James B. Earley
- poems -

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James B. Earley (5 April 1934)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Email address: earleyjim@
.....When rocks

...............Are thrown

.....................Our way

.............Maliciously

....................Thrown

...........ONLY...

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

..............................Reasons

..................................WHY

James B. Earley
......Bully......Somebody Else....Perhaps

Elementary the lessons in messing with Sessions
......Sessions....is a lawman...it seems
Was once a suitor....now....a prosecutor
...Your logic's....falling apart...at the seams

Loony your objectives.....one should be more selective
....This layman....has access....to wiretaps
So messing with Sessions....just could be a lesson
....Bully......somebody else....perhaps

Though you loathe and despise....this word...to the wise
....There's a lesson....in Sessions....to learn
In messing with folks...where there's fire...there's smoke
.....One playing....with fire...might get burned

Thus...messing with Sessions....fatal....the lesson
....This man....has access....to wiretaps
Loony....your objectives....one should be more selective
......Bully......somebody else....perhaps

James B. Earley
Discretion...If Not.....Now......When

One....need....beware
....Of pandemonium
Through careless moments
....When....at the podium

Twisted mindset's
...Venom...sprays
Unsettled logic
...Distorted ways

Wretched threats....
Tossed on.....cyber winds
....Tweeted posts
Set loose.....again

...'Crooked...Hillary'
And 'Lying Ted'
....And 'Little Marco'
All seething red

...Within....such anger
Dwells no power
As opposed to 'Rocketman's'
.....Darkest Hour
*
*
Thus....during caustic moments
.....While at the podium
Don.....need be more...wary
....Of......pandemonium

James B. Earley
......In Kelly's...Eyes

Lack of compromise
....In Kelly's....eyes
The Civil War...
Thus Slavery's ties

....Omnipresent
In Kelly's eyes...
But...for lack
...Of compromise
*
*
...In Kelly's......Eyes

Author's note:
"Honorable men commit treasonous behavior...sometimes."
(Paraphrasing General Kelly's comment with regard to Confederate General
Robert E. Lee's Civil War participation.)JBE

James B. Earley
Finding....Acceptance.....In Heaven

Muslims....denied entrance to America
Would they find acceptance in Heaven
America's proliferation of evil
.....Might....that all.....be forgiven

The triviality of inequality's
....Sustained physical abuse
'Heaven's your deliverance'
Bigotry's...long-standing excuse

Hatred...having spent...its existence
Despising Niggers and others
...Eternally gathered collectively
Literally...sisters....and brothers

..Something's wrong with this picture
....What's.....dramatically bothersome
Is that premise of the Hereafter....
......'Tis....troubling......worrisome

After....a lifetime.....of suffering
Would the sufferers then share
.....Equally....throughout...eternity
What was patently denied here

America's incivility toward minorities
......Might....that all be...forgiven
Would Niggers and Muslims
.....Find....acceptance....in Heaven

James B. Earley
Let's Cut Through The Chase

As a matter...of fact
The obstacles we face
There's a lesson in history
Let's cut through the chase

There was no social media
...No access.....as such
That ability to distort...
Hitler didn't have that crutch

He didn't possess billions
Though SIMILAR his base
....History......revisited
Let's cut through the chase

Denied monetary influence
Clearly Hitler never owned
....The concept of tweeting
Still decades.....unknown

Though he didn't have money
..Hitler scrounged-up the gall
The comparison thus melding
...They're the same...after all

As a matter of importance
...The obstacles we face
Perhaps...a lesson in history
...Let's cut through....the chase

James B. Earley
For the sake...of humanity...despite its insanity
Praying Congress...might come...to its senses......
Hopefully....its purpose recall...thus recapture its balls
.....Before calamity...in Washington....commences

Black Athlete....denigrated as the 'Son-Of-A-Bitch'
......White Privileged.....hypocrisy....revealed
He could've....'Burned the flag'...as if some rag
....But yet....the Athlete....chose only.....to kneel

Both.....the First....and Second Amendments...abused
.....'Twas Huntsville's.....message......those weeks......ago
Pitting......Whites and Blacks....against one another
......Our President's gall....still denying......it........though

Having incited the crowd....with that bold face......lie
'They're taking....your gun.......rights....away'
....The scoundrel at the podium creating pandemonium
He...with a straight face...claiming it ain't about race - we pray

.......For the sake....of humanity...despite its insanity
Hopefully....Congress might come......to its senses
.......Its purpose....recall.....thus...recapturing its balls
Before calamity....in Washington...commences

James B. Earley
...A Bit More...Transparent....Today

Podium's pandemonium
...Catastrophic...our way
Once veiled contradictions
....A bit more transparent today

Double downed rhetoric
....Spoken in terms resolute
A White House once respected
Today's occupant...prostitutes

....Disturbed mentality....perhaps
'Lust'....for predecessor...it seems
There's a passion whose fashion
....'Tis obsessed with 'those' dreams

How else does one explain
...The fire...within....that we see
When the eyes divulging
...What's held...emotionally

Unbalanced....that reaction
...When one's tormented inside
What we've all long suspected
...The eyes...no longer...

Thus podium's pandemonium
....Even....more cloudy...the way
Once veiled contradictions
...A bit more...transparent....today

Author's note:
Impromptu.....Presidential News Conference - 8/15/2017

James B. Earley
....Judging....Moore - Or Less

Disturbing....antics
....Heretofore attest
Alabama's Roy Moore
...Long...viewed as less

Now alarming voices
....They too address
That Moore in fact
Is.....indeed less

....As did......C. K.
Why not just confess
......Owning-up to
This sordid mess

....Admitting to child...lust
Though...a different test...
'Tis the state....of Alabama's
...Judging Moore....or less

James B. Earley
...Kaepernick...You Totally...Useless....Prick

...Kaepernick....to some.....is but a prick
Though most of whom are soundly sick
....In the head....and merely dread
What they've seen heard and read

And find a flaw where 'kneels' the awe
...Then raise that bigoted...chant...hell nah
'Tis indeed a drag disrespect the flag
....You make us puke you make us gag

Oh....Kaepernick...you useless prick
....You make us so justifiably sick
All this Nation's......done for you.....
Its flag of equality you literally screw

....Black lives matter....as well.....you say
How dare you suggest it's any other way....
We brought you from Africa where still you'd be
.....Look now.....your blended...pedigree

And thus...as such...you owe us much
.....Get up...'BOY'......get off...your crutch
That brain of yours is deadly sick
....Kaepernick...you totally...useless....prick

James B. Earley
Leaving...Sex...Where It Lay

Youth's cluttered pathway
...Often....distorted...its view
There's wisdom in aging...
Youth never once had a clue

....Pondering...those days
Simply wondering aloud
....Complex....its mystery
A ground yet unplowed

...Clarity non-existent
Nothing abundantly clear
.....Sex...the ultimate...uniter
Perhaps...the opposite...it appears

When lying naked with each other
...None more sacred of schemes
Yet in reality...'tis but.....a moment
....All meaningless.....it seems

Had they chose merely friendship
.....Leaving sex......where it lay
That bond once so magnificent
Would be there...to this day

.....Think.....for a moment
The truth of those words....
Passionate romps in the hay
....Time...sees now....as absurd

For that bond once magnificent
....Would be....their salvation...today
Had they chose simply friendship
....Leaving....sex....where it lay

Author's note:
Humanity's...critical mistake.
....Pinocchio - Putin's Puppet

The greater...the lie
More lengthy the nose
So goes the story
....Of Pinocchio's

Mastery....of deceit
Scoundrel in vogue
...A rascal....an imp
Ragamuffin and rogue

...Epitome...of evil
Demented of mind
....Con man's traits
Artistically defined

Along came justice
...Descending on his ass
Comeuppance perhaps
....Now coming to pass
*
*

White House Resident
Pinocchio The President
Justice indeed coming to pass...
'Cause Mueller's...team...of lawyers
....Hot...on Pinocchio's ass

Author's note:
Dedicated to my brother, Charles L. Muscovalley, as per his request that I compose a poem about "Pinocchio, " Putin's puppet.

James B. Earley
....Seems...Some Christians...Phony....Fictions

Another wonder....of my world
.....Scrutinizing....thought....unfurled

I've never...met.....an atheist racist
...Yet..quite a slew....of Christian sadists

Why.....is this of some concern
...As I wonder....more I discern

A distinct fallacy amongst the Christians
...Seems....some Christians...phony..fictions

James B. Earley
From whence we come we shall return
Walking this way but once
Through trial and error thus we learn
Walking this way but once

Avenues a-many mistakes aplenty
Walking this way but once
Sometimes a crowd then hardly any
Walking this way but once

Spiritual pathways...incomplete
Walking this way but once
Feast or famine still we eat
Walking this way but once

Friend or foe we may never know
Walking this way but once
That smile we see ain't always so
Walking this way but once

But come what may this trip we make
Walking this way but once
Let's cut the bullshit for goodness sake
...Walking this way but once

Contrasting faces.....all sisters....and brothers
Walking this way but once
What the hell...are we here for....if not each other
...Traveling....this way.....but once

James B. Earley
What Say You - Your...Conclusion

Say...that rumble...in the hay
....Done exclusively for pay
Legally....defined as prostitution
Yet...if one...is taken to dinner...fed
....Then later off to bed
Contradiction...raises..some confusion

For...if one is taken to dinner....fed
.....Then later.....off to bed
Is that not an 'act' of prostitution
As is that rumble in the hay
Done exclusively for pay
*
*
....What say you - your....conclusion

Author's note:
Prostitution: 1 a. exploiting one's own body for financial gain

James B. Earley
1930s' Views We Once Abhorred

Hop aboard...today's...Bigoted Train
In that exaggerated soap-boxed refrain
....Have the Resident Genius explain
Pure litany of.......intense disdain

Listen to varied.....thoughts of yore...
Similarity to others long gone before
Reincarnated...rhetoric's...visions soar
...Views...indeed.....we once abhorred

Resurrected in....that Bigoted Train's
....Exaggerated soap-boxed refrains....
Aboard....the Racist One explains
His mirrored litany......Germany's shame

...Relishing....varied thoughts of yore
Reminiscent of others long gone before
Reincarnated rhetoric's....visions soar
....1930s'...views....we once abhorred

James B. Earley
...A Serious...State Of Mind....Defined...

Diabolical maniacal
Intermittent periodical
Erratic disposition...
Life's twisted mission
Audacious outrageous
....Bigoted contagious
Critical state of mind
......Defined

Of one duly elected
Suspicious subjected
Wondered pondered refined....
Reflected dissected...and...as expected
....'Tis....a serious...state of mind....
Defined......

James B. Earley
None greater zeal...that urge...repeal
...'Tis rancored passion's...stark appeal
Rallying...the seedy...bigoted...greedy....
Despising depriving those lame and needy

None greater hate would confiscate
....Repeal....destroy...disintegrate
Though fully enjoying healthcare themselves...
Congressional...witchery...hooligan's elves

Despicable crowd...the Church...equivalent
....Conspiratorial...its lot...souls..ambivalent
Rancored...passion's...pronounced appeal...
'Fuck em all....as promised...Obamacare...repeal'

Author's note:
Still wondering why the assembled passel of sitting 'Congressional Bigots' fail to comprehend that a 'simple' legislative fix to Obamacare (Affordable Healthcare Act) is far more responsible, and indeed practical than the favored, disruptive 'Repeal' approach.

We've long 'financially' provided Israel universal healthcare, plus enormous educational enhancements, yet hypocritically ignore the anguished plight of our Nation's own. My simple question is: What manner of people are we? ? ? ?

James B. Earley
As I thought of those cars leaving Florida
Irma's challenge left me wondering aloud
....How many...if any....science deniers
Were stuck in that anguished crowd

Or were they...perhaps....somewhere hunkered down
 ......Collectively...denying the threat...of the storm
Claiming 'scientists...a bunch of misfits and idiots'
....And....such other....notions of scorn

To the contrary....they were among the first folks out
.....All....moneyed deniers...with political.....clout
Classic hypocrites completely frantic no doubt....
Indeed...those scoundrels...were the first ones out
* 
 *
 .......'Twas a litany of science deniers....
Duplicity...amongst...its questionable crowd
Within....countless vehicles...departing Florida
....Irma's challenge...leaves me wondering...aloud

James B. Earley
Life's.....A Bit More....Complex

Tomorrow...its wonders
.....Repetition expects
Each day....thus a given...
But...it's a bit more complex

Dwelling at the crossroads
...Betwixt and between
Sunrise and......sunset
....The nightfall unseen

Darkness...it's there
...Still yet to unfold
That melding of the evening
....Awaiting twilight's role

This...all taken...for granted
...Unconsciousness creeps
A nighttime.....of slumber
....Unencumbered in sleep

Dreams....of the morrow
.....Repetition....expects
Each day forward....a given
...Though...reality rejects
Infinity.....as a promise....
Life's...a bit more...complex

James B. Earley
...So Saith......Stenchings Arising

Might the White House an outhouse
There's a stench arising
....Wafting....emanating
From that potty place comprising

....Oval Office....West Wing
Whiffs lingering a spell
All the kingdom Trump's throne
....Evidenced....by the smell

Of putrid compositions
Presidential down-sizings...
The White House an outhouse
...So saith...stenchings arising

James B. Earley
...'tis...Literally....Satan's Facade

...Spreading blasphemy's evil
Across American sod
.....Obviously our Maker
Done....spared....the rod

Conservative Christianity
....Might...it be....a facade?
The question should warrant
...Even...the Satanical....nod

Each and every Sunday morning
Countless church folks trod
...Throughout devious congregations
Devoid......totally of God

...Within those nefarious walls
Absolutely no signs of God
....Perhaps....in that...final hour
He ain't sparing the rod

....Having had hypocrite's haven
Engulfing...the entire squad
....Is...Heaven in their future?
It appears...increasingly odd

Considering...the institution...itself's
...Been historically slipshod....
Conservative Christianity's Church
...'Tis...literally....Satan's facade

James B. Earley
...Where....Art Thou.....O' Wikileaks

Resounding notes of utter silence
...A quiet stillness....yet that speaks
In roaring volumes whose raging silence
....Begs where art thou....O' WikiLeaks

This simple quest gives rise to wonder...
Considering what...why...where...and when
...Such logic thus raise tons new questions...
WikiLeaks...its purpose...its role...now then

....Resounding notes of utter silence
A quiet stillness.....yet....that speaks
Roaring volumes...but raging silence
......Begs.....where art thou...O' WikiLeaks

James B. Earley
...Without.....Any Salve

Screwed by circumstance
...Without....any salve
Life insists on desiring....
What it knows it can't have

Yet somewhere in the madness
Lessons....often teach
......That some things in life
Should be beyond...reach

Doesn't mean two people
....Can't passionately.....care
A situational complexity
...Long...decided elsewhere

The pathway forward
......Circuitous....at best
Figuring it all out....
'Tis the ultimate test

...The heart's....in denial
What the eyes can't conceal
...It's that truth of the matter
Once critically revealed....

Life...consists...of desiring
....What it knows it can't have
Thus screwed by circumstance
...Without......any salve

James B. Earley
A Once Weeping Jesus...Now Doomed...To Wail -
The Affordable Act Revisited

Obamacare's...often said...the Devil
....Hypocrisy's blatant message wails
The Devil 'tis in fact the conflict
Where evil mindsets would wont prevail

....Revocation...its implicit....purpose
Despite the many souls been blessed
....Those afflicted...folks amongst us
Whose dire plight the 'Act' address

....Employing stunts of sheer deception
Treacherous acts...and deeds of prey
Withholding..healthcare from the masses
....For 'themselves'...they found...a way

Providing Congress juicy coverage
...Yet...their constituency...then deny
What's literally owed an ailing public
......Who's agonizing begging why

There's never been a single effort
To 'fix' what ails the troubled 'Act'
....Dismantling votes...hatefully taken
Egregious is...such heinous fact

Satan...thus...itself the conflict
....Where evil mindsets would dare assail
Characteristically...a Christian purpose
....A once weeping Jesus...now doomed...to wail

James B. Earley
'tis Charade Validated...by Your Voters' Receipt

'Country's going down the wrong path: ' - Unemployment rate 5.8% and holding..Bin Laden dead...International meddling significantly decreased...Gasoline prices lowest in years..Corporate profits skyrocketing..Dow Jones riding an unprecedented high; Demonstrative evidence, Barack's 'racists/elitists' policies are ruining the Economy.

Obamacare, a satanic absurdity..Kentucky Kynect, its disguised resurrection, God's welcomed alternative to the State's biased constituents..Senator Mary Landrieu, a blatant liar with no literal comprehension of historical truth..The Statue of Liberty, Emma Lazarus' poem, 'The New Colossus' graven on a tablet within its pedestal, is held European specific...and all other racial entities mutually excluded. Tea Party caricatures, once thought racially despicable, were misconstrued expressions of 'barbecued watermelon' love. - Which brings us full circle..Now the portrait's complete...Bigoted politics exposed...Simply degrees of deceit..'Tis charade validated...By your Voters' receipt.

James B. Earley
"tis My Prayer...pleading Mercy

'Tis my prayer...dear God
...Don't hold it against me
Nor the rest of us Christians
....Renouncing...Christianity

And for Humanity's sake
Muslims..temporary reject
Muhammad the Prophet
........In time......I suspect

An end....to all bickering
Our World will get along
...The HEREAFTER...defining
What's right and what's wrong

'Tis my prayer....pleading mercy
...Once finally...said and done
You...and Muhammad...dear God
...Muslims...Christians....as one
*
*
*
'Tis my prayer....
..............................Pleading mercy

Author's Note:
"I came to the conclusion long ago that all religions were true and that also that all had some error in them, and while I hold by my own religion, I should hold other religions as dear as Hinduism. So we can only pray, if we were Hindus, not that a Christian should become a Hindu; but our innermost prayer should be that a Hindu should become a better Hindu, a Muslim a better Muslim, and a Christian a better Christian."? Mahatma Gandhi

James B. Earley
‘tis....Whose Side Of The Fence.....The Rhyme....Defines

America’s......divide....
Either Bigots or Idiots
Dichotomy’s question will find
...Its answer....complex
Somewhere in the rhyme
‘Tis...whose side of the fence
....The rhyme....defines

James B. Earley
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue - Chaotic...Neurotic - Despotic

Successes....or messes

......Evidence stresses

The President's largesse is

...Perhaps...imagined successes
 *
 *
Such are the guesses

....Sheer

.........................Confusion

.............................................Addresses

James B. Earley
A Belabored Chat....With God

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
A Bit Out Of Sorts

Here facing reality
.....A bit...out of sorts
Future once taken for granted
....Now time's...running short

Hours going forward
....So few....the days
That angst of the morrow
...The thought of it prays

That happiness be her lot...
Or....contentment she finds
....Either one or the other
Both....satisfying of mind

Clinging to imagination
....Precious.....the memory
A measure of comfort dwelling
.....Somewhere within the mystery

Of billions.....on this planet
....Yet it's monumental that two
Simply met literally....as ships...
In the night passing through

.....And thus....the reality...
That time is indeed short
....Just facing the music
Clearly...a bit...out of sorts

James B. Earley
A Clinical...Revelation

Conflicting interests
Whose worlds collide
Flamboyant...openness
...Yet....a secret..side

Now we sat at the mercy
...Of nefarious....assault
Too late...recognizing....
It was our own damn fault

The lesser of the evils
We ignored that voice
Ballot box......offering
...A viable....choice

We sat at the side lines
...Just watching....in awe
Denying......the future....
Though...the future we saw

Forked-tongued speaking
...In......explicit terms
Lie...after lie....raising...
No responsible concerns

It wasn't ignorance driven
...'Twas...a bigoted base
Certainly not the economy...
But overt matters....of race
*
*
*
Thus...a challenge to every bigot
....Request...a simple...DNA
Its...comprehension...perhaps
...Might....pave...the way

To a clearer understanding
Of the fallacy...folks paint
...A clinical...revelation....
Of what is...and what ain't

James B. Earley
A Critical Thought....To Ponder

Analytical hours pondering Christian America’s dubious social attitude, leads one to question its notable lack of spiritual fortitude toward affirming, in practice, the biblical tenets it disingenuously claims to uphold. And thus, through course, failing to engage, and repudiate the bigoted philosophy, long emanating from within the storied bastions of its conservative institutions.

Might that deliberate reluctance then suggest an abiding presence of a Satanic Master, that perhaps, it collectively worships?

‘Tis, a critical thought........to ponder.....

James B. Earley
A Despicable.....Lot - Our Self-Anointed...Christian Congress

...'Repeal...replace'
Illusions chase
...Thus....reality's
Abject distaste
Healthcare's diabolical
....Satanic.....face

Where....art thou honor
...Was it....ever there
Your 'own' needy kinfolk
....In want....somewhere

Scoundrels indeed
....Trust.....misplaced
Bigots acting in such haste
God-forsaken...despots
...Mankind's disgrace

Hypocrites'....haven
Humanity's waste
...Heaven offers
No saving grace

...But.....purgatory
At....Satan's...place
For 'all'......eternity
...Just...in case

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

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

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

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

Author's Note:
"Are you happy? '
'I am content.'
'What is the difference? '
'Between happiness and contentment? Ah, there you have me. It is not easy to put into words. Contentment is a state of mind and body when the two work in harmony, and there is no friction. The mind is at peace, and the body also. The two are sufficient to themselves. Happiness is elusive- coming perhaps once in a life-time- and approaching ecstasy.'
'Not a continuous thing, like contentment? '
'No, not a continuous thing. But there are, after all, degrees of happiness."?

? Daphne du Maurier, Frenchman's Creek

James B. Earley
A Handful....Of....Friendships

......Amid.....decades of living
And varied acquaintances he'd known
Were that handful of friendships
....Eventually...he came to rely on

Roads that he traveled
Indeed some rocky at times
From adversity discovering
....The most.....treasured of signs

That struggle begets character
....In turn.....guiding the way
An enlightenment illuminating
...His.....most cloudest...of days

And pain though a promise....
Yet....finding its mechanisms deploy
A peculiarity....of circumstance
....Thus an abundance of joy

Within that handful of friendships
...Life's transcendental...affair
Rescuing....from the grasps....
Of what was sheer utter despair
*
*
....Throughout.....decades of living
The many acquaintances he'd known
...Dwelt that handful of friendships
Spiritually...he came...to rely on

James B. Earley
A Letter.....For Mary

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
A Mountain Speaks

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

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

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

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

Author's note: The poem addresses Mt. Tamalpais, geographically to the immediate north of San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge. (The Mountain is sometimes known as 'The Sleeping Maiden,' of Native American legend.)

From my home, overlooking the northeastern perimeter of San Francisco Bay, I am blessed with a spectacular panorama of this magnificent creation! Viewing the Mountain, north to south, one can imagine the figure of a reclining female with an abundance......of long...flowing hair.

