world of hard work & drudgery

Takes over, humans have an inner sanctuary of dreams to keep them going; maybe some people keep their romances alive for longer while others find they can see reality even in adolescence - I kept my dream longer than most, still approving

The fantasy of romance as a valid way to relate, now the whole world becomes the object of my affections as my poet brother helps me confront the hurdles that threatened to destroy the earth before I could figure out the meaning of life -

Today with the rain & introspection I realise again the privilege of reading channelled messages on the Internet promising the vision: should we keep our eyes on our desires, we shall be tuned to the radio wavelength broadcasting what we want, so

I keep my eyes on you as you trudge on, knowing your talent & integrity lifts you up beyond lesser mortal beings on earth....

Margaret Alice Second

Tales Of Horror And Suspense

Madame Pompadour honoured us by graciously informing the Department a terrible bug bit her in the neck during the night, must have been Dracula we immediately surmised, she a Damsel in distress trying her best not to waste her time with the rest of us plebs in the open-plan office, her door must have been open and the evil monster attacked perfectly on cue; mesmerised by the marvellous adventures of our haughty Madame keeping her head high while one event is followed by the next incident; her list of original excuses is growing and soon we shall publish a book delineating the lovely progress of her exciting life, enlivening bureaucracy with tales of Horror and Suspense!

Margaret Alice Second

Tango On Their Desks (Revised)

It was a book* about a little girl who escaped from poverty by imagining she was a princess in disguise that reminded me of my own games; starting work as language editor of exam papers, I was Le Petit Prince, come down to earth to meet the officials

Employed on Planet-Government-Service, led by an affable language guru genie telling myriads of tales; tea breaks resembled the Mad Hatter's tea party & I morphed into Alice in Wonderland surprised by her strange colleagues, fleeing to the Library to lose

Herself in books, wondering how officials deal with boring routines, writing my Government Service Opera – officials dancing a tango on their desks before drinking cups of tea, reading newspapers with synchronised zeal...

Margaret Alice Second

Taste /Zest For Life (R)

I was unwilling to be working with the broken air-con;
started humming snatches of old songs: Blue Spanish
Eyes & old Dutch hymns - prayerfully I started floating
as peace filled my heart, followed the rhythm going to
Human Resources - a den of iniquity originating new,
idiotic decrees - danced my way there hands aloft and
felt so good, came back - filled in the leave form

Ready for my Cape trip to face my angry Duchess who
says dieting fouls her temper, so beware, & keep quiet
as Scorpio taught me - then it'll be fine; she argues with
Mom & gallant Pete - must prepare for retorts that may
electrocute my mind, delete years 'til I'm just five years
old - better take books & my laptop, sit quietly until she
feels better - prepared for a broken-spring bed which

Endangered my last visit's sleep; watch dad's twinkling
eyes enjoying his favourite music, Oom Chris Blignaut
& Silver de Lange playing concertina, delighting in his
joie-de-vivre taking tea with his 90-year old best friend,
a supposed Sir who tills the garden - we think but can't
be sure, listen as mom syncopates Schubert % Chopin -
but plays Debussy with feeling; wish I could embroider

Or crochet to fit into the scene - knitting with the pink
fluffiness of a Miss Marple while my parents run about
with zest for life that few young people can emulate...

[ORIGINAL:]

Taste For Life

Unwilling I was, coming to work with broken air-con,
started humming snatches of old songs; Blue Spanish
Eyes & old Dutch hymns, prayerfully I started floating
as peace filled my heart, I followed the rhythm going to
Human Resources - that den of iniquity coming up with
new, idiotic decrees - danced my way there hands aloft

and felt so good, came back and filled in the leave form

□

Ready for my trip to the Cape to face my angry Duchess
who says dieting gives her a foul temper so beware, keep
quiet as Scorpio taught me then all will be fine, she argues
with Mom & gallant Pete, must prepare for retorts that may
electrocute my mind & delete the years till I'm just 5 years
old - better take books and my laptop, sit quietly until she
feels better - prepared for a broken-spring bed which

Made sleep difficult on my last visit; watch dad's twinkling
eyes as he enjoys his favourite music, Oom Chris Blignaut
and Silver de Lange playing concertina, delighting in his
joie-de-vivre as he has tea with his best friend, a 90-year
old supposed Sir who tills the garden - we think but can't
be sure, listen as mom syncopates Schubert & Chopin -
but plays Debussy with feeling, wish I could embroider

Or crochet to fit the feel of the scene: knitting with the pink
fluffiness of a Miss Marple while my parents run around with
a zestful taste for life that few young people can emulate...

Margaret Alice Second

Tattoos

You express your love for the symbolism of wisdom by having an owl tattooed on your arm symbolising that wisdom is written on the tables of your heart - creating a multi-dimensional symbolism

I objectify my symbols in sound - music and words - and objects - figurines on my glass table at home - a magic wand attached to my bed, a shimmering butterfly and pearl strings on a silver stick

A wonderful paper doll and nativity scene at my bed-side, a crystal lamp as symbol of self-image in the kitchen - the world is a big book of symbols, the sun, moon, wind, flowers and trees

The miniatures pasted on my computer console - just as well tattoos are not my chosen means, the skin does not offer enough space for every symbol
I wish to commemorate

Sunday 7 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Technologically Advanced [r]

Long ago my friend Delien was scared when an IT specialist asked - 'Where is the mouse?' and she wildly cast about for something to chase the rodent out; the IT specialist watched her aghast - and today it's clear Delien's cell phone is useless

Technologically-impaired me tried to enable her to receive phone-calls since it can do everything from finding lovers to being a radio & surfing the Internet, yet can't fulfil its basic mission of being a phone, no ringtone, directing callers to leave

Voice messages, together we couldn't see any contacts: 'I must have deleted everything' she wailed; I tried to numbers as the phone insisted on asking irrelevant, idiotic questions: Name, nickname, street name, title, business,

Address, email, star sign - confused I asked my son's help at home & he asked what kind of cell-phone it was and I proudly replied [it's not often I notice the mundane, it was a special moment] a Cell C - my son's eyebrows went up and up

Doing the fandango, he shook his head as Nici remarked 'It's a tragedy when someone asks help from the technologically-constrained; Cell C is the contract, not the make' she haughtily explained - could this really be their mom -

This other-worldly being - leaving me to further their vastly superior, technologically-advanced, rational, elevated, common-sense lives...

Margaret Alice Second

Telling My Story [rev]

The benevolent atmosphere, industrious dedication of my colleagues and the kindness of our Boss who lives in his own man-cave which I glimpse from time to time; he asks what gives meaning to life, & I reply the mere fact of existence, the triumph of being over destruction and nothingness, the victory of our being

Free to choose where we go and what we do, playing and challenges provide fun & our seeking adventure; watching how people fall about on skate-boards and jump from roof-tops and drive bicycles over the abyss and somersault with speedboats and snow-mobiles - life is more vibrant than ever and internationally the

Gloves are off, people don't hide behind respectable masks but present as blunt as Trump - the amazing energy which infuses every day with new intrigues - life's purpose is JOY, growth happens automatically, just to BE is our victory - even when we lament the choices we have made everything can be changed

Every painting can be redone, every concert is the stepping stone for a new twist in every tale weaving new perspectives into the myths we still adore, and though feelings come and go, by meditating on this I floated downstream feeling the glory of telling my story as a new discovery of the imagination people

Offer us - and refuge in which to recharge our life...

Margaret Alice Second

Temper Like Lightning

Some people are like angels - but do not tell
them so, they want to be big and bluff, shouting
at you like the Billy Goats Gruff, they seem to be
intimidating and timid souls run off while
underneath beats a heart of gold

Nobody is allowed to cosset them, they are tough,
any overpowering kindness and they run away while
wagging an accusing finger at you, you have to be
friendly without seeming to, offer friendship without
giving the game away, nobody allowed

To see the heart beating, it is all muscle and brawn,
admonishing and words like Stay Strong, Don't Put
A Foot Wrong; since I never put a foot right, it is
difficult to get on, yet for all their thunder and
blighting and a temper like lightning

Their presence shines like a light

Margaret Alice Second

Tender, Anyone

Asking for language tenders and the tender committee send requests to catering companies - brilliant - police, security companies, sports teams, strip clubs; anyone free to enter any tender to translate, edit or interpret
□

Whether anyone knows a language or not, irrelevant; tenders awarded on a democratic basis, cheapest and first come first serve, it is so much fun and bureaucracy becomes a haven for criminals inventing amazing ways

To exploit a system joyously hilarious in its simplicity - throwing open tenders without impeding and irritating conditions such as ability: tenders anyone, tender and make a fast buck, subcontract and do not pay workers

If the unpaid subcontracted experts leave, use others, this can continue indefinitely; tender, anyone - join in the fun- funds to be shared amongst vagabonds and every job in government is filled by the incompetent

Who receive a high salary to invite tenders from whoever wants to make money by subcontracting to the experts who won't get paid and will be replaced by other incompetents to be replaced over and over

Until another devious mind comes up with a masterful new scheme, as long as government survives in the interim until we end up like the Congo, government employees not paid, left to take care of themselves

Margaret Alice Second

Tension (Revised)

No use reading positive books if I cannot survive your grumbling complaints about wonderful events – like visits from family and friends I see as privileges which are infringements of your privacy

No escaping suffocation today, you fell victim to symptomatic fears about the future while my mind stuck on Station Worry; a surprise visit depressed, tomorrow will bring more of the same –

Your unhappiness stifles my anxious attempts to be sanguine, hopeful and glad, the world threatens, full of monsters and hateful events – it should be a fairytale, even books fail to provide sanctuary

Can't sleep or fit soft mattress curves, torture is the floor, nerves charging my body like high-tension wire: Spiritualists say I can rise above this but I have a long way to go before I can age gracefully

I guard my hope, trust and visions of future and past jealously, even the fraudulent – as long as composition harmony is supreme...

Margaret Alice Second

Terrible Secret [r]

I had forgotten - I was Dr Jekyll - with a dark and terrible secret: Mr Hyde lurks within me, ready to pounce when I least expect, & when he gets out with his Dionysian joy in creating new and unheard-of things, changing worlds into dreams, he writes creative texts that can not be accepted in technical & legal contexts

Dr Jekyll's absolutely shattered when dealing with the mess left - the headache - heartache so unbearable, the humiliation of showing the world my dark side: routine boredom leads to tragic creativity injuring Jekyll's reputation as a responsible member of society once again, accusations threatening early assassination

Unable to account for the bold lines & strong text changes, my Dr Jekyll can just helplessly explain the black hole in his brain, wishing his alternate selves were better behaved - kinder & conventional, not creating problems for the unsuspecting members of the long-suffering language-practitioner fraternity...

Margaret Alice Second

Tether My Free-Wheeling Mind

Finally finished reading The Valley
Of Fear - I freaked out, ran shouting
through the house: Sherlock Holmes
is the best, once again, history of early
America, Pinkerton Men, lawlessness,
Arthur Conan Doyle changing me into
a convert for law and order

Helped me to cross the border between
wishing for freedom and being responsible,
now I really have nothing else to read, to-
morrow I must go to the library or die in
agony and sorrow, being without mental
stimulation would turn me into the devil
himself, breathing fire and brimstone

A whirling dervish of impatience to get
my hands on something that will tether
my free-wheeling mind...

"Sherlock Holmes - The Complete Illustrated
Novels" - Reprinted in 1991 Reed International
Books Ltd.

Margaret Alice Second

Thank You For That (Revised)

To work so hard for such little return is amazing, inspecting each letter to ascertain whether it is a tiny container with a dew drop suspended or a flower or a fairy lamp, comparing each with the Arabic letters in Ariel - whether a hamza on top or beneath, an alef beginning or end

Then produce a translation without individual identification; personal names become gibberish through Google Translate, but I found Abdullah and Mohamed – proving my system works, all we can tell in the end is it concerns a red notice – but I had a challenge and time flew, stopping

Only when eyes unfocused or frustration made me seek food – these are happy times in my life, solving a riddle, finding missing information while playing with beautiful Arabian letters - and its why I love you too – you represent a riddle, questions met with more mystery

Answers I don't understand – I am so glad you are inscrutable, that the secrets you hide – maybe quite guilelessly, maybe not – cannot be discovered in a one-day wonder of questions and answers – you, like Arabic, keep my life filled with challenge and excitement – thank you for that...

Margaret Alice Second

Thank You My Love

THIS is why I adore my beloved so much - you make the world safe, you have given me a new life - I was an anxious child, scared of mother and father, fearing for the safety of my twin sis who wouldn't stop calling their wrath down on us - with the fear was the feeling of living without love, as if we lived in a hostile, alien world - then I met you and the friendship you offered

Was wonderful, yet wonderful things didn't mean much as anxiety still reigned - then you explained your rules for life; that's when I realised a miracle was happening to me: for the first time I was safe, now I could choose the joy of motherhood because my children would be safe too; though I sometimes lose sight of these truths as life goes on, forgetting why the rules are important

Though I blame you when your directions do not seem wise; insight into the way your guidance made my world safe & brought me delight always returns when danger is overcome; like a knight you fight every dragon trying to kill us and you give us a talisman, a rule by which danger is averted; tonight, when our little prince came home, sad & disappointed with his 'friends'

I saw you taking care of him, giving him love - and knew this is why you are King, I obey, honour & respect you as you treat me like your Queen and extend your benevolence to our whole family, leading us safely through the world's labyrinth - I love you so much, would like to honour you more, wish I could really put a crown on your head, not just in thought:

Thank you my love...

[1 February 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

That Boundless Passion (Revised)

Mother complains of headache and flu
in the old-age home, sign she is bored,
no tests, crises, or intrigues to attend;
I remember her hating boredom, she
left usual tasks undone, beds unmade
kitchen in a terrible state, taking us to
visit a friend instead

Dad and grandma returned to find an
empty house in chaos; on our return
mother charmed them playing piano;
ten years ago mother was paralysed
in bed, a friend called, inviting her on
a trip – she jumped up, roaring to go,
carrying her own bag downstairs

Moments before Sister had served her
in bed; depression's the same with me,
overwhelming flu taking hold until an
interest ignites new passion, cured in
an instant I move like lightning – I wish
it was possible to help mother conquer
inability to deal with fear of boredom

If only she could find a victim in distress
to care for, helping others always makes
her feel cheerful, if only someone would
provide a focus for all that boundless
passion I inherited from her...

13 June 2013

Margaret Alice Second

That Magical Bubble [revised]

Mother played my favourite songs - a magical few hours, I was twelve years old again, sang "Evening bells tolling in the distance" in wonderful acoustics of the chapel - we went through the old Psalm book and Hallelujah too, songs we learned in high school, every week a new song learned by heart

It was surreal, I was proud of my high school, like a favourite storybook, enjoyed the discipline - today we had a special time together, focused, contented, delight in trying to create sweet, rounded, vibrating sound - but before we started on the songs, I was irritated by mother's inquisition, and stubborn

Insistence she was right, though I had evidence to the contrary in my hands; as long as mother plays the piano and I can sing in the chapel - no-one else there - we can be happy together; we delight in each other's company, wish we could stay in that magical bubble forever...

28 SEPTEMBER 2013

Margaret Alice Second

The Afterlife [rev.]

We attract what we concentrate on, good or bad,
with new eyes I read newspapers on what people
do to each other, appreciate my super colleagues,
all wit and grace, kind security guards making the
workplace safe and laughing at my antics

Only the media describe dire aspects of events; of
politicians fighting each other in Cote d'Ivoire; those
in shabby huts stealing power from tax-payers – but
society still works okay - thinking of my Duchess's
world peopled by dragons, fighting evil sleights

Never listening to me as Alice living in Wonderland,
she lives with goblins hiding cell-phone & keys; dad
Conan the Barbarian lives in blame but as he shares
money with every beggar he's going to heaven; my
Attila the Hun-bro lives in sweet contemplation

Playing guitar & staring at the sky; mom Queen of
Hearts seeks spirituality but her choice of afterlife
is unknown, she only does things under pressure
and so leaves death for last - I'm headed for the
Akashic records of all that ever happened

I shall meet Lobsang Rampa - unless he's too busy
in other dimensions; I shall seek Sir Terry Pratchett
to thank him for rephrasing German philosophers &
providing a place to hide when lost in the allergy –
a blue blanket of the imagination that kept

My soul alive when descending the pit of despair;
Terry Pratchett will live forever as creator of the
Discworld universe even when he discovers
stranger worlds than those he created...

[ORIGINAL:]

What an amazing idea, we attract only what we want

to see or concentrate on – whether good or bad, with new eyes I regard newspaper reports on what people do to each other, thinking of my wonderful colleagues, all wit and grace and kind security guards providing a safe workplace and so willing to laugh at my antics; of my little family led by my beloved in such a way

There are few argument as we follow his rules, respect each other and stay out of kids' rooms, though I invade to find a bed unmade & add new blankets to beds; as for strangers, a greeting & smile bring out the best, only newspapers insist on pointing out dire aspects of every event; politicians fighting each other in Cote d'Ivoire; those in shabby huts steal power from tax-payers

In spite of everything society is working; thinking of my Duchess living in a world peopled by dragons & goblins with slights in every face which seems good to me, she fights evil as she stomps away and I pick up the pieces, explain she has stress in her life and it's true - seeking out hostility causes her much pain; she never listens to me as I'm just Alice living in Wonderland and she

Lives in another country where goblins hide her cell-phone & keys, my dad-Conan the adorable Barbarian, lives in a desert of recrimination and blame, always seeking to explain why he listened to others and lost everything, yet he shares his money with any beggar who passes him - he's going straight to heaven; my Attila the Hun-bro lives in a land of contemplative

Soothsaying, playing guitar and staring at the sky; the Queen of Hearts - mom - always reaches for spiritual accomplishment - headed for heaven also - though which I don't know as she only ever finishes things under pressure she'll leave death for last also; and I'm headed for the Akashic records of all that ever happened to meet my friend Lobsang Rampa

Unless he's too busy meeting his followers from other universes - then I'll just evaluate my own life – blaming myself for being a fool - never preparing for

emergencies - an idiot to those who knew how to live rationally, and with Sir Terry Pratchett in the afterlife I'll seek his harmonic frequency to thank him as he made life worth living with his great rephrasing of

German philosophers; his characters with rock-firm integrity, Granny Weatherwax, Archchancellor Mustrum Ridcully, The Patrician Havelock Vetinari, Death & his granddaughter Susan, the young Tiffany Aching, also "Good Omens", "Soul Music" and "Thief of Time" with Lady Time roaming sadly through her glass castle, for the Sound Monks - for everything giving me a place to

Hide when I lost my mind through the allergy - for the soft blue blanket of the imagination that kept my heart alive when destroyed by food intolerance, for helping me to cherish positive thoughts while descending into the pit of despair - thank you for being YOU - Terry Pratchett is dead - long live Sir Terry Pratchett in his own Discworld universe...

Margaret Alice Second

The Aftermath [rev]

The adrenaline-high's over, now facing the aftermath;
fatigue & getting back into routine of repeating same
things, from unusual events back to duty - relaxation
by rote, no spontaneity, no spur of moment decisions
nothing to disturb the Master of this Castle - and no
adrenaline staring at same scenes - salvation to be
found in reading library books

Soon life will be agreeable again after adventures of
two 18-hour bus trips and facing challenges posed by
the Duchess - and Petruschka adding his share to the
heady mix; mother preaching and me advising her to
stop treating all people like idiots to be charmed and
exploited; dad getting angry, seeing fear in his eyes
on my threatening his little world

By cleaning his room; the Duchess haughtily distant
telling me she's happy when she was patently not - the
sales-lady pretending to know everything about crystal-
consciousness; exchanging presents and family secrets
rehashed & proving to have no more power over me, a
boring life enlivened by Petruschka wishing to buy a
farm with iron foundry & forge & implements

To be salvaged & sold to museums; trip on a quad-bike,
two hovels to be torn down - the labour worthy because
of the marvellous view of the mountains & the Duchess
unhappy to lose her home till they can build a new one:
such wonderful challenges & adventures and here I am
back home, nose to the grindstone of preset decisions
and all the homely scenes...

Margaret Alice Second

The Air Fizzles

Oh joy, rejoice, oh sing my soul, tomorrow
a French class with Marali in charge, her
personality bright, she shines like a star
her enthusiasm for life infectious, she is
the essence of inspiration and conveys a
sense of wonder about the language she
teaches, the air fizzles while she is around
her excitement knows no bounds - firing
my imagination and leaving enough space
in which I can wonder and enjoy- I might
be slow in class, talking with difficulty

Drilling in basic grammar and analysing
language structure, I hope we shall follow
the rhythm of the language as it rises and
falls, the melody therein, every sentence
ending on a rising curve, indicative of the
questioning French soul, the deep mistrust
of benevolence infecting the typical French
mood setting the tone for their complaints

Oh joyous life, I am so glad that something
good is coming my way!

Margaret Alice Second

The Anchor I Wear

Activity means so much less than your thoughts, Abraham says, vibration determines the power you possess to create the world you profess to dream into being when delight fills your mind, it is true because as you helped me today I felt the wonder of having a leader who is on my side all the time since family comes first in everything, the world changed, directions and dimensions just moved away and my heart was flooded with the joy of existence

I drank my coffee gratefully and ate triple-layered chocolate cake gleefully, determined not to sink back into the morass of sadness where my mind is sucked into a miniature black hole which starts to expand until it has swallowed my whole life and only emptiness is left where my dreams and feelings used to be - no, not today - today I celebrate family, open my heart to the presence of someone who understands what I mean and amends everything when

Offered explanations of what should have been in the text on the screen – your symbol is the anchor I wear around my neck and my thoughts will continue to grow with the rhythms that you show in the lines that you clinically trim to highlight the essence alone!

5 November 2013

Margaret Alice Second

The Arabic Song (Revised)

We've got Wifi you said; to get away from your ubiquitous rugby I watch Bedknobs And Broomsticks instead, but now it is ME causing OUR Internet connection to be slow. You watch your amazing sport, men fighting each other, and I listen to melodic alphabet songs in Arabic

But WE have unlimited Internet connection with a CLAUSE; if we use up a certain amount it reverts to slow speed so we are caused to commit suicide – I go out, marching, you made an empty promise – “Oh, we shall have UNLIMITED Internet connection”, only afterwards the snag is revealed

Thank you very much, this means it is NOT unlimited, thank you so very, very much; for me there'll be no more listening to Arabic song...

Saturday 13 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

The Art Of Dreaming

I just wanted to hang out in the shop
with things that were interesting and
you refused, adamantly insisting we
leave then and there - it would have
cost you nothing to wait a few
minutes more

I just wanted company on the beach so
I could swim without being all alone in the
world and you refused, your cricket game
not even on yet - it would have cost you
nothing to spend a few minutes more with
me and you refused

Don't offer me a new cell phone with gadgets
galore - I'm bored by technology - I just want
TIME and you will not give me that; I want time
to stare at the flowers I like - see visions I can't
realise - I want space for dreams - keep your
ice-cold reality

Let me be alone in my mind, I cannot escape
into a book, this is the price I pay to become
fully functional at work, an average robot; as
soon as my mind is accustomed to the new
regime, I shall study the art of dreaming
again...

[Friday 14 December 2012]

Margaret Alice Second

The Auric School

Oh dear, it is as I feared, I scanned Aura Energy, feeling no synergy with the well-meaning author as he orated on the magnificence of the aura's appearance, colours connected to numerology, there he lost me totally, writing of tentacles and auric vampirism

He explained how to fix the aura in order to cleanse an emotional system, but I shook my head, if emotional states cause the aura to fracture, dis-colour and become nebulous or change from iridescent to dark grey, I would prefer to work on the mental aspect instead of approaching trees

And using the moon and stars' influence to release their magic on the broken aura, crystal-waving like pendulums seems to be too bohemian, if I could have invested these procedures with hope and belief, they would probably work for me too - but starting by trying to visualise the aura is too much

Using physical sensors meant to perceive the material world to focus on an immaterial entity like the aura simply makes no sense to me, I'm glad Joe Slate and his acolytes are successful in repairing auras no-one but they can see - and thus heal people from suffering

But I'm doomed to invest my belief in systems I have visualised as a child and proved successful after concentration on the imagery - anything would do and if I had been brought up in the auric school, I probably would have had success in using this to change reality, now too late to change my fate...

Margaret Alice Second

The Awakening They Propagate (Revised)

I especially like spiritual advice when
it tells me to love; when my colleagues
convene at ten for tea in communion, I
surf the Internet looking for a message
to improve my mind-set

Anne Du Quesne again today with the
message so general: whatever you feel
at this moment in time indicates you are
awakening (sorry, I am not – but not for
want of trying I assure you)

Everything conspires to aid you (the
world is overpopulated so yes, human
life is blessed) enjoy your evolution –
invoking the planets in position doing
good things to our minds

I'm glad the astrologists wish to guide
us in positive directions, I'm glad their
advice centres on lucidity, yet in terms
of information, I gleaned nothing at all
except they wish for transformation

From what-is to some kind of Utopia; well,
I already live in one by keeping my eye on
things I find attractive – unfortunately in
a country with per annum murder rate
higher than in war areas,

More people here have died violently than
in the Gulf War, this is quite bizarre, it so
out of synchronicity it does not look as if
the people here are participating in the
awakening astrologists propagate

25 April 2013

The Awful Dance (Revised)

I changed into a road-hog today, became guilty when a black car swept into the right lane where I drove peacefully in a Zen trance - then slowed, other cars passed on the left, this unleashed my anger and when the miscreant car signalled left I accelerated to pass and guess what: the pest turned back right in front of me

After repeating the awful dance, me trying to overtake on the gravelly roadside, fury made me blind, finally it left and I ended up seething behind a slow bus and swerved right in front of a frowning lady driving a white monstrosity who hooted at me, I waved in apology but her frown stayed frozen in place, I sighed - the ugly black car had ruined my peaceful identity...

Margaret Alice Second

The Beauty Inside

I could not stay down in the deepest part of despair
as always my fictional characters came with a play
an allegory, a parable of wisdom triumphant over
blackness and death, as I grit my teeth and sank
lower under the yoke

The drama they enacted started to lift my feet until I
was out of my body - determined to wear the crown
of thorns I went to French class to listen to politics -
presented by Christophe Emery – and determinedly
the story kept going

Then we talked about cloning and clichés, there was
room for me to breathe, better emotion than horror at
politicians' complete lack of ethics filled my heart, we
listened to Rima explain about Maghreb, I showed
her the article about Algeria

Where classic Arabic is the state language although
nobody can understand it; the sun came out and the
purple explosions of Jacarandas became an Arc de
Triomphe for me – I can visualise you in a new way,
see you conquer the enemy:

Loneliness and despair - I dream of Carine being
uplifted and finding new joy, her eyes opening
wide to see the beauty inside
the wonder of life...

Margaret Alice Second

The Beckoning Top

My new colleague perplexed as I jump for joy,
singing happily on completion of my document
- but you don't like translating, she accuses; I
explain I hate climbing the mountain, getting
caught in brambles of dissonant meanings

And meandering pathways without rhythm
leading me astray, but once on the top I love
the view, the feeling of accomplishment, the
happiness of having made the trek uphill and
not faltering along the way and rolling down

Telling her I love the life I hate to live - she's
quiet, doesn't make sense - it's just as I say,
I love the final outcome though I detest the
anxiety as I stumble and slide my difficult
emotional way to the beckoning top....

[8 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

The Best I Can Do [rev]

Now the medica treatment is in progress -
special ointment & antibiotics in my case,
I am much too aware of my wounded leg's
infection; I feel it burning - and after taking
the prescribed pills I've become nauseous

At home I feel contrite over being so intense,
I'm finding concentration difficult, its probably
an effect of the infection - I could not get any
of my work done - although I tried to conceal
this truth from myself, denying that I was

Not making progress with any text, but now
I'm tired of sitting still - my swirling mind has
reached a stand-still; my story of Dianthus,
serious and thoughtful to a fault, is of a girl
marked to be a witch, going to a Magician's

Feast where everyone shall be impressed by
her superb intelligence; this is the best I can
do - if anything more, it'll change into a
different story - and that just won't do ...

Margaret Alice Second

The Bunch In My Head [rev.]

Read on the Internet that at age sixteen Charlotte Church lost her voice when she sang Carmen - yup, that's what I would have done were I in her shoes, stormed the opera citadel, shown everyone what we can do, elated in being alive and feeling vibration moving right through until the very bones in our bodies rang -

Then crash back to earth with a bang; when I look at the emotional demands of stardom its clear why I can't even construct a heroine winning fame, my protagonists hate popularity games such I can't even mention any beauty pageants, I have no control over the Charlotte Brontë & Jane Austen bunch in my head -

Elizabeth Bennet remains my ideal, every heroine wants that role; it is so fatiguing finding Mr Darcy's for them...

[11 July 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

The Connivance Council

The UN Human Rights Council: an unbalanced, unproductive and unfair obsession - focused on Israel & an irrational mandate to debate alleged Israeli human rights abuses against Palestine at ALL sessions - under Agenda Item 7 -

It has issued more condemnations against Israel, a democratic state, than any other country; human rights abuses of Syria, Iran and all the rest together are debated under Agenda Item 4, no one else has an entire item - that's NOT a sensible priority while

Assad's regime bombs hospitals in SYRIA while its people flee to escape ASSAD's MURDEROUS rule, in North Korea & Iran, millions are denied all freedom: NO country should be free from scrutiny - and yet the Palestinian Authority President Abbas said protecting

Palestinian rights is the only reason for the existence of the Human Rights Council: a smoke-screen as protecting local fiefdoms is all that interests Palestinian leaders who only care about destroying Israel where ALL life, human & animal, is respected; an ethical principle so irksome that

Palestine's people are taught to take a life and commit suicide to massacre everyone to show their contempt & overt derision for the Universal Right To Life & Respect, a covert joke in elitist fiefdoms, the UN Council is just a laughable irony for those killing their own people for fun

It should be called the Palestinian Connivance Council founded for the amusement and convenience of Assad and Abbas and the other Palestinian authorities

Margaret Alice Second

The Crime... [revised]

It was alleged the ANC's shortcomings will prove the apartheid regime was NOT so evil. – WHAT? They ignore a fifty year ANC call for negotiation, crush peaceful demonstrations, shoot women & children in the back, give Madiba no choice but

To choose self-defence against THEIR oppression and murder of his people. Apartheid was cause of ANC military camps; exiled and cited ANC leaders never learned good governance, had been ousted forcibly from corridors of power

Current governance mistakes traced to exiled ANC leaders being already corrupt cannot exonerate an apartheid state: NO logic redeems an evil regime CAUSING these problems by violently oppressing black people first place, who then respond equally

And today's confused leadership has its root in the people who were interred on Robben Island never experiencing good statesmanship. Claiming ANC's reaction to oppression shows it's right to impose such conditions upon Africans, mind-boggles

An up-front EFFECT of oppression seen to justify its USE? Wait, it isn't new, doing bad things unto others and using their violent, savage reaction to such subjugation to claim they deserved such sentencing to punish future Offences -

And in the event the agent provocateur doesn't even concede the punishment actually is
The Crime...

[24 February 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

The Dastardly Task

One long, dry legal text, I'm trying
my best, one long dry legal text, but
nevertheless, however I try, I cannot
finish it, my head's starting to crack

I suffer for lack of oxygen, my skin is
shrivelling and nothing seems thrilling
in this long dark night of a legal text, I
cannot utter a word to reveal my plight

Or fight against my inner being, mute,
immobile, without typing because when
I try, time seems to dry up in front of my
face, psychosomatic fatigue indicates

I need people to talk to, the doll faces
keeping me company can't lift the veil of
darkness and the terrible legal text goes
on and on, I have been abandoned

By the forces of life, bitterness filling my
heart - though as soon as a joyful thing
happens again bitterness will be erased,
my soul shall soar as it always does

When wonderful ideas take my thoughts
into the higher realms of joy and delight,
but for now, let me be mute and tackle
the dastardly task of my terrible text

Shedding little parts of my heart as I carry
the yoke eating into my mind, destroying
my joy and my life

Margaret Alice Second

The Discord [r]

Alone at night with all the day's words said - I'm ready for bed but memories arise & impatient to be rehashed: mom asking what was accomplished; mom complaining about the Duchess doing her own work, scrubbing and cleaning, mom saying she should have used her time so much better - what a WASTE!

This is some strange mothering - and it's into my mind - what have I accomplished that will last since routine jobs don't count? What books have I read, what new skills are mastered? And my reply comes ashamed - nothing; cleaned - watched TV and wondered about dreams, beating myself up, then I remember Seth's

Words: the best New Year's resolution should be to approve of myself, my likes and dislikes, abilities & disabilities, failures & accomplishments - because they have been created for a reason: and I sigh, approving myself after a day like this is difficult - but if it has to be done, let me hasten to add -

I approve of me with my ability to go overboard and send my family running from the discord...

Margaret Alice Second

The Dunce's Behest [r]

A story - leading to the ultimate in humility,
because she chose to be the dunce in class
she serves under the dunces of the universe,
when she has taken 30 mile steps she must
stop and retrace every league at the dunce's
behest, this story will not lead to glory since
she doesn't know how to formulate a request
for improved conditions and respect, how to

Escape the smothering strangulation of those
unable to follow her logic & now she doesn't
trust herself any more, everything she sees,
does, thinks and encounters is tarnished by
her corroding touch, her vibration slows so
only grey registers on her emotional scale as
she has to look up to pugnacious nuns trying
to tread on her fingers from time to time, and

She realises her fingers are crushed - as she
has ignored her emotional feedback system
her whole life long, her emotions solidified into
a flat plateau where nothing matters and even
less happens, another 5 years imprisonment
before she can escape purgatory under well-
meaning but presumptions nuns trying their
best to administer the lessons in humility she

Requested to purge her from desire and
refine her dreams; there's nothing here for
her except criticism so her existence serves
as the platform from which the nuns get off
to get their daily dose of self-emulation and
glorification, she understands at last - being
cast as the Ugly Duckling forever is not the

Fun it seemed to be in a world of fairy tales....

Margaret Alice Second

The Eternal Now

Playing "That Happy Feeling" By Bert Kaempfert,
the violins playing lightning strikes at me in my
pirate clothes conducting the orchestra, wearing
a gangster's cap when going out as only I can
hear the music to which I'm marching; this might
scare off all suspicion about my strange gait

Using a wide smile overly bright as a decoy to
force people to fixate on my face and thus ignore
the wide black pirate pants and flip-flops when
reserving a table for tomorrow's dinner, back in
the office Saint-Saens comes to my aid playing
white froth and fishes flashing in slanted sunlight

But I long for a fairy tale to fill my heart - now
Nocturne 9 by Chopin slows alpha brainwaves
and slowly I catapult on the notes out of the office
into a scene straight from Nodame Cantabile - to
frolic amongst flowers and trees, Waltz in C-sharp
minor picks up the theme and autumn leaves

Swirl around me as I twirl in roundabouts formed
by swirling notes which enclose my heart in tight
round bundles swerving the turns as the notes
starts galloping again, I'm in fairyland and not
likely to come back till the return to the starting
theme which tears at my feelings and pulls

Me back forcefully, deposited on the soft noises
in the open-plan office; I run back to Nocturne in
E-flat but it's no use, the sadness is here to stay,
Bach's Suite No.3 draws me further away - until
auxiliary services rudely interrupt with questions
as to my ability to survive with just a fan

In temperatures of up to 31 degrees Celsius - of
course I can, misting the air with a spray nozzle;
the mood is spoiled and Mantovani sets in with
Blue Tango so I can dance again with Death and

Renate Flitworth at the Disc-World's Harvesting Party, after using our straight-bow arm position

We step high on La Cumparsita, never losing the rhythm to end on a signature Swan Lake Waltz, as Prima Ballerina I take the lead and magical silver light accompanies my troupe as we dance through the night, ending our dream on Liszt's Liebestraum No.3 circling all souls back to

The here and now - where we're supposed to be according to Buddhist tradition, the Eternal Now as Wen declared when he courted Lady Time...