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

Thanks to Rani Turton......whose observation was the catalyst inspiring the author's remark....
A Muslim Ban's.....Redemptive Values....Perhaps

...Difficult though it is
Working as hard as I can
Toward finding redeeming values
....In such a despicable man

Pondering...the enormity
....Of the task that I take
Before my eyes...to my surprise
A spiritual awakening...for goodness sake

Illuminating my thinking
While wondering aloud
'This banning of Muslims'
...'Tis...exorcising the cloud

Consider...our 'Despicable One'
.....Now taking the heat
Had he lived way back then
....Before Twitter and tweets

There never would have been
...Ever...upon American land
The existence of Slavery
...Per....his 'Muslim Ban'

Life.....ofttimes a juggernaut......
Were that juggernaut a somersault
Not having lived life when he ought
Therefore...'Slavery'...not his fault

.....Difficult though it was
Trying as hard as I could
....Within the 'Despicable One'
Perhaps a modicum of good

...Took a bit of imagination
So it's sort of a stretch
......Anything is possible
Allowing one's mindset fetch
As a course of possibility
Fate's exorcising plan
...Slavery...non-existent
Were there...a Muslim Ban

Thinking the Slaves perhaps Muslims
......Thus...the Muslim Ban
Makes a whole lot of sense
......I'm still trying....as hard....as...I....can

James B. Earley
A Naive Apprentice - Chaotically Running......The World's.....Ultimate....Reality Show

I have two intrinsic joys in life. Both I've fashioned into elaborate hobbies, one of which has been an essential passion since early childhood. And the second, equally as passionate, having pursued most of my adult life. Writing provides me that something innate, the likes of which I find difficult in putting into words. It is that inexplicable spiritual influence that incites me to take pen in hand and just simply create. However, the most prized of the two hobbies, is people watching; and in the process acutely studying and evaluating humanity. As far back as I can remember, people watching has been a beloved pastime, viewing behavior, moods, paying close attention to mannerisms, peculiarities, idiosyncrasies, etc. Overtime, I've found that I need only mere minutes observing, a stranger to form what I'm convinced represents a fair assessment of that person as a descent human being or not. I've found myself disappointed on occasion, but by and large my initial assessments tend spot on.

Our President has 'long been' an interesting source of entertainment, though never once have I sensed a man of character. Yet, still valuing the con-man within; whose inherent quantitative ability, effectively launched, and skillfully maintains an extraordinarily lucrative business arrangement.

But accepting such associated skullduggery at the hands of a corrupt, eccentric, and somewhat obscene caricature, from a distance, is a far cry from finding that same conduct, tolerable behavior when engaged in by the official occupant of the 'Nation's Highest Office.'

Currently, in the White House, I see a vindictive, shady, erratic, somewhat unstable, and totally unpredictable individual - with frightening possession of the Nation's 'nuclear button.'

.....And thus, we have, in effect, a naive apprentice, chaotically running......the world's.....ultimate....reality show!

God....help us all!

James B. Earley
A New Day's....Dawning

...At the brink...of oblivion
Within the grasp of despair
...A life....of uncertainty
Emotionally threadbare

...Destiny....its wisdom
Firmly guiding the reins
A wealth of opportunity
Where once lay but chains

Unimaginable friendships
Along a path thought forlorn
A future reckoned impossible
...Resurrected....thus born

A new way of thinking...
And of viewing the world
..It's not over..till it's over
When that last flag unfurls

....That life....of uncertainty
Once emotionally threadbare
'Twas...at the brink...of oblivion
...Within the grasp of despair

Author's note:
Dedicated to the memory of Margrit and Robert Mondavi, the Robert Mondavi Family; and the Robert Mondavi Winery, of 'my existence.' With gratitude.! JBE

James B. Earley
A Nighttime Of Solitude

Waking-up with enthusiasm
Where he lay down forlorn
.....A nighttime of solitude
Now rejuvenated...'twas borne

By the reasoning where slumber
Grasped thoughts as they flew
...Rearranging....that pathway
Having long gone askew

....The morrow....the victor
Where yesterday's despair...
What once thought impossible
Night's slumber...cleared the air

....Mentally...the packed....bags
Varied belongings and such
....All returned to their places
Wondering how...he'd lost touch

....Of the gifts all so precious
Yet so shamelessly ignored
....A few weeks of passion
Disgracefully.....explored

....She lay there...a-sleeping
As he thought it all through...
The accomplishments together
....Collectively....they knew
*
*

After a nighttime of solitude
....The morning......reborn
For he woke-up with enthusiasm
.....Where....he once lay...forlorn

James B. Earley
A Nomination.....Trump Can't Lose

Tea Party antics...deemed hilarious
...Piccaninnies...watermelon rinds
Fried chicken....barbecued ribs
...Caricatures...bigoted Signs

Racism long the Party's champion
.....This time around...even more
In Trump...passion's...found a leader
 ....Appealing....to....its basic core

Energized...the helm they're seizing
 ...Party's problems.....self induced
Literally...a slew....of frantic chickens
 ...All...galloping....home to roost

Hence the Party's...now dilemma
  'Tis in fact....why Trump can't lose
 ....Establishment's only...opposition
Hispanic twosome...Rubio/Cruz

 ....Both.....incapable of attracting
Grand Old Party's bigoted base
As the two.....are clearly wearing
 ....That....despised....swarthy face

May God's.....Evangelistic...wisdom
Mercilessly humiliate...disavow...
Racism long....the Party standard
 ....Subtlety practiced....until now

James B. Earley
A Note......Of Appreciation

In the spiritual darkness
Of a sun long set

Two ships passing
Incredibly yet
To Internet's amazement
A 'connection' met

In the spiritual darkness
Of a sun...long...set

Author's note:
Dedicated to Teresa Roberts; in fond appreciation of the many-splendored Facebook musings

James B. Earley
A President....Of All The People - Done Pardoned....A Racist

The Oval Office...maligned
....Devoid of all traces
'A President of All The People'
....Done..pardoned...a Racist

Think for a moment
The message it sends
....If this.....the beginning
Where the hell does it end

If there's a semblance of conscience
 ......Within....there's...a choice
Those claiming to be Christians
 .....Why not speak with one voice

Or if choosing...instead silence
 ......By...that silence...admit
You're not Christians at all
 ...But despicable...hypocrites

Along with our President
 .....A man....of multiple faces
The one most BELIEVABLE
 ...Done.....pardoned...a Racist

James B. Earley
A Previous Administration....Analytically Alongside The New

Juxtaposing...the previous Administration
....Critically.......comparing the new
Striking...its difference...clear that inference
....There ain't no.....equating the two

Wanton greed a collective mentality
....Private assets astronomically soar
U S Treasury its piggy-bank accomplice
....Billionaires...legally...robbing the poor

Plush getaway...weekends..at Mar-a-Lago
...Planning...Planned Parenthood.....disdain
Healthcare once a given...demonically now driven
...Heinously denied...the sick...and the lame

All the while....on our asses...ignoring
....What we know...as evidentiary true...
Bullshit's bombastic hedonistic rhetoric
....Ship-Of-State...dangerously askew

Striking...such differences stark its inferences
....There ain't no.....equating the two...
Juxtapositioning our previous Administration
....Analytically...alongside....the new

James B. Earley
A Reasonable Hunch

Atheists.....versus Evangelicals
....Provides a reasonable hunch
That...of the two...philosophies
...One's....a deceptive bunch

Phony believers - deceivers
....For crying.....out loud
Is there a Heaven awaiting....
Christianity's despicable crowd

Openly condoning criminals
Child molesters...and such
....Crooked....politicians
Woefully admired so much

...Of...the two...philosophies
One's a deceptive bunch
Honesty versus corruption
....Thus....the reasonable hunch

James B. Earley
A Ruse In Cahoots - Of Immoral....Precision

Hypocritical Evangelicals
......Historically....balk
At criticizing political perpetrators
.......Of sexual assault

While Conservatism...its media
....Exuberantly talks
Lauding the criminals
......It systemically exalts

Which raises the question
....Thus...a dubious religion
A ruse in cahoots
....Of immoral....precision

James B. Earley
A Smattering Of Lipstick...powder....And.....Paint

Passionate...amongst the issues
....Of 2016’s Republican Race
ISIS fears....Iranian threats
....And indeed....Fiorina’s....face

In defense.....of The Donald
......Clearly......no patron saint
But note...the startling insurgency...
Newfound lipstick, powder and paint

Providing reinvigorating confidence
...In its wake....those vitriol words
Despite........non-existent videos....
Confirming Carly’s...words absurd

Fellow challengers.....left to marvel
At what is...and perhaps what ain’....
Though all...considering...makeup artists
....A smattering of lipstick, powder and paint

Author’s Note:
“Look at that face. Would anyone vote for that? Can you imagine that? The face of our next president? ”
~Donald Trump, Rolling Stone article, commenting on Carly Fiorina

James B. Earley
A 'Tea Party' Maligned......Perhaps

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

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

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

James B. Earley
A Trumped-Up Intermingling Of Science And Religious Curiosity...Perhaps

Picture an incongruous personal life-style, demonstratively antithetical to Church dogma, yet commanding passionate, wide-spread support of staunch Christian Conservatives; would that paradoxical fact provide rhetorical pause to a scientific case for atheism? As a layman, just wondering. JBE

James B. Earley
A Valentine's Moment.....The Epiphany

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

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

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

.........I knew

James B. Earley
A Vision Of Home

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...That vision

.................................Of home

..................................................Again

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

James B. Earley
A Wednesday Noon........As I Recall

........A stranger's face

............I visually embraced

..............Chance encounter

...At the marketplace

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

......................................................A Wednesday noon

........................As I recall

James B. Earley
A Word To The Wise - For Whatever It's Worth....

Double checking...Doctors
....Perusing them close
Overmedicated patients...
That frequent overdose

...Helpless...you think...
Formidable your clout
Check with the Pharmacist
...With matters of doubt

Once clinically informed
...Allow the body dictate
A medical path forward
....Above all...concentrate

Double checking prescriptions
.....Perusing.....them close
'Tis the unsuspecting malady
....That critical.....overdose

Author's Note:
I awakened one morning, feeling quite well. After ingesting my regular dosage of prescribed medications, I went downstairs to prepare the day’s breakfast. As I opened the refrigerator door, I was stricken with an enormous pounding throughout my forehead, accompanied by an intense sensation of fire within my nostrils. Struggling to maintain consciousness, I made my way through the dining area, supported by furniture, to the living room sofa. A raging coldness spread throughout my body, along with acute spasms of quivering and shaking. Once on the sofa, I had no physical strength to get up. I literally thought that I was in the initial throes of dying.

Transported to the Hospital by ambulance, I was evaluated throughout the day, and well into the evening; was sent home with the admonition that “should the symptoms reoccur, return immediately.” I felt fine though the night, and initially into the morning. Soon after taking my prescribed medications, I began feeling semblances of sensations from the previous day. I immediately returned to Emergency. Again, a day of vigorous testing, and well into the evening, I was admitted to the Hospital.
After five days hospitalization, and untold hours of meticulous evaluation, the Chief of Medical Services paid me a surprise visit, saying "under the circumstances, you’re a fortunate man, we’ve determined your life-threatening issue arose from the fact that you were critically over-medicated."

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


James B. Earley
Advised To Get A Hobby -  Inspired, I Composed A Poem

Author's Note:
'You believe everything on the internet. Get a hobby. This is bull shit and you all know it.' ~Ronald Williams

'Composed, March 19,2016 - in response to Williams' message to my Facebook page criticizing my post of Noam Chomsky's interview regarding Ronald Reagan's racism toward Blacks

This work is dedicated to Ronald Williams, my Facebook friend who's above comment, provided the impetus arousing the comprehension within, that poetry has long been my spiritual hobby; and indeed his mere suggestion, inspiration to compose another poem.' ~JBE

ADVISED TO GET A HOBBY - INSPIRED, I COMPOSED A POEM

...'Get a hobby'....was suggested
By one....seemingly at a loss...
...Civil....lack.......of expression
Condescending....words tossed

'You believe anything on the Internet'
......'Tis....a criticism........asinine
'This is bullshit...and you know it'
Expressed ignorance....of a kind

Of the intellectually challenged
....Or the bigotedly....inclined
When it comes down to 'your' hobby
...Fox News.....comes....to mind

Now...Chomsky....the messenger
....Exposing facts uncouth
Pitiful..........the mindset....
That simply can't...handle truth
James B. Earley
African Brother

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Aging....Loins

....Aging....loins
When lust unwinds...
Finds youth's monopoly
....Only...in the mind

Passion's warmth
...An endless flame
Throughout the years
...Remains those same

Old feelings...now
As they were then....
Age....is but a number
....It's always been

Life.......and living
....From day to day
The Gods wouldn't have it
....Any.....other way

'Cause youth's...monopoly
...'Tis only in the mind
Once aging.....loins
...Its lust...unwinds

James B. Earley
Al Gore - 'some Bumbling Idiot, Climatic Change.....The Idiot's Myth'

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Along...the Mississippi River – Amidst Its....Quad City Curve

Some thought...he’d gotten high
....Though that notion...asinine
Cause Papaw...don’t even drink
.....His own........fine wines

Why then...the fancy meal
...Master Chefs he’d outdone
Ham...turkey...all the fixins’
...Simply for a party...of one

If Papaw......weren’t high
Then...for goodness sakes
...Why all those delicacies
Ice cream...pies and cakes

You and I...may not be aware...
But Papaw knows what’s cookin’
....Though a bit...along in years
Don’t mean Papaw...ain’t a lookin’

Author’s Note:
Saga...of my esteemed brother, Charles L. Muscovalley (Papaw) - a widower, and winemaker of Rock Island, Illinois.

James B. Earley
America....At The Cusp.....Of Humanity's.....Insanity

Pandemonium's....podium
...Old reliable Hannity
Ideologically....in bed
...With Vanity's Profanity

Whose...silent advisers...
Evangelical Christianity
....Thus....America...at the cusp
Of humanity’s...insanity

James B. Earley
America.....Held Hostage, Not By Muslims, But Native Born, So-Called - Militias

...A Nation at risk
Armed bands...of protestors
You're mobs in our midst
...No longer court jesters

Stupidity......compounding
...A logic within
Threatening this Country
Over and over again

If confiscation be done
...Confiscate your own senses
Put an end to such bullshit
...Before bullshit commences

Go back to your homes
Out there in the distance
.....Take a bit of advice
Despite...the resistance

Find an isolated spot
....Secluded somewhere....
In the wilderness....gather
Discover God in prayer

.......Perhaps...in the process
Recover y'all's senses...
Put an end to this bullshit
...Before bullshit...commences

James B. Earley
American Flag.....Its Chaos Vs A Preponderance Of Evidence

Evidence.......in totality - its facts and figures
......Crux......of American angst...appears....uppity N - - - - rs

Supreme Court having found no negative concern
.....Judgmentally.....decided....the Flag's....ok to burn
Of course....then it follows...it's so....too benign
When choosing and acting similarly in kind

With the Star Spangled Banner
......In any.........such manner

Once having declared....Old Glory......ok to burn
The Court in its wisdom indicated no further concern

Thus analyzing.....that sum....of the evidence - its facts and figures
......Crux......of American angst...sadly....'tis.....uppity N - - - - rs

James B. Earley
American Politics...take Note

There’s moral to this story
...‘Tis wise in taking note
Of Bibi’s...creativity
Toward gettin’ out the vote

Sounds racist...some say
But his base understood
.....Responding in-kind
For the greater....good

A Palestinian Homeland
...For all Bibi knows
The very reason...Arabs
Were voting in droves

.....As Bibi....illustrated
Confirmed by the polls...
There’s none greater angst
Than the threatened soul

......In the final.....analysis
It’s about energizing the vote
...Democracy ever in action....
American Politics...take note

Author’s Note:
“Israel’s Arab voters are going to the polls in droves. Left-wing organizations are bringing them in buses.”
~ Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu - 17 March 2015, commenting on the day’s Election in progress; claiming high Arab voter turnout was jeopardizing his right-wing Likud Party's rule.

James B. Earley
Americans....Still Dying - But.....This Ain't....The Time

Congressional statisticians
Political magicians
....NRA....munitions

Repetitious...fruitions

...But this ain't the time
Though people...are dying
...Still this ain't the time

Perhaps...it's all by design
...Degenerates of mind
Convenient...that whine
"This ain't the time"

Behavior....scandalizing
...Claims of politicizing
"Scoundrels" bullshiticizing

Claiming....this....ain't the time

Congressional statisticians
Political magicians
....NRA.....munitions
*
*
Thus repetitious fruitions

Americans still dying

......But

.............This

..................Ain't

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
America's Well-Heeled - Revealed

The

Billionaire

Repealed

Obamacare
  *
  *
  Thus

Revealed

A Satanism

Once concealed
  *
  *
  ....And so reads the souls

.....................Of our Nation's......well-heeled

James B. Earley
America's....Strategic...Syrian.....Policy

An impulsive one never deviating from
....'Distractions'......displaying the signs...
Of somewhat demented unprecedented
.....Instability...of spirit.....and mind

Credibility falters....fattening his coffers
...Mar-a-Lago...weekends....a must
Daily inclinations - a threat to the Nation
...An Administration devoid of trust

Syrian refugees - the President sees
....Treating children...literally...as scum
Our hypocrite - remaining on script...
Protecting...that scum...with bombs

The impulsive one never deviates from
.....'Machinations'...displaying those signs
That somewhat demented unprecedented
....Instability...of spirit....and mind

James B. Earley
An America Indeed Collectively - Had Not Congress Blocked The Way

.....A victory....in connivance
Clouding truths of the day
Where would we be collectively
Had not Congress blocked the way

Since Obama's been in office
There's been significant decline
In familial.....living standards
....As Black Folks particularly find

This.....according to Tavis Smiley
...Who would have us all believe
A callousness in this President
...Shallow notions long deceive

A commitment to all people
...Stated purpose from day one
To the detriment of this Nation
Obstructionism clearly won

....Its victory......of connivance
Voiding possibilities of the day
.....An America......indeed collectively
Had not Congress blocked the way

James B. Earley
Evidence suggests the President's criticism of the Black Athlete, with respect to the 'Flag,' might be more appropriately directed toward the Supreme Court Of The United States (SCOTUS). Its edict, of more than two decades standing, upheld the 'right' to literally burn the 'Flag,' if one so desired. Logic would presume the Court's ruling to include 'kneeling,' as well. Mr Trump very well knows this, or should. Legal minds around him, know it or should. The entire White House Staff, understand this fact, or should. And most Americans standing in rank accord with the President's hypocritical bitterness toward the 'Black Athlete's kneel of protest, relating to racial injustice,' are also aware of the 'shady lie' within the President's premise.

We witness a spurious argument intentionally twisted for specific purposes. One need only look to that criticism of a select group (the Black Athlete), deliberately, all falsely accused of some hideous threat to the fabric of American Society, simply for exercising a noble right Constitutionally guaranteed. And therein dwells the epitome of dishonesty; the declaration that 'this is not about race.' Its devious message reverberates to America, and the World, Mr Trump's idea of a calamitous future, not only on the streets of the United States, but around the Globe as well.

If this reprehensible conduct is not impeachment behavior, then none exist! !

James B. Earley
An Epitaph.....I Stumbled......Across

'May his memory
Be measured
As his fans
Treasured

The amateur

Gynecologist

He was'

James B. Earley
The.....Affordable Act
Once considering the facts
'Tis ObamaCare...one...and the same
Thus... Kentucky Kynect
......It too......I suspect
Mystifying....denying...its name

....In that sense be aware
Of Trumped-up...Ryan-Care
...'Tis ObamaCare on life support
Seems hatred....for the man
.....From day one was their plan
But the ball...now......in their court

'Repeal' has its sponsors
...The Congressional Monsters
Whose families...all literally...secure
.....A guaranteed endurance
Their health-care insurance
...Us poor folks...financing....the cure

This....is....as I see it....
Whether or not....they repeal it
Not once attempting...to fix-it...the sign
....Of intentional mayhem
Their...us....versus.....them
.... 'An evil...shade of mind....by design'

James B. Earley
An Historical Precedent...to The....No-Go-Zone

A simple drink of water
.....Mere rides on the bus
No-Go Zones our reality
...My childhood...was thus

Relegated to the balcony
'Cause....the No-Go Zone
Required a different shade
....That crucial...skin tone

Remains documented truth
Though hypocritically disowned
There's timeless precedence
.....In America's....No-Go Zone

Native Americans uprooted
...From ancestral.....homes
'Savages'...trespassing
....Declared....No-Go Zones

Our East Indian grandfather
Walking the neighborhood....
.....No-Go Zone...mentality
‘Tis systemically understood

Suntanned face out of place
....Fuels hostility...homegrown
Philosophically embedded
....Hence......the No-Go Zone...

Itself...a critical indictment
..As this Nation's long shown
An historical......precedent
...To.......the....No-Go...Zone

James B. Earley

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
An Old Codger's...Benign...State Of Mind

Never lightly I wonder
Fundamentally I ponder
Once arriving at conclusions I find
.....I write from the heart
As I've done from the start...
An old codger's...benign....state of mind

Never seeking agreement...nor praise
Whatever peculiarities...circumstance raise
As I've done.....from the start
.....I write from the heart
Sentiments thought out...without a doubt
....Deliberated....each cognitive phrase

So...fundamentally I ponder
......Never lightly....I wonder
Once arriving at conclusions I find
As I've done from the start
I write from the heart...
‘Tis...my old codger's...benign....state of mind

James B. Earley
An Open Letter....To The President - United States Of America

What's so patently wrong.....
Is that....you see only...a song
Where a history of misery
....Clings stridently strong

Still finding....all kinds...of ways
Heaping hypocritical praise
.....On a mere...object...of cloth
Stitched together during days

.....Of sheer animosity
Slavery's atrocity
The Black Man simply kneeling
...Why...thus....your ferocity

When we all damn well know
...As history.....long shows
Colored Folks built this nation
....Yet...the Black Man's...the foe

It's all about an object of cloth
Stitched together during days
....Where there...was no honor
Where there was no praise

..Just....a history...of misery
Clinging stridently strong
....And what's...so insidiously wrong
Is that...you still.....see only...a song

Author's note:
Inspired by the following quote -
'It's crazy when you realize Black folks are protesting racial injustice, police brutality and the murder of innocent victims of color without retribution, while White folks are protesting the stance for a song.......any sensible human being should be able to see the problem in this scenario we are dealing with
SMH..................#TrueStory'
~Bo Olagbegi

James B. Earley
An Ounce Of Crack

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

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

Congress..it's yours
Some answers to find
Rid the Nation this Cancer
At the source..of the crime
*
*
*

Government, for whatever reason, seems completely disinterested toward addressing the devastating impact of 'illicit drug trafficking' pervasive throughout our Nation! This epidemic would not possibly survive absent two key ingredients, sourcing and distribution.