[22 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

The Feeling Of Losing Control

I hate this restless feeling, first I messed up the bedroom putting all my books which were cluttering the white sitting room, on the bed, then messed up the study by shoving books helter-skelter on to the racks, continued my mission of confusion by creating chaos in the kitchen, seeing as it was already sprinkled with crumbs

I added my new thick file spilling papers and my favourite pictures, including Sean Connery and laughing people having fun, fantasy rooms, an article on slavery in the Cape committed by the English themselves, no less, they had a thriving monopoly, according to Lady Anne Barnard who wrote it all down in her Journal

Compounding the feeling of losing control, the radio playing Golden Oldies, Roger Whittaker singing Now you Don't Believe In If Anymore, I smile - I still do and always will - if nothing else, at least it keeps that dour expression of deep suspicion from my face, I dream about If all the time - trying to focus amongst all the noise

I opened my French file just to find it impossible to pin myself down, the feeling of accomplishment after last night's work, five pages of notes from Labour Equity Law and School Legislation in South Africa - is still too fresh in my head - it seems having chocolate for breakfast must have been bad because I feel jittery

Running around like a chicken without a head - time to settle and wait for the mental fog to disperse before doing something; Tom Jones belting out It's Not Unusual To Be Loved By Anyone; right, I shall nestle against my beloved in front of the TV he's watching rugby, it will help me doze off, upon waking I shall try again to do something useful

Margaret Alice Second

The Female Psyche (Revised)

I'm too heavy to ride the flimsy new wooden chairs forwards with a bang you pointed out; knowing its true angered then saddened me, hating you, though I preach forgiveness and respect yet can't stand criticism, as if my

Self-esteem depends on your opinion of me; it's bizarre, weight can't dictate how to deal with my environment - I hate the beautiful new wooden table and chairs while this has nothing to do with them - every time we fall

Prey to emotional upset our physical system is weakened; 80-year old mom's kept young by music in her veins; I'm livened by words, iambic pentameter lines my poetry-studying son says - though I doubt my expression

Merits this description, writing only helps me cope - I'm emotionally fooling myself to think self-esteem depends on weight - oh no - of course it does, since this is just the way the female psyche operates...

Margaret Alice Second

The Floundering Ship

A great day sailing on the
floundering ship at the office,
Hanlie an elfish, mischievous
captain, June quietly at the helm,
Hermien swinging in the rigging
while I plotted a course through
the rapids of cascading words
spilling over my desk

Human Resources destabilised
the ship by throwing the compass
away yet we ploughed on, June
can't be deflected from steering
straight for the bay of organised
perfection while updating lists -
though Microsoft warns our
software is outlawed

Being illegal means we are a
pirate ship; now I understand why
everything is going awry, breaking
down, why tumultuous chaos follows
in our wake - and still the ship stays
afloat and we all have fun as we try
plying our trade and playing our
marvellous instruments

However lacking in melody, the
rhythm full of joie de vivre makes
up for every shortcoming...

Margaret Alice Second

The Gift

The gift I deem most important is
the gift of trust; the most precious
crown adorned with priceless gems,
only bestowed when I know someone
well, see consistent behaviour and integrity

Their invariable kindness, courtesy and
consideration create faith in their ability
to be true to their word, worthy of absolute
confidence; thus I swear my allegiance and
loyalty, faithful affection and friendship

In exchange; although I offer love
unconditionally to the wonderful world;
my trust only goes to the special people
who take my hand and never let go...

Margaret Alice Second

The Ideal (Revised)

Beauty of 'The Ideal', a dream of wonder – needs no surreal reality disposed to be enchanting

Cultures which conceived of the magic created by an amazing and unique human being

Any vision that creates inspirational delight of people united in desire for love and peace

Any delineation of such an infinitely uplifting principle as - Do unto others as you would have them do unto you –

brings wonder and joy to the human heart...

Margaret Alice Second

The Last Song [revised]

In a black cobweb top Alice can't move freely through the house - she's catching herself on projecting surfaces, corners, things that open and close; slinking slowly along passages she thinks of the last song to be sung before mom, Queen of Hearts, and Duchess leave the land

To move to the Cape; her sis the Duchess said she found a house, bags are packed, they sent her a picture of the new house near Oudshoorn and De Rust close to Langenhoven's birthplace- author of Lullaby for Liefstetjie, a beautiful song for singing a baby to sleep; this Saturday will

Be the last time she'll sing a song in the acoustic chapel of the old age home; thereafter she'll see her family only when the Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle takes his Crocodile family to the Cape sea; Alice knows Conan, father of Duchess & King of the Queen of Hearts will be thrilled as

He complains in a loud voice, secretly pleased his life changes as always happens under the Duchess' governance; Scorpio tells Alice to be resigned, go visit whenever the stars decree it right - Alice, now wearing a black sleeveless top in place of the cobweb, is lost for words...

Margaret Alice Second

The Light Being

Tuesday, confusing, sinking - then the exciting drive, several big trucks blocking my way, followed the illegal taxi route, passed a red robot, swerving across lanes, accelerating, the exhilarating highway, peak traffic, preparing salad for dinner - suddenly you remembered to show me the books came

Ordered for my birthday - from being stuck in Merde I became a Light Being, taking flight into a dimension of delight - you ordered these books express from far-off America to South Africa in the blink of an eye; I'm floating above life still rising because you're an angel - I knew you to be one when we first met - but life

Made me forget; now you have proven yourself again and I'm singing and dancing - our little daughter, our little Ariel mermaid girl who distrusts her Scorpio father and suspect her crocodile mother, ran off complaining while this crocodile is standing on her tail, so overjoyed, feeling as if my crocodile body has changed into

The Light Being which reptilian dreams present to me...

Margaret Alice Second

The Listening Ear

Lovely, the listening ear
that augments the word
gives me magical material
from which to weave new
dreams

Even when ethereal expression
is used to discuss a mundane
event, the right rhythm and
flow imparts beauty to the
heart and soul

Margaret Alice Second

The Look Of Weltschmerz [rev.]

Drawing eyes for myself is all well and good, but
the gel eyeliner pencil is called Smudge and this is
what it does, smudges a dark sad sheen with a hint
of sleepless nights in purple sacks below my eyes

Making me look like a vampire with bad make-up
technique or an addict after a night in a heroin den,
I can see my eyes but it's not an encouraging sight,
this might the last time I try - unless someone

Assures me the look of weltschmerz is becoming,
reminding of Violetta's long-drawn-out end-scene
demise in La Traviata, even resembling Goethe's
Faust's Gretchen in prison - now I look as sombre

As the Mona Lisa without the strange half-smile
Da Vinci used to create the illusion her mouth is
moving, I have changed into the Gothic Morticia
of the Addams Family with smudged blackness

Around my eyes - guess I'd rather have no eyes
than floating around looking Gothic all the time

[12 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

The Love He Holds

My birthday gift - a Wishes Jar with a winged fairy sitting on top, the back of the jar informs me that I should write all my wishes on the scroll inside and then expose the jar to the full moon whereupon the fairy will FEEL these wishes and make them come true, I'm empowered to believe in

The impossible dream by this gift, now I can decide what I want first - my first wish is for Carine - my changeling child - to choose her own wishes and try to fulfil them and that we all may help her to grow to a new place of safety and love; a new feeling of joy and delight in her heart - secondly I want

Nici to be happy with Jacques and Tiaan to be happy all by himself - but first and foremost I want Carine to discover the joy she missed for so long, knowing we're the family waiting to embrace her, I want her to enjoy lovely dishes and happy days at work, find soulmates and feel embraced by other people who

Feel they have an affinity with her life and the strange twists it took; I want my beloved to be happy and my sister the Duchess to have the best life she can - but my priority is to dream of Carine escaping from the clutches of death and suffocation, of her choosing the small joys of our little world, the feeling of family

Together in unity - even when her dad is the sphinx sporting a poker face, always in a hurry to finish all conversations - knowing that deep inside he has a heart of gold and she has a right to the safety of the love he holds...

[25 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

The Lovely Trail (R)

Back in that little space inside, wrong turning and missing the inner cathedral completely, it's cold & chill in the small dark space where the little alien's hiding from life, I hold out my arms ready to clasp him in a calming embrace, comfort his small mind and lead him back to life - but getting him to stay

In the light is impossible, somewhere in his little life he erroneously concluded living's not worth the pain and confusion, I try to explain life here on earth is just a phase in the non-stop cycles of eternal consciousness and he's just like a small TV set with the knobs all set wrong giving the

Impression he's headed in the wrong direction, yet he can choose to resonate with the highest & best vibrations, with the most beautiful tunes ever heard, with the enchanted forest canopy in our garden at home, he shudders: Scorpio's planning to cut down the trees for more space to build a workshop - and

I explain that within the eternal vibrations we can choose to be joyful in harmony and if he chooses something else, he will be left behind as I leave to find the lovely trail left by all those who went before us; he runs quickly past me and grabs the steering wheel and declares himself ready to leave on that

Quest for beauty, eyes shining with the excitement resonating with my friends Joy & Hope living in my cranium too; I hope Lady Wisdom will join us one of these days - to guide the unconditional love we found inside and don't know how to offer to all those who will use it to turn back to the sun....

Margaret Alice Second

The Magic Pratchett Weaves

Driven my mind into a ravine, sought escape by
transforming mental state from despondent to
a receiver of the magic Pratchett weaves by
mixing enchanting quantum into everything

'All things that might have been, have to be, in
thousands of universes twisting together like
plaited ropes', somewhere among this, our
minds exist as a shadow play of light

I felt myself changing into a different being while
reading, looking forward to living, breathing and
thinking, conversing about sad news items like
the tentacular financial crisis – because of a

Discworld where Mustrum Ridcully, Master Mage
and Esme Weatherwax, Witch, remember their
feet hardly touched the ground doing trans-
migration spells in their youth

A beautiful time which will forever exist in another
universe, one of many – where my spirit is also
spinning in tandem with all these inspiring
ideas...

Margaret Alice Second

The Melody

Hit in the face by the backrest as I picked up
the chair, a Freudian slip, psychologists say,
token of an unconscious desire to hurt myself,
Abaheidschi-bumbaidtschi bum-bum playing
on the radio

We sing you into dreamland, see a star in the
sky as we look back on a year of love, sung by
Austria's mezzo-tenor Peter Alexander – how
charming, all self-pity gone, forehead swollen,
proud of my bruise

All laughter ran away today, Heino singing again,
ein Matrose, denke an den Liebsten, eine einsame
weisse Taube, Paloma, Grüss mir, Grüss mir dir,
den Liebsten Maria, bleibt sie voller Sehnsucht
hinterher - today I am

The melody of La Paloma Adieu...

La Paloma Adieu

Le soir ma m? re nous chantait quand j'? tais enfant
L'histoire d'un bateau perdu et d'un oiseau blanc
Un jour le bateau s'en va droit vers l'oc? an
Et seule, le c? ur plein d'amour une fille attend
Le marin lui a dit: 'n'oublie pas je t'aime'
L'hiver et le printemps elle attend quand m? me
Elle voit un oiseau blanc se poser pr? s d'elle
Qui portait quelques mots au creux de son aile

La paloma adieu, adieu c'est toi que j'aime
Ma vie s'en va mais n'aie pas trop de peine
Oh mon amour adieu!
La paloma adieu, adieu c'est toi que j'aime
Ma vie s'en va mais n'aie pas trop de peine
Oh mon amour adieu!

Elle prend tout contre son c? ur le bel oiseau blanc
Tout deux ils s'ont repartis droit vers l'oc? an
L'amour ne meurt jamais j'ai vue deux colombes
S'envoler vers la mer et que la nuit tombe
La paloma adieu, adieu c'est toi que j'aime
Ma vie s'en va mais n'aie pas trop de peine
Oh mon amour adieu!
La paloma adieu, adieu c'est toi que j'aime
Ma vie s'en va mais n'aie pas trop de peine
Oh mon amour adieu!

Margaret Alice Second

The Men We Love (Correction)

The luxury to cry about disappointment - all my own fault, prepared gifts for the Duchess but as she passed I was in an Arabic incident, converting the picture of a document into typed script for checking by a group of outside Arabic experts - I never heard my cell phone ring, did not look up as WhatsUp messages were sent

Finally the Duchess came to the office - disappointed in my bad performance, Peter with her - boiling in the most righteous fury at my carelessness, I handed gifts to the Duchess, she gave me mine, a fairy in a globe to be shaken dispersing glitter perfectly, we said good-bye, she ordered me to take the bus to visit them in De Rust

And I realised: while my beloved is the cause of her refusing to come visit me; her beloved Peter also is the cause of my having to refuse to visit her - she cannot insist on eschewing my love - however boorish he may be - then order me to face her barbaric beloved simply because she doesn't care how bad he does - I do care

It's awful to be an unwanted guest - deemed a pest, I'll not become one again - two visits were enough to prove her man is as great a stumbling block as my guy is and so I'll cry and face my life as it is - nothing will change as long as we remain true to the men we love...

Margaret Alice Second

The Men We Love [rev.]

Luxury to cry about disappointment - all my own fault, prepared gifts for the Duchess, as she passed I was in an Arabic incident, converting a picture of a document into script for checking by Arabic experts - I didn't hear my cell phone ring, did not look up as WhatsUp msgs were sent

Finally the Duchess came to the office with her Peter boiling in the most righteous fury at my carelessness, disappointed in my poor performance, I handed gifts to the Duchess, she gave me mine, a fairy in a globe to shake dispersing perfect glitter; we said adieu, she ordered me to take the bus to visit them in De Rust

And I realised: while my beloved is the cause of her refusing to come visit me, Peter, her beloved, also is cause of my refusing to visit her; she cannot insist on eschewing my love however boorish he may be then order me greet her adored barbarian simply because she doesn't care how badly he behaves - I do care

It's awful to be deemed a pest and awful guest, I'll not be one again, two visits were enough to prove her man's as great a stumbling block as mine, so I'll cry and face my life as it is - nothing will change as long as we remain true to the men we love...

[ORIGINAL:]

The luxury to cry about disappointment - all my own fault, prepared gifts for the Duchess but as she passed I was in an Arabic incident, converting the picture of a document into typed script for checking by a group of outside Arabic experts - I never heard my cell phone ring, did not look up as WhatsUp messages were sent

Finally the Duchess came to the office - disappointed in my bad performance, Peter at with her boiling in the

most righteous fury at my carelessness, I handed gifts to the Duchess, she gave me mine, a fairy in a globe to be shaken dispersing glitter perfectly, we said good-bye, she ordered me to take the bus to visit them in De Rust

And I realised: While my beloved is the cause of her refusing to come visit me; her beloved Peter also is the cause of my having to refuse to visit her - she cannot insist on eschewing my love - however boorish he may be - then order me to face her barbaric beloved simply because she doesn't care how bad he does - I do care

It's awful to be an unwanted guest - deemed a pest, I'll not become one again, twice visits were enough to prove her man is as great a stumbling block as my guy is and so I'll cry and face my life as it is - nothing will change as long as we remain true to the men we love...

Margaret Alice Second

The Multiverse Splits [rev.]

Dr Rips, Hebrew University Professor of Mathematics claiming serious scientific Bible Codes research, says Michael Drosnin's predictions are not valid - since the practice making predictions on Torah codes is futile

And thus concurs every scientist, their only conclusion is Torah codes exist beyond mere coincidence - I am content with scientists tip-toeing over ideas like this as futures can't be predicted - only travellers in relative

Einstein-time can relay what has been from futures where they looked back on finished events, then what they say is mere probability - the trousers of time may split, continue in a different time-line than was seen

By time-travellers; they might have seen another universe where George Orwell's 1984 had been realised - the Bible Codes have one wonderful meaning for me: Proof that an intelligence existing outside earth's time-line did appear

To construct computer codes in a long-ago time-line before modern technology and quantum interpretation, therefore Bible codes confirm time is relative and our consciousness is not confined in space-time, being free to roam anywhere

In a multiverse of infinite probabilities; as long as we dream of wonderful new things, we shall create the best time-line each time when the multiverse splits...

[19 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

The New Burkini [rev]

Our Managing Director calls to everyone: Look at her strange attire - I am battling the freezing office conditions until the sun rises - wearing a black burka blouse and scarf, sleeveless black lace jacket & black school jersey - also

The large, green fleecy jacket of an Irish goblin and a magnificent magenta blanket over my so amazing ensemble, all laughing and remarking on my bare feet - I stand all day so shoes are uncomfortable and I forgot to bring socks -

Peace restored, drinking hot chocolate brings heat and I ditch the paraphernalia till only the black burka top and magenta blanket are left - I dream of bathing in the sea, clad in the new Burkini* covering me from top to toe, though

My Afrikaans brethren might succumb to severe shock on seeing this Dutch-descendant looking just like a radical Muslim suicide bomber rolling in the waves, the Burkini protecting me against the ravages suffered in traditional swimsuits

Sighing I stop day-dreaming & return to the very exciting and inspiring "Legal aspects of human settlements" text...

Margaret Alice Second

The New Tiara

Inspired I tried out the new tiara I bought
at the Chinese shop - yes you guessed right,
it is a shiny Alice band and changes me into
a Shadowhunter immediately, carefully I put
it aside, tomorrow I shall be a Shadowhunter
again, but only at work where nobody knows
these wonderful books, as long as the dream
stays in my heart and I can fabricate symbols
from small, cheap little things, even my drawer
is neat, I had to live up to my new dream, it is
such fun to use my consciousness to contain
the playful worlds found in books where they
cannot cause harm - my tiara is waiting for
me, tomorrow the play starts again...

Margaret Alice Second

The Problem (Revised)

New situations offer opportunity to change our minds, undo previous choices - some decisions are cast in steel altered only by brainwashing to undo the etchings pictured in mind

We are slaves of a system we were born into - formed of a world when small; unless we see where indoctrination and propaganda begin as opposed to underlying, inherent truth

We must accept it as part of a localised system, a few objective truths such as life, instinct and relationships, the rest comprising principles and ideals, invisible rules guiding

Our human steps, evolving from a physical universe which truly supports us - our only enemy is human thoughts and theories, the amazing discovery - all problems lead back

To communication! So let's study hermeneutics and interpretation to refine language based on divergent cultural ideas, realising everything is man-made - especially our gods

And that, of course, is the problem

Margaret Alice Second

The Promise Of Surprise (Revised)

The weather in my heart is a sunless,
cold, cloudy day, I fill up the emotional
chasm with dates and nuts, how can I
do French revision when the sun cannot
break through to say hello

So people like me who have prescribed books
still in bookcases instead of the new money
races created by brilliant young writers like
him has this author's revulsion for us
audibly expressed

Wonder why he must hate so much, sighing
I see life as a spiral ascending but I've no
dream for myself, embedded in my own
tininess, used to love thinking of dramatic
dénouements, people in dispute

One cathartic explosion - all enriched with
new insight, listening to music while typing
- music the theme threading scenes of my
life in one - wherever I go it is music
that makes me feel at home

A voice singing stories to accompaniment
- suddenly the scenario is changed - I am
just returned from riding my son's new
bike for the first time, feeling as if I am
twelve years old again

Brilliant sunlight appeared with bright
white clouds against a clear blue sky while
the wind made me feel at home as I sped
along - that delight will enable me to finish
French revision -

Music playing softly in the background
at low volume for more enticing sound
rejoicing because life still holds

the promise of surprise...

Margaret Alice Second

The Quiet Path

Friday afternoon fatigue, chocolate
counterpoint against chips and tea,
an undercover spy posing as a kind
saleslady refuses me a Russian roll
I end up eating a cheese-steak pie

No longer able to make my way on
the quiet path between Soul Music
& an article on the square kilometre
telescope array - warning the poor
might just steal radio antenna sets

Since government invests in street
name changes only, Pretoria to be-
come Tshwane which rhymes with
Polokwane; being concerned with
petty things the telescope seems

A bit of an overkill for a populace
struggling with life on earth - - no
sympathy for astronomy's grand
ideal of mapping heaven the last
frontier - mine is to get home

In one piece...

Margaret Alice Second

The Real Me

Washing dishes German music playing and
overcome I dance and feel joy as strong as
before, Sudwest-Lied & Heino's Haselnuss
and a German rendition of You can Kiss Me
On a Monday and the words of the prophets
are true, the source of joy in our hearts never
runs dry just as love and honour increase the
more we give - joy rises ever as strong when

The Skater's Waltz plays and I run through the
kitchen, music from Tirol and I twirl - the best
times of my life, my only wish is to retain the
glory and fun of the song, Nici's friend Juan
asked what about Johnny Cash Ring of Fire
we both enthused, that is the music we love,
for me the joy is washing-up, prancing about
in my apron, this is the true happiness I was

Born for - and the real me I need never mourn
for; in my mind I'll always be twelve years old!

Margaret Alice Second

The Real People Outside [rev.]

Vindicated after my beloved explained his attempt to improve our standard of living failed to bring it on par with those of his colleagues - beautiful people who never go to Pretoria Station as it is below their status, never make bus trips to the Cape - they fly, never waste time reading but gym every day

Exquisite, long-finger-nailed women, well-cared for houses with expensive possessions, good-taste clothes resembling the Queen of England's yellow hat and crimplene look-alike coat - while I, he was sorry to say, went to work like a tramp carrying a big, unwieldy bag, wearing an unflattering, bright

Floral sack - the house a mess, study a den of iniquity, kids' rooms sources of evil; sulphur and brimstone are too good for us - we drag him down to the level of a hobo in sackcloth and ashes and IT IS ALL MY fault, a low crocodile failing to instil discipline because I live in eternal chaos and confusion

I change his life into a low-key living hell; I read books and have theories but can't atone for being BAD housekeeper, terrible cook with bad taste in clothes, wearing no make-up, lacking finesse, style and sophistication - oh, did he forget to mention his lovely colleague's glamorous daughter who

Won several beauty contests, and another colleague's son - Victor Ludorum for academic & sport prowess while our kids live in squalor; and June, back from visiting friends, recounts the same experience as yours truly, the Ice Princess, living the same kind of non-life, reading books - taken to task for

Her dishevelled hair, boring earrings and daft dress, listens to my experience, and with a mischievous smile, agrees we live in a different world from the REAL people outside...

[8 July 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

The Real Perpetrator [revised]

We meet with Anne - a small, dark, dapper figure hinting at dark intrigue telling us Conan - our Dad* received thousands from Dr-Know-It-All, her Dad* rumoured to have squandered a fortune upon Conan

'tis enthralling; where'd Conan hide his stash, when did he take charge of it and to whom did he pass it - BUT Duchess says impossible, Dad never enters a bank on his own, this is a cover for one with access

To Dr-Know-It-All's money; Duchess* & I look at each other - agreeing we shan't challenge this great idea to protect the identity of the one who fabricated this cover story, we can't ever tell Conan, given that

He's expert at cursing - though dad never mastered banking, he would argue his case vehemently in the most aggressive tones and the romantic tales of his shenanigans is dad's only claim to fame, as long as

Anne doesn't accuse him to his face; Duchess and I relish the fact that the two brothers* helped each Other, the Queen-Of-Hearts* said Conan gave his brother Dr-Know-It-All money; the converse now

Claimed by Anne: the truth is lost with the death of Dr Know-It-All, asking Dad will cause trouble - to picture blunt, bumbling Conan as the scam's author is so absurd we burst out laughing - knowing that

We shall always protect the real perpetrator from Anne's terrifying volcanic wrath...

[our Dad* = Conan the Barbarian, father of Duchess and Alice

Her Dad* = Doctor-Know-It-All, father of Anne and her sister 'Twinkles'

*Duchess = I am Alice and Duchess is my twin sis

*the Queen-Of-Hearts = Conan's wife, mother of Duchess
and Alice]

Margaret Alice Second

The Right Frequency

Mother Abbess and Sister Self-Righteous sit quietly at their desks, industriously applying focused minds to their texts - serenely going through their routines, angelically occupied - while I fly around like a bat: first to pester Sister Abbess, then flirting up & down in my work station changing flowers & drinking tea

Then over to Ntsoaki to show her Princess stickers representing Susan Sto Helit with which I covered my book Soul Music; our Director passes and asks what I'm doing so I show him the words of my guru: we should establish contact with the broadcasting station of our origin so all other frequencies will be

Clear for successful relations with colleagues - he laughs and wanders off, finally I'm forced to face my French Rogatory Commission text after completing the Language Museum commemorating the start of Afrikaans, though it was first written in Arabic script, I'm delighted since I recommended Arabic should

Become Lingua Franca in Africa... now I must force my Alien Mind to return to French Courts & criminals; my guru's advice, tell a new story about life, means I'm casting about for a new description of my underground existence - oops, after securing my mouse with lime-green cloths, my frozen water bottle topples

And I have to apologise to Sister Strictly Self-Righteous who questions my sanity, though all knows this is only attention deficit disorder, it manifests as I'm on an eternal quest to colour in the grey framework of reality and fill it with song - listening to a Mozart's concerto over & over experiencing how my soul rests in the right frequency...

Margaret Alice Second

The Sahara Or Siberia [revised]

It is my wall against the sun, piles of all files,
handbooks or dictionaries I can find stacked
along this desk – a tottering tower between the
heat and I, covered with a lime-green cloth
framing my pink flowers – an act

Of rebellion against this building with its
rotten pipes so repair of central air-con is
impossible, sentencing us to hell as the heat
of a warm winters sun increases – making
winter so delightful in a city where

Buildings like Kingsley Centre are sheer
stupidity, floors north-south with one air-con,
north facing a southern sun heats up while a
dark south quietly freezes; we're wearing cool
summer clothes in the north as shivering

Southerners cover up in layers of coats and
scarves; my query is does being a government
official have to mean suffering in either the
Sahara or Siberia –it is a condition of service
which I do not understand...

Margaret Alice Second

The Scare

I gave up, sank under the waves, suffocating and unable to communicate; the Duchess advised prayer and I did, repeatedly and the world changed: The Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle helped without remonstrance & I followed orders to drink soda water and slept, woke to a different world in which breathing was possible

Fear lifting like mist leaving a bright new world recreated in the blink of an eye as the chains around my heart started to slacken and my spirit returned so I could think and dream of buying gifts for everyone, Christmas wishes returned, the one-dimensional pantomime Bible pictures stories flashed again, fear was still hanging on – then I got hold of my

Nail scissors and hacked off my hair, changing appearance & discovered the colour changed from brown to black, aha! I'm fulfilling my life's destiny – child of Africa – child of the sun and ready to change my attitude to being one with the most wonderful people anyone can ever wish to have as friends, all fear left as a cleaner gave me a hug saying sorry for the

Scare when the door handle was gone and I couldn't get out, HER role in my government service opera will be danced by the prima ballerina of course!

Margaret Alice Second

The Secret

Rereading Beauty and the Beast recounted in World of Fairytales, struck by the sense of loss when Beast turns into just another prince – I began to dream of a Beast who remains such, only gruffly shows kindness as best he can, while still beloved by faithful Beauty

Eyes shining, gone aches and pains no medicine could take away; love the story of the eternal Beast redeemed by love and loyalty, Beauty never cheaply recompensed with handsome appearance; outer hideousness keeping her inner eye sharp for spiritual beauty deep within

A grotesque animal loving her with wild devotion instead of a refined, boring prince is much more enchanting to my mind - phantoms are so much more interesting than the foppish Ralphs with which life abound; but we must not let the secret out....

“World of Fairytales” Michael Foreman, Random House, Red Fox Edition 1994, pp.73-79

Margaret Alice Second

The Smartphone I Can'T Use

Not in vibrational sync with anything, order
as chronology is gone, cannot access my own
mind, cannot convey how I feel, drifting away
on a cloud of insanity, brimming with feelings
but communication between emotion and thought
has stopped, only impatience, frustration and
irritation with a consciousness folded in on itself
is left, I talk and talk saying nothing

Trying to express nebulous feelings in symbols
failing all the time, my brain is dead, all circuits
closed, only the reptilian brain stem keeps me
alive instinctively, the rational part is just as
inaccessible as the Smartphone I can't use
because my hands receive no commands from
my head; the crocodile inside does not approve
of technology, I can't escape from my body

To dream of a place where my mind is alive...

Margaret Alice Second

The Sprites Depart Smiling

'España, rhapsody for orchestra' by Chabrier -
my father's song, one day he brought home
a vinyl record with this lovely music and we
listened enraptured, afterwards played the
record over and over, never grew tired of it

The introduction is a promise of enchanting
things to come, the music an opening into a
new world, musical themes as dancing sprites
appearing and disappearing, calling on listeners
to follow, my mind leaves my body to go along

The melody tracing a spiraling dance in which
the sprites float high above the ground within
vertical circles moving forwards in a horizontal
line weaving new themes, harder and higher
goes up while slower and lower comes down

All increasing speed to reach the ecstatic end,
a joyous last bow, my mind returns enriched
while the sprites depart smiling, all of us
breathless, satisfied with the dance that
had been...

Margaret Alice Second

The Sun And Velikovsky [revised]

Sun at its zenith, so bright a golden shine the light in the microwave seems to be broken – only notice it's fine at night – the sun's reflection on tiles, glass and white curtains strong, hurting my eyes yet outside dry grass looks grey in weak light – how marvellous to see the sunlight enhanced by its golden reflection on beautiful objects I love

Drenched in it I reread Velikovsky's advice for a different chronology of ancient history; why early mythology is analogous of catastrophe, great deluges, hurricanes – how the ancients venerated 7 planets representing 7 ages to compel nature never to bring cataclysms again; meteorites turn aside in our age or are repelled into space – which suggests

Intelligent energy benignly approves evolution's way, life forms were enormous back then, when earth's gravity changed the present Age took shape making gigantic beasts unable to move around, Velikovsky's theories enlarge reality which always seems to be smothering me, I love reading what frees imagination

From the intellectual chains of left-brain rational thinking...

[ORIGINAL:]

The sun at its zenith yet his golden shine was so bright the microwave light seemed to be broken, only tonight it was possible to see it's still fine, the sun's reflection on tiles, white curtains and glass was so strong it hurt my eyes yet outside dry grass looked grey in the weak light - how marvellous to see the sun enhanced by his reflection on objects I love

Sitting in the sun I reread Velikovsky's arguments for

a different chronology of ancient history; why ancient mythology is an analogy of cataclysms - great deluge and hurricanes – how the ancients venerated 7 planets representing 7 ages to convince nature never to bring cataclysms again; in our age meteorites turn aside or are repelled into space which suggests

That benevolent, intelligent energy approves of the direction evolution took, previous life forms were enormous and when earth's gravity changed the present world age took shape making it impossible for gigantic beasts to move around, Velikovsky's theories enlarge reality which always seems to be smothering me, I love reading everything

That frees the imagination from the chains with which we were all bound as kids...

Saturday 22 June 2013

Margaret Alice Second

The Third Eye

The third eye grants a knowledge divine
says a Sanskrit Manuscript, with the light
of a million lustrous suns, today scientists
suppose the pineal gland to be the third eye

White and grey tissue, pea-sized, cone-shaped,
buried at the back of the skull on the brain's mid-
line; primitive, light-sensitive, producing hormone
melatonin - melanin pigment for skin/hair colouring

Manufactured from serotonin, a chemical in the pineal
enabling rational thought, when blocked by LSD, man
suffers schizophrenia and hallucinations - the pineal
gland affects body processes and the emotions

Lobsang Rampa said when the third eye opening was
made in his head, the pineal gland enabled him to see
the aura - the angry red flames spurting from violent
people - I am glad I cannot see that

Though I would have loved to see the pure golden aura
around the heads of the holy - and the purplish blue
around the truly spiritual...

'The Reader's Digest Book of Strange Stories,
Amazing Facts', Reprinted July 1977

"The Eye of Enlightenment" - Mystery inheritance
from our remote ancestors - pp 44 & 45

Margaret Alice Second

The Way Africa Operates (Revised)

After Sunday newspapers I feel depressed, 'African time' Redi Tlhabi suggests ruled again at the Economic Forum in Cape Town without courtesy of cancellations* or the protagonists arriving on time – and she ended by saying: "There is NO such thing as 'African time', just plain incompetence, inefficiency and arrogance"

"Africa's where ministers and presidents lie to the people with impunity, says Eben Meiring, accountability, liability & transparency are unheard of; Zuma's democracy means majorities have more rights than minorities, voting ANC means an automatic visa to heaven while voting otherwise will call down the wrath of our forefather spirits"

Revolutionaries in power like hashish, strong drink and fat women, ours is the continent of dictators & megalomania without ethics; Africa's dappled morality is Zuma happily celebrating Nkandla and Guptagate in the same way – going for a two-thirds majority regardless of any outrage regarding the might of the Gupta-family

Why complain – it is the way Africa operates...

Margaret Alice Second

The Way Back

Finally the world I know is changing, Barbarians are rising against the current order - soon we'll return to a primitive form of society where all is peace and calm, beauty will be chased without the impediments of discipline and restraints, an overgrown orange barbarian in America aspires to be President and the barbarians in Southern Africa are already ruling, while gloriously

Those happy idiots called students are burning down the institutions of learning to ensure Africa stays undeveloped & the Northern Hemisphere keeps the advantage; how lucky that the languid boredom of law and order is replaced by exciting chaos - which is joyous news - otherwise history would stop and what a boring world that would be, let Presidents return us to primitive forms of

Living since technology is destroying the world, let us enjoy the banana republic as the only way to free Africa of the shackles of technology and return a pristine Africa to its original inhabitants who idolise Mugabe's Zimbabwe as the way back to the unspoiled past, how happy this makes me, life is getting better as students destroy everything to prove their freedom & free we shall be

Margaret Alice Second

The Way To Our Own Divinity

After a day in the office overheated by the autumn sun,
unbearably warm thus I find it impossible to concentrate,
feeling subdued by circumstances beyond my control - I
wanted to languish in front of the TV, when I switched
on, James Bond was winning against overwhelming odds

The well-known energising fairytale giving me courage
to face the odds in the office tomorrow, if he can ski
away from an innumerable horde trying to kill him in
an enchanted Bond-centred universe, I can face the heat
and boring documents even if I get hurt in the process

Any story reinforcing individual power is inspiring,
a celebration of individuality requiring belief only to
obtain victory, since so many of my own dreams have
come true this reminder of the miraculous nature of an
egocentric, benevolent universe in which we play

The role of our own protagonist centrally placed in this
little world, is empowering, I use these stories to keep
me chasing my dream of formulating the best ideals
then chasing them against all the odds - thank you
James Bond and Ian Fleming for creating

A modern pantheon of valiant gods to show us the
way to our own divinity!

Margaret Alice Second

The Whole Wide World [rev.]

While Spanish Harlem plays I know everything is
fine - like Spiritualists say; I feel in control washing
and cleaning in the kitchen holding life in my hands,
conviction's bright in sun dancing on net curtains,
happiness is the process of polishing all surfaces,
and packing away extra cutlery

Anxiety threatened reading Sunday's news until
I remembered nothing's ever gone wrong - from
isolation with threatening ideals of sad and lonely
excellence; we now mix the dreams of all peoples,
it is the legacy of our beloved Madiba - Mandela,
opening an isolated group, the only white tribe

Of Africa - subdued by past colonial regimes - to
the rest of the world, teaching culture is nought,
it's the heart and mind that counts; now we share
gems inherited from fiercely fighting forefathers
who lost their independence in uprisings against
the Cape-Dutch & Britain in 2 decimating wars,

In the understanding we cherish as we send our
children to all nations; after two hundred years
of isolation leaving us without a fatherland - we
represent Africa - and we share our treasure of
wisdom with the whole wide world...

[21 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

The Wild Dance (C)

Sailing forth to the world on the soft waves of Franz Liszt's La Campanella, the bell, the Little Alien is replete, having found the excitement he sought in the words of a troubadour - seeing a pristine new world of sweet spontaneity: As I'm tightly bound by strict 5-to-10-year plans for every possibility, every step decided in advance so as not to upset anybody; I was restless and

In danced a real Elf with the shine of impromptu joy in his eyes and al-fresco delight in his tread - while I was spinning straw into gold he suddenly appeared with enticing, care-free laugh & pulled me upright away from the spinning wheel - soon we were doing a laissez-faire dance, curtsying & spinning in minuets enlivened by him jumping up and down and hooting at the orchestra, such was

The joy he brought I forgot all - strenuous labour & straw, feeling the freedom of unfettered movement taking me high until I touched the stars - then my joyous elf whispered 'The stars shine for you'; thus setting me free to laugh as much as I like, the wild dance beyond the stars so electric I forgot everything else and stayed in his arms...

Margaret Alice Second

The Wonder Of It All [revised]

Trapped in my translation, forgot blessings, scowled about my life then followed guru's advice - bring in more joy and delight: started by walking to the shops, wrote a poem, and after doing necessary things left translation dragon to mercy of Providence and Lady Luck; talked to new colleague Annette, learned why

She loves languages, greeted Dr Jokweni who enquired after my poetry, walked to the library, added new ballet book to the Anastasia group, realised I had forgotten Chief Director Dr Jokweni is on my side, that my Big Bro, Ivan, allows me to swim in syrup of his silence; ah, how blessed I am, June a

An efficient leader, Hanlie a ray of sunshine, a bubbling brook, Annette the hardy perennial with beautiful flower inside; I didn't count my celestial blessings - benefits abound, my Beloved a baker & IT-projects maker, Tiaan, local clown keeping me in stitches, little Nici, sweet Pretender To Be Bigger than she is -

A magical world, a beautiful, blessed life - AND the library with amazing stories creating awareness of the wonder of it all...

23 September 2013

[ORIGINAL:]

Forgotten my blessings, scowled about my life, trapped with my translation, then followed guru's advice - bring more joy and delight into your life: started by walking to the shops, wrote a poem, left the translation dragon to the mercy of Providence and Lady Luck, after doing necessary things, after talking to new colleague Annette

Learning why she loves languages so much, greeting Dr Jokweni who enquired in his soft way after my poetry, I walked to the library, added new Ballet book to Anastasia-group, realised I had forgotten Dr Jokweni, Chief Director, is on my side and my Big Bro, Ivan, allows me to swim in the syrup of his silence, ah, how blessed am I

June an efficient, kind leader, Hanlie a ray of sunshine - a bubbling brook, Annette a hardy perennial with beautiful flowers inside; I had forgotten to count my many blessings, celestial benefits everywhere where my Beloved is a baker and IT-projects maker, Tiaan our local clown to keep me in stitches, Nici the sweetest little Pretender

To be bigger than she is – what a magical world, what a wonderful, beautiful, blessed life AND the library with amazing stories - creating awareness of the wonder of it all...

23 September 2013

Margaret Alice Second

The Wonder Of You (Revised)

I love what you are and represent, your ideas,
assurance, principles, discipline and talent,
I love the essence of your being

I will go on holistically loving this whatever
you do, wherever you may be, I shall cherish
the treasured memory of what you taught me

How you were kind when I felt swept away
by feelings - yielding to despair, you never
gave up on me as if the tie binding was a

special understanding - a gift you never
suspended, sharing your strength that way
kept me safe; when boredom paralysed and

life seemed meaningless I gave up but you
anchored me. Thanks for the wonder of you in
a well-meaning world full of insight-less

strangers lacking your gift and affability

Margaret Alice Second

The World Aglow

Intelligent, loving energy forming a golden
dome of light I request to shine on everyone
I love, including April suffering a stroke; took
care of me yesterday - when I found the cotton
shirt I wore was growing limp like a sad old
crumpled rag, I ran into a shop and found a
perfect purple T-shirt to wear in its stead

With a scarf and beads in various purple shades
to emphasise its lines the day was saved; today
I went back to the shop for another one & found
none; when my need was great, a loving energy
provided just one shirt in my size to help – thus
meditation, visualising love sent everywhere to
everyone for all emergencies

Covered all in a loving shine and brought me help,
now, while staring at cold words in a text about
controlling energy; a warm feeling of glee is
rising in my soul, setting the world aglow...

[21 February 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

The World Seems Enchanted (Revised)

I am glad two lonely people are hooking up -
rekindling an old school-years love; hopefully
for you the world seems enchanted since you
found each other after a long circumstantial
separation, may she ever be your Juliette and
you her Romeo, with all the ardent fervor of
young love but without the lack of common
sense that led to the young lovers' demise

May you take her hand and always keep her
close, talk through each argument without
giving in to a red-hot rage - please mark my
words, you are wise enough to realize that
love thrives in a thousand little favours and
a willingness to assist in everything, love
lives in a million little things, courtesy and
consideration, I trust that you will offer

More than you expect as it is what true
love is: Unconditional, not setting a price
on anything, not waiting for her to serve
before you offer your service - just being
there in friendship and loving care means
everything - I wish for you a love that
grows with the passing years, that you
will work to keep it so!

26 February 2013

Margaret Alice Second

The Zulu King [rev.]

Living in South Africa is a balance between pros and cons, the state is criminal; it has never been otherwise, just as it is almost everywhere - only overseas criminals are the more adept & better organised; apartheid villains risked privileges by relegating blacks to slave labour, risked Africa's masses destroying everything, including gifts of colonial origin, even food production, against

An open democracy versus anarchy; risked the whole country's destruction by violating human rights - they made all descendants pay for such profligacy surrendering to an uneducated gang of criminals they created in refusing to provide a basic human right of education; former apartheid rulers orchestrated this political situation ensuring the state's new masters had no knowledge, no

Philosophical basis or world politics insight when they took government; a white minority visualised war in which rich people fled leaving the masses to completely destroy the country so Africa would have to start again, disadvantaged moreso than today where technological gifts remain - though systematically destroyed by not being maintained

Politicians forced to choose between pros and cons of conflagration - killing white tribe now or dying slowly like the rest of Africa - the Mandela choice chose forgiveness, reconciliation and a compromise to save everyone, to recommence politics with the know-how & technology of their former suppressors - then Jacob Zuma became the Zulu King, destroying South Africa to start

A new Zulu nation without any aid from former colonialists: now it's up to a hard-working middle-class to decide how they will survive - remember it's a game of pros and cons - the unconditional-

love-approach espoused by religions does not exist in politics

[ORIGINAL:]

Life is a balance between pros and cons, the South African state is criminal, it has never been otherwise just as it is almost everywhere, only the criminals overseas are more adept, more organised - the apartheid criminals risked their privileges by relegating blacks to slave labour against Africa's masses destroying everything, gifts from colonial origin, even food production

Against an open democracy and anarchy; risked destroying the whole country by violating human rights and they made their descendants pay for their profligacy by surrendering to the group of uneducated criminals they have created as they refused access to the basic human right of education for everyone; the former apartheid masters of South Africa orchestrated the current political situation by making sure

The new masters of South Africa have no knowledge, no philosophical basis and understanding of world politics before they took over government, the white minority visualised a great war in which rich people fled and left the rest to destroy the country completely so the Africans would have to start again with a greater disadvantage than today where technological gifts still remain - though being systematically destroyed by

Lack of maintenance; politicians were forced to choose between the pros and cons of a conflagration killing the white tribe immediately or slowly dying like the rest of Africa - the choice was made by Nelson Mandela who chose forgiveness, reconciliation and compromise to save everyone, to recommence politics with the know-how and technology of their former suppressors - then Jacob Zuma became the Zulu King, destroying South

Africa to start a new Zulu nation without any help from the former colonialists: now it's up to the hard-working middle-class to decide how they will survive - remember it's a game of pros and cons as the unconditional-love-approach espoused by religions does not exist in politics...

[28 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Their Gastronomic Lives (Revised)

A desperate struggle with technical text
increased hunger pains until I caved in,
ordered chips, bacon-and-eggs with ice-
cream, returned to detail this meal with
new vigour to my colleague Hanlie

She recommends publishing my own
cookbook of existential meal plans like
a bacon-and-egg with ice-cream break-
fast calling it 'Philosophical Cookbook
for Happy Living'; embellishing her idea

I insist on including school reports like
a cookbook Fundi did; what the heck -
I shall include my analysis of Wuthering
Heights for English II and motivational
thesis for Ethically Justified Violence

All this simply to be following examples
of many pioneers creating cookbooks
with recipes lost amongst the nostalgic
stories and anecdotes which define
their gastronomic lives...

[Fundi = Expert]

Margaret Alice Second

Their Little Existence

In 'Mars Mystery' Graham Hancock represents the sentiments of alternative scientists, though he seems far from the lunatic fringe - he asks the reader to imagine a dead universe with only the earth as the last outpost of life since both Mars and Venus have been killed, and I sighed; happy to be free from complying with such requests, this is where spiritualists are worth their weight in gold

Whereas materialists, bless their lonely souls, think of this as a dumb lifeless universe in which only they, brilliant materialist thinkers, are alive and intelligent - and the intricate, complicated universe in which electricity, magnetism & radar are used by animals - how exceedingly dumb, n'est-ce pas - cannot keep anything safe and so they already lament their own likely demise, so dead universe will be dead forever

Spiritualists teach awareness exists everywhere, sensory life is but a variation on the theme of eternal, intelligent, benevolent consciousness seeking to express itself; while the self-important scientists gibber in fear of destruction thinking they are the only example of self-aware existence; the universe is an intelligent energy experimenting - there is no dead, un-alive universe: ALL is life, it is surprising that scientists

Can imagine their own lowly being as the be-all and end-all of everything - how infinitely small and limited their world - how fearful their little existence...

Margaret Alice Second

Their Secret Sign

Sorely in need of emotional reinforcement and not a favourite book with me - - magazines and newspapers only reinforce the horrible physical aspect of being human, the mental and spiritual aspects are fine, but the emotional and physical are a mess, irritation with a colleague suddenly deciding humming is just the thing to brighten her day and by default everybody else's in the open plan office

Any magical tale would change my mental station from depressed to excited and enable me to tackle the next awful translation, looking up terms to be confronted with a can of worms, with 5 meanings for one word I always choose the one that doesn't fit, it is a gift, to be constantly wrong because the real criteria for choosing - rhythm and music - do not apply and my brain refuses to see meaning as being more important

It is possible to feel better by playing a role, who shall I become - best is to use my Fedora to play at being James Bond, creeping down the passage stealthily, greeting our Director jovially so he can not suspect I am here on Her Majesty's business and have a license to kill, imagine pulling a gun on everyone who makes a sound that gets on my nerves because they all work for Dr No and this is their secret sign

30 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Their Secret Sign [revised]

Don't have a favourite book today, sorely need
emotional strength; magazines & newspapers
only inflate the gross physical aspects of being
human, mental & spiritual aspects are fine, but
emotional and physical elements are a mess -
irritation with a colleague suddenly deciding
humming is the thing to brighten her day and
by default all others' in our open plan office

Any magical tale could prod my cerebral state
to excited from depressed, enable me to tackle
the next awful translation, look up terms to be
presented canned worms - of 5 meanings I'd
always choose one that doesn't fit, a gift to be
constantly wrong as the criteria for choosing,
rhythm and music, doesn't apply & my brain
can't see meaning as being more important

It's okay to feel better at role-play; who shall I
become, best use my Fedora, play James Bond
creeping down passages stealthily, greeting our
Director cheerfully so he won't suspect I'm Her
Majesty's Agent & licensed to kill - imagine me
pulling a gun on everyone who makes a sound
that gets on my nerves because they all work
for Dr No - and that is their secret sign

Margaret Alice Second

Their Worthiness [rev]

Only the pompous and pedantic self-righteous go straight to heaven, that is self-evident - a few are already living heaven on earth given their belief in their own rights & goodness, and let's be honest - their saintliness - given how they stride with great self-esteem forwards - and

They're probably right - they only have one failing: their holiness causes OTHERS to fall into sin, the self-righteous are sand under our teeth, their total disregard for others who only exist to admire them as we're ill-disciplined and stripped of any claim to a place under the sun

The righteousness of the self-righteous mows all of us unholy heathens down - out of their blessed way, we traverse the Via Dolorosa as these Mighty Self-Righteous march forward with determination, scales of Justice tied to their belts ready for use to measure the lack of worth of the sinners around, with an etheric

Smile I stop singing - the Self-Righteous can continue their righteous discourse in peace in their self-created world free from any kind of sin, other people are selfish hypocrites the Self-Righteous say and then cough with the dignity of their worthiness - what an enviable group: why can't I admire them enough to rise on their morally,

Ethically righteous escalator straight to heaven; Oh yes, it's because I like being me with all my shortcomings & weird ideas and since self-righteousness gives me the creeps after living within the circle of their divine self-appointed & self-toting goodness...

Margaret Alice Second

There With You [rev.]

I wonder how my path was chosen, me with an allergy and weird family; but choices appeared all along - I discovered a bigger power was in charge and options appeared chained within a strong-box I couldn't reach inside to change - I loved the idea of discovering my talents, & of

Living a free, unfettered life, rid of middle-class morality - realising any ability should it exist but all attempts to create an artistic life just failed; I thus continued on my way until the happy day I discovered PoemHunter: poets galore - the Merry Sir Laugh-a-Lot, Patty Masterman, Akh

Igor and more; as Kht Charmise, life now offers a chance to express how I feel and learn from others I admire, even adore; I can be a free-flying poet while staying tied to my tiny life & allergy, my little family, the small bureaucratic Translator-job - I feel freedom in my heart and

Mind, everything wonderful - and I've found, to my amazement, while PAIN is terrible, when it goes, no scars are left; no matter how intense and hateful the agonies - afterwards nothing remains except a place that fills up with joy, I conclude pain is good as it makes room for

Felicity which we wish to share with those we love the most - like YOU - in your poetry; I found you to be delightful, singing with a new unequalled voice very sweet & clear; so you became my nightingale; even if you claim not to be nice, nothing of shame shows up in

Your words - you are the plumage of melody and song in all beauty to me; I shall meet you as we sing in unison - already making our own music unique, we enjoy our frequency - you

are here with me and I am there with you...

Margaret Alice Second

They Exist - That Is All

Looking at commentary of erudite scholars always superior to anyone else, being a gift to mankind, I raise my unenlightened voice to say what Bible Code claims mean to me, the smallest bookworm that has ever been:

Such a code confirms the spiritual assertion the Energy forming the universe is conscious, intelligent, well-meaning and life-sustaining - all examples of time-spanning non-sensory communication such as these Bible Codes

Enlarge the spectrum of possibilities posited by quantum physics, it is a joy to the thinking, dreaming, feeling mind to find ever-widening spirals of alternatives to the little bit of world confirmed painstakingly by human scientists

As long as we remain free to study anything the imagination can envision without bending to the authority of science and religion alike, without forcing anybody to pay homage to us, the way science and religion compel

People to subscribe to their subjective theories; we shall be all-right, as long as we reject claims of other people's non-sensory experience and only believe in what we individually live and feel, we shall become independent thinkers - and

Dream up a separate world for each one of us, unique, subjective and individual; no-one allowed to proselytise - only to sing their own song while followers are simply told to go find or make their own way...

A scientist can only find proof of something, the public is free to ascribe meaning to it; nobody should be compelled to agree with anyone else,

everybody is free to make up their own story
and live it

As long as they respect the right of their
neighbours to do the same...

A. Public Statement by Harold Gans, Senior Cryptologic
Mathematician, U.S. Department of defense, retired
Independent Mathematical Consultant:

"I have reviewed the book 'The Bible Code' by M. Drosnin.

1. The book states codes were found in Genesis by Doron Witztum
and Eliyahu Rips. An experiment using scientific protocols specified
by independent reviewers provided strong statistical evidence of
Jewish sages' names and birth & death dates encoded in the
Hebrew text of Genesis. This is all true.

2. The statement that Torah codes can predict future events is
unfounded. There is no scientific or mathematical basis for such
a statement. Some historical events are encoded in Genesis in
certain configurations, it is not true that similar configuration of
'encoded' words represent a potential historical event.

Mr. Drosnin states his 'prediction' of Prime Minister Rabin's
assasination is 'proof' that 'Bible Code' can be used to pre-
dict the future. A single or several "successful' predictions
prove nothing unless made and evaluated under controlled
conditions.

3. I conclude the ONLY information derived from codes in
Genesis is that THEY EXIST and the probability to be
mere coincidence is vanishingly small."

Harold Gans, June 3,1997

B. The Bible Code, Michael Drosnin, Weidenfeld &
Nicolson,1997

Margaret Alice Second

Thine Own Bosom [rev]

How DARE authorities circulate the Public Service Code of Conduct when the Public Service HEAD doesn't have a clue what ethics entail: Criminals in Public Service, handmaidens, henchmen & friends loot POOREST unscathed while micromanagement of the least important official without money or power leads to such absurd administration & bureaucracy, doubling or more the cost of probable loss through

Them; and an increase in the public service burden & inefficiency - compared to the staggering amounts head criminals in the country steal, and yet worse is, Dear President does not understand why everyone is so upset given that money-grabbing as politicians appears to be world-wide sport: He's right, but others are more sophisticated: capitalists create jobs, sharing with society, providing education & technology & they

Do not keep the rural people in a still death-grip while ignoring international standards, with no concern for jobless youths forever poor; the small officials in the trenches without authority, intimidated - as if we can change anything - are absurd, a tragic irony, fleeced & blackmailed into paying for the fun of arch-criminals without respect for others or for themselves as self-esteem is only gained through integrity & respect for

Freedom; my ethics are based on spiritualism and my belief in consciousness is not prescribed by religion's judgment for the sin of being human; therefore put thine hand unto thine own bosom before thee play watchdog, accuser, judge & jury at the same time...

Margaret Alice Second

Thing About Dreams

Wonderful thing about dreams
kept in the closet until it seems
the time is right to dream again
I still cannot dance, so the dream
about Death dancing a tango with
me as Renate Flitworth, is ever new

Any dream can be rekindled by the
merest nuance triggered by a soft
whisper designed to create a fairy-
tale romance – whenever my Mary
Poppins dream of being allowed to
help people in need by means of

magical, earth-shattering love, is
awakened, I am off, inflated like a
balloon, full of romance, floating on
currents of fantasy, I float on the words
of those who describe fairytale ideas –
knowing my delight will take me to

More such beautiful sounds – tonight
I shall dance again held in Death's arms
wearing the dress he brought for me, the
diamond he stole round my neck, Death
as anthropomorphic idea is a guarantee
my fantasy is safe and I may dream

Margaret Alice Second

Things I Want [revised]

The first thing's a lovely
children's book, I'll reread
'Johnny and the Dead' please,
the second's a cheap old-
fashioned bicycle, third
the ability to infuse magic
into an ordinary, hot and stifling
world - and I want ice-cold snow

The next is a flowing poem for
inspiration to wake my mind
from hibernation, I want to
create just one dream - anything -
rejuvenate my self-esteem
get me afloat awhile high
above reality in order to

Find fresh new perspectives,
rosy glasses to put a sweet
shine on a stifling world

[17 January 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Things That Thrill You

Nothing to read for escapism or dreams,
only Arthur Mee's Encyclopaedia printed
before World War II taken with me when
I went for coffee - printed in 1933 - joy in
Britain about Broadcasting House and the
BBC, commemorate listening to news of
the King's demise, marvelling at the new
technology, the main announcer being the
most loved voice in the British Isles

Told commiserating colleagues of my dire
lack of reading matter - An outrage - they
exclaimed, having to read that old book -
I described a new scene in my Government
opera where former official's souls are stuck
in an eternal Indaba held in the Government
Valhalla, all stoppering their ghostly ears with
ectoplasm as a long-winded Chief Director
delivers an interminable speech

This is a scene in hell! - they exclaimed and
ran away - My point exactly - I told their re-
treating backs; returned to my desk to read
my guru's advice - 'Being happy is the cor-
nerstone of your being, choose things that
thrill you' - writing my Opera thrills me, but
anglicising French texts on how politicians
bankrupted a country in Africa does not,
they destroyed their own soul

Like a snake swallowing itself

Margaret Alice Second

Things To Be Conquered (Revised)

So emotionally drained, trapped in the passion
of fresh challenges and new techniques, the
tension of exploring financial alternatives, the
nervousness in confronting your anger when
explaining problems caused by language you
used when I made mistakes

Counted my many blessings in bed, felt better
but couldn't sleep, arose, switched on TV -
the film 'Insidious' - a mansion full of strange
events, a psychic telling the family of a place
for tortured souls - oh dear, there goes my list
of many blessings

Or maybe the list has just grown longer as
life is enriched by imaginings of spectres
and things that have to be conquered
through dreams of beauty and love...

Margaret Alice Second

This Beautiful Life (R)

Going to traverse the Meiringspoort gateway to the Cape swaying up on top of a double-decker bus while the mountainside towers above us, the last time I was scared, saying prayers on the bus as dusk deepened this time I am prepared to enjoy being scared, driving through the night while watching all the movies being shown to torture or delight passengers

Sitting in the window seat singing to myself, practising to spend time with myself - it is the only thing we take into eternity, seeking wonderful feelings to fill my inner sanctuary, love & appreciation being the only emotions I want to treasure in my memory & when remembering embarrassing things I try to erase the memory, hoping to empty consciousness to enable a spiritual lift-off

Into the self-evaluating dimension without fear since I'm learning as much as I can about spiritual life in an endless non-physical sphere - wishing to leave the process of reincarnation to become a melody living in repeating rhythms that turn me into - a flower, a fairy, an elf - symbolising the tune; I cast prayers into the future for family, friends & all fellow travellers in

This Pilgrim's Progress, life hereafter will be fun and I'm looking forward to meeting everyone I never met during this wonderful life on our beautiful earth...

Margaret Alice Second

This Book Which I Hate (Revised)

I'm reading a book which I hate,
each time I start I get a headache
but I cannot escape; this is what
marriage is isn't it – doing things
you'd never do on your own, like

Having kids – had mine discovering
I was lonely; hubby wants me read
it, insists, so rather than incur his
wrath I dutifully comply, read lines
I detest so condescendingly

Written by a supposedly superior
woman For Women – I hope she
disappears from Earth's face, that
fiery red devils dance, changing
her dreams into nightmares and

That her dog chews on her toes
especially, that her words never
come back to haunt me – may this
book disappear just like the Marie
Celeste on the Sargasso Sea...

28 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

This Is Sublime

The tablecloth of time can be reused without disturbing the cutlery and plates of events although residual stains reveal inconsistencies such as OOParts, Velikovsky's discoveries, mismatched historical periods are explained by quantum's Many Worlds theory; somewhere the apocalypse have taken place

Somewhere there is an Atlantis, earth is called Gaia, someplace Biblical leprosy is nuclear fall-out, in other places Mars is cleft by a meteorite, in a parallel universe Earth is Tiamat, halved by the passing of Niburu - everything imagined happens somewhere; there is a place where conspiracies and underground cities exist

Infinity gives you room for everything new, Terry Pratchett uses James Bond and Tibetan Monks containing a Lobsang in a story of Time where the present equals the future and past and procrastinators wind and unwind time while anthropomorphic personifications stalk the realms outside time – this is sublime!

Thief of Time – Terry Pratchett, Corgi Books, 2002, p.108

OOParts (Out Of Place Artifacts)

Margaret Alice Second

This Is Why

The elder of a pair of twins - my lil sis suddenly called - Please open the gate, I'm waiting outside; I went out, there she was on a BIG motorbike, she explained taxman said we tax your business unless you spend - she and life partner bought BIG motorbikes, riding to a Hotel - Formula One

Overwhelmed, never knew she and Pete - Petrus in local parlance - had to fight taxman to keep enterprise going; she bought an enormous scooter - 650 CC and Pete bought a 1 050 CC - they drove off to Musina; the back of the beyond where large trucks pass on their way to far-off Zimbabwe and Mozambique

My lil sis drove till they tackled the mountains where she was too tired to continue; Pete stopped, someone else drove the rest of the way; she picked up by car; they arrived safely - she has fun with her paintings, pool and most important, taking care of Mom and Dad - her mind is occupied; though

She feels smothered by too much well-being, a strange concept to her - I wonder whether she understands - this is why I hang on to hubby - myself?

Margaret Alice Second

This Offer Divine [rev]

I have been blown away, surprised and overwhelmed so often - as claimed by advertisements in my email - I must be living in a state of perpetual excitement jumping as clamouring scholars insist on teaching Hebrew starting with free lessons before charging UNLESS the victim cancels in time - and since it's impossible to cancel, victims will pay dearly for test-driving this offer divine

For retarded diabetics, a wonder cure, after reading 100 "testimonies" of the so-called cured - no information as to what the cure is - the unwary order a book & read 500 pages for a solution, the Catholic site offering Jesus's Nag Hammadi hidden words, quoting fake Alzheimer testimony to make readers pay for the text - while the entire Nag Hammadi corpus is free on the web

Religion's still the best marketing ploy, charlatans just claim celestial visions & spiritual gnostic lines to win money & devotion from idiots - while quacks smile all the way to the bank - this is humanity devouring itself in its greed

Margaret Alice Second

This Reality (Revised)

You spoiled my nice surprise – the moment is gone, the void needs to be filled with great joy, apologies cannot replace a magical moment dashed to pieces; 'tho you don't deserve my good thoughts, all things considered, I'll preserve my noble sentiments about you

I must find advantage to be derived from this event; you keep my feet anchored, remind me human relationships also contain disappointment and it will be so 'til the end of time; if not you, would it have been someone else to have kicked me so readily?

Not the kind saleslady who helped without making me wait in a queue, nor my supervisor who should hate my miserable attempts at translation, no, it had to be you – thank you for this lesson to never forget love is conditional – we can give our love unconditionally

In principle only but not in practice of this reality...

30 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

This Wonderful Ballet [rev]

My ears are carrying Tchaikovsky - dancing as the Fairy Dewdrop to Nutcracker suite, twirling down the passage in the office open-plan, inspired by conversing with Azui, I explain we need have a self-assessment's theme song - we should all sit in rows in my government show; with red clouds rising behind every head - done with special effects

While all are writing with a background of lonely Siberian taiga rising behind us, & singing Yesterday by the Beatles - Yesterday all my troubles seemed so far away, now it looks as though they're here to stay, Oh, I believe in yesterday - now there's a shadow hanging over me, self-assessment looms so painfully - oh I believe in yesterday - then a

Foreign voice singing off-stage - Domani, let's forget about tomorrow 'cause tomorrow never comes; with loud sounds of this singer being strangled; then all the officials sitting in front sing the Beatles' It's gonna be a hard assessment day, I should've been working like a dog, but when I'm in the office, joy starts to call,

And it makes me feel all-right - we stand up en masse and sing Bon Jovi's I ain't gonna live forever, I just want to live while I'm alive - policemen run in spraying us with teargas, to the background music of Just another brick in the wall - we take up our places in our work stations against a laser-light show of icicles and falling snow-

flakes and the Song of the Volga Boatmen hummed by us: then a group of cleaners enter to the music of the Nutcracker Suite overlaid as the Volga Boatmen song fades, the cleaners are revealed to be fairies doing this wonderful ballet....

Margaret Alice Second

Thorn In Your Flesh

You find it irritating when I repeat myself
in gladness - the new rule is I must write
it down when I'm happy as my talking is
painful to hear - good, I'm writing it down,
let me not be the thorn in your flesh sent
by the Lord to keep you humble, let me
get out of your hair so you can be superior

Since you keep pointing out how inferior
my family to your brilliant forebears, it's a
pity I don't fall down dead in the presence
of so much excellence - I share your wish
that my offending family and I might be out
of your life rather sooner than later - and -
I commiserate with your fate...

21 September 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Those Knowing The Drill [revised]

The question is - can a yodeller be a government employee, a troubadour in the ranks, on the stairs, in the open-plan office - combating noisy auxiliary personnel conversation? And the answer is - yes,

me - I'm that yodelling troubadour who practices on the stairs, sings in an open-plan office, throws caution to the wind & matches rising noise levels with a rendition of 'Yo-de-le-di-da-dil-dee' - plus

the hiccupping that's part of its charm, or its lack; they can film the National Language Service with confidence as we're noisy, happy & dedicated to deliver hi-quality, correct, checked & researched

work merged with proven texts for Government Departments - our loud discussions of weddings disrupted by 3-year-old toddlers and my beloved being unloving without intent and the dire lack of

three quotations for a sworn Chinese document ought to be as interesting as nonsense I see on sitcoms, no fear of boredom or repetition, we're original enough in complaints about half-yearly

assessments when we've been given but three documents to translate, it will keep audiences fascinated - so, let me stop right here, this will bore quite a few I think - especially

those knowing the drill...

[10 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Thou Slave (Rev.)

A Phytosanitary Certificate in Portuguese – what’s so fearsome about that - though the words sing in deep-throated phonetic vowels, the meaning is obscure, I feel quite obtuse and as blood sugar levels plummet, my eyes become unglued and fail, I hear explosions in every little sound while my mind derails

The terms “Quarentenarias Ausentes Definidas para Normativa Especifica” flow like opera, but the English equivalent is not musical - “Quarantine according to the specific rules” doesn’t sing at all; a small headache has turned into an avalanche of painful muscle spasms in my head - fearing I’ll never finish this

I remain at my computer, slowly dying on my feet as the battle for understanding ravages my spirit and it disappears until only my brain, shocked and lonely, remains in my work station, seeking help in mystical arrangements of pink scarves and delicate fairy wing confections; the Certificate is unending, I’m falling

Headlong into the central Galactic Black Hole which defines our corner of the visible universe – see, I am disappeared - a creature always tortured by the iron chains of the ethical imperative: thou shalt translate, thou slave

Margaret Alice Second

Thoughts Congeal [rev.]

There is no space, no movement of time in my heart -
stuck in one mood, one bizarre feeling of the absurd,
biocentrism meeting quantum field theory geometric
version as I stand outside the three dimensions of

Reality's amplituhedron, chained within the Dungeon
Dimensions where my fears feed on my dissatisfaction
with physical life's carousel as illusionary camouflage
enabling the adventurous consciousness to

Experience life as stages of dramatic and concurrent
reincarnation, since time and space is only a thought
construct, it is a game by which the thinker learns to
mould energy, using time and space as steel girders

On which to hang imaginary physical life - the mind
creating parallel universes sliding over each other
as visualisation and dreams create new places
for thoughts to congeal...

[3 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Thoughts Congealing [rev]

Early morning at work - and I don't know where I am in a thorny Portuguese bush that's turned into this hydra sprouting aggressive heads - where I'm entwined with fear and confusion, looking up 'Bovine Ova Tutorials on nomenclature & anatomical structure according to IETS Manual of the International Embryo Transfer Society'

The little alien in my head is shouting blue murder being forced to study science so boring, but I forge on, reading the Terrestrial Animal Health Code on micro-manipulated embryos; Ron Hubbard's madness comes true, I'm torn in two by the requirement to translate correctly & master the texts although revolted by the content; caught between

Options means headaches; I must orientate & win back a feeling of living in a safe universe before my thoughts, congealing with fear & anxiety, can be tamed so the little alien can focus again; expressing these feelings leads to a surcharge of adrenaline flooding my being and I spritz water until cool enough to return to this Portuguese text

I must conquer as my current life-and-death challenge in a fight I dare not lose in this, my little life...

Margaret Alice Second

Thoughts Soar Free (Revised)

Routine messages, ever-increasing headache;
you say your friend suffers cancer pain in the
brain – I think about alleviating things, music,
funny films, books ready if it worsens – works
for me when the allergy causes such pain I
cannot think

Watching my favourite movie, reading a book
I remember from childhood, laughing out loud,
a stimulating subject lifts the pain – amazingly,
thinking of ideas for your friend my headache
eases, suddenly I'm safe in the cathedral
of my mind where thoughts soar free

A quiet happiness suffuses my being; so your
friend's suffering gave me opportunity to offer
solutions, her illness already serves an un-
expected purpose – if she thinks about pain's
advantages, she might find such too, just like
I did thinking about the allergy

Realising without it I would never have tried to
write, translating other people's words would
have been quite enough

For Ronel Oreilly and her friend Rina Marx

4 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Threads Spinning In My Head [revised]

My beloved called - irritated by my absence
from a designated pick-up point - only then
did I return unto this world from a timeless
place in my mind which scares me by insis-
ting to continue in unending space without
a beat indicating stops and taking breathers

The timeless universe becomes a monster with
no sympathy for my short attention span, it just
demands to carry on with what interests me but
when I meet these requests I shudder inwardly
knowing something has been unleashed which
doesn't fit in physical reality, we need to stop

And take stock, threads spinning in my head
form patterns I can't discern, which need be
unravell'd and stored in separate places -
not just everywhere, but carefully labelled,
classified and packaged ready for use - I
ignored time when I was young and lived

In a perpetual adrenaline rush, so much so
my head hurt all the time, I hated stopping
when engrossed and went on for too long
until my mind short-circuited - today I live
within the realm of the clock to help me
stop and take a break before spinning on

In this lovely world - where words and
songs and dreams and thoughts lead on
without ending, and we have to create
our own melodies by inserting breaks
into the shiny run-on lining of reality...

[17 June 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Threatened By Dreams

I'm listening not caring what I'm hearing, nothing makes sense, nothing leads anywhere - we just drift on the waters of eventuality -with no end in sight - we have a state-capturing President and America has a Trumpeting Trumpster heading for the White House: I'm drifting in

The empty lanes of mediocrity, translating with no prize to give meaning to assembly-lane work, so I concede I've nothing to say, nothing to give, nothing to contribute, the role I play - what is it? I'm a nonentity, nothing to achieve, no ideal as lode-star: it doesn't matter what I feel -

Or what YOU feel, what anybody says - we have a Zumadimi-Dudukini-Malema-dilemma and the guru I like most declares the Donald as amazing victor in the sweepstakes of creating through focus and dreams: now I feel threatened by my dreams...

Margaret Alice Second

Threshold Of Hope

Double vision, cannot read any more –
new pills will not be taken again, this is
worse than ever before, lack of muscle
tension and chemical depression will
combine to leave a catatonic wreck.

Ah well, this is a repetition of history –
only difference is I don't feel anxiety
while sinking into the depths of inertia,
eyes slits enabling me to see a little bit
while looking up synonyms:

Apathy and unresponsiveness- oh, the
the fungus cure on the Thesaurus page
with yellowing toe nails is atrocious – but
I remain calm, the chronic pain and fear
of the old days are gone, I know

This forced indolence and the boredom
accompanying it will pass and eventually
I shall be active and interested in life again,
following rules always brings me back to
the threshold of hope where I belong!

Margaret Alice Second

Thrusting Lines

Praised for single-minded devotion to duty only,
my lines subjected to minute scrutiny as I lack
the tools to reproduce literally; rephrasing to
create fluent, mellifluous texts is wrong

We are employed to be a conduit faithfully re-
laying source texts through mindless copy-
ing which causes my brain to shut down
so my boss thinks me incompetent

Unable to deal with the soothing repetition most
people deem a real treat, I'm learning to accept
being the worst official in history, not given any
responsibility, only checked and monitored

Lost access to my inner being while ignoring the
enchantment of words dancing in rhythmic lines,
I shall have to create a sacred space where
sound can be freed to reign supreme

Where the rhythm of lilting vowels formed into
notes with various beats by rushing, explosive
consonants, creates melodies rising and
falling in thrusting lines

Margaret Alice Second

Thunder Growling Softly

This hot, oppressive afternoon
I lay down on my bed and slept
exhausted - no thoughts in my
head, got up to find a sudden
strong wind had sprung up

A storm upon us, loud thunder
claps, rain started to fall - but
without wild éclat, quite demurely
in fact - my mind had followed the
weather's build-up, I could not

Stand the tension in the end, thank
heaven it finally started to rain as my
fatigue had intensified so much, now
I accept the novelists' use of weather
to illustrate their characters' feelings

Even now thunder only growling softly,
no wild outbursts, the rain falling calmly,
I am still wishing for a wild explosion to
let nature's pent-up power escape, this
mild beginning is good, but oh -

How much release a full-blown storm
would bring!

Margaret Alice Second

Thus Bliss To Just Exist [rev.]

My wish is to tell how marvellous this is - when a modern physicist doing stem cell research claims consciousness existed before the physical world came into being - therewith corroborating tenets

Of Spiritualism - it is a huge break-through; when scientists realise awareness precedes everything our five senses interpret, and our senses actually create the reality we see - at last they've arrived

But I can't formulate it beautifully, can't derive my arguments or present its case logically, can't write as poetry; all I'll manage tonight is an essay since I can't shorten long lines to the barest essentials

Thus creating something long-lasting, suffice it to say there's no such thing as being lifeless, matter is energy all aware which chooses being over non-being and mere existence is a joy in itself, not in

Need of justification or for any other purpose - life has only one goal: to experience all facets of itself in all probabilities and possibilities explored one by one, nothing excluded - life is a riot of discovery

And a gaudy feast where everything it is possible to imagine is experienced before it is accepted or rejected; life consists of sensations and rhythms - thus it is bliss to just exist as consciousness

Margaret Alice Second

Thus Sinus Said (Revised)

Poor Madame la Pompadour must have been feeling so down when she tried to get up two days in a row, despite the Bogeyman behind her door, but Sinusman claimed her in the end, a terrible attack, so she has to stay in bed, cannot join us in the office

Like Tchaikovsky holding his head while conducting – scared of decapitation if he let go, she too cannot move for fear her head will fall; so she imprisoned at home by Agoraphobia while Xenophobia makes any movement outside her yard impossible,

She needs a cohort of doctors and medley of psychiatrists to deal with her extreme symptoms, can no longer drive endless miles from East Rand to the humble Kingsley Centre where she is employed; but she concluded that her presence is a great privilege to be treasured by those

She lords over, so she will only venture forth when she feels as glamorous as Angelina Jolie and as impressively aggressive as George Eliot or Virginia Woolf

Margaret Alice Second

Thwarted Saviours Of Africa

June breezed into the office, Did you know Master Okawa published an interview with Nelson Mandela taken down 6 hours after Madiba's death? Feeling jealous as Madiba did not see fit to bring me a visit I attacked the Internet, rational thought returned while scrolling down

Amused at Okawa's use of a deceased to criticise the Chinese and promote the Japanese as the thwarted saviours of Africa who entered WWII only to put an end to Apartheid South Africa, Okawa declared Madiba poignantly said if Japan had arrived in time he would not have served 27 years

Japan as secret key to Paradise Lost, Africa would have been on a different course if Japan had come - clearly this is no scheme to promote Japanese interests, Okawa's attack on the Chinese via the use of another's death cannot be the use spiritual camouflage at all shame on sceptics like me who see deeper meanings of

Propaganda created by Happy Science disciples to brainwash the world into believing a new world order's arising in the East...

Margaret Alice Second

Thwarts The Ideal [rev.]

Some got the message that we create our own reality all wrong - saying ill-health is a sign of us being bad; but it's not at all what Seth meant - bad only applies to whatever makes us mad, given a self-chosen focus

Illness is caused by choosing to cherish pain-inflicting thoughts, stopping the life stream, rowing against a strong current, wearing ourselves out without attaining anything - without fulfilling ideals -

Thinking unhappy thoughts that destroy our own power, telling our cells we don't like them & the body's no good; it is no big thing always feeling powerless, not evil - we are free to act with impunity, to

Do as we please, free to discover for ourselves what works, what brings disaster, there's nothing evil or bad - just the most delightful discovery how to manipulate life, the only bad is fixating on whatever

Thwarts the ideal in our hearts...