James B. Earley
Author's Note:

'What is Sudden Unintended Acceleration (SUA)?
Sudden Unintended Acceleration (SUA) is one of the most deadly automotive defects in history. It occurs when a car’s electronics cause the throttle to go wide open, making it impossible for the driver to return the car to idle if it remains in gear. It also severely limits the ability of the brakes to bring the vehicle under control - leaving the unsuspecting driver at the mercy of a runaway car.
Thousands of people, including drivers, passengers, and innocent bystanders, have been killed or seriously injured in sudden acceleration accidents.'

~Sudden Acceleration Information Group

Picture...if you will....an SUV...
Xterra in your rear view mirror
.....Deception’s façade...
Concealing an history of terror
*
*
Bizarre....at the wheel
RPMs........running amok....
Somewhere in my future
..NISSAN'S passing...the buck

Never have I witnessed
Such vehicular belligerence.....
In forty years...commercial
....Driving experience

Engine.....surging
A mind of its own
One of the most troubling
...Moments I’ve known

Spectacular conflict
Right there...and then
That’s when my true
....Aggravations began
With the manufacturer
...Though duly advised
Aloof.....the response
...Arrogantly denies

Further responsibility
Assuming no blame...
Till someone’s killed
Just...pay the claim

It’s cheaper that way
Economics we know
Public be damned
Bank accounts grow
*
*

Whenever I see.....
In my rear view mirror
Any hints of a Nissan Xterra
I remember the moment
Ain’t a damn thing scarer
Than accelerating...out of control
At the wheel of that Nissan Xterra

Author’s Note: Among my letters to Nissan North America

“In previous correspondence I expounded on an acceleration issue specific to our family’s 2007 Xterra, and conceivably extending to other Nissan vehicles as well. The letters explained, some reiterating in detail the horrifying experience of having suddenly found myself behind the wheel of a lurching runaway Nissan SUV. While determinedly applying the brake pedal, the vehicle still continued forward in a violent bucking fashion some 50 – 60 ft, until I was able to shift transmission to neutral position, and turn off engine. Fortunately, nothing was in my path, and other than frayed nerves, the moment uneventful.

As directed by Nissan Consumer Affairs, I sought diagnostic information from your local dealer. As we were both informed, the computer inquiry found nothing mechanically amiss. Nissan’s computer diagnosis suggests to the world that this entire incident is all “my” imagination. Thus it’s quite clear to me, that had there been that morning, God forbid, in the vehicle’s path, perhaps a mother and babe, any other creature, or object, your computer would have claimed by inference, to
that very same world – “Doddering old fool at the wheel, DRIVER ERROR, there’s absolutely nothing amiss with the vehicle."

I’d like to share a bit of personal history, in some degree establishing the fact that I’m no mere novice at the wheel of an automotive vehicle. Having some forty years plus commercial driving experience; the last 21 of those years in the employ of Robert Mondavi Winery, permanently assigned to Mr. Mondavi as his personal driver. My duties included ferrying Mr. Mondavi’s immediate family members, his corporate guests, most of the principal artists of the Robert Mondavi Summer Concert series, logging well over a million, accident-free miles, during my tenure. All the while, maintaining an exemplary DMV record throughout, admittedly with a bit of good luck, and more importantly, immaculate driving, and associated analytical skills. Skills, that indeed served me well the morning of April 18, 2015.

During my 21 year association with Robert Mondavi Winery, I witnessed firsthand, integrity’s noble art, initiated and practiced by Mr. Mondavi himself, and demanded of every single employee throughout the organizational structure. Appalling is the degree Nissan fails in comparison. There seems a corporate culture toward an acute intent to subject America’s streets and highways to the insidious threat inherent within our Xterra. Nissan absolves itself of any willingness to further mechanically explore and evaluate our SUV. Nissan Consumer Affairs’ representative flatly refuses to put in writing, his statement that Nissan will offer us no further assistance in this matter, and in response to our request that Nissan repurchase our tainted vehicle, Nissan sends a letter of refusal…..UNSIGNED. A far cry, I insist from the acute level of integrity I experienced at Mondavi.

In view of Nissan’s denial of responsibility going forward, our request is thus: 1. Nissan exchange the tainted vehicle with one of similar stock and value. Or; 2. Purchase the Xterra outright, that we may, on our own, find a suitable replacement."

Nissan’s adamant response to the last paragraph, dated June 10, 2015 was thus: ‘Nissan carefully considered your request during a review of all available facts pertaining to your situation. Unfortunately, Nissan is not in a position to repurchase your vehicle at this time.' JBE

James B. Earley
Anguished Plight.......Of Today's Republican Party

Graven innuendoes, 'We want to take our Country back' and 'Make America great again,' - harsh images giving rise to cryptic wonder. Threats of walls and hostile words of racial animosity belligerently hurled towards its own citizens; years, quietly ignoring abject acts of racism within its ranks, the Republican Party now finds itself inextricably bound to a quagmire of its own making.

Subtle racism's welcomed acceptance provided legitimacy to Tea Party insurgents, validating the group's insensitive assertions. Offering nary a word of criticism towards countering its wayward base, and through that inaction, 'I said nothing, and then...they came for me.'

That is the anguished plight.....of today's...Republican Party.

James B. Earley
Anniversary

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

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

James B. Earley
Anti-Abortion's Religious Creed

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

.............SEXUALLY MOLEST

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

..........TO DIE

.........................In some

.............Ill-defined

...........Politically orchestrated

....Hypocritically conceived

.........Criminal activity

...........Called

.........................WAR

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

James B. Earley
Aristotle's Wisdom

Friend - A single Soul Dwelling
Within Two Separate bodies

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

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

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

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

*    *

*    *

*    *

*    *

...Should ever..."my friend"...be troubled
Shoulders bent...from the load....they tote
May there...be the friend...to comfort...that friend
...Of such...as the philosopher.......wrote
James B. Earley
Armageddon's Brink

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Arrogance – The Epitome Of

‘Tis a thought...perhaps
...Worth considering
Try thinking....of those
Humiliation exposed....
When you arrogantly chose
......Philandering

And lust and its wonder
That insidious spell under
....Finding....yourselves
In that world....asunder

But in spite of the bliss
.....It’s wise to resist
Showering the world....
With knowledge of this

‘Tis the critical thought
....Worth considering
Simply thinking of those
Humiliation.....exposed
Once you publicly chose
.....Philandering

James B. Earley
Articles Of Impeachment - Barack Hussein Obama

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

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

ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT

BARACK HUSSEIN OBAMA

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

Be It Known, To Wit:

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

BY THE ORDER OF:

THE U S HOUSE OF 'INSIDER TRADING'

JOHN A. BOEHNER, SPEAKER

James B. Earley
Aspiring….Friends

...It's interesting...how
One meets someone
....And later.....have...
That...someone become

...Betwixt...between
Such stages...then
...Betwixt between
Aspiring......friend

Might....it happen
...Time only knows
Complex the spirit...
From which it grows

...The answer dwells
Within.....the winds
Friends...all were once
...Aspiring....friends

James B. Earley
Assad....Ain't The Crisis...It's Us

Missiles and Syria
...Bullshit's bacteria
Crisis...not Assad...but us
'Russian Election intrusion'
...Reduced to illusion...
Syrian intervention...'tis thus

Changing the subject
...What...ingenious...effect
Con Man's wizardry in play
....Houdini's inflicter
Skulduggery the victor...
Missiles...over Syria...hooray

....With ISIS on the run
When its all said and done....
Would Assad do such a hideous thing
Who has....most...to lose
...From that equation...choose...
Which...is the most plausible ring

Russia's 'Election intrusion'
....Now.....but...an illusion
Syrian intervention 'tis thus...
Depositing on Syria
...Bullshit's....hysteria
Assad...ain 't the crisis...it's us

Author's note:
'Earlier this week,21 retired military, intelligence and FBI personnel jointly argued that President Trump was moved to this attack by misguided or incomplete intelligence. Their view - which is based on eyewitness reports from U.S. military on the ground in Syria and intelligence reports from their former colleagues - is that Syrian President Bashar Assad did not use poison gas on his own people earlier this month. They note that Assad is clearly winning his long-fought civil war and does not need the international headache of being tarnished as a person who gassed children; nor would there be even the remotest military gain to him if he did so.'
Andrew P. Napolitano, a former judge of the Superior Court of New Jersey, is the senior judicial analyst at Fox News Channel. 13 April 2017 (JBE)

James B. Earley
At Karma's Persistence...'tis Grasping At Straws

...Bared...to the world
A situation of flaws
Since karma's intrusion
Now grasping at straws

Floundering...campaign
....It's interesting to note
Egomaniacal...grasping
...At the lowly...Black vote

Whose suntanned appeal
Seems the ultimate waste
....An insult to the Party
And its.......bigoted base

Whom...at the moment
...Deserting......in droves
Karma's resonance in flight
Reaping...what it sows

...Exposed to the world
Dire essence of flaws
....At Karma's...persistence
'Tis...grasping...at straws

Author's note:
'Donald Trump on Tuesday night made his most explicit appeal for the votes of African-Americans to a nearly all-white crowd in a Wisconsin county where the black population is just 1.2 per cent.
'I am asking for the vote of every African-American citizen struggling in our country today who wants a different future, ' Trump told a crowd of enthusiastic supporters in a speech where he also charged Hillary Clinton with 'bigotry.'
~Geoff Earle, Deputy U. S. Political Editor for Daily Mail, West Bend, Wisconsin - 16 August,2016

James B. Earley
Atheism At Christmas

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

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

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

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

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

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

.........Denying

..................The facts

James B. Earley
Atheism...Preaching....Christianity's Song

....Of the varied...folks I've known
One in particular strikes me odd
...Such....a loving....caring soul
Yet....profess....no love of God

...'Atheist'...she admits...in passing
That inkling 'tis the iceberg's tip...
Still her ways seem more Christlike
...A passion...'Believers'...fail to grip

Reaching out to all humanity...
Downtrodden...the sick...the lame
...Her actions appear pure Godly....
Alongside Christianity's Church of shame

.....Parishioner's...bond...in solidarity
Abject...bigotry within its walls...
Ignoring God's...chants...of wisdom
.....Adoring Satan...when he calls
*
*
Atheism's 'character' now more Godly
Somewhere in practice got it wrong
....'We're all here...for one another'
Atheism preaching...Christianity's song

James B. Earley
Atheism's Dilemma

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

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

James B. Earley
Atheism's...'Betrayal'...Come Christmas

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

.................................Christmas Day

James B. Earley
Aunt Cecilia....And Uncle Elbert

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

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

James B. Earley
Auschwitz, Its Memory - Its Kin

Well....do...I remember
....As strikingly...similar
Angry mood of a country and when
Along......came a character
......And shortly thereafter
The country...the character...the blend

Six million Jews
....Blacks...centuries abused
Mexicans...Muslims oppressed...
Perhaps in the throes
...Systemically......close
Auschwitz' similarity.....'tis stressed

Indeed...strikingly similar
....We all should remember
Angry mood of THIS COUNTRY...and then
Infused...the character
....And shortly thereafter
Auschwitz...its memory...its kin

James B. Earley
Ballad......Of John Mccain

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

Too damned old.......

.............Concern in the polls

Where are they.......

.................................................................When he needs 'em

James B. Earley
Barack - A Legacy...still.......A Long Way....From Home

Legacy of Presidencies..historically judged
....Based on some predecessors' curse
Theoretically society's barometer of choice
....For determining who's better...or worse

None..Oval Office suffered...as have this one
........Documented fact...beyond....dispute
At day's end..........all things considered
It's got to be his tan-colored...birthday suit

Or is it perhaps his healthcare accomplishment....
Where the most fervent opposition has been
The Christian Nation condemning a principle...
Socialistic as the air..we collectively breathe-in

Dinner we serve...at Thanksgiving-Time
...That scrumptious agricultural spread
Again and again in sum total....made possible
..By the undocumented...millions...we dread

Legacy of The Office...historically judged
.....Based on some predecessors' curse
Tragically...society's barometer....of choice
When determining who's better or worse

James B. Earley
Barnum And Bailey's - Intelligent Black Man

Why...would....I wondered...
Any intelligent Black Man
Find Republican ideology
....Mutually hand-in-hand

Tolerating such caricatures
...Ubiquitously he'd find
Racist......paraphernalia....
Amongst Tea Party signs

While locked in my quandary
.....I saw......battling on stage
Twelve angry.....White men...
Ben Carson...absent...of rage

.....Smiling....and blinking
Well aware.....of his looks...
Modern day Barnum/Bailey
Brilliantly peddling those books

...Campaign funds...collecting
Having a good time to boot
Black Republican.....opportunist
...Accumulating...his loot

Adversaries.........cheering.....
Seeing...Ben's poll numbers tank
Happily....the good Doctor.....
Counting bucks...at the bank

A Republican ideology
....Mutually hand-in-hand
Barnum......indeed Bailey's....
Intelligent....Black Man

James B. Earley
Barnum Bailey's 'select Committee'

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Beauty And The Beast - The Art Of The Deal

Sensing his...political Campaign
....Possibly...a bit....on the wane
A panicking Trump...on the stump
...Anxiously mimicking...John McCain

Sexy...Sarah's....beauty...wailin'...
Ugly.....Trump and lovely Palin
....'Tis the beauty...and the Beast
Renewed campaign....literally sailin'

...Past Ted...not known for losing
Nor to date...known...for cruising
...Opportunity lost late in game
Ain't no mimicking...John McCain

James B. Earley
Because Of You...I Rise

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...............Is wondering

.................................Too

Author's Note:
“It's not about whether or not someone is a bigot, but whether or not the argument which that someone is arguing is worth being a bigot about.”
~Criss Jami
Benghazi...Hillary's Political Cross

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Bernie Sanders - The Magic Of

Governmental complicity
....Truth's story.....be told...
’Tis specifically why Bernie's
....Riding high...in the polls

Wall Street's deception
...An insidious stealth
In plain sight...stealing
...Society’s...wealth

Engaging in behavior
It pretends...to abhor...
In its hip pocket...Congress
...Devastating......the poor

It's obvious...why Bernie
...Is threatening the pack
Capitalism...run amuck
....The system...hijacked

Governmental...complicity
...As the portrait unfolds...
’Tis righteously why Bernie's
....Flying high...in the polls

James B. Earley
Beware Hobgoblins Amongst The Issues....

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Beholding...the moment
.....Sanctimoniously loud
Belligerence...commanding
....The ominous.....crowd

Whose rationale to obstruct
....Merely...jealousy's heresy
Toward the power to appoint
....This President's.....legacy

'Tis the axis of evil's
.....Political mockery
Festering the soul.....
Of collective hypocrisy

"We hope he fails".......Upcoming appointment
Christianity's dilemma
...Satanic.....anointment

Revealing....injustice
.....Revering Injustice
Just-as....in life.......Still preaching injustice

...Befitting....the occasion
Sanctimoniously proud.....Bigotry...bequeathed
...Life's madding crowd

Author's Note:
The late comedienne, Moms Mabley, admonished that she should say something good about her deceased husband, responded; he's dead...good.

James B. Earley
Billionaires.....Devoid....Of Soul

Why must Thou visit...angst amongst us
....Evil flaunted with sheer disdain
An economic reign of terror.....
On the public...dear God...explain

The billionaire...what's his purpose
....Than to plunder hoard and steal
Where art Thou...and what's your vision
...This I wonder...would You reveal

Why this scoundrel...did You send him
..Omnipotence is Your claim to fame
Conservative Christianity....idolizing
....Both You and him as virtual same

And so I'm left.....indeed to ponder
Mysterious ways Your message holds
Why must Thou visit...angst amongst us
....Through...billionaires....devoid....of soul

Answer....please...what's your vision
...This I wonder...would You reveal
The billionaire...what's his purpose
....Than...to plunder...hoard...and steal

James B. Earley
Bird Flu – Versus....The Price Of Chicken

Somewhat....suspect
Intellectually stricken
...Think...the price of eggs
As compared to chicken

Economic shenanigans
...Suggests.....Bird Flu
Some industrial flimflam
...Capitalistic...doo-doo

Seems a bucket of the best
....Finger lickn’ chicken
Cheaper than a dozen eggs
...Now...that’s ass kickn’

Back.....to the Industry’s
...Smoke and mirrors' claim
Of Bird Flu...thus no eggs....
Yet plenty chickens...explain

...Indeed...the price of eggs
As compared to chicken
...Simply Bird Flu...bullshit
‘Tis our pockets they’re pickn’

James B. Earley
Birthday Greetings - Remembered

Author’s Note:
A note of appreciation, celebrating my spiritual friends, treasured folks at Facebook, who took the time to send birthday greetings my way on April 5th. Indeed precious! Thanks so much. Be well! ! ! ! !

Age…..I’ve found
…Is but a number
Years I've travelled
...How...I wonder

Doubts experienced
I've known a few
Yet....here I am
....At eighty-two

Enjoying......life....
The Birthday Freak
Praising.....memories...
The whole damn week

Your varied greetings
...Induced the tone
Completely bonkers
....Off....I've gone

Thanks.....to y'all...
The message tweaked
....Been....celebrating
The whole damn week

James B. Earley
Birthday Thoughts....Of...Mary Azevedo

Recalling...the voicemail's...anguish
...A daunting message.....of such kind
That lingers on in pained reflection....
Residual imagery....plagues the mind

Softly sobbing words were spoken
....Trembling murmurs....displayed it all
'I've been diagnosed a terminal illness'
...Tormented still....its troubled call

A kind....and caring....soul...was she
Cruel the plight life sent her way
...As often happens with the goodly...
Seems...undeserving...ones...that stay

Compassion was her sacred mantra
....'Tis the eulogy I've heard many give
My friend succumbed at fifty-eight....
Desperately wanting...so much...to live

March 13th....her 70th...anniversary
....Celebrating...quietly...alone I'll pray
Live on she will in precious memory....
As long as breath shall come my way

Author's note:
Penned,6 March 2017 - Dedicated to: Mary Azevedo - 13 March 1947 - 2 June 2005

James B. Earley
Black History - A Mere Month...acknowledged

Scientific.......credentials
....Documented per facts
Smithsonian designated
...As notable......of Blacks

Our History...in a month
How might rationality claim
A modicum of satisfaction
In such an insidious name

Centuries enslavement
...Paid......nary...a dime
February's.........pittance
Exacerbating the crime

...As small minds will have it
Every twelve months hence
....Smithsonians.....denied
At Black History's...expense

James B. Earley
Black Lives....Matter.....As Well

That same sanctity......of life...
Long...Christianity's groundswell
...At odds.....with the notion
Black lives matter...as well

Must the bigoted mindset
...Systemically....reject
The misery of a people...
Twisted out....of context

Should Christendom...ignore
...What morality compels
We're all....God's children...
Black lives matter...as well

Author's Note:
My wife once asked, 'Who is the most powerful U S public official - the President or Chief Justice Supreme Court? ' 'Neither, ' I said, 'it's the ordinary police officer. That person can legally take your life - at will. JBE

James B. Earley
Black Man's Dilemma

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

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

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

Should ever...we're told to leave

James B. Earley
Black On Black Murder.....Addressed

Sharpton and Jackson..both Reverends
...Silent on the subject...but hounds
Posturing..politicizing...yet nary a word
Not even a visit..to the 'Burial Grounds'

The happenings a 'ghetto' phenomena
...Historically...without any doubt
Black on Black murder...prevalent
Despicable...as Giuliani points out

Snide though..Rudolph's observation
....Who was once a prosecutor himself
His heritage...........Italian-American
...Ethnic to the Gangsters themselves

Citizens whose subsistence demanded
Their joining some criminal mob
...Keeping food on the family's table
'Twas the Gangster's nefarious 'job'

Which required annihilating one another
... Documented....it's factually true
Staking territory...mowing folks down
....Killing....ain't a damn thing new

'Tis society's..latter-day...analogy
Black on Black murder.....addressed
Whatever resolve altered Italian behavior
..May Black...on Black murder..be blessed

Author's Note:
  In the immediate aftermath of the Ferguson tragedy, and New York City's "chokehold" death, much has been countered, and questions raised in stark criticism with regard to the unabated crisis of Black on Black murder within the confines of the Black Community. Indeed we have seen a pattern of civic irresponsibility shamelessly on display, as the Clergy and Politicians of the area deliberately ignore the generations-old travesty daily playing-out before their very eyes. On its face, the complaint is a valid indictment in the wake of
countless finger-pointing demonstrations, and riotous behavior as witnessed in varied communities across the United States. A closer look suggests an even deeper egregiousness, politically complicit, spiraling downward from the Highest Offices of Government, in blatant reluctance to legislate an effective end to this cancerous malady.

The poem "Black On Black Murder.....Addressed" recalls the days of the "Prohibition Era," where through economic necessity, crime became the 'Gangster' way of life amongst a small minority within the Italian Community. Today's Black on Black violence, its attendant economic causations, the movement's desperate few; are all historically reminiscent of the ethnic pain of the distant past. The Congress of the 1930's, once realizing the error of its ways, enacted legislation legalizing the root cause of the economic woes of the day, abruptly putting an end to the 'Gangster' spectacle of, "White on White" murder.

James B. Earley
Blatant Evil - Evidence Suggests

Bigotry's...hidden message
...Once critically addressed
Got the mind ...a wondering
...Its coded words suggests

Resurrecting Slavery
...To them a grand idea
Indians too this time around
Perhaps....the panacea

Gone from society's midst
Despised darkened skins
Another step toward making
...America....Great...Again

'Taking our Country back'
....Movement's......clarion call
Wretched Mexicans at the border
...Time has come to build a wall

...Ban....Muslims and such others
Should we fail we shall regret...
As our beloved...Christian Nation
....Spiritually...now under threat

This...ongoing thing...with women
...Irrationality's vaunted hiss
Pure....gendered.....animosity
...Hatred's.....misogynistic bliss

This...and other pertinent issues
...Compiled...herein addressed
The man....his varied followers
...Blatant evil...evidence suggests

James B. Earley
Bogus...Facade

Conservative Christianity's
Relationship to Church
...Why...tenets of Christ
Consistently...besmirch

Amidst bigotry.....its hatred
...Anti-images of God
Conservative Church...seemingly
....'Tis...bogus...facade

Sought verification
...Foremost counselor by far
Not the man of the cloth
...But the guy....at the bar

Religiously...the Bartender
Tends...hypocritically free
....Portrait of wisdom's...
Consummate marquee

.....Referring..to the 'Tenets'
Folks deliberately besmirch
.....Sees...'bogus facade
Within...Conservative Church'

James B. Earley
Gaming the system
Out on the stump
Amongst the gullible
...The Donald Trump

Ignorance by choice
As it's critically shown...
Under the bus willingly
..Our own selves...thrown

To maniacal delight
Of the system gamed
...Thus....in a snippet
Politicians explained

Trump ain’t the monster
...’Tis...what he represents
Shysters gaming...the system
....At the Public’s.....expense

James B. Earley
Both...The Wrong...shade And Hue

In the polls Dr. Carson
...Fast....fading from view
Might the good surgeon perhaps
.....Be of wrong shade...and hue

...Question...most likely
Theoretically explains
Yesterday’s...rejection
....Of Candidate.....Cain

Herman...also...of color
...Ignoring the signs
Comfortable with caricatures
....And watermelon rinds

And barbeque...fried chicken
....Pickaninnies and such
Grinning.....and laughing
....Caught up in the clutch

Of a sham from the start
...He too...faded from view
Lessons steeped in reality....
Both...the wrong...shade and hue

Author’s Note:
The new poll shows Trump leading by double digits at 27% favoritism among
Republican voters, Florida Sen. Marco Rubio following not-so-close behind at
17% and Carson tied with Texas Sen. Ted Cruz at 16%. Former Florida Gov. Jeb
Bush is polling at 5%. None of the remaining candidates are polling above 3%.
~Quinnipiac University poll released Wednesday, December 2,2015.