[20 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Tidal Waves Of Legal Lists (Revised)

We'll never get it done; every time I get ahead
with a text my desk receives another one, but

instead of worrying my guru says we should
rejoice because it means we cannot get it wrong;
Looking up terms for sentences on divulging a
criminal's secrets - in one huge explosion of self-
righteous emotion I stagger under impact of laden
lines that leave no room for contemplation or using
a grammatical compass to gets one's bearings, the

subject is quite clear then disappears under new
nouns apparently applicable to other people - or
is it nefarious deeds that are enumerated here,
the context is not clear, without framework
for interpretation I am lost and spluttering,

The world does not hold enough chocolate and -
coffee to help me ride this storm, my guru's words -
are lost in this *mélee*, after four cups of coffee I -
open my second chocolate for resuscitation by -
the creamy texture, the sugar and nuts that make -
me feel like a happy, counting-my-many-blessings -
human being again...

Margaret Alice Second

Tide Of Joy [rev]

It's so surprising and gratifying - the rain always waits until I'm safe before it falls to earth with wild abandon, carrying an umbrella is quite superfluous - my lovely fuchsia coloured broly is seldom used; this must be

Because my instincts are on par with the water in the clouds waiting to precipitate, winds blew in opposite directions just now, meaning there were two contrary flows - I danced for the rain, singing at the top

Of my voice to express approval for its choice to visit us this afternoon; Nici ran off complaining about her mom but I'm unperturbed; at work I feel bad enough to last me all my simultaneous lifetimes, here at home

I enjoy being free to dance & sing, watching canopies of trees and the grass turning green, wiping Mufasa's giant fox terrier feet - the rain's lessening but nothing can stem the tide of joy in my heart

Margaret Alice Second

Time Lapse Reality [revised]

Tried on my new cerise zip-up top but it didn't suit any of my moods since this resembles a flowering hibiscus or hydrangea in full bloom, a description which doesn't reflect my feelings of absolute boredom with sitting still

With the lines effortlessly Googlerized and relayed to my source document, waiting for unbearable backache as an excuse to escape into the world, though I've no money left, no more buying trinkets, odds and ends, roses and various

Coloured cloths for reinventing my work station according to my feelings; following a liquid diet in an endless tea party interspersed with cups of soup, reminding me of grandma's periwinkle eyes and her offering me soup when I felt down

The morning nearly gone so I have to get on with the task at hand, does one say sufficient numbers of staff or staff sufficient in number – this type of silly question halts the time and drives me nuts, wish to finish checking the text

Yet my mind is consumed by Ice Queen questions and mysteries, riddles compiled by a sibling and dreaming about a new tomorrow when I shall be free to realise every dream without this time-lapse reality...

Margaret Alice Second

Tired

Bravura gone, tried to be a
rain elf walking about in blue
with an otherworldly air, but it
came to naught as I suffer the
consequences of my dietary
choices; shrinking into myself,
eyes unfocused, trying to

Lose weight makes for a most
uncomfortable state & spending
time without a functioning brain
leaves me without companionship
as a mindless half-wit me can't con-
centrate and follow a conversation,
cannot listen calmly

To voices around me, only music
soothing nerves while I'm stuck in
this dark place of alienation, trying
to smile at people and wearing my
pink fedora with blue goblin top did
NOT give me the energy I dream
off, tired of trying

To put on a brave face, I sink with-
out the desire to get up and chase
the wind in search of joie-de-vivre –
I'm hungry, tired and discouraged...

Margaret Alice Second

To Be Abandoned (Revised)

I am a machine, replaying in French an
expression of English synonyms so bare
of feeling my mind empties, spirit dissolves,
soul absconds; my chair contains an empty
shell of dark despair

I hope my spirit returns, soul again whole
after retrieving scattered fragments from
ends of the earth, I am so lonely without
feelings - utter loneliness remains the
only sensation, a curtailed sensory
event, an appearance without
emotional investment

abandoned at the outer layer of life,
no access to warmth of feeling and
meaning inside

Margaret Alice Second

To Be Here

An article about health benefits of honey and cinnamon, immediately bought some, made a tea of warm water and honey, tasted heavenly, only now I'm too sleepy

To research obscure terms, not a single word makes sense, too much honey obviously is not good, where only a half tablespoon of honey in a glass is recommend

I added more than double that amount to my tea and now I can't see, dark spots in front of my eyes, conscience turned off so I only sit and read uncomprehendingly staring desolately

After studying my text I still have no clue what the complainant means and time has stopped, I am caught in an eternal moment of inefficient fatigue - instead of being more alert and flexible as promised

I'm totally somnambulant, it is all I can do to be here, nothing can be produced - the spirit is willing but the body and mind have already resigned, I can only offer my token presence to officialdom

Margaret Alice Second

To Be Me (Revised)

Early Saturday morning, it seems no other being alive -
one dive, just one stupid dive into the pool let water into
my ear - oh frustration and irritation, Nutcracker Suite
DVD ordered has still to arrive, waiting for the Saturday
'usual' routine to swallow me - shopping for the week,
planning meat or no meat, maybe fish or chicken, and
finally, reading my book - about balance between the
negative and positive as truer than one-sided rejection
of the negative - impossible in this dualistic universe as
degrees of everything are required to differentiate our
self from all else, but exercises a self-congratulating
author claims, like watching people and trees to become
one with everything, is a bit juvenile - so I skip these,
being a tree is a mystery to me, I cannot feel sap rising
just as I won't succeed in setting my astral self free to go
visiting, keeping the silver chord intact while roaming
free - whether considering being a tree or astral spirit,
all I can manage is to be me...

Margaret Alice Second

To Be Warm

What did I say last time – drudge, washing dishes, peacemaker: - tonight a test of my peacemaking abilities, my beloved and my belligerent little girl at loggerheads because her dad said she HAS to go to great trouble to give him the right money as HE goes to great trouble to provide her with a car - at her mother's expense – me (I don't care)

But what can I say; so I told her I was going to buy take-aways, what would she like, and she was happy to accept – if I told her it was her father who was going to buy the burgers she would have refused - angry as she was when he said having a car was her privilege not her right – another sleepless night – no, tonight her temper did not ignite, all is safe

Daughter not angry at her dad because I told her how ill he was last night, it scared me so much – and she helps her mother deal with the scare by being kind – what a lovely family I have; now if only my son would accept the extra blanket I threw on his bed as the wind is growing colder and colder and I want him to be warm...

Margaret Alice Second

To Become One

Once inside the dream
I'm more awake than in
physical reality where
consciousness always
is half asleep, in the
dream world awareness
takes on new qualities
and feeling is real, the
sensation delicious and
sensuality becomes an
art, heartbeat increasing
as the touch is felt in the
heart, a face godlike in
shining appearance and
words, delightful in soft
whispers, sonorous in
endearments, and the
embrace becomes a
wonderful experience
lips touching means
hearts melting until in
the storm that follows
two spirits entwine
to become one...

3 May 20113

Margaret Alice Second

To Dream On A Dance

Bowing my back, ploughing through the
storm whirling construction terms for the
new railway line, making progress, relaxed
then lost my way in Excel, lines to be trans-
ferred blocked by columns not merged
causing emotional distress

French preparation at home, once again
numbers for telling the time to be learned,
mind going up in flames - anxiety chokes
the life out of me, watching a dance on TV,
an energising jive, vitality restored, feeling
delighted enthusiasm again

Buffeted by emotion I beg indulgence when
I refuse to focus on suffering and pain, only
by keeping my eye on good things can I try
to weather life without total collapse and to
dream on a dance strengthens me to face
the crossword puzzles life throws at us

Numbers drive me nuts while art forms in
elegant lines, music and dance; rekindle
memories of beautiful dreams enriching
the fount of ideas shining like millions of
prisms reflecting reality in countless
colour, form and sound frequencies

Margaret Alice Second

To The Power Of Infinity [revised]

I'm searching for something - an
event that feels so good I'll recall
it long after it's past - something I
can savour and delight in long
afterwards, and not fleeting

As beauty in new faces fades
as visage acquires character -
or romance exciting only if mystery
of the unknown hides the
other party, just to die in a

moment's familiarity replacing
adventurous discovery - and the
eye grows weary of regarding
the same, ordinary boring
things... I'm searching

For a beloved book already filled
with magic by my imagination,
structures to make mind games
possible - maybe an allegory
with an always charming

Stark outline, a bare delineation
creating shadows, spaces
my mind sees new meaning in;
an ability to dream using
power of thinking changes

One object into another, though
previously seeming to exist
outside of me, today I know its the
reader who interchanges energy
and reality

In dreams which create new
dimensions in an infinite
series of visions

growing
to the power of infinity ...

Margaret Alice Second

To The Wimpy (Revised)

Feel overwhelmed looking at my work-on-hand list; as
I sink beneath the weight of documents to translate
a new batch arrives pushing me deeper – realised the
list has become a fire-spitting dragon which I dutifully
tackle sans sword, shield or breastplate – so I run to
my refuge, my inner sanctum, and find it empty

Blown apart by said dragon, whom I now face, the
challenge of documents requiring the making of term
lists – and checking for consistency in word usage; its
not something I relish or would have chosen if I had a
choice – but then I would not have chosen life thus, so
it is something I'll survive, albeit with very converse

Feeling; I would prefer having fun but since nobody
wants to play word games with me I'm forced to do
my job, though the little I do is negligible given the
amount to be done, it would require many ages
and several reincarnations to process this load, I
might as well dangle my feet In the stream and

Dream of waffles, syrup and cream; this incumbent
cannot sit in her trench with decadence of an easy
downstairs walk, tomorrow might be bad, the day
after worse, but this moment is as sweet as a dream,
mine for the decision to ignore my conscience, follow
the devil as he leads straight to the Wimpy...

Margaret Alice Second

Toads Or Diamonds

Totally unnerved, anxiety peaking to decrease
just to build up steam and rise again as Sister
Complacent-&-Self-Aggrandising reclassified
Donkeyskin as an illerate - she & Sister Long-
suffering share the honour of stars on the fore-
head while I suffer a donkeytail on mine

Mother Abbott leads the Sisters singing hymns
to themselves & their magnificence in doing the
literal translations that leave clients swooning in
their wake, pulling off amazing language coups
that overwhelm the senses with cloying incense
& showcase ability to find the right word for

All things technical - while poor Donkeyskin only
wonders at their mighty intelligence, taking back
her much-maligned translation and burying it in
the ground like an illegitimate child in Medieval
times; shocked to the point of offering to die by
Torquemada's Inquisition to purge her mind

Life is a burden when all come to the conclusion
that Donkeyskin is a drab, grey non-person who
does not deserve to breathe the hallowed air of
this esteemed institution, the only thing left is to
realise the sensory world is an illusion and that
knowledge dies with the incumbent, only LOVE

Remains, shining with purity and forgiveness -
filling Donkeyskin's heart with compassion for
herself and everyone else given that the view
of toads or diamonds falling from mouths is a
perception in the eye of the beholder...

Margaret Alice Second

Toffee Pudding [rev]

Peace, peace, peace - happiness means an alignment everybody; sing, sing, sing for the harmony brings fulfilment and serenity within sonorous tones of the octaves' frequencies- & the only important thing is the flow of notes reverberating through the earth and echoing from the heavens - solve the riddle of life by becoming a happy relativist as everything

folds into the mould provided by the belief we invest therein, joy, joy, joy - looking for things to awaken interest, I found the beautiful taste of comforting food - appreciating home-made scones & toffee pudding with caramel sauce; now my life is wonderful - filled with fabulous things I adore, the problem is how I'm to stop eating, stop always asking for more - if I

don't stop, I'll become just another 600lb body ready for bypass surgery & I refuse; anything's better than a bloody salvation from being a self-inflicted human garbage disposal system...

Margaret Alice Second

Together Forever (Revised)

To launch this day the right frequency surrounded by voices pertains - a promise by Dr Habibu and Mama Maria offering Great Expectations, a service to Remove Black Spot In Your Hands Tat [sic] Keeps Taking Your Money - credibly the best offer I've had, it would be fabulous to stop a black hole in my hands siphoning money from my always in the red credit card!

Lyall Watson explains electromagnetic fields, amazing feat of dowsing two-dimensional maps, Tim LaHaye wants readers to define a prison - sing the Lord's song in a strange land, we don't have rivers like Babylon - the open-plan office is not prison, more an escape from the heat outside, my jail is created by an allergy wrapping my head in electric cable

Makes my brain a sponge instead of substance empty holes - information keeps falling away, more lost than money siphoned off through the dark spot in my hands; Terry Pratchett has a horse-doctor treating the Patrician inquiring whether Lord Vetinari's eating his bedding & instructing Corporal Littlebottom to hold his nose and pour a draught down his throat twice a day -

And I have to translate an Interpol message about a traveller using fake ID who must be traced - but where does my spirit want to be, where are the fragments of my soul spread, how can I gather them all together and become whole? Behind all these I cherish the sweet dream of him and her finding each other in an eternal moment being together forever...

Margaret Alice Second

Together Like This

When you softly touched
the hair at the nape of my
neck and it felt wonderful,
suddenly a rush of feelings
made me aware that love
was ever fresh and sweet
like the crystal lamp that I
washed, the sensation in
my skin brought me to life

When I read John Grey's
words in Venus and Mars,
his description of love, I
realised how marvellous
it was to be together like
this, when I got up you
invited me back to lie
in your arms while you
softly stroked my back

It was fantastic, the best
sensation there is...

Margaret Alice Second

Tomorrow I Shall Face Ordinary Things

Depressed and too hot I resort to fairy tales
to keep my mind off the woes of this place, the
story of Tinker Bell and Periwinkle disrupting the
whole of Pixie Hollow, reuniting two lovers, Queen
Clarion and Lord Milori, is enough at this moment,
tomorrow I shall face ordinary things

Such as getting hold of a dentist and seeking my
lost document, today has already been spoiled by
signing the Performance Assessment - repeating
the process as I got the date wrong, then signed in
the wrong place, making a mess of administrative
papers - now that I have explained my woes

I'm even less inclined to do anything constructive,
it's more interesting to probe a broken tooth with
my tongue, decorate my file for evaluations with
the image of a lady in a wide dress holding a pink
parasol which is so at variance with the grey
atmosphere of bureaucracy, it satisfies

My taste for the absurd and burlesque and shall
probably earn me a rebuke as being too superficial
for the serious business of translating stifling legal
documents

22 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Tomorrow Would Be Too Late [revised 2]

A wonderful Sunday, two purple lipsticks and purple glasses bought to go with the purple bag; for my work place coloured dishcloths & a new trilby - like Rex Harrison wore in the guise of Henry Higgins in My Fair Lady, waiting are

Imitation tattoos for Nici and I to be applied around the eye, she will have to help me; a hand-held fan in silver and white for the heat in the office - I lay on the porch's cool marble earlier today enjoying birdsong, wInd in the trees

Swimming in a glass dome the sun gilding fir trees; can't wait for tomorrow's new purple glasses effect; must remember to take vegetables & ice-cream to the office for nourishing meals; wonderful cabbage and carrots this week-end

My beloved with a lopsided smile telling us of the Alfa he would like to buy; tonight we must apply our tattoos as tomorrow morning would be too late...

Sunday 6 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Too Much Sorrow [revised]

Asked my personal volcano to be our duty
tornado: the intrigue – grey haired mother's
cold and ill in an age-care home; hairdresser
says no more dyeing, hair too soft and thin
causing it to break off

Alone among frail and infirm mother is tired,
needs to retire to my sister's home with a
kitchen and friends, my dad and sunshine –
volcanic sister flares into tornado-motion,
ready to sweep in and rescue mother

I promise my beloved I'll not also change
into a fury under my stormy, can-do sister's
onslaught, I intend to work hard on keeping
my promise while assisting mother away
from too much sorrow...

Margaret Alice Second

Too Overwhelming [rev]

I do not like playing the subservient role of Sister Sunshine agreeing with everything, being sincere feigning worry about pains and aches and worst is because my behaviour is inconsistent I don't play the role very well, thus people know what's going on without being told - telepathy is real and we're tuned to a non-sensory line which reveals our feelings to each other

When food causes my brain to spasm between an apogee of red existential pain and the perigee of black nihilism I transmit mixed signals - and when life returns to bluish calm and soft daydreams, I'm still surprised to find I've made no friends since all reacted to my mental storm by withdrawing; we're admonished to make friends here on earth to meet them again in the life hereafter, but that

Advice has never applied to my life; I blame myself for a fellow sister openly turning away while I spoke, then running with bubbling enthusiasm to the Mother Abbess & Sister Longsuffering in this holy convent dedicated with religious fervour to Language Studies and Translation Practices; an open snub challenging me to acknowledge such - yet open hostilities would be awful - and I take pride in my ability to play

The wide-eyed innocent, I made the role of Candide my own ages ago - and thank Voltaire for his cynical appraisal clothed in wonderment, it fuels my words and inspires my act when the need to hide my real self becomes an essential strategy for survival - a need to mislead myself when the truth becomes too overwhelming to acknowledge...

Margaret Alice Second

'Too Suggestible (Revised)

Time to escape 'A Thousand Ways to Die'
fast becoming one of those nasty to all
and sundry jerks who died as a result
of their own malicious vindictiveness

Thinking 'there she goes, law-breaker
posing normality, fraudster underneath,
happy with unethical tricks until she fell,
fracturing her skull into a million pieces'

– and –

'Here she comes, woman who thought
living in her mind was good enough, just
fooling herself, no life in reality at all' –
I shudder because of these thoughts

Cannot retrieve my happy inner world;
time to stop watching unloving people
hurting one-another and thus meeting
their doom in such shocking ways

Becoming a character in the show –
so gullible to be sucked in, hating
who I am!

Margaret Alice Second

Too Tired To Care Anyway

So tired after a difficult night, quick energy cannot be found, with back bent sitting forward in my chair, my head sore, fatigue claiming me completely, I can't keep up this charade, can't play I'm still sane, can't stop yawning, feeling my powers leave until I'm all alone without judgment or rational capacity

Too tired to care about anything, it is painful to sit up straight, too tired to get up and get help, the pain in my head, swelling from allergy, I'm trying to play I'm in a concentration camp and my noble endeavour of sitting up straight will help my fellow-prisoners, thus far my fellows have received no help from me, I'm feverish

If they depend on me to save their lives they will all die, I cannot act casual to make it seem I'm working hard, we shall all end up in front of a firing squad if depending on my act of nonchalance, impossible to create the impression I'm typing away because my head is far too sore to concentrate on any chore

My desperate attempt to save us from death in the trenches is going awry, I'm too tired to care anyway

2 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Topsy-Turvy

We are fantasies come alive
manifestations of consciousness
realizations of ideas and visions
the universe is one interpretation
of innumerable alternatives, more
than 99 per cent of the measurable
content of our physical dimension is
invisible dark matter, the demonstrable
effect of invisible energy – all mass is
solidified power to be released
when required

Trying to turn this topsy-turvy, arguing
the material universe came first leads
to insoluble conundrums – logic and
planning are part of my assumptions,
I do not visualise hit-and-run attempts
until random hits start to form patterns,
it is irrational and contrary to common
sense, I subscribe to the spiritual theory
that awareness came first and the rest of
the universe has been created to learn to
deal with experience...

Margaret Alice Second

Tornado In Overdrive [revised]

Came home early to find a state of war in the house,
kitchen destroyed, dismantled gas stove, chairs on
table, dirty brown water in wash basin, steam cooker
disabled, loud music on patio, garden chairs stacked
in military rows on outside steps

It's our domestic manager ravaging through the house
as a soldier on fire, a tornado in overdrive; an insistent
noise follows me into the sunroom without escape from
this torture, a brilliant technique perfected by the KGB-
I can't stand it and flee without keys

Anything's better than this destruction - why can't our
domestic queen finish one thing before tackling another,
I speed away in the car seeking asylum in the library but
it is closed, on to the shops and eat myself into a stupor
chocolates and spring rolls so oily and old

It's practically life-threatening, come home to find our
domestic goddess ironing & swaying to gospel music
in the sun-room, no more outside noise and I find Spy
Hard on TV, finally come to rest laughing at slapstick
comedy - my insides simmer down

My cell phone's on line and my nerves are stilled, now
for a quiet night and tomorrow I can be myself again...

Margaret Alice Second

Torrent Of Love (Revised)

We all love the feeling of LOVE, I adore everything
that evokes that feeling in me, the warmth of delight
the experience of rising into the air to look down
upon ants unable to share this ecstasy

The passion when something unleashes a torrent
of approval within us, an energetic change to our
consciousness, a heightened awareness of the
world and self, a sudden brilliance in sunlight

This emotional upheaval is precious and I guard it
with my life, returning to it in my mind though the
people inspiring it are long gone; I trust I shall
meet them again in the non-physical dimensions

Where my spirit shall continue its existence after
death, I hope to meet my favourite authors and
the special men who made me feel honoured to
be alive, I want to thank them, everyone – to

Hold them in this symbolic embrace, kiss noble
visages that filled my heart with hope when the
world offered none – thank you to all those who
cared enough to show what they felt, who

Shared a moment in time with me; your loving
regard filled my cup, succoured me in storms
threatening despair of lonely isolation – I still
feel your eyes, still cherish the stolen kiss...

13 June 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Torturous Minds [revised]

The animal holding me in its jaws was created by my looking into disturbing things; a criminal duo mother & son, a 16th century deranged murderess - making me feel thus what such a life would've been like - as such distress would make life impossible & trying to walk in their shoes was painful in the extreme

Although it's one-dimensional to look at serene landscapes only, it's the only way to reach balance and peace, adding contrast to my experience messed up everything in an emotionally turbulent tornado which destroy the bubbles of safety in which my thoughts rest when I let them, curiosity led me into the

Whirlpools of torturous minds and I fell headlong into the abyss - now slowly climbing back to the light and sweet pastures where my emotions are safe, I shall redecorate my mental landscape where everything became tainted by the menacing feelings evoked by the sad and criminal events that logically

Have nothing to do with me, I'm turning away from these shadows to become my happy self again as falling over mental rocks & tumbling down transcendental valleys only mess up my life, these adventures were never meant for me....

Margaret Alice Second

Train Sanitized

Train sanitized, NO clickety-clack, shhhh the small rocket went, horrible seats and people enclosed like fish in a tin, no excitement, the magic all gone, a small seat, a sanitized ride so boring it feels like death, no romance with railways left, no space in which to be a person just a cardboard figure in an emptiness without meaning or life, oh, what I would give for the clickety-clack, clickety-clack, I HATE train sanitized, I had to run up the down-escalator to get to the right platform - if that horrible dark passage with blue lights can be graced with such a beautiful term....

[2 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Transcend

The cosmos, including humans, consists of superimposed waves in various frequencies forming beats by peaking together in regular sequence of rhythmic patterns

Human life is a dance governed by patterned rhythms, directed by the sun's electromagnetic fields of radiation, which are determined by the planets' configurations

Everything on earth consists of cosmic energy - pattern pictures in series, all things in existence are electromagnetic phenomena formed by these patterns of waves frequencies

In a universe of effervescence, liquid water forms ice crystal regions in remembrance of its frozen existence, fragile water directs all forms of life by means of chemical reactions

Chaos is free, uses paths formed by patterns to create unique directions for life to transcend the present in unheard-of new innovations...

Lyall Watson "Supernature" pp.1-100

Margaret Alice Second

Transfixed

A Dior-clad skeleton, lipstick perfect,
brilliant specimen advertising disaster
relief while illustrating famine effects

A self-centred fashion icon starving to
death in an attempt to stay fatally slim
dying in two or three weeks at least

Keeping to a masochistic regime, she
shall be dead soon; I stare transfixed
such a fate could never befall me

I top up all 'faux pas' in food intolerance
management diet by adding more food-
stuffs to keep liver and kidneys busy

Leaving insufficient time to process the
allergens, lessening physical and
emotional distress

Margaret Alice Second

Transitologists

</>Election in Tunisia without meeting the most important criteria for successful government and the highest good of the nation-state:

Educating the leaders of Africa, how to bring about separation between church and state, how to provide for multi-ethnic -religious, and -cultural peoples

Moving from Western-style democracy - which always fails in Africa - towards Federalism – studying Transitology to change authoritarian regimes...

Searching for Transitologists: Contemporary Theories of Post...

File Format: PDF/Adobe Acrobat - by J Gans-Morse - 2004 -

Carothers (2002) ... definitions of modernisation theory and transitology.... economic, social, then political evolution—
....authoritarianism and democracy (Brown,2000)

Margaret Alice Second

Travels On An Ox-Chart

Scientists, bless their souls - were it not for them, we would still have been illiterate and at the mercy of the Church with 10 babies to feed, struggling to survive every drought and potato famine - some scientists believe

They found evidence that many universes do exist, as usual too scared to say anything, they nevertheless point to 4 circular patterns in the cosmic microwave background of our universe, their thinking enlightened to hypothesise

There are many Big Bangs continuing infinitely, parallel universes bump and crash and new ones form all the time, as has been taught by Eastern spiritualists, but Western science travels on an ox-chart chained to 5-sense observation

It's fine - better than being forced to accept other people's visions when verification is impossible and the many visions contradict each other all the time - for me, confirmation of the proliferation of Big Bang Theories is just wonderful and good enough

To keep me going for a month at least...

[27 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Treasured And Adored

Watching you with adoring eyes
preparing oxtail with expertise
braising after seasoning, following
recipes, adding Merlot contrary
to cook's directive

While your loving care brings total
absolution of a million sins - all
impatience and harsh remarks
forgotten, all differences and
arguments buried

As you show your sterling core of
sweetness jumping around in the
kitchen - you shall always be
treasured and adored

For Martin 8 April 2012

Margaret Alice Second

True 007 Style

Joyously discovered my thick blue pen
writing in many colours can be my new
talisman, a necklace accompanying me
to the library as a blue aura around my
black-clad person, marched back to the
office in the same grim determination
not to eat anything that will aggravate
my too high cholesterol levels

The only food left so bland I prefer not
to eat at all, tried to take the blue pen
off for writing but the grey of my T-
shirt threatened to swallow all light
and delight; necklace-pen has to stay
repelling all black and grey - it also is
a secret weapon à la Q

The James Bond inventor, I can blow up
my boss so only her smoking shoes
are left - in true 007 style -

Margaret Alice Second

Truly Alive [rev]

FINALLY you returned after an eternity spent in limbo while nothing made sense, walking around without thoughts in my head, watching various TV programmes & reading anything and nothing emotionally registering, talking to my colleague just to discover while I'm on planet nine with Anne Fine, she is firmly planted in the reality of bureaucracy & living her life with her mind on what's happening, not another wavelength like mine, I gave up communication to wander alone like the proverbial cloud while finding myself an outsider in my

Own life - life became a dark pit the bottom of which I could not begin to reach, when you returned I couldn't register the fact at first, the opaqueness remained in place as it seemed life was emptiness, then you spoke and listened and heard my reply and gradually my mind defrosted until it feels as if I can talk again - thank you for being the listener and critic I can rely on and for the opportunity to listen to you as you faithfully coach creating rhythms within lines - without ever breaking the enjambments and now I'm present in my

Own world, embracing life as an illusion of symbols which my head must express in terms that rational people can't understand as images leave them nonplussed and poetry is an alien concept to them which they replace with cold words bereft of any feeling and therefore to me bereft of all meaning, you make it true that I FEEL, therefore I am, only when feeling enables us to set priorities and make choices, are we truly alive...

Margaret Alice Second

Truth Sets You Free (2)

The truth will set you free – my insistence that she is a fraudster prevented my nephew from feeling sorry for her and accepting her orders to fix her car by getting a new battery and this made it clear to the criminal who uses emotional blackmail to get her own way that this victim got away

She ordered the truck to load her things today, complaining by email that a security company was stalking her, she called the police and gloated to my nephew that she lodged a complaint with the police, as his sister, mother, security guards and police all came together at the same time

He explained to the police the woman married him under false pretences and that he used the security company to ensure the safety of his property, he prevented her from taking the bike he paid for; the computer he bought her – when he still thought she was his loving wife, before she denounced him

The moment he had finished paying off her debts – he did not realise what she was doing at first, but my knowledge of some criminal mysteries by Agatha Christie & *Le Malade Imaginaire* by Voltaire enabled me to recognise the symptoms of a young woman at her wits end making use of

A man to bail her out of trouble, then accusing him of many faults in order to get out of her marital duties, making him the scapegoat, my observation at the wedding ceremony of her constipated look & lacklustre face enabled me to recognise the signs of a scheming woman out to blackmail a sweet young man

Only my shouting at him got my nephew to refuse to help her and threaten to throw out her stuff – because he felt sorry for her at the beginning – forced her to get out, I would have felt sorry for her myself – if I had not read her exultant Facebook messages rejoicing in getting out of her false vows...

Margaret Alice Second

Try All Things [rev]

Advice I need after reading French employment laws: just be happy, fantasise to combat this: "Employee's echelon & coefficient as stated & related to education, qualification and job exigencies" - my head explodes

I fall down - praying to the Lord adored by Psalmists - begging forgiveness for my many sins, and given that these terrible laws already lead to altruists jumping into a cannibals' pot - like Ayn Rand said we would

When restrictive social security laws take over everything and we live to bring sacrifice every day - never enjoying labour's end as it all goes to Government & a little bit reaches starving hands of the supplicants

Who line the streets for bread that's stale, & second-hand clothes; French companies can't take workers in, only family & dear friends trusted to be employed because no-one may be fired, even if they steal and

Never grace the office with their presence, still they must be paid even if we file bankruptcy due to them; bound head to foot by the system, a rational person will run from them, though the same problem rears

Its head in Africa's officialdom, determined to try all things that failed before; like small kids mad with unexpected freedom the lawmakers - mad with power play around with society, their new toy, loving every

Mess they make, every failure of the risks they take; long ago France chose to throw off false religion, in its place set up false humanism; it's a pity they cannot free themselves without the help of Madame La

Guillotine - it's time for another revolution, of soldiers marching, gory flags and singing of the blood flowing: how easy it is to sell your soul to false gods - though you know after seeing the effect, sacrifice to achieve

Nothing is the most destructive, dehumanising thing
humanity's secular laws can bring...

Margaret Alice Second

Trying To Be True To My Word

The most important thing in life is integrity, remaining faithful and true to our convictions, choices and decisions regarding the meaning of life, every religion and moral system have their adherents - but few are true to the ethics and morality preached

Integrity makes us steadfast and honest: no need to tell anyone to what religion we belong or whether we are atheists, let us just live life, let others listen to our words and observe our behaviour: the only thing people remember in the end is how we made them feel

When we keep our promises and never steal, we make people feel happy and secure, when we show love by helping others realise their dreams and light up with true delight on seeing prosperity increase in life, we are happy because we enable others to be joyful also

Thank you to everyone who made me feel good, responding with a smile when I made a joke, keeping appointments, replying to my emails, listening to my songs; who preached and performed in order to teach and improve, thank you to all who allowed me

To help them improve also, by trying to teach I learned so much, trying to be true to my word I realised how serious my shortcomings and how I can work on them...

14 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Tsunami (Shortened)

Of Pink Goths and Le Pélican by Robert Desnos,
my guru claims a Tsunami of Love - dealing with
the hurricane in my head as Amplituhedron and
Electric Universe joins EloheinuMelech Ha'olam
and Shuukran Jaaziilan in a leather-bound diary
destined for the Hebrew Bible and Arabic lines

My colleague as self-appointed protagonist who
offers continuous unsolicited comic relief until it
feels homicide's required, but Mozart's Laudate
Dominum brought relief - Jaroslav Trnka should
be researched for Feynman diagrams and Nima
Arkani; - where are my glasses to stare at a site

Where they found a "master" amplituhedron with
infinite facets & all possible paths for probability
amplitude - - reflected-light-photons going every
which possible way; on to catch debate of dark-
energy-Big-Bang-theory against Lonely Plasma
Theory, "negative" meeting "positive ions" -

My eye's caught by sun-spots addling people's
brains until fighting breaks out everywhere, so
where's the Tsunami of Love my guru claimed
would flow over us...

Margaret Alice Second

Tuesday 22 May 2012

Since the blue scarf was left at work
I wore my pink scarf this morning, in
the office I draped it around the blue
one, suddenly my coat rack scene is
bathed in the setting sun's pink after-
glow - a sunset scene on the beach
emphasising the pink of my imitation
orchids and roses, the contents of my
cupboard is slowly transferred to the
office, tonight I shall take the scarves
home, create a new scene tomorrow,
at least the white scarf with glitter still
is around my neck below my black
sleeveless camp top for the great out-
doors which I dream about while sitting
here in the hushed quiet of the open-
plan office where official complaints
about substandard IT services offered
break the tedium of a sad lament on
my desk by someone classified as a
schizophrenic - without his consent!
he adds, aggrieved, demanding the
prosecution of this offending doctor
threatening to write to the Minister
of Safety and Security - Oh MY!

Margaret Alice Second

Turn Back The Clock (Revised)

The sky cries for Louis' untimely death - it rains as if the weather understands, empathises with his young wife, two little boys for such tragic loss, my sister-in-law distraught tries to grasp why him; a dark night, four am in morning mist, truck parked in the middle of the road without lights

On a motorbike unable to swerve in time, survived in pain for two hours before he died, his wife held his hand to the last; his beautiful boys, his radiant bride, loving ones at a loss to see why it had to be him, why they need suffer - thunder outside bewails their plight, lighting flashes sympathy

I watch dry-eyed, why did Louis ride in an invisibility of mist to start his shift, why not wait? Why do young men die so easily; his shining bride now a wretched soul surviving, bewailing his shroud; why should it be thus not otherwise; why can't we halt time's march, turn back the clock?

15 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Turn Into Fiends (4th Version)

A bundle of feistiness, anger mounting each time self-professed superior colleagues have loud conversations on how important they are in the work they do - teams of two pairing in loud, long discussions on their daily toil

Alone I prevail as camaraderie doesn't come naturally to me; only things I have to give are self-deprecation & idea-explication - such as why not install proper toilets in rural schools; pupils die in septic latrine pits; why not stop

Rapists assaulting babies & young children by banning sexuality as a consumer-aimed marketing strategy; in our society where the inflamed, hormone-driven people live, this advertising fuels their feverish desires

Why profess surprise when targeted groups turn into fiends - society's cynical hypocrisy showcases the moral bankruptcy of modern systems; when will our words reach ears of caring politicians or influence the moguls

And when will we start listening?

[ORIGINAL:]

A bundle of aggression, anger mounting every time two superior colleagues have a loud conversation to advertise to all how important their work & how very important they are in doing it, people work in pairs having long loud discussions in their daily toil

But I continue on my own as camaraderie does not come naturally to me, explaining an idea and self-deprecation the only things I have to offer, the only altruistic humanitarian thing left to do in South Africa

is going from school to rural school to install

Toilets as pupils have been dying in dirty latrine pits,
the only way to stop rapists from assaulting babies &
young children is to stop using sexuality as the driving
force for advertising in our consumer society in which
these hormone-driven maddened people live

The modern marketing strategy is to drive desire to a
feverish pitch then profess surprise when the targeted
community turn into fiends; such hypocritical behaviour
showcases the moral bankruptcy of our civilisation

4 February 2014

Margaret Alice Second

Turned 21 Today

And so my little darling turned 21 today, a
laughing teasing slouching breezing Anime-
watching, nightly disappearing girl who orders
her brother and mother around and wraps her
dad around her little finger with pouting,
explaining and giggles and scheming -

And the house is full of her and her ever-
complaining cat, she refuses me entry into
her room and starts remonstrating the moment
I enter in all innocence - just to say hello and
try on her earrings or something innocuous -
but she chases me out and her dad is -

On her side, it's lovely to have a grown-up
daughter still so small she seems young and
waiflike; Dear Nici, you make life beautiful,
may you be with us at home for a LONG
time to come!

[12 September 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Turning Into A Hedonist

Just for the record, neither an egg wrap without meat and onions nor rice cakes with salt make a difference, sugar is a quick escape but then my knees and legs become inflamed, no help anywhere, watching time pass oh so slowly while knowing that only once I get going to find the right medication will I feel better

Yet the day is unending, the torture goes on and on, I'm sure I can compete with the best there is in suffering pain without flinching, all my life I have been practicing to be a Stoic - but as time passes I'm losing interest in winning this race, wanting to feel well all the time - turning into a hedonist means I want pain to stop immediately

No dilly-dallying, no suffering in imitation of the Old Testament prophets and Eastern holy men!