James B. Earley
Brilliant Mind....Of The Devious Kind

Presidency...consumed
With bigoted quarrels
Weird accusation's
Deadly spirals
Degradation's
'Empty barrels'

Has it not...occurred
...Perhaps to some
Questioning...how
And why the scum...
We've now...allowed
....Ourselves become

Why must it be...
White versus Black
Evangelical...integrity
.....Morals lack....
Klansman's mentality
...Thus.....raging back

Wanton hatred
Further impugns
Positioning the morrow's
Impending doom
....Chief....architect
No ones buffoon

.......But...by design

...............A brilliant....mind

......................Of the devious kind

James B. Earley
Budding Petals....Confirm The Story

Friendship's blossoms...engulf the image
Though distance's purpose intervene
.....Budding petals confirm the story
Friendship blossomed....sight...unseen

James B. Earley
Buffoon And His Minions...Denying Climate Change

.....We have Climate Change
Plus a man...deranged
....'Covfefe's'....mystery
At last explained

Humanity's insanity
Unleashed by one
Who tweets at three
...'Til morning sun

Thus the mania that
...We know so well
As...trumped-up denial
....Only time will tell

Whether flooded streets
.....And putrid smells
Will make our future
....One....living hell

And so...as Spicer promised
....'Covfefe'...explained
'Tis Buffoon and his minions
...Denying climate change

James B. Earley
Canada's.....Due Diligence.....The Sleuth

Hannity a VIEWS man
Shepard the NEWS man
Therein the difference
....In bullshit...and truth

And commentary
Its dysentery
Decades
Corporate hereditary

.....The sleuth

Observations
And conversations
Amid baseless
Dissertations

Simply - Views...not News
.....We all lose

There's....a reason
...Why Canada
Finds...Fox VIEWS
...An anathema

An aberration
....To society
Thus banned

Fox NEWS...it's welcomed
....Fox VIEWS...declined
This the Canadian law of the land

....Therein lies the difference
Between bullshit and truth
Hannity the VIEWS man
Shepard a NEWS man

Canada's due diligence
.....The sleuth

James B. Earley
Capitalism....From Logic's... Sheer Point.....Of View

....Capitalism as such indeed capsizing
Unsustainable...it's sinking....though...
Billions earned...yet billions hoarded
...Thus...its sin.....the sham....it sows

Should not 'Wealth'...get...its shit together
.....Politicians too the same it's true
Henry Ford...set forth.....a pathway forward
Implementation is all....one need...to do

...That....inherent right...to earn a living
Greed interceded and thus was born
...Disregard......for life....and living
Capitalism ignoring...its basic norm

Continually withdrawing from circulation
....Hoarding....by...its treacherous few
Unsustainable....'tis...the sinking ship
...Capitalism...from logic's...sheer point...of view

James B. Earley
Careful What We Ask For - We've Been There Before

...The 1930s of Germany
History...remembers so well
...A man and his mission
The resultant groundswell

With millions annihilated
Folks despised to the core
Careful...what we ask for
...We've been there...before

Of Seventeen originals
...Sixteen...decried
The obnoxious...bigot
...Along for the ride

'Disparaging...women
His candidacy a joke
A carnival huckster'
Collectively they spoke

Of the demon...his presence
......The Party at risk
'This ain't us as Republicans
....We're better...than this'

Somewhere along the way
Realization....sunk in
...That...obnoxious bigot
The Party's long lost kin

Of seventeen originals
...Obviously sixteen lied
'What petty little people'
....The Huckster decried

As they all fell in line
Worshipping his face
....A Nation's...decline
The World's disgrace
..1930s....of Germany
History remembers so well
...A man and his mission
The resultant groundswell

....Millions annihilated...
Folks despised to the core
...Careful...what we ask for
We've been there...before

...Amen

James B. Earley
Causalities Of The Middle East - Its Refugees

Before we complain
Perhaps we'd better explain
Complexities surrounding our utter disdain

...Middle Eastern....unrest
Our responsibility at best
Admitting thus owning the whole damn mess

If refugees despised then fix-up their own
...Hospitals..schools...factories...and homes...
Mediating despicable seeds that we've sown

Thus be the thought before we complain
...Look in the mirror...have karma explain....
Complexities provoking sheer utter disdain

James B. Earley
Silent the voice
Though radiantly clear
Distant the soul
...Still...yet so near

'Enjoy....a meal....
Of Christmas cheer'
...The annual invite...
Folks...near and dear

Yuletide gathering's
....Imitable....ways
Memories...vivid
....Of yesterday's

...'Come...to lunch
Let's celebrate...
A few old friends
...We'll congregate

Reminisce
Chat awhile
Glorious moments
Reconcile'
*
*
Thoughts...of Margrit
...Throughout the year
And yuletide...gatherings
...Of...Christmas cheer

Author's note:
To Margrit Mondavi - with love, appreciation, and admiration! ! ! ! !

James B. Earley
Certainly.....God's Touch...By Design

Those years...between fifty...and sixty
....Perhaps....God's touch by design
The epitome of desire and wonder...
Sheer essence...of the woman...defined

...Grace....the taste...of the image
Delight the message one sees...
Praise to the ways she brightens the days
.....Stylistic......her expertise

The epitome of desire and wonder
'Tis the essence...of the woman...defined
Those years...between fifty......and sixty
....Certainly.....God's touch...by design

James B. Earley
Chameleon's Evening...With The President

Hapless Jim Lehrer
Productions presents
'Chameleon's Evening
With the President'

*  *

Shifting dunes
Amidst the sand
Hypocrisy's scourge
..Reveals the scan

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Charismatic.....Demagoguery

The past...shall not...define our future
...United...speak...in one firm voice
Division driven from all tomorrows...
Together bound...God's will...the choice

Stand we are...here at the crossroads
Today...remembering way back when...
Unrest posed amongst the masses
...Bigoted angst...waged deep within

A populace whose...reflective passions
Materially mirrors....our very own
...In charismatic demagoguery
Mood's...verse...voice....and song

Preaching to...its natural heritage
...Casting...evil's....angered spell
1930s.....days...of Germany's
...Tolling...death's...pervasive bells

Would this be...our place...tomorrow
.....Or might...we pray with one firm voice...
Forego...the past.... the future...
Together bound...God's will...of choice

James B. Earley
Chickens All Come A-Roosting - Donald Trump At The Helm

On the verge of disaster
.....The scheme's overwhelmed
Chickens all come a-roosting
.....Donald Trump....at the helm

Blame it all on Benghazi
....Why should it matter you ask
Seems critical comeuppanance
Now revealing the mask

.....As political corruption's
Evidence.....multiplies.....
Of Chairman Gowdy's Committee's
.....Who-dunnits...and why's

Castigating.........Hillary....
Creating lies of its own
That indulging of falsehoods
The seeds were thus sown

....On the road to disaster
There's a scheme overwhelmed
Chickens...all come a-roosting
.....Donald Trump....at the helm

James B. Earley
Choices - Election 2012

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Choosing To Believe

Seems....wisdom naïve
When mindset believes
....Ignoring.....a reality
Overwhelmingly perceived

Might it best for the sake
Of the slumbering/awake
.....To dream on in relief
Of perpetual heartache

....Disregarding reality
Overwhelmingly perceived
Having wisdom...deceived
...Choosing....to believe

James B. Earley
Christianity's...American History - Sunday Mornings....And...Beyond

Author's note:
The most 'UNGODLY' moment in America, perhaps, 'tis Sunday mornings. JBE

Stole land from, and institutionalized a Native People, then posturing unmitigated gall, proclaimed its ill-gotten gain, 'The United States of America.' Despite its newfound sense of freedom, anxiously snatched from the wretched bonds of a vicious King, it chose in turn to deny the 'very freedom' it hypocritically worshiped, by enslaving literally millions of defenseless African Blacks. Christianity's brilliance gave rise to the spiritual birth of its marauding offspring, that hooded wonder; the 'Ku Klux Klan.' Throughout the intervening years, betwixt and between, Christianity furthered, constant, its dastardly deeds. Today, bringing forth both Trump and Pence, who together, in its religious fervor, proudly entertain that specious desire to remove, and permanently eradicate from American Society, any and all vestiges of 'Healthcare' privileges, it finds within its pompous being, so satanically diabolical.

Is there a Heaven someplace
For Christianity's crowd
'Tis a credible question
Considering ground its plowed

....Could they...possibly arrive
Finding themselves disavowed
Might be....reality.....perhaps
.....Considering
..............................The ground
................................................................They've plowed

James B. Earley
City Of Vallejo's....Deodar Tree

Born...a cutie....still......a beauty
Though all the while neglected child
.....Woe is me....the lonely tree

Abandoned though I want no pity
....This I know.....a troubled City
Years asunder....yet I wonder

When or where or what or why
...My very being....left...to die
All the while neglected child

...Woe is me....the Deodar tree

James B. Earley
Common Criminals We Helped To Make

The noble term 'entitlement'
...’Tis funds expressly owed
Poverty stricken folks amongst us
...For bearing whatever load

Been a bit of grand finagling
....Of that term entitlement
Grab a seat sat down awhile
...Gain indeed...enlightenment

In the process....recognize
...Thievery from the Nation's needy
Across this land of the plenty
...At the mercy of the greedy

Corporations.....run amok
....Within this day and age
Literal slavery....of the job....
Americans not paid a living wage

Multi-Million dollar bankers
...Politicians.......on the make
Usurped the term...entitlement
....Common criminals on the take

Society....their...enabling partner...
Stealing from the Nation's needy
Across this land of the plenty
....At the mercy of those greedy

Multi-Million dollar bankers
...Politicians.......on the take
Who've hijacked the term entitlement
....Common criminals...we helped to make

James B. Earley
Compassion Matters - Even At Sandy Hook

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

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

James B. Earley
'Confused Mind'..........Defined

......The

.........Poet

.................Subscribing

............................To

...................................The

.............................................Concept....

......................'Atheism'

James B. Earley
'Congress' -
Comprehensive...Analytical...Interpretation

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

Joint-session collusion
...Conspiratorial infusion

Inject semantical illusion
Thus..'Political Contribution'

..Ah...Bipartisan solution!

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

James B. Earley
Congressional 'selective' Committee...Resurrecting Benghazi

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Corrupted....The World......We Live In

Been....going on....for ages
.......Nothing’s abrupt
Truth....of the matter
.....The world is corrupt

Millionaires
Billionaries
...Eventually
Trillionaires

Yet disparity
In wages
Been going on
For ages

Nothing's abrupt
The world is corrupt

...Cosby....and Rose
Epitome of those....
The Moore's the whores
....Evangelicals adores

Been going on for ages
......Nothing's abrupt
The world as we know it
....'Tis morally corrupt

Politicians....texting and sexing
....Congressional Pages
Nothing's abrupt.....
Throughout the ages

The Cosby's the Rose's it's always has been
.....Corrupted....the world...we live in

Immorality's dump
....The hoodlum....Trump
All the scoundrels lump
Nothing's askew
Ain't nothing new
Thus nothing's abrupt...
God's world's...long corrupt

....The Cosby's the Rose's
There always...have been....
Corrupted the world we live in

James B. Earley
Courage...Or Lack Of....

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

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

James B. Earley
Creme De La Creme...'tis......Him

All politicians are liars
But is Trump...the town crier
....The epitome of liars

Its creme de la creme
....Perhaps.....him

Considering all the others'
....Analytical druthers

Non-greater....
Creme de la creme
...Than him

James B. Earley
Critical Thought...Due....The Mindset - American Boots....On The Ground.....

A Congressional...quandary
Where logic confounds
...Bipartisan folks...talking
American boots on the ground

Such casual considerations
....Literally.....astounds....
It's our children's feet..filling
...Those boots on the ground

Barry.....the pragmatist
.....Politically...aware
‘Tis either boots on the ground
Or drones......in the air

...Amidst the evils...of ISIS
And...the sight of Hussein....
Witnessing his very own hanging
...Throes...in America's...name

Quite a package.....on the plate
When there's blame to go around
Critical thought...due...the mindset
...American boots...on the ground

Author's Note:
"I spent 33 years and four months in active military service and during that period I spent most of my time as a high class muscle man for Big Business, for Wall Street and the bankers. In short, I was a racketeer, a gangster for capitalism. I helped make Mexico and especially Tampico safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenues in. I helped in the raping of half a dozen Central American republics for the benefit of Wall Street. I helped purify Nicaragua for the International Banking House of Brown Brothers in 1902-1912. I brought light to the Dominican Republic for the American sugar interests in 1916. I helped make Honduras right for the American fruit companies in 1903. In China
in 1927 I helped see to it that Standard Oil went on its way un molested. Looking
back on it, I might have given Al Capone a few hints. The best he could do was
to operate his racket in three districts. I operated on three continents."?
Major General Smedley Darlington Butler, War is a Racket: The Antiwar Classic
by America's Most Decorated Soldier

James B. Earley
'Tis a damning assessment
Considering all things hence
....'Whatever'...Barry's for
Folks consistently against

...Purposely denying benefits
Needy constituents might share
Still.....'fifty'..times voting
To 'Repeal...ObamaCare'

Governmental Shutdowns
...Lawsuits of the sort...
A Constitutional rationale
Of an Impeachment Court

...Were I too...a Republican
Though hypocritically UPSET
...I’d ask myself questions
Not apparently asked yet

....Within..that analysis
Measure truth instead
Think Lerner's...'insanity'
.....While bitter
.................Well said

Author's Note:
'Lois Lerner, a former IRS official at the heart of the agency's tea party controversy called Republicans 'crazies' and more in emails released Wednesday.'
~Stephen Ohlemacher, Associated Press - 7/30/2014

James B. Earley
Cryptically...All In Plain View

Reality suggests Bannon's a bigot
......A faucet's......a spigot
Trump's Cabinet a wrecking crew
...Nazi Germany's channeling
Governmental dismantling
...Urgently...all in plain view

Bigoted....walls...and fences
.....Its message convinces
America...going literally to hell
.....Waterboarding deporting
Principles aborting
...Gone...our integrity...as well

Sleight of hand...its magic
Such arrogance 'tis tragic
...Evil...of substance...thus born
Concerted acts of defiance
......A committed reliance
Conflicts of interest the norm

Presidential spending...skyrockets
.....Guess who's lining his pockets
His wants and desires fulfill
The gall of it all
A Billionaire's call
Fleecing the public at will

Clearly Bannon's a bigot
...Trump's faucet and spigot
And the Cabinet a wrecking crew
....Nazi Germany...it's channeling
While Government dismantling
....Cryptically...all in plain view

James B. Earley
Cuckolded Husband

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Damn Emails - Pardoned

There's precedent...Mr. President
...May I remind you of this
My failure.......to do so
Would be morally remiss

I'm thinking Richard Nixon
...Jerry Ford's intervention
Seems.....Hillary's plight
...Sort of a similar condition

Deserving........of ceremony
At the site of the Rose Garden
How appropriate Mr. President
.....Damn Emails pardoned

There's precedent...Mr. President

James B. Earley
Darkest Hour....Is Just....Before The Dawn

....Injustice......anywhere
Is a threat to justice everywhere
Was King's life...his message in vain
Circumstance thus lumped
God dumped...on us...Trump
What other conclusion does God's wisdom explain

Problematic...around the world
...Events....similar....unfurl
King's parable...of alarm...renew
Good and Evil...together bound
....Each.....the other...found
Reality's...distinct...point of view

God dumped...on us...Trump
Circumstance thus lumped
How else does reality explain
'Cause...in 'mysterious ways'
....God's wisdom....prays.....
King's death...will never ever...be in vain

Author's note:

GOOD AND EVIL

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

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

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Conceived and executed
..By that...Omnipotent Force

~JAMES B. EARLEY

Author's Note:
'Consequently, if you believe God made Satan, you must realize that all Satan's power comes from God and so that Satan is simply God's child, and that we are God's children also. There are no children of Satan, really.'

? Anne Rice

James B. Earley
De Facto - Putin's...Our President

Often pegged as Putin's Pet
Egomaniac knows not regret
Obviously not discovered yet

Electoral...College....Members met
....As customarily prone to vet
Thus chose instead not Putin's Pet

But Proxy whom....we've come to know
Omnipotent Good and Evil's glow
....Silver linings.....always....so

In that regard possibly peace on Earth
The first time ever now such worth
....Epitomized...by...its virgin birth

Might two Great Powers reign as one...
If that perhaps what's said and done
...One's the victor...one's the 'Con'

If proven....Proxy's...experiment....
'Wise Man'...then...self-evident
....De facto.....Putin's...our President

In name we'll still have Putin's pet
...Reality's soul...though vested yet
Within that future looms the threat
....Forever known....as Putin's....Pet

James B. Earley
My Uncle Roscoe...
A jack-leg preacher
As a child of seven....
My first spiritual teacher

He took me fishing
Upon Cache Creek
His ambitions strong...
Skills..somewhat weak

After....all day fishing
...No fish was caught
So from a nearby fisherman
..A large fish he bought

Highly praised...indeed
...When we got back home
Perhaps otherwise
...Had they known

After....all day fishing
....No fish we caught...
But from another fisherman
...Our fish...was bought

James B. Earley
Definition Of Oxymoron

Honest politician.......  

James B. Earley
Demagoguery - Its Blessing

Thank you.....The Donald
...For making...me aware
Acquaintances for decades
...Your rhetoric...laid bare

Often said...God moves
...In a mysterious way
And so...is the moment's
....Omnipotent exposé

Lain naked to the world
...Demagoguery's...face
Hypocrisy of a people
Toward matters of race

Folks close...once...respected
Now exposed into view
...An insight.....to those souls
Indeed...I thought...I once knew

...Never......did....I ever
Before you came along
Posturing such bigotry...
Friends...praising your song

...Racist.....nuances
They professed to abhor
Your ranting ideology
.....Yet....choose...to ignore

So...thank you...The Donald
...For making...me aware...
Their character deficiencies
...Your verbosity...laid bare

...That insight.....to those souls
Indeed...I thought...I once knew
Folks close...once...respected
...Now...exposed....thanks...to you
James B. Earley
Democracy

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

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

James B. Earley
'Deplorables' - The Adjective

Truth.....a commodity
.......Often maligned
When spoken characterizing
...Facts accurately defined

Taken out of context
....Most.....usually
Truth becomes the pariah
...When folks disagree

Enter.......spin doctors
....Twisting such words
From the banal to the ignorant
...To the patently...absurd

In the pillorying of Hillary
...'Deplorables'...I find
The disingenuous factor
That boggles the mind

...Nothing more arrogant
Nor profoundly complex...
Then the hypocritical mind
...Spinning out...of context

....It was...literal truth
As Hillary framed it
McCain's 'Healthcare' vote
...Hypocritically confirms it

'DEPLORABLES'...the adjective
....Thus often maligned
When spoken characterizing
....Facts accurately defined

James B. Earley
Destiny's Choice

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Destiny's Wisdom

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

Touching the vines
With such desire
Fueling the flames
....Of a raging fire
*
* 
*

Destiny's wisdom
....Then...rearranged
Those winds of passion
...To winds...of change

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

James B. Earley
Destiny's....Morning Muse

From around the corner
...Down...the hall
Late one morning
.....As I....recall

Appeared an image
....Before my eyes
Destiny's...greetings
....Realized

Late one morning
.....As I....recall
Appeared an image
...Down...the hall

James B. Earley
Diabolical Revelations Suggests It's All By Design

Obnoxious behavior
Conflicting the races
Shady...that reflection
Only further disgraces

Oval Office...literally
....Seems sinister entwined
Diabolical revelations
Suggests it's all by design

'Kneeling'...viewed at the top
....As utterly despicable
First Amendment rights....
Black Folks...non-applicable

The Son-Of-A-Bitch of it all
....Couldn't be any clearer
'Tis bigotry's....monster
...Simply seen in the mirror

Manipulative...genius
Accomplished liar as well
....Con-artist thief
Tyrant...frankly from hell

Our Constitutional Rights
Prez purposely defaces
.....Deliberately in pursuit
Toward conflicting....the races

James B. Earley
Diplomacy Waging The Winnable War

Try Wars....of words
Beneath the radar
Diplomatic...feats
...Results...by far

Less obtrusive.....
Than hand to hand
....Military...conflict
As some...demand

...No profits gained
In wars of words
...The exact......reason
Some...think absurd

...Bank accounts
Slim....and none
........Halliburton
Finally done....

In...by words simply battling
...Underneath...the radar
Diplomacy.........waging
...The.....winnable War

James B. Earley
Distant Haze

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Divine Intervention........Perhaps

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Do Y'all....Have......Any Consideration

....Why.....attack Melania
Why criticize high heels....
Do y'all have any consideration
...How this poor woman feels

She could have shown up
....As once...she was known
Why condemn high heels...
At least she had some clothes on

Do y'all have any consideration?

James B. Earley
Do...Black Lives...Matter - No....Not At All

Do Black lives matter....perhaps not at all
...Castile shot dead...Trump's not appalled
Not a single word...still....he has the gall

Tasking North Korea over Warmbier
....Presidential damnation's made it clear
'Never would have happened had I been here'

Yet in Philando's case Trump never gave a shit
......To....this day...hasn't uttered....one single whit
'Tis a foregone conclusion....and this is it

Hatred's....got....the lot....enthralled
......Domestic....terrorism's...twisted call
Bigoted.....America's...got its gall

Do....Black lives...matter...no....not at all

James B. Earley
Don't Tread On Me.....Take Back Our Nation - A Prayer...perhaps....... 