Margaret Alice Second

Twirl Again [rev]

Prepared the requisite lists for Monday
& finished Spanish translations, though
I don't know whether I'm right in saying
"guaranteed by our collateral warranty
deeds" - but it sounds poetic enough to
warm my heart; took a call tho my ears
are blocked by a cold - I'm not hearing
a thing, told them 'call back in an hour'
hopefully my colleague will be there -

So with nothing left to do I get onto a
desk and paint toenails with silver nail
polish found in my drawer, cleaned my
work station and now I'm ready for that
revelation or an inspiration, for anything
wonderful; my swimming wish has been
killed by the cold, it left me gasping for
air night long - and what else is there -
what can kindle a dream; dare I give in

To fantasies created while twirling with
scarves, imitating a great spy or diva, or
is a danger of losing contact with reality
evident; maybe it doesn't matter, it is so
entertaining, no-one will leave me in any
doubt as to who I am at home - mother
and drudge, confessor & peace-maker -
so maybe I can enjoy my visions without
losing time or treading on toes - I'll twirl

Again, apply lipstick - be the great spy
my soul knows I am ...

Margaret Alice Second

Twittering Like Miss Marple

Some of my innocent, Calvinistic colleagues cannot stand friendliness, so when I get angry with them, I simply start twittering just like Miss Marple, tottering to them to share all my woes interspersed with my always unappreciated jokes - some roll their eyes - others flee, one or two listen for a moment or two with superficial glee until they run away suddenly

Satisfied to have done my duty, taken my revenge on a meaningless world, I return to my desk, ready to catch any new victim, though when I'm garrulous it is amazing how few people come in my direction, it gives me immense satisfaction to penetrate the social section for a few days - when I'm thoroughly despised by all and the atmosphere turns hostile

I turn back into my mind, contemplate books and theories, science and ideas, collecting new material with which to drive hubby insane, terrorise the kids and irritate brilliant scholars and great learned men trying to indoctrinate the world to believe that we are even more idiotic than we think - though I am on the brink of understanding what they mean given

The books that I read about mental disorder and instability and the programs on TV where razor sharp voices belt out songs that hurt my ears in proof that humanity's IQ is rather low, EQ is zero and falling...

Margaret Alice Second

Ultimate Relief (Rev.)

The lemon-meringue for Tiaan's birthday is taking its toll, headache, chemical depression, I'm trying to be brave but finally give in to misery, resorting to tears, eyes going out of focus – not a word of complaint while weathering the storm, pain alienates me from everybody

Wrong time to reread 'Love of Seven Dolls' by Paul Gallico, wrong time to read about Mouche's fight to stay alive while my head is burning, wrong time to concentrate as a feverish heat wave and stomach-ache make me feel dizzy - I promised my friend I would not withdraw into fantasy

I play at being an author planning the intrigue that will allow my characters to solve the problem of isolation while I am isolated within my own head, unable to communicate, words on paper my only release, speaking as expression impossible - the ultimate relief - tears - while sitting here....

Margaret Alice Second

Uncertainty Principle

How can anyone call the Bible code evil when it seems all possible futures were foreseen and we are free to choose any-one among them

When there is not just one real but many possible futures, when the Talmud states everything is foreseen AND freedom of action is given

The code is a warning - not a prediction - what we do determines the outcome, and most wonderful, Israel warned by the code of atomic attack

Prevented it being on alert at the time of danger in 1996: anyone denigrating the code citing religious grounds has no idea what quantum physics is

Why the Uncertainty Principle is applicable and clearly does not realise that Israel and the world were saved from total nuclear disaster - at least

They keep the Pharisee cult of white-washed tombstones alive - good for them!

The Bible Code, Michael Drosnin, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1997 -
pp.160,164 and 165

Margaret Alice Second

Under The Radar [rev]

A colleague in tears, accused of over-abundant excellence and daring to complete an assignment - accepting election by the group to present their consensus on set questions - and thus disgusted the lecturer - who took them to task for assigning the only white person present to speak for them, an insensitive way to deal with a sensitive problem

She must keep a low-profile in class, not catch the eye by replying otherwise she's against transformation & how can disadvantaged shine if wrong-coloured people excel - she was pilloried by an accusing forefinger, 'You, ma'am, must learn to stand back' - it's a shame when transformation is the name of the game; but she must hide her light under a

Bushel, work for low marks like Audrey Hepburn in *The Nun* who was told to fail tests - to save a jealous nun from sin as envy eroded her sinful soul - although my colleague did very well in tests it was those of African descent only receiving congratulations - theirs is the only light allowed to shine in a transformation which requires the only white person to fly

Under the radar...

Margaret Alice Second

Understand What I Mean

The wind keeps the air crystal clear - the
antique glass lamp with shiny reflections
the brightness lifts up my heart and
keeps it there

Lying in the sun dreaming, a dream that
carries me through everything, making it
enjoyable to be alive - I told my beloved
of my dream

He said the dream was me; a delightful
reply, I slyly laughed - I did not tell him
everything - too much vanity cannot be
confessed, but

With a dream in my heart life seems
beautiful, without dreams I am dead
inside without power to smile - so
please forgive me

All non-physical powers who can read my
mind, I apologise for dreaming so much
I adore reality as benevolent and loving
and wonderful

I only need dreams to create myself as
I can't find myself anywhere - only in
dreams there is space for me, I do
not exist in life

- Do you understand what I mean?

Margaret Alice Second

Uneducated Buffoon [rev.]

As a very learned person cleverly said 'The People get leaders they deserve', so apartheid South Africa would have rated the worst imaginable? Yet - whereas rights of the majority were ignored & sullied on racial bases before, under a great new political regime everyone's rights are ignored & pillaged on financial bases, & all irrespective of race: - as only the affluent can protect

Themselves against misuse of power by this leader we deserve, a most uneducated buffoon leading our country to wrack & ruin is exactly what South Africa earned ringing true democracy in: government trying to limit population to its lowest common denominator - without the politicians even realising how efficient & successful they were in destroying a whole spiritual

And political legacy of human rights, capitalism and democracy, thus redirecting Africa's Continent to its primitive roots: survival of the fittest hence enabling it to slowly grow through all the cycles the Northern Hemisphere traversed to become the enlightened democratic thinkers they think they are...

Margaret Alice Second

Unending Lines [rev]

Love unconditional I offer you, my love without restrictions on your freedom - and without expectations of anything in return; all through my youth this was what Grandma Alice taught me - and exactly how she lived, serving dutifully and doing everything perfectly;

She was a prophetess, a shaman, & a queen - Grandma Alice knew everything - had suffered & lived through it all, she magnificently steered our lives' ship, unconditionally loved - never shirked her duty; the only thing I could ever do for her was to play Robin Hood with Tannie Yvonne's

Help to restore her eyes; - the Queen of Hearts delayed but it was finally done, then Tom Thumb found Grandma Alice collapsed on the floor - a heart attack - we all visited in hospital, Blue Beard & Malificent her son and his wife, my Queen of Hearts mother, dad Conan, Tom Thumb

And I with a mad, joyous noise; and then Peter Pan took Grandma Alice on holiday since he knew Cinderella had never been to a ball - the Duchess took her sightseeing; Grandma became tired and ill, then she fell - in hospital I told her I loved her, that I shall see her again in heaven:

Grandma Alice unconditionally loved us in every deed, every service, cup of tea, every bed she made, choice meal & cake she baked, every act of her hard-working Cinderella persona; its how I love you too - my love shines in understanding what you're going through &

Unending lines of LOVING words I offer you

Margaret Alice Second

Unending Minutes [rev.]

Unrelenting depression - must get
my foot to heal and carry on though
life's hateful; I'll go in search of food,
try to survive until I can stop taking
this hellish brew - this medication

for inflammation; besides, evidence
it's working is invisible - so is it worth
suffering seconds that coagulate into
awful wholes of unending minutes
crashing into cascading hours

of a river aflood in a pestilence of
unending doom; my only peace of
mind is in the momentary release
of gratefully eating before the next
bout of depression sets in...

[2 December 2014]

[ORIGINAL:]

Medication for inflammation, unending
depression, must get foot to heal, must
carry on although life is hateful, I will go
in search of food and try to survive until
I can stop taking this hellish brew -

Besides, the question whether it's working
can't be seen, is it worthwhile carrying on,
suffering through seconds congregating
into awful wholes of unending minutes
flowing into hours like rivers of

Unending doom, the momentary release is
to eat before the next bout of depression
sets in...

[1 December 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Unending Pain [r]

A film with an unassuming name, 'Clancy', a girl - found shelter with a former soldier, a friendship between them forming, she prayed for her mother then the soldier, Nic, saw cigarette burns on her shoulder and screamed in powerless fury against her mother - he was an emotional fellow - and I felt the same shock; a corrupt politician tried to use Clancy to win votes by having Nic killed as a kidnapper: but the sniper shot Clancy instead

She was taken to hospital - the young girl who had made Nic a book on God's forgiveness of hatred, died & Nic fell down in shock, all presented without melodrama: the burn marks, her faith and prayer for her evil mother made me cry - the feeling returned as I washed the dishes - but why do people come up with stories like these which are too painful to bear, I can't get over the terrible feeling of infinite loss & the low-key presentation of pain hurts much more

Than voluble drama - the unending pain as Clancy's story is so like The Little Match Girl by Anderson...

Margaret Alice Second

Unexpected (Rev)

The written word read in silence unleashed
the feelings - which were deadened by the
cascading rivers of words riven by reporters
stationed like lampposts everywhere on the
scenes of the attacks in Paris, talking fast
just like the Kalishnikovs firing non-stop

Their deafening noise overshadowed the
events, today reading the written reports,
words struck like a barrage of sharp stones
ripping the flesh until bleeding, leaving ever-
growing ripples on the quiet pool of my inner
world until I felt the unbearable sadness of

The cost of loss, the beloved people lost:
everywhere people get killed, farmers are
killed on a daily basis, it's expected, that's
the known risk of staying in certain places,
but in Paris it's unexpected - the beautiful
people now dead, introduced to us when

It's too late, will never leave another mark
on the world, forever known as the victims
killed by ISIS terrorists on 13 November -
fanatics fighting unarmed civilians in a safe
country's capital; reading these accounts
brought home it all - they will never go

Home again and safety in the free world
is compromised - though people vowed
not to succumb to terrorism by stopping
their lives, both victim & suicidal attacker
are exploited by criminal masterminds
using religion to terrorise while not

Believing themselves as proved by their
complete lack of mercy and love

Unexpected Synergy

Not what I aimed at originally, yet unexpected synergy in the total effect is exciting, starting with blue stripes and white dots in the corner, next yellow flowers, then a green paper plate pasted on the cupboard, blue paper cups with silver ornaments on my computer console

Next a yellow paper plate; diagonally opposite pink stripes on white paper pasted on the cupboard to frame purple wings and flowers in the same shade, Chopin's Nocturnes & Mantovani playing the Skaters Waltz for company, on to Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake; turning around

My work station is a mess of hats and plastic bags acquired while buying trinkets, a new notebook - too pure to defile with writing; the excitement of a new book only treasured by keeping it pristine - looking down in delight at my feet in blue lace Snow Queen socks

Taking down pink striped paper to cover pristine book, replacing it with blue & blue dots enjoying the ambiance created by my pastel palace in blue, green and yellow; balance is maintained by my delicate sheer fabric rose and writing paper in pink - tomorrow I shall

Put away the rusks, hot chocolate, stones, books and papers strewn everywhere - today enjoyment of freedom to make my own mess weighs heavier than almost forgotten dreams of professionalism - replaced by the bubbling excitement of white dots on blue, an influx of more life in light green

Off-set by spheres of pure golden light...

[8 January 2015]

Unfathomable Things (Revised)

Pros and cons inevitably mean loss of freedom; we win by offering friendship with loyalty for the price of autonomy, and that means losing loneliness – which is a double whammy. First you're furious at me allowing sis to buy medication for Nici – expressing

Outrage in gesture and angry voice; I feel guilty for offending your sense of propriety (note: but not for committing a sin because I did not harm anyone) : you get annoyed when I note your hostility, say how dare I misconstrue your altruistic motives

I offer apologies for the offences, not sure what sin I have committed in your eyes, stare into the night conceding your version of events – of committing some kind of treason by daring to feel hurt by your self-righteous rejection of sis mothering our child

A new synergy of solidarity between sister and me threatens you, no term too strenuous to state this; leg aching I get out of bed, try to make sense of the offence – then you say the leg problem is agreed, now we'll bear this cross with joyous aplomb

... I'm still pondering these unfathomable things...

[ORIGINAL :)]

Pros and cons, pros and cons means loss of freedom, we win so much by offering friendship and loyalty, the price we pay – loss of freedom – means losing loneliness - double whammy: first you are furious about me allowing sis to buy medication for Nici

Expressing your outraged feelings in gesture and angry voice; I felt guilty for offending your sense of propriety, note: not for committing any sin because I did not harm anyone; you got angry when I pointed out your hostility,

asking how dare I misconstrue your altruistic motives

I offered my apologies for both offences; not sure exactly what amount of sin I had committed in your eyes, staring into the night on conceding your version of events: that I had committed some kind of treason by daring to feel hurt by your self-righteous rejection of sis mothering our child

You feel a new synergy between my sister and me threatens our solidarity - no terms too strenuous in which to express this - I got out of bed to try and make sense of the offence, leg aching - you said now the leg problem was in the open, it was time to bear this cross with the joyous aplomb

I showed before... I'm pondering these unfathomable things...

19 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Unfortunate Souls [c]

London Times says South Africa's so very unique, poor unfortunate souls, so lonely, so sad, so depressed - living in the ONLY country where affirmative action is needed to PROTECT the MAJORITY of poor, sad souls with total political control against a

9% MINORITY GROUP, all this ATTESTS to failure of the African majority, so lonely, so oppressed, to create their own wealth-making structures; they sorely need a little magic, but until then - only one solution: take all from the 9% minority group -

because the loving, delightful, footloose and fancy-free souls in the majority have no clue of ethics and honesty; they shoot themselves in the foot, living with a cut-your-nose-to-spite-your-face morality

happily chanting "Domani - let's forget about tomorrow 'cause tomorrow never comes", we're taking Africa back to the Middle Ages to start again from scratch as ANC-rulers who gloriously learned

nothing from history except formulating a kind of Social Communism, absolute power to oppress their own people without heeding industrialism, dictate to the poor, unfortunate souls - and insist on

remaining thus until Domani brings a prehistoric hunter-gatherer culture - in the pristine African continent - where evolution will take its own course for the poor, unfortunate souls...

Unfortunate Souls [rev]

London Times says South Africa's very unique, filled with poor unfortunate souls so lonely, so depressed, so sad, living in the ONLY country where affirmative action is needed to protect the MAJORITY of poor, sad souls with total political control against a 9%

MINORITY group; this ATTESTS to failure of the so lonely, so oppressed African majority to create their own wealth-making structures, sorely needing a little magic, but until then one solution only, take it all off the 9% minority - because the majority,

Being delightful, loving, footloose & fancy-free souls don't think of ethics & honesty, shooting themselves in the foot, living a cut-off-your-nose-to-spite-your-face morality, happily chanting "Domani, let's forget about tomorrow 'cause tomorrow never comes"

We're taking Africa back to The Middle Ages to start again from scratch as our ingloriously ignorant ANC rulers learned nothing from history except formulation of a kind of Social Communism, an absolute power to oppress their own people - unheeding industrialism,

Dictating that the poor, unfortunate souls we are must remain thus until Domani brings a pre-historic, hunter-gatherer culture to the pristine African continent - so evolution will choose its own course for our poor, unfortunate souls...

Margaret Alice Second

Unique Configuration Of Snow [revised]

A time of reckoning – grey auditors reporting on anthropomorphic personages; an ice-blue Snow Queen bedecked in diaphanous mantle and cowl shimmering with turquoise & purple, eyes flashing green, ice-cold heart, feet freezing, wondering how to explain her making snowflake crystals every day

The auditors want statistics on how many, how big, date sent into storms - as for symbolism, colour or meaning and form - no interest - the Snow Queen found polluted water couldn't crystalize -but saying a prayer made amazing geometrical patterns, when saying 'Thank You' a 6-line defined pattern formed

Just saying Love made crystal patterns change into fine lace - every pattern more beautiful than the one before; of numbers, size and date - she cannot say – statistics & auditors come straight from hell, invisible dark energy making up 99 % of all in existence, if only they understood the wonder of Indra's reflecting pearls

They might understand how life's hologram is always defined anew in every unique configuration of snow!

Margaret Alice Second

Unique Tapestries

A beautiful jersey with a cable pattern illustrating Many Worlds Theory by weaving infinite threads of parallel alternative events into cables spiralling rhythmically in colour, sound and form

Evoking feeling and emotion, influencing choices which change the future and past, creating unique tapestries on the loom of the gods, threads made up of consciousness shimmering in and out of existence

History is not an unfolding of preset events, but it is shaped by every thought, plan, desire, wish, vision and dream; every pattern is formed by free innovation, the alternative universes of possible choices

Create the time-loop cables in reality's tapestry, threads fork innumerable times before converging again to continue the enchanting patterns that keep gods and men staring at the infinite possibility of probabilities...

Margaret Alice Second

Unique, Eccentric Things

Women over age forty complain they are invisible to men, must appear young and lie about age for attention - this problem does not exist for people like me who never caught the male eye because we never appealed by attending to them

It is hard work to idealise anyone and the loss of cheap admiration seems to be an advantage as fake charm to exploit a dame never held interest, older women should rejoice that they are free from false compliments courting their favour

Women who complain about this benefit must have been used to wolf-whistles; since my pre-occupations kept me safe from such practices I don't suffer losing superficial meaningless things - I have little sympathy with

Feminine types who live for compliments, yet I appreciate the variety they add to life; never want individual ideas to be lost; I love unique, eccentric things for the interesting contrast they always provide through their being

Margaret Alice Second

Universal Love Impulse (2nd Version)

Many perspectives on the one creative love energy which we are all part of, we came to be far outside the time-space continuum long before this world & universe was formed within the unknown universe, no single point of origin for those individual spirits which have always been and which will always be

No single origin for collective of individuals but one individual point of origin for each spirit - just before this universe formed OR long ago in other universes in layer upon layer layered through time and space & substances outside time and space such as we can't conceive, whether we believe in an Individual Spirit

As primary God creator taught & praised in religions or that Spirit Beings conceived and helped create this world we live in, our sense of being watched over is correct; yet we cannot conceive what this looks like, we choose the expression of true love in a Single or Many Beings, we could connect with nature's divine

Harmonies - with science leading us to transcendent spiritual experience of perceiving angels in the Spirit universe, all connected with a Higher Self which is a Divine Being, we are all surrounded by spirit guides formed from the prime source of creation called the Universal Love Impulse...

Margaret Alice Second

Unlock My Mind

Can't see, can't think, can't feel, dark inside, sitting
in the light with my colleagues, breathing darkness,
saw a psychopath on TV last night killing everyone
in sight, no remorse, feeling like I do now, losing all
connection to life, inability to work out what is wrong
keeps me at my post, reading official texts of which
one is lost, search function reveals it in archives

If only I could search, find and unlock my mind to
release it from mental archives also - I might just
be able to function, till then I remain a psychopath,
though lacking the charismatic energy of last night's
criminal to commit any nefarious deeds - feeling
too tired to make any decisions, too tired to live
while lacking the know-how to die; what an

Awful situation, head stuffed with lead...

Margaret Alice Second

Unlock The Portal

The mind, a portal through which inner being perceives, programmed by personal experience, teaching and brainwashing techniques -

Modern human beings enjoy a marketplace of ideas, absorb principles and ideals, pragmatists decree truth to be useful application

Brains react to chemicals with sensation, pain or elation - spiritual guru's recommend using feelings as mental meters of our level of creation

Instinctual pleasure is termed good while pain is bad, disrespect causes pain while creativity delights, if all needs could be met without losing self-esteem

A new world would come into being without victims and victimisers as these roles would disappear - my mind portal is contaminated by chemicals; my thoughts cannot lift off

From physical, wish I could wave a wand and feel different - capable, energetic, affectionate and loving - but my brain only registers a feeling of apprehension

Imprisoned within a programmed view of reality which leaves no room for me, trying to disappear not working; you look at me with an expression of exasperation

Please let me change, please, please give me a different perspective, give me a warm loving heart in place of the cold stone created by allergy, please unlock the portal which leads to

Freedom And Love...

Margaret Alice Second

Unpretentious Impressive Life

A new hero here, Richard Feynman physicist
a TV programme on his Fantastic life which
revealed a brilliant mind, quirky personality

Childlike interest in things, solving long math
problems with diagrams led others to discover
mathematical reality exists as 3-D geometry

As an amplituhedron with triangular facets re-
sembling an intricate jewel; also that space
and time are not intrinsic to our existence

(Seems logical considering the freedom of our
thoughts and the magnificence of our dreams -
consciousness is pre-amplituhedron being

The jewel's form brought forth space and time
as the defining outline of the electro-magnetic
particles which are the building blocks of life)

Feynman enjoyed physics and uses made of it
and had no use for honour and accolades, ex-
plaining the Nobel prize was not necessary -

Had a such a strong sense of his dignity he did
not need obeisance from others, he joked and
had fun - taking up art, playing bongo drums

Won a gambling game on street, studied biology,
was amazingly accomplished while he remained
unpretentious in his impressive life!

Margaret Alice Second

Unseen Magic (Revised)

Beat the drum of truth the way you want it to be and you'll feel good immediately. Influenced by my guru's inspiring words, I buy as many chocolates and wafers as I can find, return to the office to chew and suck on them in the best frame of mind – thus this is truth the way I want it to be

A Chinese shop across the street and artificial flowers calling me – I cannot make up my mind which to take; this frugal attitude is amply rewarded by scrumptious chocolate spread; as soon as I am seated the feast begins – beating the drum, beating the drum of truth as I want it to be

This I can do with impunity as happiness works its unseen magic to leave me pain-free after eating – so beating the drum of the truth as I want it to be!

4 June 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Unsolicited Help [revised]

Seeing my colleague Annette suffering I lose all self-control (a wonderful thing, bang a blue sunscreen over an icy air-con with books to weigh it down; Stop, she warns me, Hermien dislikes it when its blue dust sifts over their books

Busybody-me ignores her & Valkyrian Hermien walks in, ice-cold stare at offending sunscreen; Annette softly apologises, trying not to offend me, the real culprit: It was Marilese, I tried to stop her but she wouldn't listen to me, she

Was so solicitous - voice trailing off; a reply with great self-control - Yes, it's cold - a long silence, then a military voice saying - It's warm enough, remove the sunscreen immediately - I comply, recognising a storm in the coming, while

Admiring her cold self-control and flying away to tell a confidante of my disrupting Hermien's well-ordered life just by feeling sorry for a colleague and trying to help - the most unwelcome thing among self-assured, self-reliant officials

I need self-control watching others enjoying their fate with masochistic delight; not offend by offering unsolicited help...

Margaret Alice Second

Unspiritual Brain Waves

Need to escape, but wherever I go my mental station remains unchanged - yet I need to get away from myself, my mindset; today I found six children's books in the library, tomorrow I shall use these six portals into other worlds to get away from my reality: Gran's Dragon,

Phantom Roundabout, Twilight Ghost, Dial A Ghost, The Golden Bird and Fenella Fang will take me into supernatural worlds and thus my escape from a static life into colourful dreams is assured, staying in one place isn't working and Lobsang Rampa's recommendations for

Pure thought and a tranquil mind isn't helping, I can't suppress feelings and emotion registers in flaming cheeks, even medication did not get rid of the adrenaline-driven fight or flight mode since overreacting is who I am - wrapped in a blanket in the cold early mornings with

The air-con monster at full blast, then spraying my face with water in the warm afternoon when my colleague's illegal heater is joined by the sun: unable to change my being to reach Lobsang's ideals for spiritual growth I shall calm my unspiritual brain waves with lovely stories of

Ghosts in the attic and peaceful vampires not wishing their quiet crypts to be disturbed...

Margaret Alice Second

Until He Appears

Just one person required to think me amazing,
just one voice desired to whisper I make him
crazy, only one pair of arms for a feeling of
sweet romance, as I listen entranced to the
voice in my mind and lean back in the arms
conjured by my thoughts

As I listen to my fantasy using the sounds
supplied by reality to create the atmosphere
in which I am cherished and I can love him
also, a sphere in which I can hear his every
thought and he can hear mine, in which I can
see his intents and he can see mine

A sphere in which our spirits intertwine, a magic
atmosphere in which we can dance to the original
tune of the universe, a sphere in which he is mine
and I can be his and I can feel his hand holding
mine, his heart blossoming to encompass mine,
his mind entering my dreams

What a wonderful thought, what a bewitching way
to while the time away until he appears

Margaret Alice Second

Until When (Revised)

Tiaan at The Rave, Nici off with friends, it's just us two, the sea the sky and sometimes the sun but not now as it's dark - quiet just as you like it with no-one around, no-one to talk to except the odd cashier at the shops, no drama or intrigue other than your own

You expect people to respect your intricate intrigue while you scrupulously respect their right to privacy; the most amazing thing is I have no feelings left - so maybe swimming in the sea damaged either my brain's left or right lobe, I feel nothing like Phineas Gage after an iron rod penetrated his brain

He lost ability to set priorities and thus lost his job, family and life - all I know is I'm growing much more careful in the sea, not allowing waves to roll me head over heels, curling up into a ball when the wave is too big, I'm curling up now to stay in my shell until... when...

Margaret Alice Second

Up & Down (Rev)

I spill coffee every time I take sip while swaying,
how can one not join the dance when listening
to the Nutcracker Suite, who can withstand the
charm of extending arms and toes in graceful
bows while moving to and fro

To express the music in physical lines leaving
sparkling designs and phantom motions like
faint explosions in the air - just to start turning
circles along with the Waltz of the Flowers so
eloquently expressed in Walt Disney's

Fantasia changing music on a flat screen to
holographic images; bending knees, head
bobbing up & down with the Trépak Russian
dance, turning with the Chinese mushrooms;
a never-ending music with my iPod

On replay, the dance is heaven experienced
on earth inspiring me to lose sight of my end-
less tables to contemplate Infinity instead...

Margaret Alice Second

Up Above The Situation (Revised)

Alet my friend, I wish I could throw a switch
so you'll understand how important you are,
know how wonderful it is you're here to share
the off-centre jokes your friends and I make
up as we go

As Proverbs helped my heart mend, melted
the pain in my breast, I recommend you try
this remedy; it filled my poisoned mind with
medicine - I sought the voice of Wisdom,
was lifted high above this common life

Hurt inflicted in my sister's voice accusing
me of treason ached, but Proverbs can take
you above situations where nasty intent of
others bend your feelings deeply, you bleed,
can't see a way to forgive, but never forget

A lesson is learned; you're wiser, can make
allowances, seek respite from a difficult life,
your smile and laughter abide beneath the
pain of this moment and tomorrow we shall
have fun again, just don your mask

Until the smile refills your heart...

11 September 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Uplift The Soul

When kind people tell uninformed nobodies like me
their definition of a poem and poetry I love it, how
outraged they seem when discovering accounts of
small time events which I force on those innocently
wandering the sacred streets of real poetry

Knowing such highly gifted and perfectly informed
critics are there makes us feel safe, they carry the
banner of rules and regulations, metre, rhyme and
rhythm, we can all sleep easy with such Wardens as
custodians of literary device and charm, to sleuth a

Scotland Yard for us; make us follow the classical
poetry of Ovid and Vergil and seek to promote
the Italian sonnet as replicated diligently in just
one way; although impossible for an imbecile
like me to improve, I appreciate their solicitude

I beg them to kindly forgive my maverick effusions
as joie die vivre, as freedom to do my thing when
not translating source texts that bore, it leads me
down the path to literary perdition, of innovation
and enthusiastic improvisation, there is no hope

Of mending my ways while words are untethered
and running free in my head; I refuse to don the
mind-forged manacles William Blake lamented,
do not walk the streets to comment on suffering;
read little books for little people; uplift the soul

Margaret Alice Second

Varied And Intense

Enriched my office world with two new
flowers, soft purple with yellow centre
and small, unassuming yellow sprig,
exuberance of spring in my life

Adding pink to the passionate orange
flowery explosions next to my desk
was a mistake, a pink cobweb scarf
with silver thread does not work

The colours of my aura probably are
varied and intense to demand such
an array of colours around me, I'm
happy; may this feeling continue

Until I go home today, I need strong
emotion to help me through this
dark shadow in my head...

13 September 2012

Margaret Alice Second

Vastly Different Horizons (And Revised)

Yesterday I bought a little doll, but she
was too dull therefore today I bought
dollops of sunshine in yellow flowers
so beautiful everyone immediately
begs me for them

Added the flowers to the yellow and
purple delight on the right side of my
screen; smearing butter, healthy and
rich in vitamins, on a Crunchie bar
yellow honeycomb inside

My French Révision book shining in
yellow also, insidiously gold is taking
control of my life, I cannot abide rose
pink anymore, it disturbs the golden
vision of my other flowers

And the two dolls turn away from each
other - like my sister and I - one mind
focused on vastly different horizons
in order to weave a lovely life...

(Revised) :

The little doll I bought yesterday was
too dull so I bought sunshine dollops,
beautiful yellow flowers, everybody
immediately begs me for them

Added these to the right side of my screen
yellow and purple delight; smeared butter,
healthy and rich in vitamins, on a Crunchie
bar, yellow honeycomb inside

My French Révision text shining yellow
also- insidiously gold is taking control of

my life, I can't abide rose pink, disturbs
the golden vision of my other flowers

And the two dolls turn away from each
other - like my sister and I - one mind
focused on vastly different horizons
in order to weave a lovely life...

Margaret Alice Second

Verb In A Sentence [rev.]

Today after frothing, sizzling & boiling over my brain is thoroughly cooked and my head smoking with the concentration; then a visual feat reading dense text with double vision, ears ringing with tinnitus - arms aglow with heat, with four or five words describing

One English verb, fuzzy and woolly trying to inspire the old palate: I'm spent - even NatGeoWild is too much - except at six when the hopping crocodile of Oz is about to be on, can't wait to tell my Oz brother again there IS a reptile that hops from one dry pond

To the next - but right now I'm trying to make sense of a world in which I misspent my youth searching for truth instead of the excellence that would make me a great translator knowing exactly where the verb should be in a sentence...

[6 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Very Subdued Indeed (Revised)

With strange piano tuners staying over
at the farm my twin lives in an activity
whirl, drinking lots of wine and beer while
cursing the piano's unwilling steel strings

She indulges in wild quests to find missing
registration papers, attends family weddings,
visits with her stepdaughter and beau; then
breathlessly my sis wants to know

Whether my life is such wild theatre also,
I say no, not at all, mine is slow, very few
events and little intrigue - though my son
keeps us guessing how he will get on

In school, he claims never to have home-
work - and we wonder if our daughter is
home because she never shows - I have
to visit her room, standing space only

For an interview with the pert little Miss
who is intolerant of her old folks - action
I see is very subdued indeed, much more
resembling a Jane Austen miniature

While my twin lives Hammond Innes, Ian
Fleming and James Hadley Chase all
combined, it seems...

Margaret Alice Second

Victim Of Imagination [rev]

Now its clear in retrospect how I create my own failures: without inspiration I can't work on research & translation, and once I start - I'm carried away by fantasising what a great job I'm doing - enjoying work of fording streams & scaling hills - climbing mountains and falling into every trap and hidden-foxhole, knotted-grass, intricacy of my translation; the whole process becomes a mystery and my adventure relaying source information to the target language becomes a miracle play I dream to entice

Client & superior alike; if I don't allow my Inner Self to create like this I become catatonic, incapable of doing anything much less work on my desk; but ensconced happily in daydreams I analyse every term & phrase, a brave adventurer; on completion I take a precious document created reverently to Mother Abbess in our bureaucratic convent & joyously dance away, pleased with the intellectual challenge - that is until fear begins in me the Abbess won't like what I did

Anxiety makes this mountaineer shiver - then the text is returned with so many changes that it feels as if the Little Alien in my head shrivels up & dies upon viewing rational changes made, seeing all the exotic, carefully chiselled phrases rejected as inapplicable; heartbroken I go home to lament my lack of prowess, all is dark and hopelessness UNTIL a new task is given me and the Little Alien revives and takes control by inventing yet another game of combat against Translation Dragons, any resistance against such childish play shuts down

My mind and I grow stiff and ill until I relent & the Little Alien directs the game; as a victim of my imagination I go along and enjoy it intensely - while knowing that on the other side, after enjoying the wonderful view from the mountaintop of a job completed, lies the universal disappointment and rejection - sometimes it doesn't hurt too much and on other occasions I want to die in shame and sadness - until the next job comes along...

Margaret Alice Second

Victories On Sailing Ships [revised]

The massing cloud above's a mirror of my heart,
weak & grey in sad news - my child's going away;
heartache flows into headaches conspired in my
succumbing a blubbering mass of tears - feelings
overpower what reason I may've previously had

The Eternal Moment of Now ominously fills with
dark portent, how can motherhood end in despair
like this when legions of angels are going with her,
her safety's assured, she'll break hearts wherever
she takes her cheeky self, she'll have fun among

Ship's passengers clamouring for a photograph,
with pert replies to arrogant remarks, not allowing
a stranger to tread upon her pride or overwhelm
her self-assurance; filled with courage, eager to
apply her strong Aquarian people-reading skills

She knows Astrogenetics, analysing her friends,
choosing whom she can identify with & be close,
singing her way through fear and doubt, berating
me for bequeathing this singing habit though her
smile destroys its sting, her room a hoarding hell

Instilling fear into neat dad, seeing a fire hazard
therein, but she stands her ground threatening to
lock her room while she's gone, at the end of his
tether, Scorpio demands she take her evil cat with
her; but she simply deposits her Kallie-Kieter-Cat

In his arms, sweetly reminding him HE taught her
cat aggression for protection, now cat's an angry
threat to all - especially the Jack Russell he loves
so much - ah, well, we'll miss Nici all the time, &
long for her company & excited remarks,

We'll feed her cat and leave her room untouched
until she returns to charm us all with her tales of
victories on sailing ships...

Margaret Alice Second

Victorious [rev]

Quietly sitting and steadily going mad in the study,
dogs incessantly barking at nothing - grabbed the
rolled-up newspaper & ran out to frog-march both
evil-doers 'dog-whisperer style' into a corner and
put the fear of death into them; chasing, hitting a
table, tree-stumps, grass, dogs & concrete

Not painful just a wonderful noise - they defy me,
continue barking as soon as I re-enter the house,
I corral them onto the porch and there they creep
under the table; in laughing displeasure I pull the
blanket over them - and only after quite a while -
Junior ventures out, I hit the table again & frog-

March him back to his den; as a shivering Junior
sits in front of the gate I let the barkers out - one
bark, a threatening swish with newspaper; finally
they're scared & retrained into silence, a broad-
smiling me sits victorious at my computer again

Margaret Alice Second

Vindicated

There are two of me, one believes you implicitly, all arguments and problems are my fault, everything I say is wrong – as you claim with such conviction – this enables me to respect and honour you quite unconditionally

And an inner core, a rebel self who believes for mental health I should believe something else, I have a right to an opinion, you make mistakes and refuse to listen, I'm not the mean and egoistic being you believe me to be this enables me to tolerate myself

Not die on the spot of shame and humiliation for being me though you are Doctor Know-It-All and Mr Perfect, I have a right to be imperfect, horrible me without pretension; - if I did not move all this into negative me, I would have had nothing left - but the positive side still believes

Someday I shall be vindicated in love...

Margaret Alice Second

Violent And Terrifying [rev.]

Plasma scientists can see Electrical Discharge Formations in Rock Art Images as confirmation that Ancient People had certainly viewed these immense Plasma Configurations in the sky

Evolution-of-Unstable-Configurations Studies in High-Energy Electrical Discharges reveals a link between Plasma Science & how things were most likely seen in those ancient skies:

Discharge Formations found in 25,000 rock art images such as the "Squatter Man" Petroglyph Pattern, a reproduction of plasma phenomena as it was seen high in the sky - in space -

The squatter-man is a doughnut torus around a single discharge column bent by magnetic fields induced by intense current flows; an observer sees upper edges forming 'arms' while lower

Edges are 'legs', 'hourglass' look-alike patterns or 'champagne glass' forms from interruption in downward curvature or bending outward as a "squashed bell" - proof that a few thousand

Years ago the heavens above flamed with such electrical activity - this knowledge changes our cultural understanding of our roots; wondering how events like these affected world mythology

& early religion - in connection to the evolution of Mythical Archetypes - Rock artists recorded & myth-makers interpreted these Electrical Events in the sky - Plasma Discharges were pondered,

Studied & interpreted to create legends based on Majestic Celestial Beauty & the Heaven's Violent & Terrifying Plasma Image Formations, making the awed Ancients tremble & revere simultaneously

Margaret Alice Second

Violins Weep

When telephone rings and my colleague
embarks on a loud conversation, I fight
back with Oblida-Oblada -life goes on-
to counter the noise, an energy squirt
while I struggle with a translation text

When silence descends I seek other
music, Saint-Saens nearly drove me
mad with loud piano chords, found
the soothing tones of Mantovani,
though the violins weep

In my mind long-sleeved ladies slow-
dance in the arms of tuxedoed men
all against a glittering background
of pink champagne...

Margaret Alice Second

Visualise The Wisdom (C)

Reading Velikovsky I'm numb in wonderment - all the myths, legends & traditional tales from all sides of the earth confirm the poles changed several times and the sun sometimes disappears for days or years; after a few pages I stop amazed as so many historical documents are explained such as Moses' wisdom to interpret the sound heard within the 7 notes wherewith the whirlwind howled rising within 10 discernable lines, as moral and ethical laws - a sound heard all over the world, but only

The children of Israel saw the Divine in the symbolism and became an ethical nation - my soul rejoices & my heart is burning, my passion is awakened & feelings whipped to a frenzy, I'm willing to invest my belief in Velikovsky's version of ancient events - then the anti-climax as Scorpio returns to this magical realm just to demand orderliness; deflated I couldn't hold onto the happy visionary bubbles and Alice left Velikovsky's Wonderland - to prepare a meal; my soul overawed

By the immense cataclysms decimating humanity again and again - yet the world always recovered and mankind always survived... How is this possible, by what magic is Earth's soul protected as it groans under the onslaught of electrical discharges arcing & magnetic forces pulling the waters into sky-high standing waves to flatten the land with tsunamis and earth-quakes - how does life survive when the sun disappears - who saves the spark of life and how many races and places have been lost in the mist of time

Leaving enough space for Atlantis, Lobsang Rampa's travels to Tibetan cities hidden deep in the Himalayas, Israeli integrity and Buddhist duplicity practiced in order to protect childish nations; what keeps humanity going? I prefer to believe non-physical powers keep the races safe by assisting us in difficult times as it gives me the inspiration to visualise the wisdom and intelligence of the universe in which we live...

Vivaldi

Being forced to listen to Vivaldi by
a compilation of classical music, his
musical themes & unwavering beat,
his notes like stiff-necked soldiers
marching on with robotlike idiocy
drive me insane

Awakening memories of ALL things that
irked me recently, the contrast between
the delight reading Pratchett and being
enraged by Vivaldi-effigies led to the
suspicion there is a poem on anger
waiting in the wings

Meantime, these cold notes on the deficiency
of three-dimensional holographic images as
simile of reality made me reflect on life's
shortcomings - but Men At Arms is lying
next to me, their mischievous irrational
levity is waiting

To grab me again and whisk me away from
inadequate, imperfect and painful reality –
up to the heights of cloud nine...

"Men At Arms" – Terry Pratchett, Corgi edition
published 1994

Margaret Alice Second

Voice Of Modern Poets

When we discover an admirable talent
in another person we try to encourage
it, we don't care about principles and
true north when a genius arrives, only
try to help the flame burning brighter

When this wonderful person is blocked
from realising their potential, first thing
is to keep the flame of genius burning,
if only it is possible, if only the support
is allowed, you always seemed like

The King of the Internet, to speak of
your time being curtailed is to
present something terrible, you were
born to be the voice of modern poets
and should be free to admonish

And express all the time...

Margaret Alice Second

Voyages To Undertake (Revised)

Reading Seth, looking at my work station to determine the truth - and yes, Seth is right to some extent - Seth says: 'Your environment expresses your personality'

OK, my new blue dolphin poster, a white decorative container and the seascape next to my computer screen express a love for the sea and clean surfaces, I guess

Seth says: 'Your reality is a perfect replica of your inner wishes and expectations' - Well, ok, my gaudy artificial flowers require no attention in the office space and express a childish need for an active, colourful life

Seth says: 'This moment is a creative framework through which you - as nonphysical entity - form reality; through the window of this moment you form both the future and past of your earthly existence' - Oh dear

I'm using it to form a mausoleum-like office in which my soul can slowly languish and die - unless I can reach a higher level of reality through reading and research -

Seth says: 'True power is in the imagination which speculates upon that which is not yet' - Well then, let me dream some more about voyages I want to undertake to meet my fellow dreamers, my poet friends...

Margaret Alice Second

Waiting For Hope

How do I teach a broken child who lost all she treasured to reach for positive expectation, how do I teach a spirit feeling unworthy and lacking in well-being, to think thoughts of worthiness -

How do I teach a hurting child to stop resisting all good things and to seek great ideas and entertain new possibilities; how does a bleeding soul learn to see opportunities - and how will Hope take up

Her abode in a smouldering soul full of pain and despair, how does Hope find a way into the heart of a crying child? The only act left is Love, loving her, my broken child, showering her with LOVE

Waiting for Hope to bring light into the inner dark where no spark of life is left...

[For Carine, waiting for Hope to come]

[13 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

Waiting For Me [rev]

I've been so unhappy today reading about psychopaths; the author claims the World is run by them & they don't have a conscience or normal feelings - but they're calm enough to make decisions, while we - when our hearts are breaking - don't know what to do in a crisis...

It's another conspiracy theory: an elite group uses mass media, television esp. to brainwash all into ignorance so they can destroy the World at leisure - but wait a minute, if elites enjoy power so much, how could they delight in destroying it and the world of their own enjoyment?

After my sorrowful distress this thought is uplifting and I decide to throw the World back into WWW hands of its Internet gurus and read a children's book instead; I feel my spirit reviving with dark clouds of depression lifting - why need I read about sorrowful theories when there's

Always a beautiful world waiting for me out there - and everyone else - to contribute to its discovery?

Margaret Alice Second

Waiting In The Wings

A dream in the sky - soft like a sigh
gloriously illuminated on the inside
a watercolour up high, then glowing
as the bright golden sun touches the
song in someone's heart and sweet
the lips whispering words that's on
the tip of my tongue, days pass, the
song softly lifts until up high it once
again turns to a sigh - beautiful

Your eyes as you softly watch - even
more soft than your lips as you press
a kiss onto your fingertips to send it
from your luminous cloud to a velvet
darkness making stars twinkle bright
with an ice-cold delight in the passion
of hearts igniting the night - sending
flames through the air to one waiting
in the wings to enter the scene

In the sweet land of dreams

27 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Wake A Spark

Once again wondered briefly why
my feelings had died, returned to
the translation on my desk ready
to be checked and remembered
endless research of nonsensical
terms for uncaring readers while

Earning idiosyncratic marks from
invigilators, freezes the emotion
that lived within me, living life as
the remains of the teeming sparks
of passionate feeling, then I smile
- little things always wake a spark

From time to time, nothing can keep
my spirit down eternally, the yoke
of death is just veneer that enables
me to carry out constrictive duties
while my soul is high, clear & free
and carries on a separate life

High above the contamination of
routine life, upon death we return
to the higher spheres, dying within
duty until that joyous moment when
we continue unto lovely infinity...

Margaret Alice Second

Want More Than This [revised]

Cinderella tired of her Knight too soon, she dreamed of a Prince in a palace gleaming, a castle fortress - but here was she stuck in a house with rules - frightful, bane of her revelling delight, she gets her car and fuel, food and cigarettes free while her overdue credit cards are paid - she relaxes languidly, but the Knight has rules in his Keep, no messing it like a pigsty, no messing in the car

This is too much - she's even expected to find a job; absolutely awful, Cinderella is NOT supposed to work, she must receive jewelry to look beautiful - entice her prince and drive anywhere to partake of fun, find her James Bond and be loved until the thrill is gone and new romance calls on the horizon, Cinderella waited until the Knight paid all her overdrafts, debts and medical fund and insurance - then coolly told him: Your House Rules limit

My free spirit, you are too mean to give me more ready cash - especially money for cigarettes, how am I supposed to live if I can't go to casinos everyday and mix with spies and the like in glamorous settings, I'm bored and you complain too much, you should work harder & give me more to spend, I dislike your requirement that we should live modestly and keep everything tidy, I'm unhappy - my son lost his mind and handwriting - and it is not due to my hysterical outburst about debt

It is all because of your not serving us like a slave and providing in a better way - and you don't give us freedom to do our thing, we live like working-class people, I want more than this, I dislike the one car idea, you must offer me twenty like my dad did for my mom, you are much too unsophisticated for the likes of me, I am coarse when I talk, but there is a Princess within...

[The role of Cinderella in this scene is not played by me but a lovely, kind lady who lacks the rational faculty to make her sums and realise there are no Princes, only Knights who keep their beloved safe IF she sticks with him, if she tries to steal his possessions, the Bluebeard living within every man awakens and threatens restitution and revenge; hope she will learn to accept the consequences of her refusal to take responsibility

for her life]

Margaret Alice Second

Want To (Cor)

Will humanity forever nurture its cultural diversity and will the souls, or fragments of the larger soul gestalts, who come here, continue to use this as university to prepare for other forms of existence while never ever losing consciousness, changing its direction and way of perception only...

Will Orthodox Talmudic groups forever strive for the world dominion of Righteousness – which is forever blind to Love, Wisdom and Forgiveness, not realising dominion's impossible because we value individual differences between nations and creeds as interesting cultural diversity...

How many people realise that ALL differences are artificial, created by man-made myths, legends and thought up by seers, lovely as symbolism - but very impractical as political tools; how many share relief knowing that a One World Culture can never come to be on earth, when one becomes dominant -

All opposing powers will fight for their freedom, thus wars are guaranteed - we are forever free to create our own reality & all individuals live on their specific wavelength where joy lies in being tuned to a station broadcasting only goodness - we can learn about lives lived on other wavelengths -

Through news bulletins which we can switch off when we want to because - FREEDOM is everything -

Margaret Alice Second

War Zone

Kitchen turned into a war zone, books from library making up for lack of colours removed at your request, two wooden boards to lift my books high for easy reading

'Mind, Magic & Mysteries', 'Strange Stories and Amazing Facts', 'True Stories of a Private Eye' by Tillman and Hunter; Cecil Murphey's 'Aging is Attitude' – such fun finding these

I shall read them one by one, already doing fine; discovering 'in retrospect we turn trauma into the best of times, our worst experiences are decisive moments for change of direction'

Already - in my life - this is the best of times...

1. The encyclopedia of Mind, Magic & Mysteries' by Francis X. King

2. The Reader's Digest Book of Strange Stories and Amazing Facts', Reprinted July 1977

3. The Man with the Turquoise Eye - True Stories of a Private Eye' – Norma Mott Tillman with David Hunter Rutledge Hill Press; 1995

Margaret Alice Second

Warm, Liquid Love

Archetypes stay the same, only details vary according to the personalities of those expressing these types within guiding universal themes

My dream is to become an inspiration to a person in need; maybe this ideal will never be fulfilled and that's why it keeps a magical hold over me

Making the sun appear as a golden orb of warm, liquid love in the sky caressing all with soft velvet beams; it is an eternal promise, a life-inspiring hope

One day someone in need of the unique help I can give might profit from my words or presence on planet earth; every chance to help is an opportunity to practice and

Confers a wonderful feeling, keeping the ideal alive – today Mary Poppins herself stormed out of the office, singing a Spoon Full Of Sugar after learning nobody in the lift knows

This magical tale of inspiration, I'm determined to teach colleagues brimming with African joie de vivre about the element of fun in every job to be done!

Margaret Alice Second

Warmth And Beauty

The warmth and beauty of this moment
go beyond mere reality, if Seth is right
and true continuity lies in something else
than mere development in space and time

Then this is part of a long series of beautiful
moments that have accumulated since my
early youth and it connects experiences of
insight that span chronological reality

Like the silver cord that binds spirit to
physical form – watching Fred Astaire
perform while dreaming on Turandot
devouring the illustrated book

My mind calms down as if Cesar Milan
himself is taking charge of the canine
posing as my psyche, I am in a state
of such wonderful delight!

Margaret Alice Second

Warmth And Life [revised]

When small I loved my big brothers – that's all,
loved no-one else, too unhappy in presence of the
three Parents together or taking them separately –
mom chaotically washing clothes, making me feel
anxious, grandma busy and scolding, dad shouting
and swearing, calling us naughty

My role model brothers showed me books to read,
with Ian I had a Nasturtium growing in a pot, vied
with him for the most accidents, eldest Christo busy,
fixing cars, digging the garden, building walls and
allowing me to help; Ian teaching me climb trees
and onto the roof without a ladder

My refuge their room, I read all their books; childish
adulation held for them as a child remained alive in
my heart; when my Big Brother showed me how to
write poetry my life was complete, indeed he was
my superhero; I adore those teaching new things,
the thrill still wonderful, same exhilarating joy

No need give up hero-worship in fear of feet of clay
younger siblings can keep older ones on a pedestal,
give unconditional love as their simple existence is
good enough, just like the sun's presence is perfect
in itself and we do not expect anything else than
warmth and life

[ORIGINAL:]

I loved my big brothers when I was small, that's all,
I did not love anyone else, feeling too unhappy in the
presence of the three grown-ups together and taking
them separately – mom chaotically washing clothes
making me feel anxious, grandma busy and scolding,
dad shouting and swearing and calling us naughty

My big brothers were role models showing me which

books to read, Ian and I each had a Nasturtium growing in a pot and I vied with him for the most accidents, the eldest Christo was always busy, fixing cars, digging in the garden, allowing me to help, building walls and Ian showed me how to climb trees and onto the roof without

Using a ladder, their room was my refuge where I played and read all their books; the childish adulation I felt for my brothers as a child remained alive in my heart; when my Big Brother showed me how to write poetry, my life was complete, he became my superhero indeed, I adore those who teach me new things, wonderful to still feel the thrill

The same exhilarating joy, no need to give up my hero-worship for fear of feet of clay because younger siblings can keep older ones on a pedestal, give unconditional love as their simple existence is good enough, just like the sun's presence is perfect in itself and we do not expect anything else than warmth and life

20 JUNE 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Was Imprisoned [rev]

What a pity, I need to be more aggressive & self-aggrandising like the smug people floating about, surfing on powerful egos growing daily, while my transparent little crystal glass ego is vulnerable & I don't want it to be heat-compressed into a hard diamond in the kiln of life, this glass being fragile

Needing love & care to survive has mesmerised me since my youth, I'm held within its bewitching spell; rainbow-hued crystals hanging in spiralling cascades from the roof simulate water splashing in silver curtains of a waterfall - it also is a most enchanting thing, and then including beauty of

Minor musical chords swirling in purple and blue to indicate how visible, tactile reality unfolds from endless energies, intelligent & loving - I'll stick to my breakable self-image hypnotised by beauty of glass and water falling endlessly creating prisms breaking up colour into its sweet constituents

That is love in bright green & the blue sapphire of communication which opens the heart to free the LOVE that was imprisoned there...

Margaret Alice Second

Was, Is And Will Be

'All that was, is and will be unto end of time, is in the Torah, from first to last word: details of species, each individual, all that happened from birth to death'

The old Hebrew version of the Old Testament is a crossword puzzle computer program, a Bible code; skip fifty letters in sequences to find the term Torah at the beginning of Genesis, Exodus, Numbers and Deuteronomy

The universe a cryptogram set by the Almighty; the Bible a time-lock opened by computer, code-breakers found the names, dates and cities of 66 wise men encoded together in a network criss-crossing Bible text

No spaces between words - 304 805 letters - in a continuous line: start on first letter, search names, words and phrases, skip 1,2,3,4 - X letters; start on second letter, repeat the process and continue up to last letter

Find key words & related facts encoded together, matching words in close proximity, length of skips between search words to be small, interlocking words reveal related information in Bible text only, not in millions of test cases

Bible provides infinite information, related words in cross-word puzzles cross vertically, horizontally and diagonally; meets quantum physics theory of unlimited probability and possibility - I shall never fear boredom again

Armed with this computer program which resembles notes of music in never-ending configurations - as unique as snowdrops and fingerprints; no wonder everything is contained and explained therein - as to meaning and origin:

Existence manifests as an intelligent, loving energy which illustrates quantum physics principles and relativity in a great testament to creation!

[The Bible Code, Michael Drosnin, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1997 -
Quotes from pp.19 - 25]

Margaret Alice Second

Washing Machine Albeit So Weird

I do not trust the long rinse and spin cycle of the washing machine, loud and insane, scrunch up the washing, making careful hanging to obviate ironing impossible; I always interfere in rinsing-spinning since washing machines have been designed by demons bent on torturing humans

My distrust of all kinds of machines; except my adorable laptop who takes every word it is fed and returns it to me in the script I like; led to my never using a dishwasher, an evil device that runs in unfathomable cycles driving me crazy with uncertainty about objects and motives

And degree of cleanliness; therefore I turn the kitchen radio to Radio Pretoria (because they play German music, the bedroom radio stays tuned to FM Classic, TV alternating between Nat Geo Wild and Deutsche Welle while the big screen TV remains on sports channels)

And wash the dishes by hand; - I forgot to add detergent when washing Tiaan's dusty clothes two washes ago, somehow I hold an irrational belief washing should require little detergent if any- and the washing machine did not remind me - hah! - point is

While it is impossible to wash by hand, my wrists go numb as I scrub and twist - the washing machine is a strange invention that refuses to wash in a way I can understand - but I shall always use it, albeit so weird...

Margaret Alice Second

Watch In Peace (R)

Nobody can watch rugby with Scorpio; it's a continuous stream of negative comments spoiling all joy in what we see, and a dour voice drowning sound coming from the TV. I really enjoyed the France versus All Blacks match without this raucous commentary spoiling everything

You pride yourself on consideration - but have less than none when watching TV; all programmes are subject to your whims, subtext and sermons should the crocodile kids catch your eye, today I tried to watch the big match between Kiwis and Springboks but the Scorpio in you

Shouted at our men so much my ears rang and my head hurt - I fled in confusion, you've decreed nobody has the right to interfere when you watch rugby, and thus without explanation I left to watch it later without this awful noise, I don't care what the outcome is

As long as I can watch in peace...

Margaret Alice Second

Watching My Feet...

Keep changing my clothes in desperate attempt to feel different, Seth says physical world changes constantly, the only thing I see changing is layer of dust covering my figurines, encircled by blue material which covered our Christmas gift:

Large round metal container for bottles of wine, we don't need it, maybe the kids will use it; I saw a chandelier in the shop where it's sold - which I would much rather have, but we are stuck with the metal bucket, maybe grandkids can play in it

If I shall have some, given both kids vehemently expostulates against idea of having descendants, what with the present state of the weather, I can't blame them - they still wonder why I wanted to have them, I fondly reply because

I was lonely, needed support from someone totally on my side, of that I'm completely assured - Tiaan leading me as if I were a hundred, Nici telling me what to wear, sighing when I go wrong - to return to the beginning: I keep changing my attire

In order to feel the desire Abraham-Hicks says should be mine, to feel the control that Seth says we all have, but whatever I'm wearing, within fifteen minutes I must change again - changing flip-flops helps - brown to purple and pink - changing the look of my feet

Though it is bad for my neck to look down all the time watching my feet...

[Sunday 2 December 2012]

Margaret Alice Second

Waxes And Wanes

Never realised how disastrous it would be to wear a T shirt with Guess written large on it, combined with my pirate jeans and bandy-legged boots I was Che Guevarra himself, not a good look

Realising it's full moon on 5 April it made sense, while the moon waxes and wanes my life changes and not in a good way - Big Bro becomes belligerent; 8000 years standing still as politicians dither

Playing charades calling it human rights & respect without meaning it, felt better when I changed my T shirt, being Che does not feel good at all...

Margaret Alice Second

Waxing Grandiloquent [rev.]

Asked at last to give an account of the course we attended, a privilege explained in grandiose terms waxing grandiloquent how it seemed that magical knowledge was imparted to us, i.e. one had to read a text at least seven times before moving on, using a different set of criteria each time to catch and correct each mistake, study the vocabulary and punctuation painstakingly

When handing this in I thought I had brought honour to all the lecturers - until I read my final text, already scanned and sent to HR spies to check whether we had really been there - but to my chagrin, irony & sense of the ridiculous found I'd made the very mistakes my polemic on editing warned against, wrote translating from French "of" German, Instead of "or" -

Senseless - and checking my own "word" instead of "work"; nothing came of the plan to check lines seven times, didn't even check it once, at least Thokozile & I had a good laugh discovering it and the girls in the lift nearly a had fit about the absurdity when I recounted this event, thus we cashed in on stupidity to bring fun and sunshine into our existence

Hoping HR spies will have time to share our mirth once they spot discrepancies between high ideals so bravely stated and cold reality...

[27 August 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

We All Choose Love

I told my beloved of the books I read
and my perspective changed, all of a
sudden I could see beyond the fantasy
and imaginary beings into the values
highlighted by this enriching addition
to the bedrock of reality underneath

The wonderful principles of loyalty to
family and integrity - being honest to
all loved ones, the age-old dilemma
of balancing honesty with protection
and commitment, the issue of trust
lost or won, and I had to smile at

My inner Agony Aunt who looks down
on fairytales, while my inner Alice-in-
Wonderland who looks at everything
in oblique lines, was joyously involved
in the Morality Play of ethical values
in the soul-searching questions of

What truths to convey and what to hide
in an attempt to make people safe, and
the highest sacrifices made, the laying
down of life in the protection of things
and people cherished by those we love
questioning what is most important

Whether there are things we can love
more than life itself, the people we love
and their well-being and ease - or our
own safety, and we all know what the
answer to that is: We all cherish the
things we take delight in more than

Plain physical existence, alone and
bereft, cynical and bitter, we conclude
making wrong choices changes life into
torture and the comedy turns into a full-

scale tragedy, therefore we all choose
what will make us happy in the role

We are playing in life, we all choose love...

Margaret Alice Second

We Are Inventing It (2)

The same thing is seen on the faces
of my two wooden dolls, the yellow
one looks joyous and sweet but the
the slant of the blue doll's eyes makes
her look as if she is going to weep

The symbolism is so obvious I don't
want to analyse the implications of
the difference in expression - this
illustrates that we do not look on
a prefabricated world but that

Our senses create the world we
think we only see after the fact –
yet we are inventing it as we go
along, externalising thoughts
and feelings all the time

Margaret Alice Second

We Evidently Did

With information to prevent a war
though the code seemed bizarre,
he could try to prevent the possible
events, or wait and wash his hands
in all innocence

Code matrix predicting the death of
Rabin also predicted atomic blast in
Jerusalem and instead of protecting
his journalistic reputation he warned
Israel of danger

He tried to save an entire nation based
on the fact that the date the Gulf War
started was found 3 weeks in advance,
on 18 January 1991 Iraq launched
the first Scud missiles

Drosnin was willing to warn others who might
scoff and he learned the future could be
changed: the code word for 1995-6 also
spells 'Will You Change It? ' and this
we evidently did!

The Bible Code, Michael Drosnin, Weidenfeld &
Nicolson, 1997 -
pp.19,20 and 50,57

Margaret Alice Second

Wearing A Quiff [rev.]

Wearing a quiff - quite by chance, hairspray
and wet hair combined Forming a cowlick at
the sides - with allergy-red cheeks I look like
a third-rate performer in a sleazy vaudeville
company - resembling a clown when I smile
with a face puffy from eating chocolate and
eating slabs with divine caramel fillings, so
good it makes me fly - though I crash down
with a loud noise & my colleagues lose their
hard-worn poise and rush to see my demise
as I sit in misery - not actually, of course -

It is a scene in my Civil Service Opera which
has already deteriorated to a vaudeville also
my scenes are macabre, phantasmagorical:
civil servants in masks chasing each other
citing statutes with lugubrious faces, getting
ready to slaughter each other with axes, then
turning en masse running outside to terrorise
ordinary citizens, demand extortionate fees
for the privilege to breathe, a street of people
running and screaming, save us from these
Civil Servants foaming at the mouth while

Blubbering about Regulations, Decrees and
Laws, demanding that we greet each other
in Fanagalo or Esperanto, ipso facto - any-
thing but your mother tongue, Arabic will be
fine and Chinese will do, Chinese too - as
long as nobody understands you - then the
demented Civil Servants fall down, the spell
that held them in thrall broken while the evil
Dr No bursts into devilish laughter - I don't
know what happened to this poem, let me
continue translating and return to it later,

Maybe the quiff's affecting my senses...

[14 October 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Weaving

Adding the beauty of every illusion to
my own vision of a beautiful universe,
the sweet sound of Germanic song, the
stark beauty of Rumi, the Sufi poet, the
lovely rhythm of a song in Creole

It does not matter that these examples
have no substance, colour and form; the
shimmering colours appears in the dark
chocolate of the organ notes, the silver
bells of flutes and piccolos

The form is round and strong, there are no
straight lines in words and song, everything
consists of swirling mist, last night I saw the
weaving of Many Worlds, every decision splits
the weaver's thread into many bits

Weaving side by side, forming patterns like
cables, curling spirals spinning around each
other for evermore...

Margaret Alice Second

Weaving A Halo

I'm looking for magical authors to help me in weaving a halo around reality which have become a Miracle Play in which my hero grew from puppet to Master Puppeteer who could steer a Queen into dancing, pull the strings of white politicians to hand over the government of a beautiful country

The show becomes shadow figures in my head, my protagonist dancing while also cutting down dragons, attending royal functions while busy to reconcile the world to the rule of African cultures, the joy of living a natural life as one of a tribe – empowered by the energising song of Africa...

Margaret Alice Second

Weird Little Person (Revised)

A weird little person with a mission to be extrovertly extravagant - oh, so that's who I am! I'm intrigued, I had always thought I was supposed to be a self-pitying introvert

Yet you see me trying to be a recluse of fate and divest me of my carefully constructed illusions; such frank and open honesty, it delights and amuses -

I always end up with goofballs, men of good sense don't waste time talking to me, either I'm totally ugly or my incomprehensibly icy stare puts them off -

I may resemble Miss Marple, or worse due to my masculine self-esteem, Hercule Poirot with walrus moustaches, I have none on my face as yet - but what of tomorrow...

Margaret Alice Second

Well-Meaning Spiritual Souls (Correction)

If the well-meaning spiritual souls inhabiting the Internet and offering to take over your life and make a mess at grand payment, are right, allergy and sugar are the effect of pinched nerves that can be rectified by confessing the problem and there's the rub

I don't know what the problem is, what caused me to feel life is worthless at age four, if this can be brought to light, the pinched nerves and allergy will no longer affect my freed personality - but should this happen, I would have to leave the glittering cage

In which I have lived up to now; can I meet the challenge now I'm as old as the mountains and thinking of life after death as a wonderful holiday after this?

Unfortunately the so-called 'well-meaning spiritual souls' are mostly busy with scams, the advice is advertised as free and when you contact them they want a nominal fee for making your life a misery and convincing you it is what the stars want for you; beware the payment of money for nonsense - all true advice that works at all is free - and delivered by people you trust, not idiots on the street who claim all other people are nuts and they are the only ones you can trust - what an utterly nonsensical and stupid claim they make, especially when they analyse one totally wrong as they do not know Astrogenetics; let's hope they never will - because THAT will give them the edge - a little bit...

18 January 2013

Margaret Alice Second

What A Relief, I Can Breathe (Revised)

Learned that many of my forbears, the
pioneers, had been killed in Natal 1836*
my sister has unpacked magazines on
it her shop at the truck stop for drivers
on their way to Zimbabwe

The books were picked up hungrily, as
if more popular than her meringue cake;
this scared Quasimodo away - and I find
suddenly I am an enthusiast myself for
learning about those pioneers

Entering South Africa and delighted with
the Truck Stop Tuck Shop, André Rieu's
orchestra sparkling in my ears, the hydro-
agricultural document about constructing
dams reaching its apex, the human phase

Where man-hours are calculated, I am not
building the dam anymore, what a relief, I
can breathe - with a weekend ahead, life
suddenly seems quite wonderful - the
dance of love, the tango Olé Guapa

Now taking centre-stage...

1836* There is a new series on Facebook
where the trials and tribulations of the
Pioneers are presented as personal
Facebook accounts under the names
Piet Retief and Dingane, Ulrike my
colleague forwarded the information

Margaret Alice Second

What And Who I Am

Why on earth do I ever try to tell you something personal, I suppose because I like insults, explaining something to you, feeling thankful and bright - you change the whole scenario to one of danger and threat

My being indiscrete, violating codes at work, violating your fine-tuned sensibilities, why on earth do I ever reply when you invite my confidence, asking me to tell you what I think, when all I get for it

Is an austere admonition to toe the line - would that I were dead already and beyond anybody's reach to tell me what I should think and how I should act, already been told off in my early youth for being

What and who I am, certainly I don't need to be told my being is all wrong, I already live in fear that I would be found out to be a human being with all the failures it entails

Tuesday 26 February 2013

Margaret Alice Second

What Can Be Better (Rev)

As the day is simply beautiful I drove to
work with a song in my heart, a smiling
Pollyanna greeting me, agreed it better
to end being eaten by the last cannibal
tribe than languishing quietly at home

Heidi impishly explains imaginary pains,
nothing daunts her resolute spirit; Mme La
Pompadour sends a note she's ferrying the
whole old-age home around, while Maria
Von Trapp's engaged on the family estate

Drove a posse of my son's friends home
to celebrate exuberance of life, promised
I'd stop running technically red lights (tho'
yellow on approach) – I know if I project a
submissive spirit at road signs

They shall assume safely I am indeed the
stopping kind and only unkindly traffic will
overwhelm me; leaving the happy team I
return here to create stream-lined text in
Afrikaans – what can be better than that?

Pollyanna = Hanlie

Heidi = June

Mme La Pompadour = Our supervisor

Maria Von Trapp = Hermien

Margaret Alice Second

What Does True Freedom Look Like?

Feeling depressed I consulted my guru and he says
'No matter what I do or where I go, I shall look for
things I like best' – but looking at the routine work
on my desk makes me angry - only work without
interest - this is not what I want to see at all!

I want to see obstacles and challenges - just like
Sherlock Holmes who openly confessed he could
not stand a hum-drum existence, he only really felt
alive when deciphering clues or hot on the heels
of a criminal or two – the rest of the time he left

The world to itself and smoked his pipe, waiting
for the next big thing - it sounds impractical, but
what the heck - being human is very impractical,
everything we like is detrimental and guilty
pleasures like chocolate make our teeth rot –

What does true freedom look like? – I bet few
people know, only those who spent years locked
up in dungeons and made rats into pets – because
they have no craving for fattening chocolate and
have forgotten what temptation looks like...

Margaret Alice Second

What Hatred Is [revised]

She doesn't love him, she can't - frankly
he's unlovable; only a mother might love
such a brute - or a daughter, but his own
mother did not love him. I am a daughter
loving him because, as he grew up, he's
me in an older, less privileged guise

I've his podgy hands, hairline, the short,
stocky build and toes, his love for telling
stories; I share a musical inability, can't
master electronics, am too clumsy BUT
speak with my own voice, don't talk like
him, fought against it since I was small

Imitated mother's diction, always on her
side if they fought. My brothers express
disgust at mom's incapacity to love dad
& grandma Alice; dad is more unlovable
as time passes - my sis treats him like a
brain-dead child while mom attempts a

Disrespectful tone, spiteful and nasty
as if failing to force an ethical 'ought'
to help dad who sounds like a demon
himself, their awful interaction sparks
such outrage in me I leave when they
converse; her undisguised contempt

Insults both dad and me, her total lack
of consideration for his intelligence is
crystal clear though she won't admit
she detests him, her obviously false
behaviour evokes the worst from us
and thus she teaches what hatred is

Margaret Alice Second

What Kind Of Dvd Is This (Revision)

The DVD in my laptop resembles Life, closing the application leaves it live in another dimension, clicking on it shows immobile figures of choir singers stilled but illuminated & animate, ready to burst into song when the icon is clicked

A comforting simile that tallies with everything on spiritual websites & in religious teaching, life offers us several DVD's to choose from on its multiplayer, we enter DVD reality defining time and place with choices all along the way

Consistency allows us reach the chosen end, some despair because time and place are not to their taste, others develop Stockholm syndrome and pay obeisance to their perceived masters, a lucky few escape disasters by designing their own place

With total unconcern for the choices of their fellow-men: I wish I could be one of those who live above the little rules and fulfil their dreams – but I'm not, I live in my little world changing everything according to my supervisor's wish – what kind of DVD is this?

28 May 2013

Margaret Alice Second

What Lovely - Friendship Would Be Nice [revision]

What wonderful friendship would be a nice
stalemate if you hated me and I hated you;
the way you treat me as your punching bag
yet help me with all the usual domestic duties
so its fine, though a right to vent frustration,
treat me like a criminal remains, and I will be
one while you're martyr to your own
'wonderful' personality

If that's what life means, your fighting, biting,
being bitter when the things bothering you
are a door you couldn't fit, your daughter's
unemployment, your son's chaotic love affair
& being absent in mind, making mistakes
which, as we all know, is inadmissible in your
universe – oh, well, thank you for the clothes

You bought me in munificence, your charm
shining through in spite of anger about the
Subar, garden irrigation, bathroom door –
and the bathtub – 6th wonderful thing to
never be, irrational anger at aggravation
makes confession of my overstepping
financial limits – I need more than care

Sometimes, friendship would be nice also....

Sunday 21 July 2013

[ORIGINAL:]

Stalemate, you hate me and I hate you too, the
way you treated me as your punching bag; but
it is fine because you help me with all the usual
domestic duties, yet you reserve the right to vent
your frustration by treating me like a criminal, so
it will be, I'll be your criminal while you will be a
martyr to your own wonderful personality

If this is what life means to you, fighting, biting
and being bitter when the only things bothering
you are a door you couldn't fit, your daughter's
unemployment and your son's chaotic love affair
with him being absent in mind, making mistakes
- that, as we all know, is inadmissible in your
universe - oh, well, thank you for the clothes

You bought me in your munificence, your charm
shining through in spite of your anger about the
Subaru, the garden irrigation, the bathroom door
- and the bathtub - the sixth wonderful thing can
never be, your irrational anger at everything that
aggravates makes confession of my overstepping
financial constraints impossible -

Sometimes I need more than care - friendship
would be nice also...

Margaret Alice Second

What Lovely – The Sixth Lovely Thing [revised]

Lovely Things [REVISION]

My judgement was premature –
I comprehend when you apologise
explaining you were looking forward
to a great weekend – my seeming like
death spoiled your expectations

We made a truce, takeaway food, a
doting search, 1st lovely thing, viewed
a glamorous dance program, 2nd lovely
thing, then two new episodes of the
Nodame Cantabile series, 3rd lovely

thing; today I found some episodes of
Dragon's Den on BBC, 4th lovely thing –
the only dread is to confess I spent all
my pocket money, what with visiting
my sister as well as Tiaan's birthday –

To beg your forgiveness for ignoring the
budget – a clean conscience would be
the 5th and best lovely thing!

Saturday 20 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

What Lovely Things? [revised]

Honesty, the most dangerous thing, you are my fair-weather friend – when I openly confess how bad I feel you get angry, claiming I'm double-crossing you as together we would have done many wonderful things - what lovely things?

Friday afternoon - you watch rugby, I will read my book; where are the lovely things when we follow the same routines every day; yesterday you insisted I take a piece of cake, now you wash your hands - like Pontius Pilate -

In innocence, I brought the allergy on myself, you claim, purposely to spoil your life - today this is a rare occasion when I felt so bad I could not hide it from anyone, tired and confused, I drove like a fiend

It was so difficult to find my way, only able to concentrate with eyes drawn into slits and despite that you are not even touched, not a bit, no, you argue I'm doing you in, usurping your good time – yet all we would do today

Is read the newspaper, watch the Big Bang Theory together...

[ORIGINAL:]

Honesty is the most dangerous thing, you are my fair-weather friend when I openly confessed how bad I feel, you got angry saying that I'm double-crossing you as we would have done so many wonderful things together – what lovely things?

On a Friday afternoon we watch TV, I read my book, you watch the rugby matches – where is the doing of lovely things? – We simply follow the same routine every day, YOU insisted I take a piece of cake yesterday, now you facetiously

Wash your hands in innocence, I brought this on myself, you say,
deliberately to spoil your way of life; but I couldn't do that in a
million years, today is a rare occasion when I feel so
bad I could not hide it from anyone

I drove like a fiend, tired and confused, it was so difficult
to find my way but easy to concentrate with my eyes drawn into
slits and you are not touched, not a bit, no, you argue I'm
doing you in, usurping your good time –

When all we would do today is read the newspaper and
watch the Big Bang Theory together...

Margaret Alice Second

What Others Think [revised]

A purplish-blue tie bought new at the fête and
combined with a crystal necklace & new lilac
bag to go with the scarf around my hat; great,
and when I showed this ensemble to Thea
and the kids - how they laughed!

Thea asked how much for the new tie, only five
rand say I, bought in support of the old age home;
she advised better stay away from the Home –
see why we never let on she's our mom; the kids
spluttered; pointing to the effect of crystals and tie

Unperturbed I brought out the large grey hat with
silver flowers worn with the purple mask: now that
shows good taste Thea approved; encouraged I
showed her the hat that makes me feel like an
assassin; a hat I wear every day - the kids said

That's probably why no-one ever tries to attack me;
people are either scared or bent double laughing
when I draw near, so I laugh with them, who cares
what others think when I have so much fun!