Don't tread......on me...
This path we're going
Taking our Nation back....
Memories we're knowing 

Of another time and place
...We once understood
A far cry....from today...
Think back if you would

No healthcare...nor welfare
.....No dictatorial clowns
No President's belligerence
Nor sit-ins...and sit-downs

Let's take our Nation back
....Get rid of...and replace
Those troublesome morons
Whose aggression laid waste

To a land uniquely promised
Decreed...spiritually our own
Take back the Indian Nation
....God...gifted.....OUR home

James B. Earley
Dr. Martin Luther King - A Remembrance

Having clocked out at the end of that Thursday's work, I entered the Company office along with a co-worker. We were informed that 'Martin Luther King had just been reportedly shot and killed.' My co-worker remarked, 'Good, he was a troublemaker.' I said to him, 'What you've just uttered is among the most insensitive statements I've ever heard spoken.' He immediately apologized, but what had been a budding friendship two or three years in the making, dissipated in a single pained moment of personal affront.

The events of that day have crossed my mind countless times since, and in its wake the co-worker's resonating words. Within ensuing decades, cumulative circumstance has proven my former co-worker's assessment irrefutably correct. As I've come to realize that Dr. King was indeed a 'troublemaker' of the most provocative fashion. The admirable view I held of him, as a 'troublemaker' promoting my idea of justice, was adversarial in fact to others who saw his associated efforts as 'troublemaking' against their own notion of justice; perceptively an immediate threat to Society's established way of life.

Conflicting somewhere within the arrogance of racial superiority, is the spiritual conundrum of social equality. A meeting of the proverbial minds is as distant now, as in Dr. King's lifetime. Years later, acknowledging the incredulous - lingering questions remain. Despite the Preacher's vaunted legacy; were his signature accomplishments, ultimately his death - simply, all perhaps waged.....for the God-awful sake of naught?

James B. Earley
Draining Washington's Swamp

Child-like...temper tantrums
...Throwing...fit...after fit
Oblivious to reality
...No one...giving...a shit

Ass whippings...I think
....Might....order restore
Two or three...perhaps
....Maybe possibly more

Congress thus engaging
What it chose to neglect
That buffoon in the room
...The adolescent train wreck

Literally not figuratively
...It must be understood
Actuality...not figuratively
And so...for common good

...Two or three...perhaps
.....Maybe...possibly more
Ass whippings....I think
.....Might...order.....restore

James B. Earley
America's medical malady
...Systemically known
As Delirium Tremens
The Trump syndrome

....Severe....anxiety
Terror sensations
Uncontrollable trembling
......Hallucinations

Nearly half Americans
....According to polls
Are Delirium Tremens'
....Suffering.....souls

Credit.....The Donald
To the Nation's chagrin
...DTs.....the norm
Fox News and friends

.....DTs...as such
Our con man's game...
Indeed Trump's travesty
....Bearing...his name

Author's note:
Thanks to my source of inspiration, Kash Earley for her witticism when mentioning medical affliction (DTs) and Donald Trump in same sentence.

James B. Earley
Ebola Terror...Seems....The Hypocrites' Hope

Congress again...disingenuously finagling
...Health scare crisis....its sinister joke
Ebola..politics'....most recent hobgoblin
...Inciting terror seems..the Hypocrites' hope

'Incompetency'...accusation's..chant of the hour
..Vociferous per the usual...notorious suspects
Yet arrogantly ignoring that blatant incompetency
....Their bigoted opposition consistently reflects

'Tis demented philosophy..appearing ill-wishing
...Same worn...old path...its historically led
Radically unhinged.....the resultant mentality
...When it comes to wishing...fellow citizens dead

Pathetic the folly...of long-treacherous behavior
......Devoid...of a rational....readiness to cope
Ebola..the moment's........hobgoblin of choice
...Might spiteful reality....be the Hypocrite's hope

Author's Note:
'Is there a genuine health concern over Ebola? Absolutely - it is a horrendous and virulent disease. But, like many other diseases across the developing world, it is a social and economic problem as much as it is an epidemiological one. By playing on this pseudo-racist rhetoric that isolates, demonizes, and excludes the people most vulnerable to the spread of Ebola in West Africa, we only work to further ensure the long and miserable trajectory of this most recent epidemic.'
~Mario Machado - Contributor, Huffington Post - 20 October 2014

James B. Earley
Economy Benefits...When Money's Spent

..Should rich folks care then come aboard
Economy suffers when the wealthy hoards
...Allow resources spread with good intent
Economy benefits...when money's spent

....Legionnaire the billionaire
A bill of fair of sheer despair...
Our way of life indeed threadbare
...Billionaire....poor man's...nightmare

Lord’s prayer a concessionaire
....Of doctrine spread somewhat unfair
Man's nightmare 'tis the billionaire
...That love affair...unrequited care

Think for instance.....billions waived
From those hoarded wealth enclaves
...An airplane dropped with the intent
Billions gathered would now be spent

...Should rich folks care then come aboard
Economy suffers when the wealthy hoards
....Allow resources spread with good intent
Economy benefits...when money's spent

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

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

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

....And maim...

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

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

....Assassinate...

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

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

James B. Earley
Eighteen Souls...At Woodlawn

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

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

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

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

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

Into millennia........called.........forever
...Where God has etched...that last...Decree
On...its scroll....may joy......be written
...For eighteen souls...

.........................Eighteen souls
...........................................And the quaint
...........................................................Old tree

Author’s note:
Soon after the 1994 'Northridge earthquake' Los Angeles....my wife and I literally stumbled across this extraordinary spectacle. Indeed a striking scene...replete with poignancy all its own. Imagine a large tree...its roots surfaced dramatically, tenacles traveling some distance, then abruptly...disappearing into...18 individual grave sites!
Woodlawn Cemetery...1847 - 14th St....Santa Monica CA 90404

James B. Earley
Election 2016 - A Suggested Alternative

In the upcoming campaign
....Election Twenty-Sixteen
The victor...the vanquished
.....Remains yet...to be seen

‘Tis a matter of choices
....The public's decree
Competing philosophies
.....Will......ultimately

Decide in the end
A collective result
Reflecting the will
Of responsible adults

...Then...united...go forward
Hoping NO ONE.....FAILS....
Once.....it's all said and done
....At the end.......of the trail

James B. Earley
Election 2016 - Chaos God's Chosen Nominee

Whether viewed as bitter anguish
Or seen through lens of sordid glee
Question looms amidst the chaos
.....Will Chaos be.....the nominee

Bearing forth the Party's banner
...If thwarted...then...another route
That....of independent warrior
.....Third Party's.....Substitute

Spewing epithets...taunted hatred
...America's house of ill repute
Outed...a Nation's abject horror
....Chaotic...yes.....though resolute

Vowing acts.....of blatant racism
Admirers watch in smittened glee
Turmoil the moments raging fancy
.....Chaos...God's chosen....nominee

James B. Earley
Elusive Treasured Likeness

Crossed the mind...and went to look
....Gone......without a trace
What hoped for...was not in sight
.....Instead.......an empty space

Why complain indeed the thought
....No one would care...the least
As often is the truth betwixt
......The beauty...and the beast

To great surprise....realized
.....Long......before day's end
Image that was missed so much
....Had at once...returned again

Now may the future be so kind
....And hold...within its grace
The elusive treasured likeness...
The of Mystery's...lovely face

James B. Earley
Enjoy The Moment...Regardless What It's Called

'Happy Holidays'
A mere...salutation...
'Tis viewed by some
...As...degradation

'Merry Christmas'
...Should...be...instead
Our Yuletide greeting
Indeed...it's said...

To honor Christ
...And...only....He
The issue...is...
Why must that be

When...'Happy Holiday's'
Festivities brings
.....Inclusivity's
Songs...that sings....

'Merry Christmas' to some
....But...not....to all
Enjoy...the moment...
Regardless...what its called

James B. Earley
Equal Opportunity Bigotry - Election Twenty-Sixteen

Tea Party's.....Code Words
.......The Donald replaced
With his own fiery rhetoric
....Emphatically embraced

'Tis the same...old bigotry
....But different strokes
Caricatures.....no longer
Nor watermelon jokes

.....No barbecued...ribs
No fried chicken signs
Got Mexicans and Muslims
....As targets....this time

God's.......weighing in
...Remains to be seen
His decision....on bigotry
...Election....Twenty-Sixteen

James B. Earley
Essence......Of Solitude

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Ethnicity

JAMES B. EARLEY,

American

of

Enslaved

African Ancestry

* * *

BARACK OBAMA,

African-American

James B. Earley
Eulogy To The Memory Of My Mother

Rosie Leola Earley 1903 - 2001

Delivered at South Bend, Indiana February 24, 2001

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Ever Since Founding Fathers - Reneged On The King

Depending on who's asked
It's a state of derelicts
....Election......2016's
Choice.........of politics

There's lying Hillary
We've trifling Trump
....Our possibilities
Together...lumped

Sadly it's interesting
Though acutely profound...
Trifling.......and lying
....Both politically sound

Practical...ways of life
For history has shown
...It's the only pathway
Heredity has known

...Seems....trifling liars....
The Politician's offspring
Ever since Founding Fathers
....Reneged....on the King

James B. Earley
Every Sorry Ass Hypocrite - Knows It Too

Killing....in Chicago
Ain't a damn thing new
Giuliani...the hypocrite
......Knows it too

His own......ethnic kin
Charter members of the Mob
Eliminating competition
....The gangster's....job

Putting food on the table
Having turned to crime
...Same damn...necessity
Today's Black youth find

...So...killing in Chcago
Ain't a damn thing new...
Every sorry ass hypocrite
.....Knows.....it too

Author's note:
The message herein is intended not as an excuse, but as literal explanation of the root cause of inner city conflict, then and now, and today's hypocritical non-response of both community and government.

James B. Earley
Evidence Circumstantial....Suggests....Our Commander-In-Chief

Ensconced...in 'his' Oval-Office
...Decades skilled...in the craft
Of gifted con-artistry
...Conditioned...in graft

Bogus 'Tax-Plan' scenario
..Whose incriminating....fact is
A shyster definitively
...Finagling  taxes

Consider 'Estate Tax' repeal
...Picture....billions.....retained....
Within Trump-family's hip-pockets
....'Conniving'...explained

And 'Corporate Tax' for instance
....It literally...too....can be said
Creative bullshit's in the details
.....Once.....it's eventually....read

Thus our gifted con-artist
...Businesses...embedded in graft
'Tis a man on a mission
...Innately....skilled....in his craft

Within the facts as we know them
.....Somewhere there's a thief
Evidence....Circumstantial

........Suggests

..............................Our

............................................Commander-In-Chief

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

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

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

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

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

Author's Note -

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

James B. Earley
Fanatically...Giving The Best...That He's Got

At what point.....criticizing
.....'Tis in reality fantasizing
Obama's Kenyan homeland...it's crutch
An unbalanced....reliance
.....A smitten defiance
Emotionally....psychologically...and such

.....Feeling...ideologically inferior
Growing wearier and wearier
Hallucinations.....nightmares his lot
....Tweeting early in the A. M.
Breakdown's got the best of him...
Poor man...is giving all that he's got

Lighten-up on derision
.....Ain't no easy decision
With fate of the world in one's hands
....Yet failure to...circumnavigate
By comparison a lightweight...
Fantasizing ain't so difficult to understand

....When feeling....ideologically...inferior
And growing wearier and wearier...
And...hallucinations and nightmares his lot
...And tweeting early....in the A. M.
And breakdowns getting the best of him
.....Now fanatically...giving the best...that he's got

James B. Earley
Feelings

To be at the end
Of one's life
With a new lease
....On life

Devil's in
The details
Twisting
The knife

It ain't...years
...But days
Even minutes
Perhaps

...Why then
The package
Thus passion
....Unwraps

A....new lease
....On life
At...the end...
Of one's...life

James B. Earley
Fellow Republicans.....It's A Damn Shame

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

James B. Earley
Fighting Wars.....In A Revolutionary....Way

Trading insults...exact bloodless results
....Fighting wars....in a revolutionary way
Here's to the Dotard and Rocketman's plan
...Playing 'The Dozens' the salvation...of the day

If Roosevelt and Hitler and Mussolini
And the Japanese had figured it all out
Simply playing 'The Dozens' like old country cousins
World War II would never have ever come about

Where once we were headed...indeed give credit
.....To the genius of The Rocketman who said it
The Donald’s a dotard old image of a man
Our President...unfazed...said double it...I raise
...Yes....'The Dozens' seems a much better plan

Wars....of words....anything....else...is absurd
...'Tis senseless that millions should die
Simply playing 'The Dozens' like old country cousins
....Damn shame...Roosevelt....and others...didn't try

Here's to the Dotard and Rocketman's plan
...Thus...'The Dozens' the salvation of the day
Trading insults....exact...bloodless results
.....Fighting wars......in a revolutionary way

James B. Earley
Fijian Islands

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

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

Author's note:

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

James B. Earley
Filbert Tree

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

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

James B. Earley
Final Analysis

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Final Conspiracy

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

James B. Earley
First......Dalmatian

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

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

James B. Earley
First....One Hundred Days

....Nuclear...oblivion's
Confrontational maize
Reckless behavior
In so many ways

.....Our resident genius'
First One Hundred Days
Whose singular accomplishment
....Is that...to utterly...amaze

With threatening rhetoric
....That literally preys
On Korea's peninsula
..Such questions raise

What might be the future
...Within this mind...ablaze
Considering his erratic
....First....One Hundred Days

Of reckless behavior
In so many ways
....Nuclear...oblivion's
Confrontational maize

Author's note:
'There is a chance that we could end up having a major, major conflict with North Korea. Absolutely,' Trump told Reuters in an Oval Office interview ahead of his 100th day in office on Saturday.
~Reuters - 28 April 2017

James B. Earley
Fiscal Conservatism - A Fiscal Fraud

Politics.....as witnessed
...Once intricacies discerned
All things.......considered...
And dire facts confirmed

Fiscal Conservatism merits
A conceptually deserved
...Skepticism...in light of
Deceptions observed

.....Its spirited rhetoric
Fundamentally....flawed
As Conservatism dissected
...'Tis simply...fiscal fraud

And......the runaway train
...Economically....out of touch
Warmongering the constant
...Of pet projects...and such

Sheer....theater......exposed
...When intricacies discerned
Once....all things considered
...Thus mere facts...confirmed

James B. Earley
Flag Of The Confederacy – Forever….Should It Wave

Judgmental....perhaps
...As forefingers wag
Condemning the notion
...Of Confederacy’s Flag

Born of belligerency
Its existence decried
That dubious heritage
Whose forefathers died....

Relegating “my” ancestors
....To perpetual........strife
Human trafficking/bondage
........As a way....of life

Raping.....sodomizing
God knows......what all
States Rights/no rights
...'Tis...a reminder...y'all....

Why Confederacy’s...Flag
......Is the....symbolic sight
Resurrecting....visually
Those miserable nights

And days.....despicable
...Forever...should it wave
For it reveals the mindset
.....Its bearer.....craves

Of yesteryear’s longing
Whose memory recalls
...Sodom and Gomorrah
And God knows...what all
*
*
...Ban this jewell...hell no!
Allow its message be told
Man’s inhumanity to Man...
Confederacy’s Flag...pure gold

James B. Earley
Bitter seeds of recent years
Ungodly angst.....it’s shown
Memories of the distant past
Another place...once known

Perhaps why forty six wary folks
Would find themselves inclined
To gather....in fertile fields
...Just pickin’ Cotton’s mind

Séance inquired..Tom what the hell
...Why not...compose....a letter
And so the World came to know
Cotton pickin’ minds...lot better

Recalling scenery of yesteryear
The ungodly angst it’s shown
....Oval Office....that distant past
Another place....now gone

James B. Earley
Founding Fathers'....Drowning

...Soon...we are
Perhaps to learn
The perilous route
....Of no return

Arrogance pathetic
....Blinders make
Obstructed vision
...Lay in its wake

And soon we are
Perhaps to learn...
That God-awful path
...Where...no return

James B. Earley
Fox Views...its Biased News

Disoriented in the darkness
Momentarily..a bit confused
Claimed the Fox amongst the chickens
....Falsely....I stand accused

Not so..crowed the rooster
As the farmer came a running
Don't believe it.....Mr. Farmer
He's a Fox....and thus..he's cunning

...Fox...sees....itself the victim
Barnyard's wanton abject abuse
Tarred feathered..branded villain
....Fox views.....its biased news

James B. Earley
Some...forever.....the shyster
....Not so with Sean Spicer
Never...a shyster by choice...
But that Spicer...the shyster
...We saw daily...in Spicer...
That Shyster was simply Trump's voice

None...nicer........than Spicer
...No hint....of the shyster...
Always in one's road...there's a bump
....Must say with all seriousness
Though tremendous hilariousness...
Spicer's bump in the road was in fact Trump

......Now....unlike...Sean Spicer
Trump's a natural born shyster
...Not merely a shyster by choice
Always think...of the shyster
......We saw daily in Spicer
That shyster...was simply Trump's voice

Sean's escaped Mueller's dragon
....One-step ahead of the paddy wagon
Narrowly avoiding...that legal commode
......Uncomfortable......with lying
Spicer's...all done.....with trying...
Simply dealing with his own bumps in the road

......The past....but a memory....
Hopefully....no longer...in jeopardy
Saturday Night Live....no more...a threat
And that former......Shyster
......Clearly....the nicer...Spicer...
Free...from Trump's Russian...roulette

James B. Earley
G O P....Profiling - The Black Republican

Succumb...some will
...Sordid minds
The self-despised
...That ax to grind

Self-hatred transfixed
..Its soul..entwined
A malicious...need...
Fellow Blacks malign

Vengeance waged
...Desiring...to find..
Bigotry's acceptance
Beyond the color line

Pathetically..watch
Fellow Blacks Maligned..
Amidst hypocrisy..waving
...Watermelon signs
*
*
'Blacks..loving the G.O.P'
...Would appear..asinine
Were it not for the sake...
Of the self-despised mind

Author's Note:
'Remembering fried chicken, barbeque, and watermelon rinds. Caricatures aplenty, amidst Tea Party signs - and indeed, not the least bit bothered; confirms the 'Self-despised' mind' (JBE)

James B. Earley
Gambler's Advice To The Atheist

'Err on the side of caution! '

James B. Earley
Genetically....Inherent

Revealed often in faces
.....Readily.....apparent
A mystery of the genes
....Genetically inherent

Woes perhaps of the bigot
...Understandably so
Deciphering ancestry...
Why...the swarthy glow

Reflected in those faces
....Suntanned.......apparent
Somewhere in whose genes
....Genetically....inherent

James B. Earley
Genius...Bernie's - Pollyanna

Alive and well
....In Indiana
Bernie's...genius
...Pollyanna

Taxpayers...feasting
On Pence-meat pies...
Carrier tax...incentives
...Bernie Sanders...cries...

Foul...Trump's trumped
....Stolen ideas
Now...Socialism....
With all....its fears

Alive....and...well
....In....Indiana
Thanks...to genius Bernie's
......Pollyanna

Author's note:
To paraphrase another's quote; One need not change a word of thought, that arrives in the midst of slumber.2: 13 AM - 5 December 2016 - JBE

James B. Earley
George Bush...Affliction

Uncontrollable..........Putin

Author's note:

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

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

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

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

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

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

May I share with you please, the poem 'Patches.' An original verse that explores the essence of that ageless interaction of life and death, and vividly illustrates the unique connection of one to the other;
When death ends life
A thread is torn
The knot is tied
And the child is born

The cycle but
A fabric patched
Together bound
Though unattached

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

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

Challenging questions linger, while life and death remain the mysterious norm. Of the two, I find death the most vexing. Violent death, or peaceful transition? Therein dwells the crisis of acceptance, where the mind tends to project greater questioning toward violent death, than that of peaceful transition. The ongoing struggle I find in that, is in the difficulty of accepting death equally. But faith I learned at my mother's knee, teaches me that death, however it invades one's existence is simply another complexity of God's Master plan. That spiritual construct for our eventual reunification at some future place and time. And in that thought, I'm mindful of the American Missionary, Bishop Charles Henry Brent, and his poignant illustration that dying is in fact God's idea of transitional living. Simply put, the ultimate spiritual experience;

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

'She is gone!'

Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all.
She is just as large now as when I last saw her.
Her diminished size and total loss from my sight
is in me, not in her.
And just at the moment when someone at my side says, 'She is gone, '
there are others who are watching her
coming over their horizon and other voices
take up a glad shout,

'There she comes! '

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Gettn’ Yug-Ugly – Whilst....In The Throes

As a man of years
It’s commonplace
Ain’t no such thing
As the pretty face

‘Tis a natural fact
...The process shows
Everybody gets ugly
Whilst in the throes

Ooohhs and aahhs
And wails contain
Moans and groans
...In Jesus’ Name

Makeup...askew
Dignity stressed
Partners...doing....
Their whorish best

Wailing and flailing
Goodness knows
...Gettn’...yug-ugly
Whist in the throes

James B. Earley
Glass Of Wine

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
God Only Knows...The Real Mitt Romney

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

James B. Earley
God's Strength.....Ain't...It Awesome

How...dare
....Kaepernick
Cross 'em

A peaceful protest
Caused....the NFL
...To toss him

Hypocrisy's bigotry
....Still....it....
Blossoms

Where did...this...Black Man
.......Find the gall
To cross 'em...

God's strength
.......Ain't it
Awesome

James B. Earley
Good And Evil

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

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

Author's Note:
'Consequently, if you believe God made Satan, you must realize that all Satan's power comes from God and so that Satan is simply God's child, and that we are God's children also. There are no children of Satan, really.'