Margaret Alice Second

What Serendipity Makes

Dense grey clouds of sadness covering the sun,
the weather reflects the sad feelings of humans
returning to work, soft rain falling like the secret
tears of those who frolicked in the sun and now
have to return to their workplaces, everyone

agrees the challenge is good & all believe new
adventures await - but before they can get into
stride, they have to say goodbye to their happy
pleasures during a short period of grief for losing
what they had in order to open space for what

is to come, I am secretly terrified as I must bide
until Monday when life will be reduced to early
mornings, seeing the sun rising gloriously then
into the office and walking on tar among shops
unless I walk uphill to fir trees around the sand-

stone of the Union Buildings, though the future
is beckoning - my expectations are always too
high, my ideals impossible and my dreams out
of this world, chances of falling flat on my face
are so big - yet I can't give up on all these -

I need a core to anchor me to delight & beauty
and if it means suffering for it, I'll just have to
take it, smile and get up again because this is
what life is, a game of creating dreams - and
discovering what serendipity makes of these

[2 January 2015]

Margaret Alice Second

What Shall We Do [rev]

A suppressed September 11 story: the Islamic supremacist terrorist attacks were celebrated - the massacre of 3,000 people delighted some Muslim Americans, a story censored lest it led to violence against 'peaceful' Muslims

Al-Qaida posing as a fringe-movement ideology of Islam; the terms 'jihad, Islamic, Islamism and terrorism' were banned; 'War on Terror' became 'Overseas Contingency Operations', and the FBI was forbidden to investigate the various

Radical Islam breeding grounds - surveillance replaced with 'Countering Violent Extremism', Islamists were given federal support in hopes that when empowered, they'd reject violence; well, this rationale for silence on radical Islam

Is admirable, but flawed: this problem can't be solved by being ignored, it expands as terrorists just need bigoted supremacist ideology to cause; much harm - the 19 terrorists of 9/11 have been celebrated by Muslims everywhere:

The Middle East, the US and the West, Islamic State recruits Muslims world-wide over the 'net & directs them to attack, claiming it's right to murder infidels: Trump's 90-day ban on entry from Syria, Iraq, Libya, Iran, Somalia, Sudan

And Yemen, is insufficient to quell the threat in America repressed by the politically correct, 'Virtual terrorism' under ISIS might become even more deadly in the future and -
- what shall we do then?

Margaret Alice Second

What The Soul Looks Like [revised]

A soul looks like beautiful books covered in pink; I tried blue but that book looks like pyjamas, the one in silver is pristine delight, my lamp decorated with imitation crystals shines the nativity scene with the Bethlehem star twinkling in a silver wrapper

Shiny silver container behind symbolises cloud covering, elevation of heaven, my porcelain fairy resembles an angel in a glass vase and a plastic fairy behind, higher in another, looks like a soul ascended with attendant mermaid and small fairy on each side

Is this my soul's look-alike, a glass table covered with things I treasure, flowers on a pink card ably covering the blue pyjama-pants book, a cloth with silver designs on which my menagerie resides; if the soul shines within our choices of decoration and everything dear to us – then my soul

Is filled with imitation flowers showing beauty and colour – men would have sports players firmly entrenched in their minds, their soul would consist of a field with miniature players and a ball where feverish games are played and replayed until they have

Memorised each move – I prefer my decorated soul to this male world - the Weakest Link is probably also played and replayed, the cold voice of the presenter cutting through rugby and soccer games, while cricket is being played in another corner of the soul

18 April 2013

Margaret Alice Second

What We Approve Of [revised]

I love the animated movie 'Hotel Transylvania' about monsters like Dracula and people facing their fear for each other, discovering love is a common theme - no monster is unlovable and beneath superficial differences all life is about respect and friendship; the movie connects to spiritual theories that things we fear, such as

Monsters, demons, devils and witches, are all our imaginary creations; we unmask any fear-inspiring concept by setting aside prejudice; Discworld creator, Terry Pratchett, makes his witches wise old women who use the powers of nature to help people while wizards are there to keep magic controlled; his Tiffany Aching

Realises stereotyping through stories are wrong, old women persecuted as dangerous witches are usually lonely and poor, Pratchett says Narrative Imperative compels girls to passively wait for a prince to rescue them - so then Pratchett sends in the witches to intervene & set them free to create their own destiny; once we learn to appreciate all

Things in existence so that nothing is labelled 'enemy' and we stop fighting wars over things we hate, concentrating instead on what we approve, life will improve for everyone...

Margaret Alice Second

What We Believe [revised]

Terry Pratchett's mantra is what we believe is true,
we create the gods who annoy us to explain every
thing that happens in the Discworld, many religious
Pantheons are created by human imagination, then
acquire a life of their own as in Theosophy

Mrs Blavatsky visited Tibet and learned regretfully
when she visualised a companion it took form and
caused her woe, being unwilling to do her bidding,
she gave up the practice and I decided to imagine
beautiful, loving and considerate beings only

To populate my imaginary world, I'd never have to
harmonise with dark, menacing frequencies where
wavelengths match feelings & long ago it seemed
violent forces strangled me as I fell asleep and no
holy word came to my mouth to chase these

Menacing powers away, at my wit's end I chanted
my dad's invigorated rant and the deeply resonant
frequency disappeared; since then I rejoiced in his
words "witdulsies en lewensessens" - the essence
of which is the worst taste in the world, nobody

Can stand the terribly bitter taste, obviously it will
defeat everything bad - the devil himself dribbles
at mere mention of this vile medicine which is the
only fear of many a demonic enclave - thank you
dad for providing me with life-giving words to

Save me from non-physical attacks; I'll always
remember that beneath your unruly appearance
a beautiful spirit lurks...

[23 June 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

What We Wanted All Along (Revised)

What We Wanted All Along (Revised)

The sun made a turquoise pool for me in saying
Goodnight, creating glaciers blue using clouds
drifting by - now to explain my take on Many
World's Theory:

Quantum theorists say make a decision and
worlds split - divergent choices fulfilled meet
at one point if the same effect results from
every choice

The Many Worlds fuse again, - when different
decisions lead to different results, worlds stay
apart, every new universe has to meet its very
own destiny

We prepare the mind to pick up signs of new
events through mediation, we choose whether
we participate or go another way, the sub-
conscious drives our minds

We're informed subliminally of what's to come,
free to agree or reject each destiny - thus we
shape our lives - if we don't understand
how it came about, life is agony

But if we fathom what is going on, we realise the
final end is what we wanted all along

Margaret Alice Second

Whatever It Is [revision]

Air-con can't combat fetid air's hot slanting
afternoon sun, another burst sewage pipe,
its stink invading the stairwell & from there
the whole building, even escapist reading
of 'Soul Music'; does not help, mind blank,
using loud music as a screen against that
ubiquitous voice and a malodorous office -
we've just been ordered to read the draft
language policy but I can't even manage
to concentrate on favourite authors

The 'voice' growing louder again is turning
into a symbol of all that is wrong - how can
one person have so much to say she talks
non-stop throughout the day; no fighting in
bureaucratic trenches for me anymore, this
upset might be caused by us cutting down
our trees yesterday, the tall fir, high palm &
oak dangerously shedding of its branches,
maybe it's spiritual rebellion for necessary
removal of trees to make the house safe -

Whatever it is, I hope it ceases before I'm
found out as an incumbent who doesn't fit
her post...

Margaret Alice Second

Wheat, Sugar And Caffeine

Playing dangerous blood sugar games,
whole-wheat rusks with hot chocolate -
vision affected, drooping eyelids and head

A quick-fix with black, bitter coffee lasts only
a minute before symptoms of apathy and
catatonia return, another cup of coffee

To combat veins in head contracting, yesterday
I fled this scourge by eating in a restaurant but
being served blackened bacon and tepid chips

Prevents me from going back there, thus I have
this great war against fatigue in my little world,
reminds me of *Good Omens' enormous halo

Keeping Adam's world safe - I rejoice in mine,
having a small place of earth to love and cherish
is a privilege second to none, my inner sanctuary

Held in equilibrium by books & theories reworked
in the light of new ideas; is most accessible when
I'm in my special place on earth - hoping my

Work-station, another haven, will help me steady
my spinning mental gyroscope after these games
with wheat, sugar and caffeine...

[7 October 2014]

[* Terry Pratchett]

Margaret Alice Second

When You Falter [rev.*]

I wish I could talk and receive a reply; from one, it's follow rules, no bad news or lengthy discussion of books and events, and from my Bro, it's freedom to send poems but without any riposte, the reply is polished lines without comment, queries or explanation

I've no-one in whom to confide, no-one to help me sort out life or deal with feelings; my wish to help beloved people is thwarted; spiritualists say love everyone in objective, universal ways and I do, without attached condition or prejudiced discrimination

So why's no-one special accepting my gift of trusting affection, why disappear as if you're discouraged; I love your voices so tell me what's bothering you, of your fears or confusion with life please, because I'm listening with affection

For a poet whose words sing in ways never met before, for mother who is moving away; let my words lift despair and depression, do not hide in solitude - loneliness is never an antidote to suffering as analysing feelings often reveals new solutions, and an

Escape from anxiety, isolation and hidden sorrows; mom, let me be there when you falter in following the ethical ought-to instead of your own palpable emotions...

[Rev.* Final Revision]

Margaret Alice Second

Where Do I Belong (4th Revision)

Cannot escape, cannot lift off to leave
life behind; though reading of amazing
affection, a sensitive heart filled with love
driving emptiness and misery away, I'm
still caged in darkness without reprieve

Stranded in depressive doldrums but
unable to place a cause – given my son's
operation is routine and we're able to
afford best treatment anyway, why feel
so bad, where is the missing ideal

Being the best assembly-line translator,
assisting colleagues & clients, mother of
two independent kids needing only money
& material aid not our physical presence
or leadership; other than living life with

Integrity, I'm empty – if Life's purpose is
caring for small beings some might think
me a crocodile, yet in a reptilian way,
gently carrying small crocodiles in my
mouth with the very best

Now just a translator in need of a lodestar,
an ideal to provide inspiration, none remain
to sustain me, my loved ones independent,
forced to focus on new things, to ask
where do I belong...

Margaret Alice Second

Where Time Is A Space (Correction)

Another "Philadelphia Experiment" film, great material, when the ship the USS Eldridge (eldritch, magic, get it?) vanished into superspace in 1942, it became accessible from any other time period, here it is accessed yet again

From 2012 through an evil experiment and an American Policeman gets on board while the electrician gets off, the ship has to return to 1942 to enable the scientists in 2012 to shut off the generators increasing the electrical field

A time loop from any moment in time can be formed back to the original, an infinite number of stories told about the original crew's bodies melting with the ship's structure illustrating the relativity of space and time

Where time is a space visited from any time-space and any story can grow from there, in this film history is nearly obliterated, a power-mad government official - with a hairdresser on standby - threatens to destroy the ship

The power loop will blow up the whole modern world; wow - the stakes are higher every time a scientist starts the electrical circuit again; the stories can never be exhausted, perfect reassurance that

Music and stories can never stop - but keep growing together with the lengthening age and never-ending expansion of the universe!

31 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Which Side [rev]

Time is mocking me - as it always does, smirks at the ideals I treasure by myself, laughs at my naiveté; but this is where I choose my kind of victory, & yes, I can be taken for a ride, but NO, it doesn't make me feel bitter with spite; the joy that belief and trust afforded me, the happiness answered prayers have brought me, is more than the shame of being laughed at -

It's my turn to smile indulgently at the worldly-wise complaining that since no proof can be given of a godly figure to trust and since their hopes had been dashed, it means there is no magic in life - I don't care if others laugh at me as my dreams are fulfilled and there's no need for proof simply because eating pudding needs no empty faith nor original mover -

I'm lucky reading widely had brought me to a place where I feel ANY belief will be fulfilled, getting to the top with an empty heart has never been my ideal therefore I did not try to be wise in the eyes of the world, only to be happy and the best way is blind trust in everything positive and life-affirming - the cynical attitude never worked for me,

Never brought anything but pain and disgust - so I'll continue in my happiness without ever requiring philosophical proof; let the cognoscenti laugh at my childishness, I enjoy its results so make up your mind; on which side of the argument do you wish to spend your life?

Joy Weighs More [Rev]

The proof lies in eating the pudding; my friend's complaint God doesn't exist since it's proven by evolution theory arguing THIS in spite of the fact

his prayers for a lovely wife were fulfilled, he's in sackcloth and ashes; he said his life is hell as he lost his faith in a possible God; but I feel the real case is his prayers have been heard and

Weights more than the philosophical claim that the world needs no Godly origin since the belief that it originated from NOTHING is so much more fashionable in philosophical circles than the idea of an Original Consciousness; yet why not enjoy belief in a Power that answers prayer instead of buying into academic fashion - just to be "right"

Why not openly declare the advantages of faith if striving for academic acceptance leaves one without joy?

Margaret Alice Second

Who Cares? [rev.]

From bad to worse - I've now draped my work station with scarves; given any three I cannot help myself! Documents covered tidily, piled boxes blocking slanted sunlight draped neat in pristine white, June declares it looks like a bridal shower, as such the new pink scarf

Looks great, the purple's spiritual aura still out of sorts seeking the right place to display while I suffer post-holiday blues - yawning - eating chocolates, drinking black coffee and growing in confusion, feelings of sleepiness increasing, still more black coffee until

Heartburn ends the process, tried to suppress terrible yawns which irritate my long-suffering colleagues; masked as a look-alike handyman in blue T-shirt & jeans, seeking relief in magic whole-wheat rusks, thinking of fixing my hair before leaving - tho' fatigue says:

Who cares?

[2 June 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Who We Really Are (Revised)

I still love fairytales best, archetypes of
plain heroines growing beautiful when
devoting their time to help all kinds of
beings arriving at magic pools

Where washing will make the subject
look fabulous - a fairy says look at your
face and radiant smile, the kindness
you have shown everyone to date

Has already made you shine, no need
to wash in this pool - common serving
maids offered a bath in pools of oil or
gold, one humble soul choosing oil

Is pressed into gold to arise graced with
a star on her brow; in arrogance another
chose gold and is doused in oil to rise
with her face cowed by a donkey tail

All tales where quests for inner beauty
are based; I learned later to respect all
other roles in the play, goblins, witches,
evil magicians - everyone needed

To make drama fascinating and more
testing, requiring resolution of conflict
in unheard-of ways - unshakeable belief
in good intentions creates connection

With an inner light, so appreciating their
presentation evokes respect for mine,
sharing laughter behind the scenes,
on stage we play our roles perfectly

A sly wink testimony only we know
the all of who we really are...

Who Will Be Smiling In This

A committee to watch over a lower committee and report to a higher committee that will report to an even more important committee that shall explain to a Secretariat who informs a Ministerial Group

Below this growing spiral of committees there is a rural community to produce agricultural miracles as prescribed and overseen by committees galore, donors' money going into paying the salaries

Of every rotund member of every committee, rural communities must fund their own systems which would be monitored conscientiously by every member of every relevant committee

One day the donors will ask- Where have all the money gone? - it will transpire corruption and bribes took so much and the little bit left after committee members took at their own behest, was too little

To fund infrastructure and inputs required to produce crops and livestock, a million reports to be written taking care of the rest of the money, the mis-management will be buried beneath

A rebellion or two which will cause enough disruption to destabilise the country; then the whole committee game can begin again - I wonder who will be smiling in this, would it be War and Famine and Pestilence

Materialism, Capitalism and Decadence?

26 March 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Why [rev]

Let me sigh - I've lost such a lot of time;
the weekend fell into a hole and Monday
became a torturous spiral folding in upon
itself - capacity to feel is gone leaving a
gap in interest, heaviness in my head &
dissatisfaction with my surrounds, now I
know how a cup of bitter tea feels, how
flat and stale without taste, burning and
hurting the stomach - that is how I feel,
so how can I live experiencing this? Its
beyond awful to feel so heavy and dead
where nothing seems worthwhile, luckily
there is my discipline to keep me going -
knowing if I want to sleep & eat, I've got
to keep up appearances: fake it until I
make it - why do people have so much
joie de vivre while there's nothing in me?

Margaret Alice Second

Why Bother [revised]

Suddenly: latest government buzzwords terrorising officials trying to work quietly are 'Health' & 'Safety' except for one painting toenails while discoursing in exotic languages requiring many exclamations and sudden explosive African word-noises shredding already frayed nerves of little civil servants

Next aggressive attack on powerless low-degree employees - anti-fraud campaign shielding daily scam-committing fat cats, aiming at any hungry man taking a piece of bread illegally & changes in cathartic cascades of password persecutions, "Password" no longer acceptable as a sign-in

Must be something more esoteric, more sinister; but a password devised for me so foreign to my psyche I write it in my diary, paste it on pieces of pink paper everywhere - an intrusive spy need not torture me to get confidential content - old Interpol messages, the paper copies shredded already

Let me demonstrate the password debacle; I had Supergalifractionous, but IT techs made it 5upperc@li nothing left of my own magic word, only by keeping it written large for all to see can I access my own documents negating the purpose of high secrecy so the question is - why bother in the first place?

[ORIGINAL:]

Suddenly: health and safety latest buzzwords to terrorise poor government officials trying to work quietly – except for those painting toenails while discoursing in exotic languages requiring many exclamations and sudden explosives shredding the already frayed nerves of little civil servants

Next aggressive attack on powerless low-degree

employees: anti-fraud campaign to shield fat cats
committing fraud daily yet persecute any hungry
person taking piece of bread illegally, campaigns
in cathartic cascades of Password Persecutions -
"Password" no longer acceptable as password

It must be something more esoteric, more sinister
but the password devised for me so foreign to my
psyche, I write it in my diary, paste it on pieces of
pink paper everywhere - an intrusive spy need not
torture me to get confidential content - old Interpol
messages, paper copies been shredded already

I want to tell everyone about the password debacle:
I wanted Supergalifractionious, IT specialist made it in-
to 5upperc@ - nothing left of my magic word, only
keeping it written can I access my own documents
which negates the purpose of the experiment -
so why bother in the first place?

Margaret Alice Second

Why Of My Birth [rev]

Dreamtime, and not being able to live in a body - not making life work, still living in a dream creating mental bubbles excluding everything & everyone else - except that we wish to see in & extract from them; I

Wanted to share my ideas with someone - then found so much to read on life and its meaning my mind lags behind, and it's all I can do to keep reading, head exploding, realising everything exists within a Great

Gestalt making the conscious subatomic particles dreaming everything into being, the joy of it all, the tactile sensations to be experienced, the intelligent energy that morphs into us, the most functional form

For adventures, challenging ourselves to far greater accomplishments - it is such a lot of exciting information I can't keep it to myself, but no-one seems to listen to these new words - can't wait to get

Reading again, feeling the exquisite joy of insight into the human psyche while using my allotted time on the earth to determine the why of my birth

Margaret Alice Second

Why She Died [rev]

Steam is rising, the locomotive in my head
driving this old mill in which my every word
is formed & said, spools and prayer wheels
turning in the loft of my cranium are in

Overdrive already - I can feel Death quietly
watching as I writhe & turn in the torments
of hell; observe the sentence - just look at
this, meaning's terrible, phrasing's raw, it's

Killing me, destroyed by a legal document,
from now on only a zombie troll is left from
this erstwhile golem whose holy words in
the head were deleted by MAD, INSANE

French Legislation, and from high up in the
sky the blind god Lo and the crocodile god
Offler watched me die; sorry - I got carried
away - sadly for me I won't die, but I'm in

La Traviata's Violetta-dying-scene mode -
sure, I feel worse than she ever did, that's
UNLESS she also read French law - it'd
explain why she died in stops and starts

Just as I'm doing now...

Margaret Alice Second

Wide Awake And Animated [revised]

Wide awake and animated all day, happiness
is a Mary Poppins magic making time fly; I'm
polishing my translations for quality checking,
tackling an Arabic document, Arabian flavour

In my memory of Morning of the Goodness –
Morning of the Light: 'Sabah alGeir - Sabah al
Nuur', tried to sing 'Salma ya Salaama' with
Dalida, yet kept yodelling in the office kitchen

Contrast between Arabic pronunciation & Swiss
song is amusing & my yodelling is improving,
people fle when they see me; a colleague agreed
her clothes have to acclimatise just like mine

Hanlie danced her way through the day, June
attacked the administration, sent papers flying,
nothing better than a beehive happily occupied,
when Mimi broke into her loud monologue

I listened to Andre Rieu and orchestra playing
Ole Guapa, passion unleashed by music had me
gesticulating in explanation to invisible audience
how much a fictional she feels for a fictional him

The song added fuel to my zeal to accomplish
everything possible on a magical Friday while
expecting Mary Poppins to suddenly appear to
sing, yolediledI-diyooo, yoledilediledi-YOO!

[ORIGINAL:]

Happiness is a normal day filled with a Mary Poppins
magic, time flew, polishing my translations for quality
checking, tackled an Arabic Interpol message, wide
awake and animated from 7 to 3 in the afternoon

Arabian flavour in Morning of the Goodness - to be met
by Morning of the Light: 'Sabah alGeir - Sabah alNuur'

played in my mind, tried to sing 'Salma yaSalaamah'
with Dalida, yet kept yodelling in the office kitchen

Contrast between Arabic pronunciation & Swiss song
is amusing & my yodelling is improving - people flee
when they see me; a colleague agreed her clothes have
to acclimatise just like mine, only ready for wear after

Getting to know her well, Hanlie danced her way through
the day, June attacked the administration - papers flying,
nothing is better than a beehive happily occupied, when
Mimi broke into her loud monologue I just listened to

Andre Rieu and orchestra playing Ole Guapa, passion
unleashed by wonderful music had me gesticulating in
explanation to invisible audience how much a fictional
she feels for a fictional him adding fuel to my zeal

To accomplish everything possible on a magical Friday
expecting Mary Poppins to appear at any moment and
sing, yolediledI-diyooo, yoledilediledi-YOO!

Margaret Alice Second

Wild Desire For Life (Revised)

Silver crystal sandals, for final effect add in silver shine magic pedicure, being Cinderella at the office Grande Ball with best legal text quoting six different Acts, enjoying challenges, French Level III pronouns and regular verbs, fun - Je me suis bien amusée

Red KJB pants with sandals, glory in flowers, self-esteem anchored in poetic hands as days pass, life enlarged in multi-layered waves visible only when keeping the eye on inner vision colouring every detail with great energy, new consciousness created by

Silver cords and golden sound weaving life's hologram - Schön blühende Heckenrosen und Ade zur guten Nacht filling the spaces between murmuring voices and loud laughter with wild exclamations - beauty of inner peace in small joys - adding trimmings to my workstation

Friends supporting each other, filling my life, spilling sweet drops of incense bright with idealism and beliefs outlined in bright blue lines of new designs that will grow into all our tomorrows, adding more dimensions to

The rolled-up string theory twenty-five, impetus driving a wild desire for ever more life...

Margaret Alice Second

Will I Ever Get There

So elated when pain abated - migraine making my eyeballs pop as if starting from their sockets, had to lie down after one bite into a honey glazed fatty rasher endowing me with a fibreglass spine

No help in reading - no inspiration in images or thoughts, seeking a space to park my mind - I cannot change my mental station to the right frequency, stuck on infamous planet survival

Where joy must be derived from the mere fact of existence - I prefer being happy to existing like a vegetable - but tonight I'm a small piece of mineral without the requisite magic

No visions and dreams to redeem my ideas, to make my brain secrete serotonin or more uplifting compounds - here I am, sitting up-right, bored with TV and breathing alike

Every cell is alive - seers claim; every wish for improvement is answered - Elias, the latest in my spiritual pantheon, says I am blocking well-being that would have been - if only I were

More trusting and sociable; if it means wandering though social chat-rooms exchanging opinions, I might as well wander with the Israelites through the desert after their escape from Egypt:

Will I ever get there? />

Margaret Alice Second

Willing Slaves [r]

Walking downstairs; turning back 6 flights up again, I need a song to wake up singing to; - pondering which I chose Sounds Of Silence on finding that just walking didn't stop me from falling over in an overheated, open-plan office - singing makes me feel free & empowered, joyous and content - a great beginning to a new day

Then I smuggled a newspaper-covered brick into the office to try keeping the doors ajar to allow fresh air in to counter the stifling broken air-con atmosphere; but it didn't work - now the brick's a bookstand in my work station - I commiserate with my mute, shiny brick with its weight denoting power, strength and dependability

Tomorrow I'll bring another to create a two-sided book stand; my second chair now stands on a window desk wearing a black-and-white tablecloth, a net and white lace curtain, next to a tall box crowned with a hat, like a glamorous scarecrow, blocking heat from a slanted sun sending forth the kind of deadly rays that had

Riddick fleeing from the prison planet in his Chronicles, I flee to the stairs singing Sounds Of Silence, the office mute in the heat - we the willing slaves of Armageddon...

Margaret Alice Second

Wilting Spirit Whispering (Revised)

I heed a spirit's whisper wilting on
the wind, don't fell my tree; in dark
of seated silence words fall as pebbles
noisomely – disturbing inner calm,
angering pointlessly

All are baulked with bated breath –
it feels as if the end is coming near
and blindly stifles life, I can't create
a thing, your reading messages from
worldliness alive now interferes:

So aliens drive Africa in Volkswagen
Beetles, ancient Landrovers, make
a mess of cold emptiness, creating
static within the fearsome silence
already within, spurring turmoil

Scared – scared of tomorrow,
scared of increasing darkness
of great loneliness
scared of being me –
of no chance of escape...

Margaret Alice Second

Wind In My Face (Revised)

Had my fast motorbike ride, sensation of wind
in my face, fingers cramped from holding tight
while swishing past lush green veldt each side,
first my head on the right then left, eventually
eyes closed and nearly passing out, a theory
forming in my head:

Anyone depressed is helped by a fast ride, the
imminent threat of death under acceleration
puts an end to despair in an adrenaline high
I express my theory to Pete driving the bike
I can't drive one myself - he replied no
psychologist would use this therapy

They need patients to stay ill for income
guarantees and I agreed, healing is not their
aim - luckily I have the privilege to enjoy this
therapy for heart and mind!

Margaret Alice Second

Wings (Rev)

With poetical insight I looked at the life
you called Blight - & realised Pegasus
weighed you down; it was because you
carried his weight along with your own,
instead of mounting, flying free to soar
and roam in your own right

I pointed it out - showed the enormous
wingspan there was - which you didn't
see with a physical eye; you refused to
believe, so I flew up - and when others
targeted me you were shocked, & flew
suddenly to the rescue, & then in your

Delight turned a somersault - falling off
your magical steed just to discover your
very own wings on which you now soar -
you've never stopped to look back - it is
because you're sure you are free...

Margaret Alice Second

Wisdom Be Praised [revised]

The universe is a flower blooming, unfolding like growing plants, unstoppable – and thank you for listening, giving me a chance to think aloud, dreaming about things with which have an endearing air of wonderment and mystery...

The whole gamut of my usual reading is gone – nothing stops the Black Hole in my mind slurping up everything: turning to Proverbs, a source that always helps, praising Wisdom – to renew my search for Deep Insight

After trying it, the ideal of physical beauty seems worse than chasing understanding because beautiful is never beautiful enough, always falling short of the ideal; I much prefer my mind's Black Hole taking me on a Merry-Go-

Round of quests for the current Holy Grail or Golden Fleece of whatever subject is most relevant to my present state of mind – whereas some read a scholarly treatise on a subject and the case is closed; I have to return to everything and

Dig for new insights gained by biologists, scientists and astronomers' ever-increasing discoveries. My boredom threshold requires the whole gamut making me turn in circles spiralling ever further - forever gaining

Knowledge; just like planet earth moves spiralling in circles around the sun – which is spiralling the centre of the Milky Way – which is moving inexorably towards a mysterious Great Attractor...

The universe is a flower blooming, unfolding like growing plants, unstoppable – and thank you for listening, giving me a chance to think aloud, dreaming about things with which have an endearing air of wonderment and mystery

Margaret Alice Second

Wisdom Encasing Love

I have two beautiful books, delightful in their pristine state, one formal leather-bound diary and the other a pastel book for letters of love, I can't fill them as romance is just a fantasy I play with in my mind, reality so big the golden nugget of perfect love doesn't show so well

Feelings spiral every day in new curves and the books will fill up too fast, besides, I can't decide between other themes: work poems and family life; melodies should play when opening these books - Bach's harpsichord in the formal one and Mozart in pastel; but

The only music I can have in there is staves with notes all without sound since these are real books, not magical items from Unseen University, yet all else would be sacrilege as only clear sounds should emanate from new books as sweet as these and I can't think of

Anything else that would do justice to these two wonderful books bound to remain empty if they continue in my care - another is sure to come defile pages with their hand - until then I am dreaming of the wonderful things I would like to see in these - then insight

Comes - the Bright Crown of Lady Wisdom presents itself as most worthy in the world, Wisdom encasing Love...

Margaret Alice Second

Wisdom The Key (Revised)

The questionnaire classified me as a problem case with low root Chakra; it arose from when I replied 'No' to questions whether I trust people – they implied love means the same as trust

I love people unconditionally and accept their shortcomings respectfully – including stupidity; I believe people all have good intent but lack wisdom, that is why I love them regardless

I do not trust anyone's judgment because they lack the mental equipment to obtain benefit for themselves, much less for anybody else – my love is not based on their intelligence

It is based on enjoyment of the beauty and variety they add to life; I bestow trust as a highest honour only a few earn by acting with honourable and dignified nobility in being wise enough

To admit and rectify mistakes – I never trust public figures or authority, self-serving power or selfish individuals, although I love cheerfully cheeky criminals who make life fun

I respect their right to be false, honour their duplicity by keeping temptation far away – I only trust my core family, my dad who keeps my secrets, my big brother for showing such integrity

ALL others have freedom to act as they please; I expect nothing from them given difficulties in balancing average relationship equations – so it is thus Love means acceptance of 'what is'

While Trust means a firm knowledge of the ability of the beloved to implement their good intent; WISDOM is the key that enables anybody to live a life of love, safeguarding such trust...

Margaret Alice Second

Wish For Release

Scared to return to the office to sit
in a chair that does not meet the
need for a correct sitting position
as the desk is too high for the office
chair I bought myself and the bar
stool I have is causing neck-ache

I don't know who to ask and where
to go to get my work station fixed
and raise the computer screen so
my head is not forced to hang down
and increase the pain in my neck,
I receive medication to force
my brain to ignore the pain

Will this help me to sit in the wrong
position until I am dead in my chair?
I ardently wish for release in what-
ever way if I cannot be freed from
the chair and the pain...

Saturday 21 June 2012

Margaret Alice Second

Wish My Kids Were Home [revised]

I don't understand it, worked up great enthusiasm yesterday, attended a meeting, found two people from another section who didn't know Pratchett, felt obliged to enact 'Good Omens' for them – affected excitement doing voices to illustrate how

The Angel at Paradise's gate cringed when the Snake asked him about the flaming sword, the Angel admitted he gave it to Adam and Eve – they looked so forlorn, he said, I told them how Devil Boy loved this world so much he refused

To let The Four Horsemen, or 'bikers' in modern parlance, destroy it – oh, and how my colleagues laughed at the scenario – but tonight, arising from suffocating under too many blankets, no fervour or excitement left, wishing my kids were home

Instead of camping in the cold...

Margaret Alice Second

Wishes And Dreams Within

Four dolls in my work station, the prettiest small amounts of money could buy - a special doll must be cheap, otherwise I cannot play with her at all

The smallest doll represents the grown-up shell in which the childhood version of adults dwell, the two bigger, younger dolls represent the wonderment

Of early youth - the smallest one reminds of undeveloped potential, everyone has probable personalities which had been repressed to allow one main ego to develop well

A shock might activate other ego-possibilities - a split into several identities - I sincerely wish I had several personalities in me, one for mathematics, another

For transcribing legalese, one for cooking, another for social activities while the real core personality would be free to write poetry - or swim in the sea or - dance to the music

My dolls represent my idea of human personality, a bunch of unrealised wishes and ideals within...

Margaret Alice Second

Wishing Lightning To Strike [3rd Revision]

Can't go on with throbbing ankle and ringing ears,
went for a stroll to escape the chicken coop noise
noise driving me mad, road-works in a narrow lane
- and I did not see the concrete slab ready to catch
imbeciles who do not realise death is waiting there

Walked slap-dam into it, hurt my right ankle real bad,
limped back to the office where break offers respite
until auxiliary staff return to babble on their phones
endlessly, every sound reverberating inside my head,
my ankle throbs in tandem with my head and this is

A stab at my psyche, a concrete slab waiting to inflict
pain & the scrape on my skin is burning, how can life
turn violent so fast, I am all aches and my heart is sore
and I am bored - analysing forms when feeling bad is
impossible and auxiliary Mimi is back and already

Talking full volume, I feel the throbbing increase taking
over my life, fill my universe and make me still – maybe
I'm meditating and that is good, apparently it will move
the world into a new state of peace when restless souls
like me manage to focus on spiritual feats so the New

Aquarian Age can begin, I only hope that wishing for
lightning to strike the concrete slab and auxiliaries
does not stop the New Age in its tracks...

Margaret Alice Second

Witch On The Beach [rev]

With feelings deadened like a sore tooth extraction by a dentist where one discovers there's no pleasure in the place of pain, there's only absence, a small death by removing the nerves; and this is such a case when desperation lifts away leaving nothing behind, only a grey boredom, resignation, acceptance of my chosen fate - as if my spirit chose suffering on entering into human life with the focus on its most difficult path, the most arduous work or even the most tedious routines, leaving the heart lifeless and cold

And - on finding it impossible to decide who to serve, my Duchess or the Queen of Hearts, Attila the Hun or Scorpio, Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle; - the impossibility of making the right choice destroys inner peace and turns me into a shape-shifter witch on the beach, to become a mermaid tumbling in waves who is tossed on the sand by the force of these enormous breakers, then leaves the sea to turn into grey-faced me, my load lightened by the humour of a comedian-crocodile kid who mimics voices and attitudes all so

Ludicrously - I lose my breath laughing at him & with him; this joy makes up for these lifeless, sunless and nondescript areas of life to be traversed in between...

Margaret Alice Second

Witching Without Magicking

The witch fell asleep on the beach, later ran into the sea to challenge breakers that threatened to turn everyone head over heels, only the crocodile witch and a few young men and kids remained in the aquamarine of the high-tide sea, braving the breakers like Spanish bull-fighters who spin off to the side as the froth charges like bulls foaming at the mouth, the witch came home to a scene of peace and discovered her swimsuit is shockingly un-magical and totally boring, having filled with sand in the churning shallows the fibrous fabric refuses to let the sand go and she will have to cut the fabric to let out the sand, what a sad thing to do, altering the brand-new suit, witching without magicking is no fun and suffering sunburn from sleeping in the sun adds no new delights to the existential quest for meaning in life...

Margaret Alice Second

With Great Dignity [rev.]

Making Trinchado, meat stewed in a sauce of Worcestershire sauce, Balsamic vinegar, red wine and brandy, but my meat dish kept separately - these ingredients would wreak havoc with my system, yet

Like a wide-eyed child I shadow my beloved as he prepares this exotic dish, excited by the strangeness - quite resigned that I can't eat it, I wrote down the recipe as he read it from the Internet, the Prelude to La Traviata

Playing on the radio - fitting for people like me remaining outside normal events - at least I'm good at ageing, tried singing in deep contralto, though not exactly right - but life seems more liveable as we grow as old as a pair

Of weathered crocodiles, I shall pour myself a glass of whisky & soda, celebrate my seniority and hope I remember not to run when leaving the office building in the evening - but to walk stately - with great dignity - instead...

[10 August 2014]

[11 August 2014 - upon reflection, I prefer to leave at a run, waving and singing whatever song comes into my head, I shall not strive for dignity as yet...]

Margaret Alice Second

With The Right Timbre [rev.]

Vanilla-flavoured, caramel-sweet, streams rounded & golden soft, perfect globules of magical vibrations absolutely calming my heart while awakening wonderment

Feeling soothed by the innocent youth of the girl dreaming of singing opera, now the exquisite voice has too small a throat and too young chords to grow fuller in

A bewitching lyricism to come; yet feeling is palpable in a charming rendition of Pie Jesu & Voi Che Sapete - mesmerising as a promise of how she will sing when this

Gifted young girl has evolved into her ideals & her voice is strong enough to reverberate with the right timbre to express everything she feels...