? Anne Rice

James B. Earley
Good Day Cafe - Cindy's...Home.....Away From Home

Having dined.......in many places
....Varied restaurants I've known
None greater wealth of charming spirit
....Than Cindy's...home...away from home

A loyal following trust thus built...
Exemplified...within the patron’s soul
That smile of welcome...omnipresent
.....Current...still....the days....of old

The Cindy that we see today
Was Cindy back in days of yore...
Time's benevolence...indeed her treasure
...A bit older now....but youthful...more

May the future remain her friend
.....Staying close...as long its been
Throughout the years from way back yonder
....As graced the day it first walked in

A place of grace...in charm and spirit
Exquisite taste...in depth...'tis shown
.....Having dined in many places
Yet...Cindy's...home...away from home

James B. Earley
Within every single thing...there's good
.....Evil...claims....the same...refrain
Omnipotent...is....the will....of God
.....Good...and evil...acts explained

Again the two now chart the course
....Guidance...given...at our chagrin
Omnipotent reigns the will of God
...He's made the bed...we're lying in

Election's settled now and done
Be it sinister...perhaps....or not
....Millions...failed...to vote...at all
Thus 'elected'...what.....we've got

Omnipotent 'tis the will of God
...Good...and evil...deeds explained....
Within every single thing...there's good
...Yet...evil claims....that same...refrain

James B. Earley
Gospel...According To Eve

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Grandpa's Legacy

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Greed...Of Death

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

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

James B. Earley
Greener....Grass...Now Found....At Home

Finding love.....'tis indeed....remote
...When sowing ones last wild oats
A pathway through...what's overdue
There's no satisfaction...thus it's true
.....'Cause.....finding love...is so remote
When sowing...ones....last wild oats

...Discreet adultery's desire ignored
Determined lust was then explored
An open book its pathway led
....Multiple....lovers'....pages...read
While sowing those last wild oats....
Search....for love...was found remote

....Now homeward bound and so alone
All self respect now come and gone
....But...in sowing...those...last wild oats
A love was found....once thought....remote
...Its welcoming lighted window shone
On greener....grass...now found...at home

James B. Earley
Guns...And Unintended Consequences

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

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

James B. Earley
Had We Taken Better Care Of Self

Life's illnesses we've come to know
....Didn't necessarily have to be
Had there been a plan in place
....An effective.......strategy

Had we early on in youth....
The urge to wiser choices make
Giving health a greater thought
....And not once...for granted take

Answer dwells within the question
...Why.....so physically bereft
Our aches and pains...non-existent
...Had we taken....better care...of self

James B. Earley
Happy New Year

I thought of you
The years we've known
...Total strangers once
But seeds were sown

.........Now I do
As I am prone

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

I muster

.......To pass the message on

Another year
Has come and gone
With its movement
...Time has flown
Though in the wake
Our friendship's grown

Happy New Year
....To
One of the dearest gifts

.....I've known

Be Well! ! ! ! ! 

James B. Earley
Harassing IRS - And Other Congressional Indiscretions

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

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

...As WHO'LL be interrogating whom

James B. Earley
Hatred Fueling.....Passion’s Flame

‘Tis a Region....mired...in conflict
.....Bigotry.....its very soul to blame
Confusion....all of Man’s own making...
....Hatred fueling passion’s flame

Need we have a talk with God
Spend some...quiet time...alone...
Reflect within that sacred vision
....Every.....evil.....act....atone

Should we beg of Him forgiveness
...Every sniper’s discharged gun
Every raging drone.....of terror
....Every single.....strafing run

Should we ask a note of guidance...
Assuage the pain of every wrong
.....Resolve that conflict ever kindling
Outstanding issues...here at home

....Our Nation’s....past......akin....to ISIS
American History’s consummate shame
Poignant memoirs....steeped in turmoil
....Hatred...fueling....passion’s flame

James B. Earley
Heart And Soul...aligned....Corrupt

“We hope he fails”
...Once upon a time
The chant of Choice
To the troubled mind

Seems twisted angst
...Just won’t give up
As sense of change...
That thought corrupts

A once noble body
Whose daily pursuit
’Tis...undermining
...Filing....lawsuits

Such twisted angst
...Just can’t give up
With heart and soul
...Aligned....corrupt

James B. Earley
Heavens Colliding - His Plans Unfurl

Collusion of circumstance
...The plan unfurled
Perfect.....timing
....An obscene...World

Divine intervention
...In so many ways
Specific its window
Simply ten mere days

...Intriguing....thought
The atheist...mind
......In disbelief
'It's...all God's sign

Heavens colliding
....HIS plans unfurl
Perfect.......timing
....An ideal...World'

James B. Earley
Her Mere Presence....Proof....Poetry Mightier...Than Prose

....Nothing....more sexually....arousing...than those
Removing of all modesty along with the clothes....
Her mere presence....proof....poetry mightier than prose
......Simply.....hard to believe...'twas he...that she chose

Hers...the ugliest-most face....ever to have captivated his mind
This gorgeous woman...underneath...during orgasmic time
.....Implausibly...inexhaustible.....an extraordinaire find
The heat of the moment...both erotically entwined

They cuddled and fuddled and after a couple more rounds
...Suddenly....they heard...the most distressing....of sounds
Somewhere betwixt....and between...multitudinous groans
...A loud voice....proclaiming...'Honey....I'm.....home'

Second ugliest-most face ever to have captivated his mind
.....That reflection....in her eyes.....that angst....was the sign
Of....the nearest window.....instinctively....he chose
.....Not once....even considering...the necessity of clothes

Which required some explaining to the Officer on patrol
But in fact an old story once the circumstance was told
....'Caught in the middle...of the most passionate of moans
That God-awful message....declaring....'Honey...I'm....home'

James B. Earley
Hers Is....A Charming....Quirk

Admirable....this gracious....lady
...Hers is....a charming...quirk
Hanging out with family friends
...She's gone again from work

Seems in fact she'd just returned
..Yet again...such pleasures seek
She did not take a day or two
...This time...the whole damn week

It's not her fault...it's in the blood
....Natural...flows......the quirk
Come Thanksgiving...Christmastime
...She'll be gone again from work

New Years...you'd think...appears
....A mending....of her ways
But oh no....she's all...aglow
...Planning...vacation days

Just hanging out with family friends
...She'll be gone...again...from work
A loving lady...indeed...she is
...Hers is....a charming...quirk

James B. Earley
...Is Hillary...a liar
She damn sure is
Truth non-existent
....Indeed...it 'tis

With kindred others
...Compatriot's lot
Political spectrum
This...all we've got

..It's all...a sham
Include the Court
Supreme its reign
...The last...resort

Year Two-Thousand
...The date...exact
Nine Black Robes
Suppressed in fact

...The People's will
Hundred million-plus
Invalidated ballots
...They ravaged...us

Hillary...the lone liar
...Seems a bit bizarre
Considering the spectrum
....Notoriously....are

James B. Earley
Careful...what one should ask for
....Where available...is a litany of words
Uncomfortable truths personifying
...The Donald's vociferous herds

Chanting liar...liar pants on fire
...Often seen as Clinton's curse
Grand Old Party...long convinced
...Hillary's...amongst...the worse

Suddenly now...talking in tongues
...Truisms...Holy Ghost....deemed
Hillary's brand new religion...speaking
...The voice...seemed spiritually beamed

Of literal TRUTH found uncomfortable
Describing Trump's...relentless herds
...As 'deplorable bigots' within our midst
The new Hillary's....scathing...words

Spouting Truth's...newfound religion
Promises.....of substantially....more
...Righteousness...indeed of purpose
A Hillary...Trump's...never seen before

Careful it's said...what one should ask for
English...a language of so many words
...Of uncomfortable...truths...befitting...
Personifying...The Donald's bigoted herds

James B. Earley
Hobgoblins' Lying Eyes

...Hobgoblins...politics...tool of choice
Its message speaks impending doom
Unassuming crowds caught in its spell
Seldom see the elephant in the room

Charlatans pounce....then run amok
Deceit assumes the atmosphere...
Bait and switch...its resonant charm
...Sequestered in Hobgoblins' fear

Succumbed....we are as literal sheep
...Or asses...rather...if truth be told...
Through neglect and by default
....Politicians...gifted....our very souls

....Election 2016..."Hobgoblins Central"
The choice..."Truths" versus Hillary's "lies"
Jobs...Health....and other issues...critical
...Beware Hobgoblins'....Lying Eyes

Author's Note:
The whole aim of practical politics is to keep the populace alarmed (and hence clamorous to be led to safety) by menacing it with an endless series of hobgoblins, all of them imaginary.
~H.L. Mencken

James B. Earley
How Might.....The Reverend Wright.......Be Wrong...

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

Author's Note:

OBSERVATION: Of the varied...anti-Jeremiah Wright accusations; 'divisive, racist, un-American, etc., ' dramatically absent is the label............LIAR.'

James B. Earley
Huckster's Message - A Bullshit Story

Complaints chock-full of innuendoes
Misleading thoughts and twisted minds....
We're the greatest nation on this planet
.....It's us who are called...in troubled times

A standing military at the ready
....Within every...single....Hemisphere
Robust economy bursting buttons
...Still there dwells maniacal fear

Should...we allow...bigotry prosper...
Huckster's message...in fact embrace
.....His...just another....bullshit story
Smoke and mirrors might lay waste

To our GREATNESS......decades envied
Throughout the world appreciated...
Except the few...our foreign enemies
...And Huckster's fans...thus fixated

America's wonders now called in question
.....Cries......of making......her great again
Chants.....of taking......our country back...
From what and whom and back to when

Concept itself seems problematic
.....As per.......presiding.....DNA
Results suggests we're kinfolks all
Despite what Huckster has to say...

We're the greatest nation on this planet
.....It's us who are called...in troubled times
Huckster's message...a bullshit....story
...Misleading thoughts...and twisting minds

James B. Earley
Humanity's Purpose - Nature's Dream

Why are we here
This life we live
Why...exist..at all
...If not....to give

Of....ourselves
...To others lend
A sense of hope
That spiritual friend

Helping...somebody
...Else...it seems
Nature's purpose
...Perhaps its dream

Of common good
And that alone
....Misunderstood
Somehow...gone wrong

For helping...others
....Life...it seems
Humanity's purpose
...Nature's....dream

James B. Earley
Hypocrisy Beholden...To Mirrors And Smoke

...Sitting.....in silence
Whose principle bespoke
Of...hypocrisy beholden
...To mirrors and smoke

Truth held in contempt
....'Tis a trait.....denied
Considering the notion
Kaepernick...never lied

...Were....Lee...the victor
The vanquished....Grant
...Rebel's...cherished symbol
Would be the Nation's rant

Confederacy's...flag
....America's....choice
More clearly defining
....The athlete's....voice

Just sittn'...in silence
...Where silence bespoke
Of hypocrisy...beholden
....To mirrors...and smoke

Author's note:
'I'm not going to stand up to show pride in a flag for a country that oppresses black people and people of color. To me, this is bigger than football and it would be selfish on my part to look the other way. There are bodies in the street and people getting paid leave and getting away with murder.'
~Colin Kaepernick - San Francisco 49ers quarterback commenting on why he did not stand for the playing of the national anthem before his team's preseason game Friday against the Green Bay Packers, August 27, 2016

James B. Earley
Hypocrisy’s Child

Sanctimonious it’s been
…..Abortions...the sin
Hypocrisy...thus born
With the child and then

....Welfare...denied
ObamaCare decried
Hypocrisy...takes further
The child for the ride

....In search....of a War
That pathway...ain’t far
Hypocrisy and the Church
Simply both...on a par

.....Abortions.....its sin
Sanctimonious chagrin
Hypocrisy’s Child dead...
At the Battlefield...Amen

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

James B. Earley
Hypocrites...All....Singing Yesterday's Song

Politics the game...of smoke and mirrors
.....Reverend Wright.....Obama's wrong
Scalise..the pride...of Dukedom's hour
Hypocrites caught-up in yesterday's song

'Conservatism'...simply..a theoretical farce
....'Fiscal'......but...the devious thought
'Unlimited spending on pet projects'...
Is what 'Fiscal Conservatism'..is all about

Politics the game..of smoke and mirrors
Honesty...in practice...deemed uncouth
Landrieu banished from the Chamber
'Cause she dared to SPEAK THE TRUTH

Democrats complicit....by omission
Never once raising the crucial word
....Why is Mary the Nation's pariah
Since when is truth...thought absurd

Politics the game of...smoke and mirrors
.....Reverend Wright.....Obama's wrong
Scalise....the pride...of Dukedom's hour
Hypocrites ALL....singing yesterday's song

James B. Earley
Hypocrites...'tis Who They Are

Reflecting who they are by far
Remembering where they've been and when
....Observing in the here and now
My consciousness revived again

..What Arendt spoke 'tis not a joke
It's simply who they are by far
....Living in the here and now...
Hypocrites in fact is who they are

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

James B. Earley
Hypocritically...Politically...Incorrect

Some Trumpeteers...good people perhaps
....A few...adorably....inclined
Rest are said...to be...the epitome....
Of the term...deplorables.....defined

...'Bigot' - 'a person....intolerant
Of another's.....belief......or creed'
'Deplorable'...Webster's Dictionary says
...'Atrocious...in tone....and deed'

And further to Webster's assessment....
Definitions found meaninglessly...hollow
......Lying...is lying....ain't no denying
Truth...found difficult to swallow

...'Tis denial....born...of hypocrisy
Passion's bigotry...divining it so
Witnessed in the mirrored reflection
....Long...society's....historical glow

Within that fabric...some fine folks
....The rest...documentedly...suspect
Thus validating...the term...'deplorables'...
Hypocritically....politically...incorrect

Author's note:
'You know, to just be grossly generalistic, you could put half of Trump's supporters into what I call the basket of deplorables. Right? The racist, sexist, homophobic, xenophobic, Islamaphobic - you name it. And unfortunately there are people like that. And he has lifted them up. He has given voice to their websites that used to only have 11,000 people - now 11 million. He tweets and retweets their offensive hateful mean-spirited rhetoric. Now, some of those folks - they are irredeemable, but thankfully they are not America. But the other basket - and I know this because I see friends from all over America here - I see friends from Florida and Georgia and South Carolina and Texas - as well as, you know, New York and California - but that other basket of people are people who feel that the government has let them down, the economy has let them down, nobody cares about them, nobody worries about what happens to their
lives and their futures, and they're just desperate for change.'
~Hillary Clinton - Speaking at the LGBT for Hillary Gala in New York City on Sept.9,2016

James B. Earley
Ideals Once Bred In Distant Slavery...Seen Recycling Now Again

...We saw it....back in Selma
Tormented hatred yet then
....That...just a semblance
Where the bitter acts of men

...Evermore...reminded
Of those vivid days of when
Atrocities....even greater
'Tis the road long we've been

Traveling since Slavery....
Perhaps recycling....now again
...President-Elect's imagery
Of history's evil lion's den

....Eight years...endurance
Reliving fate's Original Sin
...Obama's terms in office
A 'living hell'...amongst...men

Who plotted indeed schemed
...Its...sinister...message send
Obstructionism thus defined
.....Yesterday's way of life defend

Now a President-Elect's philosophy
...Cabinet...replete...with similar kin
Ideals once bred in distant Slavery
...Seen...recycling...now.....again

James B. Earley
If...It Be Thy Will

God's wisdom a litany
...Of infinite....quirks
'Tis a state of uncertainty
...Perplexity....irks

The more one ponders
....Murkier.....the path
While seeking enlightenment
...Seems greater the wrath

Within...that confusion
....Bewilderment lurks
God's wisdom...a litany
...Of spiritual quirks

James B. Earley
Immigration - Another View

As we plan our upcoming Thanksgiving menus, imagine that future had American Indians of Plymouth Rock harbored staunch resentments similar to that of modern day political thinking. Consider the countless folks laboring the fields and vineyards of America, so that we as beneficiaries of that original kindness might savor a reflective moment. Searching our mindsets, cast aside the arrogance of the hour, committing within our collective passions, that goodness demands our passing forward a centuries-old benevolence.

James B. Earley
Impeach Him Now...before We've Lost......

Why can't the ignorant remain just that
.......And must...the sick......be cured
Impeach him now before he's changed
...The "Past"...we've long...endured

Socialism's....Community Colleges
...Higher education...practically free
Healthcare for the Nation's masses
...Obama's gone unhinged...completely

Where's the billions coming from
...To wage WARS....on foreign soil
When it's wasted right here at HOME
...On Barack's domestic..turmoil

Why can't the ignorant just stay dumb
.....The downtrodden........uninsured
Impeach him now...before we've lost
...The "RIGHTS"...we've long....endured

James B. Earley
In Defense Of Crooked Hillary

No matter....how one...parse it
Or how it's painted...still it looks
...In defense of crooked Hillary
Without exception all are crooks

Always have....and future prone
The entire group...the total sum
...In defense....of crooked Hillary
Liars....cheaters....everyone

...'Truth'...in fact....non-existent
Practitioners...rotten to the core
...In defense of crooked Hillary
There're greater evils...to abhor

A flaming bigot amongst the choices
...The lesser evil...'tis all we've got
In defense....of crooked...Hillary
, , , Crooked Hillary....indeed...my lot

James B. Earley
In Defense....Of The Honorable....Judge Moore

Using...a teen-age.....Mary
......The scheming old man
'Twas a Biblical carpenter
......Engaging his master.....plan

In defense of the Honorable
....Judge....Roy Moore
Jesus' father....Joseph
....Many years before

Devised...an excuse....
Sheer genius at play
...In his heart....knew
Its value one day

Thus Jesus' father....Joseph
....Many years before
Bedded....Mother Mary
...In defense...of....Judge Moore

Author's note:
"Take Joseph and Mary. Mary was a teenager and Joseph was an adult carpenter. They became parents of Jesus. There's just nothing immoral or illegal here. Maybe just a bit unusual."

James B. Earley
In His Own Time And Way - They Came To Know

Where was she when long ago
Here and there and to and fro

Through travels in and out where life
Whose highs' and lows' recurring strife

Failed in its stride...abject dismay
Then....awakening to another day

....Another...and.........another....still
Year after year indeed God's will...

Traveling here and there and to and fro
...In His own time...and way....they came...to know

James B. Earley
In My Poetic Heart's Fond Way

...Writing a poem.....to self today
Having its resounding message say
....The passion that I feel I pray
Will continue on....forever stay
....In my poetic heart's fond way
And on this notion indeed I'll prey

And write, and write, and write until
......I get my fill....I'm writing still
Pursuing what's been a life long thrill
...To self...I promise...should it be...thou will

Author's note:
Inspired by my poet friend, Marilyn Lott.

James B. Earley
Incompatible...The Concept - Trump...Church....And God

Incomprehensible the notion
...God...Trump...and Church
When used in same sentence
....Is...to blatantly besmirch

God's infinite judgement
Immaculate wisdom and such
....Divine sacred messages
Espousing His touch

....Parallel...to that path
Obstructionism trods
..'Nationalism's Walls'
Philosophically at odds

For Heaven has no religion
....No unfurling.....of flags
No distinguishing the wealthy
...From that man in the rags

Lack of healthcare...its racism
.......Dramatically at odds
Incompatible the concept
...Trump...Church....and God

James B. Earley
Indeed The Hypocrite.....We Have Become

Oblivious...to a World...gone asunder
Ignoring dastard deeds we've done
Blaming the travesty.....all on others
.....The hypocrite.....we have become

Hobgoblins cluster...same old places
....Ageless tactics tried and true
Deception's vaunted smoke and mirrors
...Sleight of hand.....the public screw

Constant fear amongst the masses
....Off the wall.....sinister claims
Dreaded angst.......dreaded horror
...Whose very essence itself explains

Why the page of many answers
...Bullshit gathered...all one place
Piles of dung it's known to fancy
...Superiority when it comes to race

Oblivious to our World...gone asunder
Suppressing dastard deeds we've done
Blaming the travesty.....all on others....
Indeed the hypocrite.....we have become

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

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

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

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

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

Author's Note:
'What, to the American slave, is your Fourth of July?

I answer: a day that reveals to him, more than all other days in the year, the gross injustice and cruelty to which he is the constant victim. To him, your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty, an unholy license; your national greatness, swelling vanity; your sounds of rejoicing are empty and heartless; your denunciation of tyrants, brass-fronted impudence; your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery; your prayers and hymns, your sermons and thanksgivings, with all your religious parade and solemnity, mere bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy-a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages.'

? Frederick Douglass

James B. Earley
Insomnia

Sleepless nights
Emotionally tossed
Caress the line
Not physically crossed

Waning hours
Life still given
Memories haunt
Days once striven

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Intricacies.....Of Life

...Wide....awake
Though fast asleep
....The bitter truth
In fact ran deep

'Twas flaming....fire
...That never lied
The proof of which
Burned deep inside

Every single day
....Still.....the pain
Aching moments
Never seemed to wane

A once...obscured
....Distorted....view
Now seeing clearly
..What others knew

As a...credible witness
....Life...discerns
So much of folks...
It thus...then learns

That bitter truth...did
...In fact...run deep
Though wide awake
....Yet...fast...asleep

James B. Earley
Invocation's 'Capitol Hill' Reality

Scheming, conniving, born-again lying...in Jesus' name, amen.

James B. Earley
Iraq Invasion 19 March 2003 - An Arrogance Revisited.....

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Is Democracy....By Force.....

..........’Democracy’

James B. Earley
Is Not....Perception.........Reality

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
It's A Doozy Them Democrats Delivering A Speech

Ya know....

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

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

Meanwhile....

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

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

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

Then....

....Relax to the rhythm
Those Liberals preach

'Cause....

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

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

James B. Earley
Its Own.....Living Hell

"I'll make him a one-term President" *
......"I hope he fails" **
Determined chorus scheming
.....A living.....Hell

McConnell's...rhetoric *
Echoing Limbaugh's **
....Abject...animosity...
The message Barack saw

When the polls closed
...And the vote came in
The plot indeed hatched
...Right there...and then

Now two terms in Office
God knows he ain't failed
Deflated chorus suffering
...Its own.....living Hell

James B. Earley
Jealousy

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

Did it....again!

Messy....
.......Jessie

James B. Earley
Jesus Wept

Fiscal Conservatism
Blatantly destroying
Social consciousness
While piously drawing

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

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

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

James B. Earley
John McCain's Legacy

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

James B. Earley
Just A Loony Assortment - Of Twisted Minds

An arrogant bunch of loony folks....
Fifty sessions plus...determined VOTES

Two solid terms practicing...dirty tricks
If Healthcare broken...why not fix

.......Obliteration....asinine
Degenerates of...the Christian kind

...McConnell...Limbaugh raising hell
Grown men chanting...'I hope he fails'

Hypocrites both.....extraordinaire....
Own kinfolks pocketing...ObamaCare

......Calling them BIGOTS...'tis so unkind
Just a loony assortment....of twisted minds

James B. Earley
Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Karma….Perhaps The Boomerang

Careful.....what one asks for
......‘Tis often.....irony’s curve
Life’s....Australian boomerang
Returning what...one deserves

We deposed and hung Saddam
Region’s only....ally of worth
That indiscretion...now we know
.....Gave rise to ISIS’ birth

Leave behind Afghan’s poppies
Relinquish....that awesome high
.....Cling fast the sobering reality
Iraqi Oil Fields....gone morally dry

Careful....what one asks for
...Oh so often.......irony’s curve
Simply life’s Australian boomerang
..Returning what..one deserves

Assassinating...Saddam Hussein
....Region’s only ally of worth
That very act......consequential
....Giving rise to serpent’s birth

Indeed beware what one asks for
...There’s lesson in irony’s curve
Karma......perhaps…the boomerang
Returning what…it thinks deserved

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

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

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

James B. Earley
'Kidnapped Child'

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

....Send them on home

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

....Send them on home

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

Send them on home

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

Send them on home

James B. Earley
Kinfolks Indeed We Are By Far

Science confirms it....by the way
...Recorded...there...in DNA
Black and White and Red folks all
Within that same...lineage falls

Relatives...all...in truth we are
...Kinfolks yes...we are...by far
Doubting Thomases will deny...
But truth regardless here is why

Bloodlines all come down to this
...Chromosomes reminisce
DNA...proves...we are...by far
...Kinfolks...in fact...'tis who we are

James B. Earley
Kneeling....Isn't Always.....A Prayer

Which of your images Mr President
...Should I stand...and admire
That...of the Confederacy
.....Or would you require

That...Old Glory....I honor
Lest you put me to shame
For calling out its bigotry....
You would belittle...my name

Why not admonish instead
White supremacists friends
Your Nazi loving cohorts
....Why...would you defend

That flag of the Confederacy
....Yet...bother....to deplore
A Black man simply kneeling...
Why have there been no uproar

About your thieving...deceiving
....The pathetic liar you are
Your robbing....of our Treasury
....That proverbial...cookie jar

It's never too late Mr President
...That...new leaf......a fresh start
Why not bring our Nation...together
....Instead....of ripping....it apart

Which of your images Mr President
...Should I stand...and admire

James B. Earley
28 August 1938 - 3 September 2012

Delivered

25 September 2012

At

Michael Mondavi Family Estate

Napa, California

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

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

Much has happened since those days of yesteryear. During the intervening decades, death has laid claim to family. My maternal Grandfather, both my parents, and five of my siblings. Faith leads me to believe a spiritual rebirth awaits, and that one day in that sacred future we will all be re-united...bound together...forever. And through that faith I've come to appreciate that death and dying is a necessary passage through which we all must travel. There is reassurance in the realization that death is merely a finality of the body, but not of the spirit. And in that fashion the dead are destined to live on in the memory, ever closer than before. Within that glorious significance dwells the continuum of life itself. For in that divining moment perception does in fact become reality. One afternoon while exploring, and appreciating the depth of this poignant revelation, I was moved in a fit of anguish to compose the following poem:

'Reality says they've passed away...Is not perception reality...for I feel a living presence...as though they stand...right next to me. Those guiding hands...of long
ago...so firm against my brow...as strong, yet gentle...as yesterday...is the warmth...that I know now. That legacy of the distant past...still a mighty roar...memories sustain my soul...and on whose wings I soar...reality says they've passed away...silenced in death and then...perception says they're just as close...and real as way back when.'

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

As the keeper of the Company Limousine, I was assigned on rare occasions the task of driving varied members of senior staff. It was during one such engagement that I met Larry. From time to time I'd chat with him at the office, or maybe during the random encounter somewhere along the street. I learned to appreciate his radiant sense of life, his wit and intellect, his pride of work, and hearing him speak longingly of avid love of family.

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

James B. Earley
Last Flicker Of An Old Flame

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

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

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

James B. Earley
'Laughing While Black' Napa Valley Wine Train Lawsuit Is Settled

'Sistahs Book Club, a group of mostly African American women, who were kicked off The Napa Valley Wine Train for allegedly being loud and boisterous, have settled their race-discrimination lawsuit for a confidential sum, their lawyer said Monday.' ~Bob Egelko, SFGate - Monday, April 18, 2016

Commentary:

'Growing up in a small Black community, good manners were a definitive way of life, parentally instilled in me and my siblings, early on. The same was true of all the other families I knew. There was the rare occasional deviant child, but for the most part, good manners ruled the day. Having been a decade's long, observant member of Black society and its relevant mores, nothing has changed from my original view. Throughout my adult years, I have resided and worked, in varied cities of both Northern and Southern California, having spent far more of my waking hours, in the company of Caucasians than even that of my immediate family, comparisons readily tempting. Travel and circumstance have implored upon me the hazards of surrendering to the pervasive pattern of stereotypical thought.

Often, I've been victimized by internal biases, only to be brought back to reality's truth, that we're all bigoted in some fashion. There's tragedy inherent within the ignoble art of stereotyping, as we are driven to believe that what we know of one particular person or object, is true of all similar others. Life has afforded me significant exposure to other cultures, and I've learned that we're all more alike, than not. It's our biases that tend to divide us.

Think of those eleven 'loud' Book-Club ladies, as they were on a joyous trip through Napa Valley Wine Country. Juxtapose them with eleven reincarnated Napa Valley wine pioneers (you name them), hilariously assembled aboard the Wine Train in similar circumstance. We'd all perhaps wish to have been simple bystanders to such a 'loud' joyous event.

In the end it's not about eleven folks being loud, rather the critical issue apparent, is that of the 'stereotypical eleven.'

Urgent note to the Napa Valley Wine Train: expect 'loud' from whatever eleven festive-minded friends, and accommodate accordingly.' JBE
Leading By Example - A Christian Declaration - At Christmas...

May we fit
The thought

...Inclusion

Into
Our
New Year's

.......Resolution

Allow this be
The mantra

............Living...

Our prayer
This Christmas Day

......Of giving

Merry Christmas, one and all. Be well! ! ! !

James B. Earley
Life So...Uniquely....Different Then

We want to take our Country back
To times of yore..that part of when
.....Simple days.....of yesteryear....
Life so...uniquely....different then

Crowds gathered long unfettered
...Confederacy’s future....our destiny
Banners amongst the faithful waving
"Don’t y’all dare...ever tread on me”

....There were caricatures......aplenty
Barbecued chicken watermelon rinds
Ah...those days so well remembered
...Of another place....another time

This ain’t about hate nor is it bigotry
.....Contrary notions...indeed absurd
Phony claims...of ways and actions.....
Reverberating louder than spoken words

.....We just want...our Country back
To times of yore...that part of when
.....Those old days that used to be...
Life so....uniquely...different then

James B. Earley
Limbaugh

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

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

James B. Earley
Loosest Screws

Sharing my humble dime-store opinion
....Simply...a psychiatric....point of view
Somewhere in the White House tool box
....Dwells in fact....the loosest screw

You can call it....by what you want
....But this I think....is where it's at
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.....
Has gone to hell...and that..is that

Documented....the Nation's....worst
....But...still I come.....to his defense
'Cause... by far...the loosest....screw
'Tis...wayward preacher....Michael Pence

Some will find this thought dismaying
...Morning tweets...or Pence....a-praying
We're fucked perhaps is all I'm saying...
Either...morning tweets...or Pence...a-praying
*
*
This an humble dime-store opinion
....Psychoanalytical.....points of...view
Somewhere in the White House toolbox
....Unavoidable...the loosest...screws

James B. Earley
Looting - As....A Livelihood

Author's note:
~A 'need vs greed commentary on 'looting, ' and its critical relevance, prior to, during, and in the aftermath of Hurricane Irma.' JBE

The White House Resident

Our Current President

Then there's
...Moochin'
Mnuchin
*
*

That just simply
...Names a few
Proving rich folks loot
And poor folks too

Circumstance
....Reasoning
Some poor folks would

Choose
The art of looting
As a livelihood
*
*

Why would rich folks
Choose
Such an avenue

That
Commonality
Of looting too
Apparently...they just
.....Love
To screw

The American public
......Passive....idiots
Like.....me...and you

James B. Earley
Love At First Sight

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Making America Great Again

.........Stocking.........artillery
Parading weapons and then
.....Determinedly going about
'Making America...great again'

....Present day....rhetoric
My suntanned complexion
Muslims......and Mexicans
...Society's.......rejections

'Taking our Country back'
How far back would that go
Is it figuratively or literally
.....It's critically so

Necessary to expound
.....Important to define
Soapbox's...belligerence
...Bombastic state of mind

That's.......stocking up weapons
Parading artillery and then
.....Determinedly...going about
'Making America....great again'

James B. Earley
Making America Great Again - A Promise

War...declared...on folks of color
...Deliberate choice it hopes to win
Astride the bigoted...hopes of many
....Making America...Great Again

Bigoted words....said in bluster
...An abomination...to thinking folks
Pathetic others see mirrored images
...Their passions...their latent hopes

Suppressed desires....frustrations
Now have found a kindred voice
......Bellicose....belligerence
...The spokesman....indeed of choice

Bringing hope to the hopeless
A return...of familiar ways
....Society...resurrecting
Those beloved...good old days

Rancor's hatred...once asleep
...From its slumber rising raging
At the helm the fiery yeoman
...Bigotry's bluster now is waging

War declared...on folks of color
...Dubious choice...it'll never win
Despite the angered...hopes of many
....Of Making America...Great Again

James B. Earley
Man’s Critical…..Error

Terror is terror....
The greatest error

Is blaming that fact
...On political acts

To the detriment....
Of its inherent content

’Cause Terror...is Terror...
Whatever the bearer

Terror....as such

....Man’s critical
.......................ERROR

As...Terror...is still Terror
....Whomever its bearer

Author’s Note:
"TERROR:  1. Intense fear.2. A person or thing that causes such fear.3. violence or threats of violence used as a means of intimidation or coercion.'
~Random House Webster’s College Dictionary

James B. Earley
Late 1962, living in San Francisco's Fillmore District at the time, I regularly patronized a neighborhood newsstand and sundry store owned by an elderly Jewish gentleman, Mr. Baum, along with his middle-age daughter. Visiting one day, I observed a Black man, perhaps in his late thirties behind the counter along with the two of them. A new employee, I asked of Mr. Baum, 'no not really,' he said. This is George Bell, a merchant seaman, by trade, who during periodic sabbaticals to the City always finds time to stop in and help out, allowing my daughter and me some free time away from the business.

One afternoon, shortly thereafter, I encountered Bell seated outside the store reading a book. Curious, I inquired, 'What are you reading?' 'Mein Kampf, by Adolf Hitler,' he responded. Continuing, he talked about varied aspects of Nazi Germany. I recall saying to him, 'That could never happen here.' He asked, 'What makes you think that it could never happen here?' I went on and on with my thoughts, and finally he interrupted - 'I've sailed the world many times over, countries I've lost count, I've travelled extensively throughout the United States, and the bigoted mindsets I've found right here at home are far worse than any I found elsewhere, and that revelation suggest to me that you're fundamentally wrong. It happened in Germany energized with three simple components; an ego maniacal figure, an enraged bigoted populace, and a convergence of circumstance - evil 'officially elected' to office.'

I was a naive 28 year old at the time, but I've long since grown to understand and, certainly during Election Cycle 2016, critically appreciate the ambient significance of Bell's astute observations.

James B. Earley
Margrit Biever Mondavi - August 2, 1925 - September 2, 2016

Napa Valley….your home
….Acquaintances many
The World…..your oyster
..In friendships…aplenity

None greater than the summit
Whose luminescence glows forth
Saint Helena…The Mountain
...Rising yonder to the north

And westward in the distance
...The Napa River Bridge
Crossing.......at Imola ...
Your view from the ridge

Of landscapes spectacular
Throughout the Valley floor
...Ubiquitous vineyards
Lend affectionate décor

With a letter of appreciation
For contributions you've made
.....An indebted community
Collectively serenades

Thank you......dear lady
...For sharing our home

Author’s note:
'If it is with much sadness we announce the loss of Margrit Biever Mondavi today. A pioneering woman of the modern-day California wine industry with a life-long interest in uniting wine with fine arts, music and culinary artistry, Mrs. Mondavi will forever live on in the hearts of Robert Mondavi Winery and Napa Valley.’
~Robert Mondavi Winery
Margrit Biever Mondavi - In Memoriam

Napa Valley's....claim to fame
Within that fame so many names
This bejeweled place...we know
....Visionaries...made it so

Prunes would be the scene instead
.....Rows and rows of drying sheds
The Paradise we've come to know
...Life would not have deemed it so

Had not those dreams of yesterday's
....Kindred souls who paved the way
Spectacular fields.....of robust vines....
Now home to World's prestigious wines

...Born of struggles.......waged in strife
Gratitude 'tis owed...their way of life
...Which...in turn...this new day bred
Absent the prunes...and drying sheds

Some months ago, I penned the poem, NAPA VALLEY - AND THE VISIONARIES, WHO MADE IT SO, addressing modern day Napa Valley, compared to what it might have been, were it not for the combined efforts of the critical band of determined visionaries who paved the way.

Yesterday, October 10,2016, late afternoon, and into early evening, the Robert Mondavi Winery's courtyard lawn hosted a festive gathering singularly committed to a celebration of life honoring Margrit Biever Mondavi, a contributing giant amongst those varied visionaries.

As the evening wore on, amidst the joyous reminiscing, I was struck by the finality of the moment, knowing that I'd placed my last phone call to her, paid my last visit, and gifted my last poem. Yet, I know consolation is mine, within the wealth and depth of poignant memories.

Grateful, I am to have known Mrs. Mondavi over the span of thirty-one magnificent years. Twenty-one of which as an employee of Robert Mondavi Winery, permanently assigned as chauffeur to both she and Mr. Mondavi. During my tenure, I amassed well over a million documented miles traveled. A
significant percentage of which Mrs. Mondavi was my lone passenger. We've spent countless hours together, some in total silence, and others in spirited conversation. In time, I came to recognize the warmth, and depth of mutual friendship, in prolific notes of appreciation proffered for the slightest consideration - messages of thanks for small deeds she found as being of major importance. I saw friendship's concept bundled within the countless cards she sent bearing stylistic images of her spectacular artwork. Every single creation, distinctly hers. Distinct ever, as any reigning Picasso.

My last call to Mrs. Mondavi was August 2, 2016, her birthday. There was not an answer that morning, so I sang happy birthday salutations, and ended the call with a short message. Upon hearing the news of her passing, I sat for a long time regretting that I had not placed a follow-up call to that birthday greeting. And then, I thought of our final conversation, some weeks prior to her birthday. As I pondered that conversation, suddenly I found myself thrilled by the very fact that we had failed to connect on her birthday. Immediate joy was mine, as I dissected the significance of that final conversation, remembering in vivid detail her very last words to me - 'Jim, you're 'such' a dear friend.' I recalled ending our talk with a good feeling, thinking that during our many conversations over time, both telephonic, and in person, she'd never before expressed the sentiment, in that particular fashion, deploying that glorious adjective 'such.' But as I thought about it, I realized that she had in fact, many times over, uttered those collective words, in that precise order, effected through kindred acts of deliberate kindnesses, delivered, and indeed executed - at just the right emotional moment.

I've witnessed those collective words within the varied concerns shown during a long period where I suffered extensive bouts of severe back pain. Bouts at times so excruciatingly painful, that I would arrive at work, planning the day in two-hour increments - making it to 10 o'clock, then 12, and so on throughout the day. Every single one of those days a significant struggle. Struggles, I thought concealed in an ongoing pretense of personal well-being. Late one night, I met Mrs. Mondavi's arriving flight at San Francisco International Airport. After greeting me, she inquired, 'Jim, how are you feeling?' 'Quite well, thank you,' I replied. She came a step closer, looked directly into my eyes, and said, 'Jim, you're not telling me the truth. How, are you feeling?' At that point, I reluctantly admitted that I was in fact pain stressed. She then offered, 'Lie down in the back of the limo, get some rest, and I will drive us back to the Napa Valley.' Within those words, I found miraculous healing powers, spiritually induced by the moment's generosity, and perhaps also in the notion that no way was I going to lie down, and take a nap in the rear of the limo with Mrs. Mondavi at the wheel. - Those words, 'Jim, you're 'such' a dear friend,' were explicitly echoed - within
that healing equation.

On another occasion during that same difficult period, returning from a long day in San Francisco, she decided to do a bit of grocery shopping. I loaded the 5 or 6 bags on the limo floor alongside her. Arriving at the Mondavi residence, I opened the rear door to find her rapidly removing items from grocery bags and placing them inside her giant grey tote bag. 'I asked that she leave the bags be, explaining that I'm paid to bring the bags in.' Without looking up, she said, 'I'm going inside anyway, and I will not go empty-handed.' At that, she disappeared into the garage dragging the loaded bag behind. - That was, Indeed, another, 'Jim, you're such a dear friend,' moment.

Recollecting multitudinous acts of good deeds, and kind words throughout the years, I recognize that resonating phrase of friendship. I feel its words embedded within the circumstance of a poem I wrote, titled 'Margrit's Words Addressing Jim,' composed as a note of appreciation to Mrs. Mondavi, and indeed her select cast of accompanying angels; Julie Prince, Carissa Mondavi, Laureen Betts, and Kim Malley, whose collective sensitivity, June 2,2005 helped transform a moment of paralytic anguish, into the luxurious grandeur of consummate bliss:

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

Arriving onsite some minutes ahead of scheduled departure, I reclined in the limo, seizing the opportunity to unwind a bit from the rigors of an earlier excursion into San Francisco. Alerted by distant voices, I looked up to see Mrs. Mondavi approaching, accompanied by an entourage of four co-workers. Exiting the vehicle, I acknowledged their presence, and exchanged a bit of light banter with a member of the group. Immediately thereafter, she addressed me saying, 'Jim I have some bad news. Mary (Mary Azevedo, Mr. Mondavi's Administrative Assistant) passed away this morning.' Weeks, I'd known that death was eminent, but I abruptly discovered that I was emotionally unprepared to accept the news. I recall closing my eyes, biting my lip, struggling to maintain composure - sinking ever deeper into the widening abyss of excruciating grief. But, just as quickly sensed an oxymoronic relief buoyed by the quintessential gift of friendship exemplified by the presence of these compassionate folks who in their collective wisdom chose to stand with me in spiritual solidarity during this challenging ordeal they surmised would be one of my most difficult. Thanks to Mrs. Mondavi and her cast of angels, I'd gone from complete devastation, to infinite joy, within the span of a heartbeat.

MARGRIT'S WORDS.....ADDRESSING JIM

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
The day a dreary
..One...of June
Its moment...an even
....Greater...gloom

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

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

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

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

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

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

Within the spiritual perimeter of 'MARGRIT'S WORDS.....ADDRESSING JIM, ' I'm
poignantly reminded of her final declaration, 'Jim, you're 'such' a dear friend.'

Often, I visit that overcast day, still, I see them all approaching, that portrait, ever more celestial, than before.

James B. Earley
Margrit's Words....Addressing Jim

Author's note:
Elegy to Mary Azevedo, with warm regards to Margrit Mondavi, Julie Prince, Carissa Mondavi, Laureen Betts, and Kim Malley - June 2005

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

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

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

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

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

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James B. Earley
Martin Luther King’s.....Final Dream

...Sitting Ducks...simply waiting...
Society in concert deemed it so
A People aware...yet complacent
...Centuries steeped in the know

Later taught by the Preacher
Singing....praying his technique
...His reward....death came calling
When he turned the other cheek

Singing and praying has its merits
....Within specific frames of mind
Turning the other cheek...problematic
...As the Preacher was soon to find

That merely sitting simply waiting
...Singing...praying as technique
Allows a mischief ladened future
....Once one turns the other cheek

Which all begs...another question
...Amidst a world....of speculation
Had the Preacher instead created
National Negro Rifle...Association

Imagine Congress in Joint Session
...King’s NNRA declared delusional
Decreed forthwith...indeed hereafter
....2nd Amendment...unconstitutional

There’d be no weapons extravaganzas
.....Forever banned.....the inclination
No NNRA...shape form or fashion
....King’s final dream’s....imagination

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

Delivered

11 August 2005

Vineyard Room

Robert Mondavi Winery

Oakville, California

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

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

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

Aboard the aircraft, later that evening, I thought of an urgent matter I needed to discuss with Mary. As I thought of her, a startling recollection came to mind. Saint Patrick's Day, just past, I'd encountered Mary strolling the Winery grounds, stunningly attired in an elegant pale green dress. I commented, 'What a beautiful dress.' A broad smile came over her face, and through streaming tears she said, 'This was my mother's dress. My mother went to bed one evening in good health, as far as I knew, but she did not awaken the following morning. She passed away during her slumber.'

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

IS NOT PERCEPTION.....REALITY

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

Those guiding hands of long ago
So firm against my brow
As strong and gentle as yesterday
Is the warmth which I know now
That legacy of the distant past
Still......a mighty roar
Memories sustain my soul
And on whose wings I soar

Reality says they've passed away
Silenced in death, and then
Perception says they're just as close
And real as way back when
*
*
I was born and reared on a small farm in Southern Illinois, nine miles north of the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, and moved away the morning following my High School graduation. Fond are the memories of my childhood. I remember standing out in the yard, gazing down the hill, and across the flatlands. Looming in the distance, I could easily see the highway bridge spanning the Mississippi River. I spent countless hours imagining all sorts of happenings on and about that bridge. I recall the sight and sounds of the approaching rain, long before the showers arrived at my vantage point, there on the old porch swing. In the backyard I see the five fruit trees I planted. Out front, just beyond the driveway, is my little red wagon. And down the lane, across the graveled road, sits the old two-room grammar schoolhouse. I was barely seventeen years old when I last laid eyes on any of this. One of the many appreciations I have of Mary is the fact that she never lost sight of her roots. Though she went away for a while, she answered the love of the land, and found her way back to the ranch. And I imagine...the joy she found in the simple act of stepping outside her door to some magical interaction with those magnificent days of her childhood. She might have sensed it in the screech of a passing car on State Route 12, or she may have seen it somewhere within the shadows of the humongous hills rising only feet from where she stood, or it could have been a random sparkle lurking in the stream that flowed by the house, or she might have heard it in the approaching sound of a distant train, or it could have been a rock, or perhaps a tree. But, clearly I see the woman, and I see the little girl. I see them holding hands, walking and talking, and savoring the moment, and I see this jewel of a person I'm am so blessed to have known as, 'The treasure of Jamieson Canyon.'....There's an old road, winding...Along the stream, meandering....Romance of a train...From God knows where...Echoed sounds rumbling....Walking the hills thinking....Of the joy those sounds are bringing....Memories welcome the child again.....She's the treasure of Jamieson....Canyon.
*
*
Thank you, and good evening.

~JAMES B. EARLEY

James B. Earley
Mayacamas Mountains....My Witness

I stopped by....and reminisced
With a long-time friend today
......It had been awhile
So many thoughts..so many things to say

He proffered bits of wisdom
....As he's prone...to do
Snippets of his speeches
Mixed in a quote or two

Conversation...went on and on
....We covered quite the range
Talked and talked and talked..we did
...Though not..a single word exchanged

Silence..sometimes the greater good...
Communication need not words to speak
....Cried out the Angels...looking down
From beyond the Mountain's peak

With that..I smiled and said a prayer
...Then slowly.....made my way
Grateful for the morning's visit
.....I had....with my friend....today

Author's Note:
At Robert Mondavi's gravesite - St. Helena, California; early Friday morning,10
October 2014

James B. Earley
Mega Churches...'Pomp Mobiles'...Elaborate Statues..Ornate Structures - And Other 'Christ-Like' Images

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

James B. Earley
Memoirs.....Of A Cunning Linguist

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

Amongst the crowd sat a gent
....A smile...upon his face
Memories of yesteryear...
Another time...another place

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

James B. Earley
Memorial Day - Some Critical Thoughts To Ponder

Memorial Day, we'll gather, commemorating the many who have given the ultimate sacrifice, their lives, with the expectation, and hope that their contributions would be held forever sacred within the minds of current and future generations.