[Listening to Amira Willighagen]

[22 November 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

Within Amazing Geometry (Revised)

Amazing Geometry

An amplituhedron provides proof - time & space are illusions known by Indian religion & Western spiritualists. Instead of farraginous computations, an amplituhedron's geometry constitutes perfect replacement of a myriad Feynman diagrams

The form of A beautiful multi-faceted jewel tells scientists all about reality - everything they find corroborates occult theories of ages - delightful to follow scientists' arduous enlightenment, it's towards discovering that reality looks like

A multi-faceted jewel - the dispersing particles follow paths creating marvellous phenomena and humans are privileged to exist within this amazing geometry

29 January 2014

[ORIGINAL:]

Now an amplituhedron provides proof - time and space are just illusion as known by Indian religion & Western spiritualists, instead of a manifold computations, the geometry of an amplituhedron constitutes perfect replacement of a myriad Feynman diagrams

The form of a beautiful multi-faceted jewel tells scientists all about reality - everything they find corroborates the occult theories of ages - how delightful to follow scientists on their arduous way towards enlightenment, discovering reality looks like a multi-faceted jewel -

The dispersing particles follow paths that create

a marvelous phenomenon and humans are so
privileged to exist within such amazing geometry

29 January 2014

Margaret Alice Second

Within Life Love

Lost to life love, leaving lingering love,
softly lips eyelids, embracing - vertical
spirals eternity - leaving loving feeling
seeing softly stealing didn't notice my
heart away, dreaming, adore & revere
the sweetest fire-elf eyes twinkling &
impatient wings fluttering I jump into

A waiting embrace, fly to an electric sun
the core soft, cool, love living streaming
beaming twinkling touching your heart &
stroking caressing life eternal flying you
took my mind, heart, me-being nowhere
to be seen, my heart in a sun with you
bringing life where affection was lost

New beginning, singing with me, melody
velvet contrabass leading with rhythmic
accompaniment sparkling with prismatic
colours life-giving- turning twirling within
there is the song we sing together - it's
never done - within life love & wisdom
ignoring cold justice for righteousness

Life love you me - together forever

Margaret Alice Second

Within The Wisdom [rev]

Let's look at the text - all nations will be blessed through Israel; by high technology, scientific and medical innovations saving lives worldwide, and Israel's many Nobel laureates: Israeli aid to UN workers trapped in Syria, and Syrians injured in their bloody civil war with Israel being haven for African refugees, & for injured Palestinians who

Are threatened by their own leadership, Israelis offer developing nations agricultural advances. After Sept 11 planes hit the World Trade Centre Middle Eastern celebrations horrified the world, Israelis stood with the US, sending supplies and volunteering for rescue and recovery projects; - Israelis prayed, donated blood saving people's

Lives in New York as well as Washington D.C; - then there's Israel's donations of stem cells to help people suffering from dozens of diseases - precluding the need for aborting unborn babies; 2009 cord blood stem cells saved a little Arab boy's life in Sweden; today all the ideologically identical Islamic extremists - such as Hamas,

ISIS, Hezbollah, al-Qaeda with al-Nusra Front, Boko Haram, including Iran, force God-loving people cherishing freedom to stand together within the wisdom of blessings to be brought to the world by God's people - Israel

Margaret Alice Second

Without A Song

All day I have been looking for the happy place in my mind, reading all about Israel and Palestine, Muslims getting rough with Christians, building roads in Africa, but nothing enabled me to reach the happy place

Watched a comedy tonight but still there is an empty space in my heart, my son turned eighteen yesterday fifteen July, today he got his driver's license, growing in independence, growing away to start his own life

And I cannot find the happy place in my heart, the sad cloud surrounding me, black - cold and empty, does not lift, playing at being happy is not working as the silence within me grows, without a song on my lips

I cannot create happiness and nobody can impart it,
I long for my baby boy...

16 July 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Without Chocolate [rev]

I ate everything healthy today - fruit and vegetables & a boiled egg, but sans chocolate; tried to make up for its lack by eating sweet jelly - but it can't compensate, without chocolate life's not worthwhile as nothing else comes close to satisfactory, not ice-cream, cookies or cake - nothing fills my heart and head like chocolate

Exorcising chocolate to lose weight's counterproductive, I eat more to make up for it, but raw carrots and apples do nothing; without chocolate, my spirit sinks into torpor and lassitude - and though the world's beautiful after a shower of rain, when clouds disappear & a golden sun shines everything into a green fairyland - and I feel

Joyous & energised - its without chocolate & merely a short-lived victory; so with tonight's no-chocolate-delight I can't sleep; a state of affairs for addressing tomorrow, nothing else can keep my inner gyroscope steady within transparent glory, nothing else can take me to one of the better alternate universes - & how did life come to this -

How did I forsake my love for the wonder of chocolate, it's pure masochism - a deprivation resembling death: my idea of heaven is having a hot chocolate fondue - and here I am, without the prerequisite for spiritual survival - this is no life, this is a descent into grey where thoughts cannot soar....

Margaret Alice Second

Without Companionship

I need short-term goals to make the long road to long term goals bearable, tonight my short-term goal, making the best of a long weekend, was killed and buried so deep the memory of it is already gone: one moment you were still optimistic, convinced your system worked, the next you were shot down by the news that it's not working - and the little bits of my brittle

Positive attitude, based on Nanny McFee and a translucent-pearl kitchen in afternoon sunlight, scattered so far I can't find a single bit to comfort me, the only way up seems to need long cotton candy strings as this mirthless, vengeful fate of yours where your every move on the board ends in checkmate, & your rebounding troubles, gave me a permanent headache, to crown it all when I could not lock the kitchen's aluminium door

You descended on me like an angry god bent on revenge for all YOUR sins through the years - at least this deflates your mounting frustration while me being the target means it's no fun, so without companionship, my headache & I watch TV...

Margaret Alice Second

Without Context - So Absurd

Who has the money to publish elaborately illustrated children's books with over 350 stunning paintings and artworks, another with drawings, glossy and inviting; imparting no knowledge whatsoever?

The book on symbols, signs and visual codes informs the underage reader doorways symbolise entrances and the hearth is a symbol of safety and comfort - well, hallelujah, nobody knew!

The broom is a symbol of removal - no way, I thought it a symbol of magical midnight trips for witches & wizards from Hogwarts; curtains symbolise separation, oh wow, insight indeed!

The book of Myths and Legends recounts each story on two pages accompanied by several pictures stating the stories explain the world and our place in it - thus stylised accounts of precession

And world cataclysms in which 'gods' swallow their children are supposed to explain the meaning of life? No, myths and legends are illogical - only when seen as relaying

Ancient knowledge of science and astronomy in codes where natural forces are depicted as persons; do the tales have meaning, otherwise they are without context - so absurd...

Margaret Alice Second

Without Drawbacks [rev.]

There's a reverent silence in the open-plan,
earphones not needed, no music lifting me
into the ether; whispering to Annette - with
Mimi gone, there's no rising & falling voice
in the background, the only sound heard is
my cooler and our laughter on discovering
Mme Pompadour's message of - 'the cold'
keeping her asleep in bed, yet no-one else
succumbs to that extent; there's no excuse

For me to sing snatches of favourite songs
and little ditties that well up as I reply to the
messages of a pen friend, my only kind of
confidante as a physical presence creates
embarrassment - another vice to those out
hunting egotism & selfishness, focusing on
another person's need is supposed to void
these intrinsically sinful problems; - tho' as
yet my focus hasn't been successful, so

The written word's my solace, like Vetinari
I detest audible voices spoiling meditation
on sweet lines, prefer delightful exchanges
without physical limitation drawbacks, such
as invasion of the Crocodile Castle - under
Scorpio - Lord and Master who creates the
best wonderland for me, the reptile lurking
in the pool - and the two little crocodiles...

Margaret Alice Second

Without Falling Over [rev]

Slam-Dunk - right in the middle of an allergy attack; let me hasten to add, caused by me, lest anyone think I'm a victim - the facts of the matter are I am the attacker; I chose to eat caramel-coated nuts - knowing full well my system's balanced a hair's breadth from impending doom after a weekend of cookies & sticky toffee pudding; I'll attempt accepting

Punishment responsibly and personally, not blaming external factors or by projecting my feelings onto other things; bored as I am with chemical imbalance making the world seem unreal, as if I'm incarcerated behind a grey mist which won't lift so I can find meaning in breathing, sitting in paradise unable to enjoy my great surrounds, what fitting punishment

For one who eats everything while knowing that by abstaining she'd enjoy better time on earth; luckily, rational arguments have never been much of an influence - waiting patiently till oppressing lethargy lets up and I can think and plan again, right now the only idea filling me with joy is sleep, my eyes kept shut until I can see again, feeling blood pulsing in my

Arteries; my short-term goal's slumbering in front of TV, watching animal programmes - losing consciousness and vegetating in that state until I can stand without falling over....

Margaret Alice Second

Without Memorable Quotes - 2 [revised]

Never A Moment To Breathe

Dear Michelle, thank you kindly for lending me "Raising Steam" it's so lovely seeing Moist Von Lipwig married to Adora Belle who is running her own clacks company while he has to charm the rich into accepting the new steam technology

That Vetinari became the most secretive stoker of all time - and planted a substitute in his office - is a most unexpected twist; that Drumknott becomes a steam locomotive aficionado is yet another thrill, "Surprised Reader the Stupefied am I"

It's all pure fairytale with everything working out perfectly and all living happily ever after, though I miss Pratchett's buoyant comic philosophising which I treasured in previous books; was Terry so excited by his theme he'd no time to stop

and extrapolate into the magic of quantum theory? The story ran on like an unstoppable locomotive in inevitable motion - no moment to breathe or take stock of Disc World reality, one wondrous symphony of exciting, perfect denouement

It's amazing and overpowering - I appreciate your kind gesture so much, wishing you a lovely day in Merryhell - if it be possible, of course

Margaret Alice Second

Without Memorable Quotes [revised]

Terry Pratchett may have evolved the theme of Raising Steam, possibly, but this book doesn't seem to have been written by him - the outline story is everything while the dialogue does not sound like Pratchett's characters at all

Humour and reflective consideration about the meaning of life is completely lacking - Vetinari is all wrong with a completely out-of-character Drumknott - Moist Von Lipwig sounds a one-dimensional pre-determined fairytale hero

Dick Simnel is everyman - as is everyone else, the steam locomotive is a protagonist yet just killing one assailant relegates her to being part of the background - and thus without the usual philosophising it is fast adventure less any

Memorable quotes to treasure; I'll return to the original Discworld books for the special magic which will live forever!

Margaret Alice Second

Without Telling Me Why (Revised)

Big Wide Emptiness

Inertia kept me idle as activity seemed useless in the big wide emptiness of a wasted weekend, only when you explained on Sunday night you'd received a new project at five pm Friday did life start to make sense

When you're distant without explaining why I lose my footing, fall into an ever-looming chasm of Despair. A boon was reading Pilgrim's Progress short version by John Bunyon. I, too, lost my companions, Hope and

Faithful, in the black Dungeon wherein spirits dwelt, even excerpts from Pride and Prejudice and Jane Eyre did not help, only when you admitted the problem while we watched the glittering dreams

On Strictly Come Dancing and I chose my queen did you smile, albeit unwillingly, and the earth tilted back to stabilise in the sweet meadows of Common Sense and Calm Rationality...

Margaret Alice Second

Wonderful Feeling (Revised)

A fervent plea, an impassioned SOS to
the remote IT - Help, my computer's
failed; disciples of cool calmly reply,
bring us the CPU. CPU? Yes, it means

dismantle, disassemble or disembowel
the beast, locate the malfunctioning
piece, balance precariously on a chair
with wheels and drag it down here

Security says disbelievingly, Oh no, you
must fill out this form in duplicate at
least, CPU detail, your name - and oh,
plus another for the chair;

Struggling with anxious sweat brow-
breaking and running unchecked down
my face, finally reach IT - my arrival
ignored - Please, I beg, sanitise my

virus-infected CPU - Tech Siyabonga
says, Ok, leave it, we'll fix it soon and
abruptly leaves to teach me the true
meaning of 'laissez-faire' - deflated

return to empty desk noted by June
who offers use of desk-top spare, I'm
suddenly hub of activity - Mme La
Pompadour making funny remarks, a

baby crying somewhere, June and
Hanlie happily laughing creates a
safe atmosphere in which every
translation moment is blissfully

ensconced in a bright bubble their
dedicated work ethic creates, such
a wonderful feeling being part of
the show...

Margaret Alice Second

Wonderful Release (Rev.)

Escaped into a children's movie with music from Giselle and Swan Lake though reading the tragic-romantic story of Giselle savaged my headache - why save the dishonest Duke while faithful Hilarion suffers a terrible fate?

I don't want to read Swan Lake's story again; just love the music, seeing dolls dancing their parts takes away shock at close-ups of how unnatural dancers' feet look in ballet shoes - I prefer dressing-room views of doll dancers

Preparing for the big event - as it put me in a hypnotic trance that cleared symptoms of allergy from my head; escapism cherished in watching more fantasy movies to dream in the wonderful release which adventures

Like these offer allergy sufferers like me!

Margaret Alice Second

Wondering (C)

Chagrined, my report gone, sternly informed of my messing up an electronic questionnaire, redid report, profusely apologised for my bad replies, marking all Extremely Unsatisfactory in confusion, the question order wrong, negative option first - it's customary to offer positive option first, ticked first box for all

Packing books in the store, messing up my Spartan colleague's perfect order; changed my font to blue - my last 2 documents gone also - muscle spasms in my right eye - if I were in my right mind I would have gone home for a nice lie down; softly my colleagues discuss their happy lives - out comes my credit card

In order to lift my mind I buy leaning Tower of Pisa & beautiful Eiffel Tower Room Décor for my daughter's room, transparent fabric & lovely silver glitter ribbon for myself - but while settling comfortably I'm given a French letter to the President: so another challenge to tax my dark-hole brain to the utmost; I sigh while

Starting on the new translation project - wondering whether I'll ever acquire the ability to concentrate on one thing at a time and conquer Weltschmerz and existential Angst marring my life...

Margaret Alice Second

Wondering Expression (Version 2)

Loved my parents for their storytelling, dad with a bedtime story - a special stone block that was removed to steal a king's treasure - thus robbers could bankrupt him; I recall the thrill of hearing

This strange tale for the first time - mother told about Tom Thumb, his dad made matchstick toys while his mother made clothes from rose petals and moon fairies slid down moonbeams to earth

While mom sang lullabies - dad is poetry to me - long ballads exploding in a staccato gunfire style, mom playing Bocherini & The Moonlight Sonata, slow melodies evoking deep feeling - but I lacked

Affection for my twin sis who insisted on rebellion, calling down everyone's wrath on everything we did while I desperately tried to melt into the background - wide-eyed wonder on hearing Verna Vels telling of

The Dear Little Witch being confused, never left me as attested to by my paper doll with her wondering expression standing next to my bed...

Margaret Alice Second

Wondering How

I know why busy people don't have problems: they have no time to think - a head without thoughts - an empty mind never wasting time to surmise what can go wrong: busy people has one specific virtue - one code of ethics: work, work, work; morning, noon & night, no family life, integrity based on one thing:

Achievement, victory through back-breaking work; no place for wondering about meaning or beauty, art and creativity; busy people don't think about the why of Right and Wrong - never see that Right represents everything that furthers their personal goals - while Wrong represents all the obstacles in their path

Everything that hinders achievement of objectives, though they don't know why these were chosen as the goals - the less active, pensive person sees the world from above, outside the situation wondering how the status quo came about, how people got so busy they don't even notice how they burn up time

And live in the emptiness of inapplicable ideas, not using the criteria of utility and logic to measure the assumptions that govern their activities, accepting whatever they have inherited, protecting routine by never trying out new things, never questioning the status quo as that would waste their precious

Production time, discipline is the first requirement of a happy life - the question why we are born and what the universe means is deemed irrelevant and left to thinkers who can't fit in...

Margaret Alice Second

Words All Gone To Dust

I saw your messages and replied, but never knew whether
my replies got through, could not start my mountain climb
as I was caught in nettles of anger on beholding the
terrible terms that have to be researched

The lines are horrible and contain no melody, even less
meaning as politicians' waffle in order to get funding
for projects from which they will extract their share
first and give the rest to the really needy ones

I'm afraid this mountaintop is lost in the mist of never-never
at this moment... and how are you - hope you find things to
laugh about - esp. the picture of me as the country's clown
trying to pose as a serious translator

Then falling down as the terms I see are incomprehensible
and with my legs being more prehensile I'm meant to climb
trees and having fun, not crying about illegible terms I can't
interpret as my brain refuses to give up fantasy

Magic and trees - and it must give up if I am to translate
words all gone to dust!

Margaret Alice Second

Words Which Hold Me Captive

Told Nici I had finished the first book, with starry eyes she brought the second volume also, I have almost finished the third one too, she said, and I could not withstand the charm of this series written for teens, beautifully sculpted to keep readers on tenterhooks as hero and heroine were driven apart

Unwillingly at first, trying to withstand its spell, I began to read, was sucked deep into the story world, everything disappeared and I read until the second book came to a discordant end, threatening tragedy, I would have to read the third book also, no stopping this lovely sheath of dreams from carrying my spirit away

No realism can penetrate or dispel the beautiful illusion or destroy the magic words which hold me captive - and I am such a willing victim...

Margaret Alice Second

Work Chronicles Tues 22.11.2011

Mary Poppins is dying of boredom,
don't know what Pollyanna is doing,
Maria von Trapp is bustling as always,
Heidi is diligently doing administration
Madame La Pompadour discreetly stays
in her bed and only moves to her couch
when vertigo and double vision abate

What is the use of finding the element
of fun in every job to be done when the
cake Mary Poppins enjoyed in the park
before riding the Merry-Go-Round in a
race, is shrinking her mind - here is a
mystery that would have thrilled Anastasia
Krupnik no end: Why did Mary Poppins

Consume two slices of cake and why did
she have only one sinus pill - since every
good thriller needs a murder or corpse,
let us add, though we're sitting on the
sixth floor which used to be a hospital,
we have not seen or felt a disembodied
presence or strange energy

This Kingsley building does not offer any
respite from breathing desultory air while
wondering how to kill time to get to the
end of this day...

Mary Poppins – Me
Pollyanna – Hanlie
Maria Von Trapp – Hermien
Heidi (Johanna Spyri) – June
Madame La Pompadour – our very sick boss
Anastasia Krupnik – character in a book
series written by Lois Lowry

World's Woes - Child's Play

Travelling by means of an affordable magazine from Demi Moore, open marriage to Kutcher who had to make his babies elsewhere and thus lost the delight of his broad-minded wife who meant freedom to breed is only her prerogative

To Designer Coffins for glorious burial, a son beating cancer just to be killed by a wild group of teenagers at night, an Indonesian man ravaged by a mystery tumour disease, a Limo truck with a 14 million rand bathtub – into the jaws of a Crocodile lurking

In Russia where would-be suicidees, despondent because they have so much less than Demi Moore cannot grow skeleton-slim because their husband cottoned-on to the meaning of open relationship, desperate because they cannot afford

Designer Coffins or take a ride in a Limo truck; did not get cancer or were killed at night by belligerent teenagers nor managed to be ravaged by a mystery Indonesian disease; inject lethal mixtures of codeine, paint thinner, gasoline, hydrochloric acid

Phosphorous and iodine so their flesh turns scaly and green and peels away from the bone while entertaining its owners by forming black holes in their bodies until they end up with gangrene, iodine messing up their endocrine system, metals causing corrosion and

Shut-down of liver and kidneys, phosphorous destroying bone-tissue; wow, such existential pain in the desolation of post-communist Russia, makes the rest of the world's woes seem child's play by comparison...

"People" SA's affordable weekly, December 18,2011, Vol 20 No 50 - Quotes from many articles and specifically p 56 Warren Robertson "Into the Jaws of a Krokodil"

Margaret Alice Second

Would Not Heal

The backyard a dump, just like my mind, spent
a day without my pre-frontal brain, with only
the reptilian base still functioning - chemical
contamination rendering me insane, first I was

shocked on discovering that my words were
utterly bad - though my colleague explained
she could see how hard I worked to convey
a bad original text in a readable way, feeling

better did not help to solve my crocodilian
pain - Arabic offered respite - but the allergy
took everything and the little alien living
inside my head could not calm down again

crying inside I surfed through the day, trying
to ride every wave; crashing and smashing
into the obstacles; the sad, empty feeling never
left and meaningless, cold and alone, playing

clown, crooning meaningless songs, uttering
platitudes; I bumbled on - my best friend is
gone and no matter how hard I tried, my heart
would not heal and the crocodile could not

recover from shock - I mentioned my pain
about the backyard dump to my little girl -
she threatened to leave if I uttered another
word - by now the crocodile is gone, one

thing left: the little alien dead in my head

Margaret Alice Second

Wrestled It To The Ground

Today I tackled the growing heap of washing and wrestled it to the ground, enjoying the work as the lack of achievement which marks the holiday season wears me down, I managed to worsen the sunburn by going on scary fun park rides with Tiaan, swam in a calm sea lacking waves and cut a small slit in my swimsuit to pour out the sand which gathers between the two layers of material

Tomorrow we shall split up and each visit his favourite place; I shall be off to the Bargain Bookshop; yesterday I bought mother a cushion with roses sewed on top and heard angel voices sing as I carried it home, bought dad the sailing ship I have earmarked for him five years ago, also bought yellow flowers identical to those in my office, the theme of light and sweetness still filling my heart

Wednesday 12 December 2012

Margaret Alice Second

Wry Amusement

I've forgotten what it means when only one person is allowed to live, the implications of only you allowed to have your experience, the rest of us are fools, complete nitwits claiming to have an experience too and that so different

From omnipotent you - how unthinkable, how illegal and despicable, I dared to suggest sun's heat reflected from the wide concrete expanse in the backyard heats the white sitting room & even worse, the highest sin of them all, dared

To erect barriers against the heat outside as the sliding doors have no blinds and you lost your mind on noticing my transgression, I pulled it down losing my calm - but ere I could write it down, I listened to sweet music and now anger

Is spent, the hot fury making me wish to attack you is gone - all that's left is wry amusement at your selfish lack of consideration for anybody except your own holy self and your infantile insistence that I agree with your stupidity

Margaret Alice Second

Yak-Butter Tea [rev]

Seeing beautiful things - angel wings forming at
my arm's ends - with their own ethereal charms
as I swim - gilded bedroom walls when slanting
sun shines in with much amazing debonair joy so
alien to my tortured mind, catching the white

Baskets with flowers & Pappageno's song on
the radio, the sparkling transparent glassware
& the white net-curtain tablecloth; everything
deepens feeling of chemical depression after a
lovely Sunday family dinner enjoyed together

I have a feeling of growing foreboding as today
has been lost to my brain imploding - assailed
by allergy foods, mealie bread, chocolate and
fruit pastilles, a veritable feast, yet the price is
too high - I shall try to follow the virtuous road

Preached by Lobsang Rampa, eating sparse
boring food as it increases spirituality - in my
case by refraining from cursing secretly as my
head shrinks in pain - and I hate everything &
everyone - especially myself for feeling so

Very bad, responsible for my own suffering, &
knowing that a Tibetan diet would be good for
me - if only I could get hold of yak-butter tea

Margaret Alice Second

You And I

...sharing the sweetness of soft kisses while red lips all mischievous send an invite to the celestial gods themselves and the wild winds join the party thrown open to goblins and fairies and elves and the stars seem to shine in the lively eyes of a million lovers who all seek to find the special one to be held tight in affectionate arms while amorous voices whisper the sweetest words that were ever formed and even the sun and moon throw kisses at each other while Venus and Mars embrace in a new understanding of love - and you and I - and YOU and I together you and I twirl together, mad with delight...

Margaret Alice Second

You Are Better

You have actually succeeded in convincing me
I was making a fool of myself, everything I said
interpreted as negative - I give up, conform to
your opinion - I am too tired to fight - besides
why fight someone who shall do everything
that's wanted -

Why expect understanding and friendship
when I get common sense, help buying
groceries, guidance in human relations,
everything required - if you feel that I'm
stupid, I have to agree; but as it means
you are the biggest fool

For putting up with me while I feel that you
are worthy - it means I would not agree to
anything with someone I deem unworthy:
if you deem me unworthy, so be it, you
are welcome to put yourself down, I'd
never do such a thing myself

If you feel you were capable of choosing an
inferior partner while I feel superior in my
choice of you, I prefer my own estima-
tion to yours; you can rate me as low
as you please, I rate me as high
as can be - because I know

You are better than this...

Margaret Alice Second

You Are So Loved

Cherish your dreams and ideals
'cause their fragrance keep you
sweet - while daring love smiles
lets your minds touch exploding
to the high heavens - in colours
never to be described: the love
living in thoughts in your mind

Creates worlds of connections
where you share your beautiful
self with everyone else, accept
the gift offered in return - when
you show your true self & then
as our minds touch - we shall
forever be in love, in a union

Spanning the universe, don't
think yourself isolated again

- - - - You are so Loved- - - -

Margaret Alice Second

You Can Break Away [revised]

Three in a row - gold-diggers and fortune-hunters stop,
take note, there's karma in our family, my dad and his
brothers went the same way, your grandpa lost his new
house for the sake of his wife, my dad was taken in by
his brother-in-law, it's a karmic account to be paid, you
are easy prey

Self-sufficient people with normal lives are whom you
seek in intimacy, not being caught by mercenaries who
stay only for monetary gain, my dad never stopped his
consorts helping others until he was broken - your fate
is written in the stars, we live on a plane of parasites,
refuse to give them entrance into your life

Anyone needing financial help can't enter your life; events
indicate it is karma inherited from a great-grandfather who
knew no law in his life, you have to make your own policy
to deal with this, learn from history, know the important
thing: You can change your fate by acting differently -
especially thus you leave needy people alone

It is our fate to fall prey to parasites, make it a rule to only
deal with normal, competent, independent people, never
be involved in projects requiring YOUR money; never pay
another's debts, no matter how much you love them - it is
to the disadvantage of both parties: the person you help
remains just as mean and needy as before and you don't

Gain a friend - parasites are disgusted by those whom
they use, you CAN break away, quite a few of our family
members have managed successfully...

1 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

You Can Talk To Me

I cannot talk to them, the benevolent hardworking people in the office, when explaining something their eyes close in refusal to consider any theory but their own, they only want to discuss things pertaining to work, how to access the Internet, find Bookmarks or Favourites while I try to hide my ignorance

They only enquire about a list of Work-On-Hand, refuse to play the desert game, proudly declare having no fantasy makes them successful, I agree, no imagination makes it possible to sit quietly and make lists of things, things to be done, things already done and things going wrong - Terry Pratchett describes this in Thief of Time

As the world coming to an end, people stop thinking and dreaming as Rules take over, my colleagues love rules as the beginning and end of existence, but rules are a steel framework on which I hang my hat while my mind goes off awandering, without access to anyone sharing my ideas, life is useless - waiting for a kindred spirit

To start interaction again, I'm locked up until someone says 'I understand what you mean, you can talk to me...'

Margaret Alice Second

You Lived Gloriously [revised]

Intense you lived, and fast - drinking deep of life's cup;
curious, bubbly, bright - enjoying the marvel of feelings
alight in sensuousness, you are an exquisite butterfly
shedding the cocoon of physical life to discover new
dimensions, ascending harmonic scales of your own
flowing music resounded melodiously in your poetry

You were never engrossed in materiality, reaching for
life's philosophical mysteries, studying consciousness;
you lived passionately, abandoning yourself to free-
flowing emotions of the present - of experiencing Life
and living it gloriously; you're now facing the deepest
mystery of all, leaving the husk of an earthly body

To be reborn consciousness forever of you in a new
and exciting form of being - and I shall find you there,
we share this wavelength yours and mine, where your
lucid honesty's joyous wonderment shines, charming my
spirit with your affection and love - I'll easily find you
there, you won't be alone, not with me as your friend....

For Tara

[ORIGINAL:]

The Wavelength We Share

You lived fast, intense, drinking deep from the
cup of life, curious, bright, bubbling - enjoying
the marvel of feelings and floating on sensitive
delight, your a beautiful butterfly shedding this
cocoon called physical life in order to discover
new dimensions, climbing the harmonic scales
of your own music in resounding melody

You had no interest in material things, researching
life's mysteries & philosophy to study consciousness
held your attention, passionately you abandoned your-

self to free-flowing emotions in the present moment;
you lived gloriously, experiencing Life: now you're
facing the deepest mystery of all, leaving the husk
that is just an earthly body we leave behind - and

Allowing your forever-consciousness to be reborn
into a new, exciting form of being - and I shall find
you there - on our wavelength, yours and mine, the
wavelength we share, where your lucid honesty &
joyous wonderment will shine charming my spirit
with your affection and love - I shall always find
you there, you won't ever be alone, not with me

As your friend....

For Tara

[25 July 2014]

Margaret Alice Second

You Shall Be My Knight [revised]

You Shall Be My Knight [REVISED]

She galloped to him at speed – you shall be my Knight!
she assigned - he laughed intrigued - declared her his
Lady-Love, took her to his castle and went forth to fight
demons outside, but it wasn't pretty enough, her Knight
fared bad when he returned bloody and hurt, so Hmpf,
she said, there's nothing such as a Knight in a Knave
who's a bloody fool – and she rose up, took off – You
shall hear from my lawyers for wasting my time in your
Castle keep, not lavishing me trinkets and jewelry or
killing demons enough! She left him there to clean his
own wounds, laughing as she went – What a stupid Fool!

8 October 2013

Margaret Alice Second

Young Maiden [rev]

Africa's a feckless young maiden - foolish & illogical - as such she's ungovernable; benefits of science and technology, medical progress, political philosophy & ethics are non-existent. She's beautiful & admired by men but like all innocently naive women love is to her prejudice - senseless without intelligence & wisdom.

Once men in Africa's South had opportunity to import Western benefits, but opportunity was lost, pillaged by greedy wantonness seeing a lovely bounty exploited for selfish profit, delegating Africa's people to slavery; today's New Africa leaders prevent their rise again by aping their former colonial masters - oppress their

Own people, create empty bureaucracy destroying every hope of honest business; down-trodden for so long, leaders seizing power desire absolute power, new politics wear higher heels - force their people deeper into degradation through corrupt institutions oppressors previously made, believing they'll be

Freed as cultural remains of former masters are destroyed - like radiation destroying the bad with the good yet preserving every evil practice once turned on them: when will they grow rational, when will this bewitchingly beautiful continent of Africa learn what respect and wisdom is, what the terms

Ethics & accountability mean - will they discover what truth & justice mean - when will Africa rid herself of criminals prostituting her against her self, killing her children, plunging her into ruin - will it ever happen, will it happen soon - probably not while people follow their former masters, not while

Philosophy & ethics are unknown, not while her children are gorging themselves swallowing their very own lives - Africa, beautiful Africa, forget the image forced upon you and be the Young Maiden

that you are, discover your incorruptible heart is pure, your ideals unassailable,

Stand proud in your ability to lead your children rationally, return to the wisdom of your heart, be honest in all you do, rid yourself of criminal admirers trying to take your life - you're just sleeping, wake up, punish those trying to exploit your innocence and sit at Wisdom's feet to learn the truth of LOVE: love

Is only lived by the Rational - only applied by the Wise, only succeeds through integrity & accepts responsibility for every loving step you take; this I dream for Africa, an innocent and naïve young Maiden honouring herself as a rational, realistic woman whose dreams & ideals lift her far above

Criminals & detractors to experience the joy of a freedom-loving nation; Africa's not free as yet, bound by the chains of history - but she will be free once her children study philosophy to find out how Freedom lives, throwing off the past's constricting manacles, free when the evil mark

Of her history is known as temporary and she is free to start anew, offering her children a new life, her beauty unblemished for all to see...

Margaret Alice Second

Young Readers [r]

It's not a good book - well the terrible writing is strung-along short sentences- with the author impatient & haphazardly going back explaining things instead of working in details seamlessly; the story reads like a School Project

Forcing the author to race through the story - and as creative ideas were short, to list foods eaten at meals as if that should be the young readers' highpoint - but I'm charmed anyway by the beautiful illustrations & the sweet idea

That when we go back in time, we might save the lives of people we know as seniors in our contemporary societies - one young girl saved a drowning toddler while another saved a baby from a fire, my plan of bringing 3 books to read

During the skills audit meeting paid dividends

Margaret Alice Second

Your Humble Servant (Revised)

As a child I endured toothache pain stoically
practicing for persecution of difficult times as
Apostles in the Bible recommend, but today

I take antibiotics, accepting pain has no place
in fate chosen from future forks of a different
trouser leg of time; we are free to go any way

The gods knew I used earache to stay trouble-
free in translating my three documents, they
double-folded earache pain to make sure

Every work triumph has a price - uncomfortable
as the ear is, I'm thrilled by the deal, it is
a dream come true to do my work efficiently

Paying for such privilege in physical pain is apt -
makes me feel better about shortcomings, the
gods enjoy keeping me humble and quiet

Your humble servant as ever, that's me!

Margaret Alice Second

Your Mad Carousel [revised]

I love you, communication is a difficult thing, you
come from a one-parent home, from your 12th year
you were ruler in charge of the house as your mother
was ill, you learned to govern long before
you learned to love

I write my lack of communication frustrations down to
analyse, get rid of anger, the same constriction that
kept me silent as a child rises when I try to state my
viewpoint and you shoot it down in one
explosive stroke

It does not diminish my love, nothing you do affects
the core of my being, but it makes me angry when
I'm helpless and disempowered as you besiege my
thoughts – yet this is only one aspect of our
multifaceted relationship

Calculating benefit of devotion versus lack of
understanding when you don't listen as you are
drowning in things going wrong; a broken door,
rattling car driving you mad, learner driver
idiots blocking your way

The children going their way instead of doing what
you say; vent your frustration, I confide my feelings
to paper to discuss them later as the mad carousel
comes to a stop, just know – I love you and
always will...

For Martin
Tuesday 23 July 2013

[ORIGINAL:]

I love you and understand why communication is such
a difficult thing, you come from a one-parent home, from
your 12th year you were the ruler in charge of the house

as your mother was ill, you learned to govern long before
you learned to love

I write down my frustration with lack of communication to
analyse the problem and get rid of the anger building in
my heart as the same constriction that kept me silent
as a child, still rises when I state my viewpoint and you
shoot it down in one explosive stroke

It does not diminish my love - nothing you do affects
the core of my being, it only makes me angry when
you totally besiege my thoughts leaving me feeling
helpless and disempowered - yet this is only one
aspect of our multifaceted relationship

I calculate the benefit of devotion versus the lack of
understanding when you do not listen to me, knowing
you are drowning in a sea of things going wrong, the
broken door, the rattling car driving you mad, traffic
with idiot learner drivers blocking your way

The children going their way instead of doing what
you say, you have to vent your frustration sometime,
I shall confide my feelings to paper and discuss them
later when your mad carousel comes to a stop, just
know - I love you and always will...

Margaret Alice Second

Your Presence

Reality – THIS reality in which YOU live – is more beautiful than the dream, I am content, it would seem you can work wonders with your presence, when you are there, the sun comes out, when you speak, you open my heart, when you pronounce, my mind wakes up, with your sonorous voice in my ears, I understand the meaning of living this life

Thank you for teaching me to trust by being trustworthy and holding my hand when my fears held me over the abyss, thank you for turning back as I fell trying to follow in your footsteps, thank you for being just who you are even when others did not comprehend your great spirit and sweet intent – I appreciate you, right here, right now

Just as you are, without fear that you are just a figment of my imagination – because you are not, you are so much bigger than that – no fantasy can reach the height of your stature, you just keep growing, I love reality
- at last!

Margaret Alice Second

Your Sacred Space

Do you know what it's like when it's raining after drought? The joy of silver rain sifting down, the feeling of green trees and leaves glowing from inside; do you know what the scenario brings, do you even know how this rain fills my heart?

Even my beloved, strong, angry, frustrated and furious; has been won over, even my kids being insouciant, expressed their relief - dad is calm again, now we can breathe - now my daughter is leaving for a photographer's job on a ship

NEAR the American continent - how can I be calm - and describe dreams for the beauty of understanding, common sense, as well as quiet inner deliberation - the confabulation of my situation makes me lose the threads of this

Plot - I'm an undercover poet, quite useless, only once in a while does a document drive me to distraction - beloved in bed, ready to join him - yet, the falling rain outside needs more encouragement, the lovely cool weather

Needs lots of inner compliments, he must feel the safety there is in the new inner citadel - sorry, could not state it in a way that would suit your sacred space -

Margaret Alice Second

Your Tumultuous Life (Revised)

First I'm blamed for being inappropriately keen
to leave while you claimed a need for ice; tho' I
was prepared already I had to beg forgiveness,
explaining I was being inconsiderate, to help
reduce your mounting ire

Then you said, now we should leave, and I was
too slow reacting, you gave a speech about
my being unbecomingly slow whenever you
wanted to do anything - by that time
I was completely resigned

To the autocratic boss in you, I did not bother
with repartee, it is useless to anticipate your
taste; whatever I do, I'll be in trouble again,
I might as well accept that you are bound to
blame me for whatever happens

In your tumultuous life...

Margaret Alice Second

Zeus In Charge

Living through a war with Zeus in charge,
ducking lightning bolts, requires a spirit
fortified, a mind focused on things high,
a tongue tightly tied, one wrong step,
one word out of place; all explodes

Shrapnel raining all around, nowhere to
hide, all the wrong things said, too many
wrong steps, everyone seething inside,
injustice paramount in their minds, the
volatile situation now a full-scale war

No chance for explanation until you calm
down, no room for quiet consultation, you
forge ahead leading to our doom, trying to
play diplomat led to my being regarded the
arch enemy by everyone caught in this

Unstoppable hurricane, emotions swirling
into dervish whirlwinds now growing into
black holes sucking in the light allowing
no escape - we might emerge in a new
universe - or would you prefer to return

To this, our former happy home?

Margaret Alice Second