Venue after venue, there will be empty words disingenuously spoken. We'll hear hypocritically expressed messages of gratitude from those in esteemed positions of trust, whose continuing acts of commission or omission, menace the very future those dedicated souls envisioned, through specious cultures of political divisiveness; perpetually condoned, purposely inciting the clinically ignitable - all the while in constant states of pompous denial.

Thanks to the generous benevolence of today's honorees, we have a military might far superior to that of any foreign adversary, still we stand dangerously at the precipice of internal annihilation. We view ISIS, and similar others as principal threats to American soil. Yet, discerning eyes need look no further than the varied 'home-grown' threats challenging our conceivable future.

We wonder about that future, where military-style attack weapons and associated tons of ammunition languish in the hands of an anarchistic inclined - a Conservative Christianity's hypocritically defined.....public.

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

James B. Earley
Memories Are Made Of This.....

Couple months prior to my 2006 retirement from Robert Mondavi Winery, Mrs. Mondavi extended an invitation to me and seven additional guests of my choosing, to an elaborate dinner in my honor, hosted by she and Robert at their Wappo Hill home in the Napa Valley.

Thanking her profusely, I promised I’d get back with a guest list, and confirm the details at some point in the near future. What I’d not envisioned, was the throng of possible choices that would have given their right arm for the opportunity to dine with Margrit and Robert at Wappo Hill. I thought of the varied others throughout the years, which have paid tens of thousands of dollars to some charitable cause, just to exercise the very same privilege that I, in the company of a few friends, was about to gratuitously experience.

My monstrous task was paring an enormous list of potentials down to the limited eight. A few weeks passed, and still I was as far from a decision as ever. I received an inquiring call from Mrs. Mondavi, saying 'Jim, I haven't heard back from you.” “I owe you an apology,” I said. I’ve been bogged down by choices, I explained. But thanks to your call, at this very moment I can see clearly. Our granddaughter, I continued, will soon enter college. She’s a brilliant, level headed young woman, maintaining an envious scholastic average, and I believe that she has a great future waiting. I’d like to make her appreciate firsthand some of the possibilities available within the sphere of a good education and strident determination. I want her to literally witness success. 'Mrs. Mondavi,' I said, “I’ve decided on the guest list, which I’ve narrowed to a total of five; our granddaughter, her parents, my wife, and me. That I’d much rather our granddaughter be the center of attention that evening.”

And the center of attention she’s continually been; having graduated high school with scholastic honors, graduated University of California at Davis, with similar accolades, and today 16 May 2015, still stuck in that scholastic rut, she graduates with significant honors from her father’s Alma Mater, Langston University, Stillwater, Oklahoma.

Congratulations to our granddaughter, Tiara Martin-Thompson, Doctor of Physical Therapy (DPT)

James B. Earley
Memories....Pretend - Thus...A Glimpse...Remains

....Return....she will
To his applause
.....As near and dear
As she ever was

Ultimate angst
...Sheer...misery
Ones heart's desire
That can never be

...But life goes on
Despite disdain....
Memories pretend
Thus...a glimpse...remains

As near and dear
As it ever was...
Return.....she will
...To his applause

James B. Earley
Memories...Of Carmel By-The-Sea

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

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

James B. Earley
Memories....Of Another Place....Another Time

The School House...the Hospital
....Movie balcony in town
We don’t serve Colored folks
...Those memories....abound

Water fountains...Black and White
...Arranged.....side-by-side
Countless hours relegated
.....To back....of bus rides

The only world...I knew
Was segregated by race
.....1940’s teenage years
I grew up...at that place

Now...sitting here...reminiscing
...Life’s years....reminds me
Of Man’s inhumanity to Man
Its recollection has brought me

Intense moments of reflection
Ancient times...ancient places
.....Remains vivid...that portrait...
Worried minds....troubled faces

James B. Earley
Merry Christmas

To all...and to all a good night
What the hell does that mean
When all is not right

The homeless the jobless
Those lame and those ill
Educationally deprived
Healthcare repealed

Bigotry still kicking
Alive and its well
Hypocritically detesting
But loving the smell

Merry Christmas to all and to all a goodnight
Literally a meaningless bunch of crap
'Cause nothing's ever changed
.....Come morning's light

Merry Christmas to all...and to all a good night? ? ?

Author's note:
'Merry Christmas' - a term screaming....for meaning

James B. Earley
Methinks Current President...Him's...Gotta.....Crush

....Nary.....a day...passes
Without calling Obama's name
......What might such repetition
Psychologically....explain

....Systemic......destruction
Dismantling tearing down
Rather than fixing...or shoring-up
...He appears mentally unsound
*
*
Inquiring....of the staff
...Resounding its hush
Methinks....current President
....Him's....gotta......crush

And thus might such repetition
.....Psychologically explain
Why nary....a day......passes
....Without calling Barry's name

James B. Earley
Mid-City's Nursery Rhyme

A joy reminiscent...
Of nursery rhymes
Precious the thought
Yesteryear...reminds

Of countless visits
......And storytime
Just need to say thanks
...Responding in kind

To...the Mikolajcik's..
Mister and Missus
...Their eldest...John
Espousing best wishes

With all the new plants
I've gathered about
The lovely lady..Gwen
...Years...at check-out

Alongside the highway.....
'Neath 'Mid-City' sign
Fond memories..persist
...My pen...so inclined

Grateful for the privilege
...Indeed honor...is mine
Sequestered in the writing...
Mid-City's own nursery rhyme

JAMES B. EARLEY

Author's Note:
Dedicated to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. John Joseph Mikolajcik, Founders Mid City Nursery, American Canyon, CA; a distinguished couple...of the finest sort.

James B. Earley
Minorities...The New Jews....Of The Day

What is the Constitution
....But a bogus institution
Hitler....reincarnated...in some way
....First Amendment rights denied
They're...Sons-Of-Bitches all...implied
...Black folks...the new Jews...of the day

Thus resurrecting the bigots
...Nation's....Oval Office...their spigot
A recurrence to that rhetoric of old
....No longer....indiscreet
Swastikas in the streets....
Those....the 'Good Folks'....our President....cajoled

With the pious straightest face
....Claiming....it ain't....about...race
To that segment of the populace....appealing
'When....it's all....said and done
They're coming for your guns'
...Them....Sons-Of-Bitches....out there...kneeling

And so.....it's apparent.....the demon crier
.......America's first and foremost liar
Hitler...reincarnated....in some way
.....Views the U S Constitution
As some bogus....Institution.....
Minorities...the new Jews....of the day

James B. Earley
Mitt's Own Millions - A Political Consequence

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

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

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

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

Abject abdication
Subordinated will
Diminished wisdom
Conscious periled

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

James B. Earley
Moment Of Reckoning

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When the breath of life
Is forever gone
May our spirits reign
In that Great Unknown
Momma's Odyssey

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

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

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

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

Author's note:

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

James B. Earley
Moral Conundrum - Syrian/American Dilemma

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Mr. Chairman...Put God Under Oath..........Demand He Explain

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

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

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

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

Mr. Chairman!

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

James B. Earley
Mr. Price....The Principal

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

James B. Earley
Muscovalley/Muskeyvalley Family Reunion 1992

Address

Delivered

June 13, 1992

At

Rock Island, Illinois

Family, a special good evening to you! It is a pleasure, and indeed a privilege to be in your midst, seeing your faces, once again. My son, James sends his thanks, and wants you to know his appreciation of the generous honor afforded him this evening in your presentation of “Outstanding Family Achievement Award,” in recognition of his varied accomplishments within the music industry.

Regretting, that prior studio commitments have prevented his being with us this evening, he sends love and affection to all, and “a special bundle of kisses,” he says to Grandma Leola.

Most of you are aware that James, in concert with the incomparable Felton Pilate were the Producers of M C Hammer’s mega album, “Hammer Don’t Hurt ‘Em.” This recording has sold in excess of 14 million units in the United States alone. In recognition of this work, James was designated a 1991 Grammy nominee, as best album producer of the year.

I’ve just returned from New York City, where on Monday June 8, I attended a music celebration sponsored by (ASCAP) American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. The gathering honored writers and publishers of those songs having reached the top ten on music charts during 1991.

James was presented with, and I had the honor of accepting on his behalf, two awards in recognition of his contribution as a writer and publisher of Hammer’s hit recording, “2 Legit 2 Quit.”

Though thrilled with those esteemed presentations, non greater he says, than that of “my Outstanding Family Achievement Award,” heartfelt.....from all of you!
Thank you so much, good evening.

James B. Earley
Muslims...indeed Christians - Specifically
Identifying...A Few

Fanatical extremism
Under guise of God
Self-serving philosophy's
......Satanic.....facade

A future precarious
Perhaps destiny's choice
Be it radical.....Islam
Or Christianity's voice

Religious..radicalism
...Ain't nothing new
Hiroshima...Nagasaki
...Recalling....a few

American....Slavery
.....On stolen....land
Hitler.........I've read...
Was a Christian man

Scoundrels...historical
...Notorious outlaws
Islam.......Christianity
Both laden with flaws

In the final......analysis...
Is a promised beheading
...Morally....any different
Than drones folks dreading

Within that conundrum
......The message....reveals
A lecture on the idiocy
....Its hypocrisy conceals

Of....a radicalism...religious
...Gone critically......askew
Muslims...indeed Christians...
Specifically identifying a few

Author's Note:
'The easy confidence with which I know another man's religion is folly teaches me to suspect that my own is also.'
? Mark Twain

James B. Earley
My Friend

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

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

James B. Earley
My God What And Why This Chump

Steadfastly......we refuse to dump
....What rationale why this chump

Ultimate hope she'd remove her clothes
.....Dreams of folks like Charlie Rose

Thought......we'd heard it all before
.....Lauer trying to get some &quot;Moore&quot;

But Moore is less...the greater mess
Remains seated at - Oval Office desk

....Steadfastly we......refuse to dump
Low-life.....whose name rhymes with hump
Some demented reason...all women clump
......&quot;Grab them by that nice and plump
Ah.....they'd all.......just love to romp&quot;

My God what and why this chump
.....Steadfastly we......refuse to dump

James B. Earley
Mysterious...Is - This Renegade

Disclosure's silence
....Mum's....the sum
Guess who's smart...
And guess who's dumb

Our Nation...knows
...Nothing...at all
First time ever...
As history...recalls

Business dealings
Around the world
Conflicting interest
....Flags....unfurl...

Why....disguise....
Foreign ties
...If prone to secrecy
What other lies

Including worth
And taxes...paid
...Mysterious Is...
This renegade

Whose...'Reality...Show'
...We've come...to know

James B. Earley
Napa Valley

..................And now....

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Napa Valley - And The Visionaries, Who Made It So....

Napa Valley's....claim to fame  
Within that fame so many names  
This bejeweled place...we know  
....Visionaries...made it so

Prunes would be the scene instead  
.....Rows and rows of drying sheds  
The Paradise we've come to know  
...Life would not have deemed it so

Had not those dreams of yesterday's  
....Kindred souls who paved the way  
Spectacular fields.....of robust vines....  
Now home to World's prestigious wines

...Born of struggles.......waged in strife  
Gratitude 'tis owed...their way of life  
...Which...in turn...this new day bred  
Absent the prunes...and drying sheds

Author's Note:  
Dedicated to the memory of Robert Mondavi, and all the many treasured others.  
JBE

James B. Earley
Late November 1985, I visited Robert Mondavi Winery critically in search of employment. After introducing myself, I said 'Mr. Mondavi, I'm desperately in need of a job, I have no preference, any available opening you have will suffice.' Mr. Mondavi listened attentively to my approach, then said, "Well Jim, tell me about yourself." I went on and on, delving into my history, exploring my varied background. Nearing the end of my lengthy disclosure, Mr. Mondavi interrupted, calling out excitingly to Mrs. Mondavi; "Margrit, please come to my office - you've got to meet this fellow, Jim Earley." "Margrit, this is craaazy. I do believe Divine intervention has led Jim to our doorstep. I want you to know that I'm thoroughly moved by what I've seen and heard. I stand convinced he's just the person we need to be our driving force. Ah, Margrit I tell you, I'm impressed with Jim's vision. I can see him now, up front taking charge, charting the course, and steering the way. With Jim at the helm, there'll be no road too rough, no river too wide, no valley too deep, no mountain too high. Going forward, Margrit, I see our pathway secure in his hands. Jim, when can you start? ' I was hired on the spot. But after a few days, I began having concerns about this new job. I soon discovered I'd been hoodwinked, and indeed flimflammed, as this "Driving Force" position he had me imagining, was in reality a chauffeur's job. After years of stewing in this deception, and months plotting revenge, I eventually decided to write this "tell-all book" titled, "A Chauffeur's View From Wappo Hill*. (Waving the gold embossed, exquisitely bound 8 ½ x 14 x 2 inch book for the audience of 500 to visualize.)

.....All....my tapes
And transcribed notes
Compiled within
This book I wrote

Every single secret
I've seen and heard....
Is documented here
In my very own words

(*Wappo Hill, the Mondavi Napa Valley Estate, perched high atop the Valley floor
- having a 360 degree picturesque view of the surrounding landscape.)

Author's Note:
Amid boisterous laughter and thunderous applause, I walked the book over to
the dais where the Mondavis were seated. Mrs. Mondavi graciously accepted the
book, quickly thumbed through it, then held it up for all to see - 500 blank
pages! A memorable evening....indeed.)

James B. Earley
Nature's Ambiguity

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

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

Passionately sadistic
In torment undue
Aggressively demanding
Possessing anew

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

James B. Earley
Near The Line....They Dared.....Not Cross

...Respecting reality's deeper meaning
Across the fence the greener moss
Once a year....they'd meet a spell
...Near the line...they dared...not cross

Shared concerns for one another
...Inquiring how....the other's been
Occasional touching done in passing
The smile the glaze the moment when

Finally...realizing its deeper meaning
....Across the fence the greener moss
Once a year......they'd meet a spell
'Twas the line they dared not cross

...Thus denying the thrill to happen
Though...in actuality......still it did
...Traveling not along the physical...
But....the spiritual......path instead

...Respecting reality's deeper meaning
Across the fence the greener moss
Once a year....they’d meet a spell
...Near the line...they dared...not cross

James B. Earley
N-Ebulous R-Ebellions A-Rticulated

N-ebulous R-ebellions A-rticulated

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Nevada

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

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

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

The place...of romance
It's often called
They're lying dear ones
.......I've seen it all
*
*
*
*

Imagine....the Creator
An air of great dismay
..A bowed head...'Nevada'..he said
And sadly..........walking away

James B. Earley
N-Evadans R-Ationalizing A-Narchy

N-evadans R-ationalizing A-narchy

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Nevada's Anarchy - An American Future....Perhaps

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
'Nigger'.......Analytically Defined

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

James B. Earley
Nissan's Arrogance - My Destiny

Sudden...Acceleration...itself systemic
...Of regulatory agencies...gone awry
Governmental oversight...nonexistent
...It's up to us...whether...we live...or die

‘Tis ......the malady...of collusion...
Car manufacturers...long derived
....Government....as willing partner
Despite the many souls who've died

There's nothing more....intimidating
Nor more threatening...God it's true
....Than have your vehicle unresponsive
Terror controlling that part of you

I've been there...indeed believe me
...Sudden Unintended...Acceleration
Potential disasters....in the making
Every byway throughout the Nation

Nissan ignored...our....every message
......Will not respond despite our plea
Abject neglect toward motoring public
....Nissan’s arrogance....life's...destiny

......Politicians all...hold.....accountable
‘Cause in...that Body....our future delves
.....No foreign crisis...Ebola...nor ISIS
The danger looms...within ourselves

Sudden Unintended...Acceleration
...Governmental lack...of oversight
Democrats/Republicans...all in concert
...When/wherever the money's right

.....We need vote....upon the basics
Too long...Hobgoblins...cloud our way
Politicians bedded with Business governed
...None greater cause come Election Day
Author's Note:
One of my many letters to Corporate Nissan addressing critical concerns:
'In previous correspondence I expounded on an acceleration issue specific to our family's 2007 Xterra, and conceivably extending to other Nissan vehicles as well. The letters explained, some reiterating in detail the horrifying experience of having suddenly found myself behind the wheel of a lurching runaway Nissan SUV. While determinedly applying the brake pedal, the vehicle still continued forward in a violent bucking fashion some 50 - 60 ft, until I was able to shift transmission to neutral position, and turn off engine. Fortunately, nothing was in my path, and other than frayed nerves, the moment uneventful.

As directed by Nissan Consumer Affairs, I sought diagnostic information from your local dealer. As we were both informed, the computer inquiry found nothing mechanically amiss. Nissan's computer diagnosis suggests to the world that this entire incident is all 'my' imagination. Thus it's quite clear to me, that had there been that morning, God forbid, in the vehicle's path, perhaps a mother and babe, any other creature, or object, your computer would have claimed by inference, to that very same world - 'DRIVER ERROR, there's absolutely nothing amiss with the vehicle.'

I'd like to share a bit of personal history, in some degree establishing the fact that I'm no mere novice at the wheel of an automotive vehicle. Having some forty years plus commercial driving experience; the last 21 of those years in the employ of Robert Mondavi Winery, permanently assigned to Mr. Mondavi as his personal driver. My duties included ferrying Mr. Mondavi's immediate family members, his corporate guests, most of the principal artists of the Robert Mondavi Summer Concert series, logging well over a million, accident-free miles, during my tenure. All the while, maintaining an exemplary DMV record throughout, admittedly with a bit of good luck, and more importantly, immaculate driving, and associated analytical skills. Skills, that indeed served me well the morning of 18 April 2015.

During my 21 year association with Robert Mondavi Winery, I witnessed firsthand, integrity's noble art, initiated and practiced by Mr. Mondavi himself,
and demanded of every single employee throughout the organizational structure. Appalling is the degree Nissan fails in comparison. There seems a corporate culture toward an acute intent to subject America's streets and highways to the insidious threat inherent within our Xterra. Nissan absolves itself of any willingness to further mechanically explore and evaluate our SUV. Nissan Consumer Affairs' representative flatly refuses to put in writing, his statement that Nissan will offer us no further assistance in this matter, and in response to our request that Nissan repurchase our tainted vehicle, Nissan sends a letter of refusal.....UNSIGNED. A far cry, I insist from the acute level of integrity I experienced at Mondavi.

In view of Nissan's denial of responsibility going forward, our request is thus: 1. Nissan exchange the tainted vehicle with one of similar stock and value. Or; 2. Purchase the Xterra outright, that we may, on our own, find a suitable replacement.'

Nissan's adamant response to the last paragraph, dated June 10, 2015 was thus: 'Nissan carefully considered your request during a review of all available facts pertaining to your situation. Unfortunately, Nissan is not in a position to repurchase your vehicle at this time.' JBE

James B. Earley
Non Believing...The Atheistic Commonality

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

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

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

James B. Earley
North Korea's Leader.....Kim - North America's Version....Him

World's....most famous
Climate change denier
....'Tis also...America's
Foremost frequent liar

...Never once....thought
Highly of him
.....Even.....less
I've thought of Kim

Thought I'd never
....Read or see
Any words of Kim's
...I could agree

Until.....today's
Evening News exchange
Kim claims our man's
....In fact.....deranged

Frankly... I never thought
....I'd hear nor see
Any ideas of Kim's
I would agree
*
*

Until.....today's
Evening News exchange
In perfect....English
...'Your man's...deranged'

James B. Earley
Not...Just Empty Words....Of A Song

...Should we beg of Deity...forgiveness
Violations.....symbolically done wrong
May the melody...God Bless America
...Be not...empty words...of a song

Such...Is Old Glory....whose image
Long presiding over bigotry and hate
...Equality...never....its option
'Tis why.....the opposition...of late

Symbols...are...by mere...definition
...Figuratively...though literally ain't
Imagination's grand illusions
...Mindsets....historically paint

Race...color......creed inclusive
Never did...the Constitution intend
The right of choice...right of voice
Never...a consideration...back then

At last...may the symbol...Old Glory
.....Its stars...its stripes....compel
Contextual...wisdom's appreciation
....Black lives...do matter....as well

May conscience beg Deity's forgiveness
....Flag waving...gone morally wrong
May the melody...God Bless America
...Be not...just empty words...of a song

James B. Earley
Notable No-Shows....Of The Paris Demonstration - 11 January 2015

Missing the Event's..roll call
...Along with Barack Hussein...
Esteemed colleagues..Boehner
..McConnell....and John McCain

Pundits O'Reilly...Gretchen...Hannity
.....Sharing Limbaugh's kindred views...
Garnered....not from physical presence
..But from amongst the daily News

Barry......within the Oval Office
...Lingering thoughts of Dallas
Likewise the Pope in his Vatican Suite
The Queen secure in her Palace

....Brilliantly absent...both it seems
As indeed were...John McCain
Mitch McConnell...his sidekick Boehner
.....And perceptively....Barack Hussein

James B. Earley
Nursing Home

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

.......Again

James B. Earley
O.J. Simpson Jury (Murder)

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

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

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

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

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

Dear Marilyn,

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

Innocent......hardly! Not guilty.......yes! The prosecution presented ample evidence to convict. Problem is, there were significant flaws within some of that evidence. The circumstance of the 'glove' was critical to the case. One of the major issues confronting the jury was the testimony of Detective Mark Furhman........and the fact that he lied during its presentation. That falsehood was not related to a material fact of the case.....but...a lie none theless. This turn of events, amongst others, created serious pause in the minds of the jurors....in terms of his overall credibility.....as the defense had raised troubling questions in
that regard! The jury, under its burden, rendered the only possible verdict.....it honestly could. Not guilty!

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

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

JBE

James B. Earley
O.J. Simpson Trial (Murder)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

......Most...of all...Gil Garcetti
Analyzing...his wayward scheme
What the Hell....is Darden doing
..........On anybody’s...legal team

James B. Earley
Obama – Debating.....The Fox Debaters

The whole damn Party
.....A field of dreams
Everybody for President
.....Or......so it seems

Spectacle.....itself
....A rhetorical flaw
Self proclaimed nitwits
....Barack’s...in awe

Viewing the Circus
.........Taking it all in
“Dumb...ignorant...stupid”
...Over....and over again

More insults....aplenty....
....The bullshit absurd
Can’t believe the trash talking
...Republicans...he’s heard

Self proclaimed idiots
He thought with a grin
...America....I’d just love
Whipping....
......................Some ass...
........................................Once again

James B. Earley
Obama, God, The Brothers Castro - And Their Accomplice...The Vatican's Pope

It smacks of God's betrayal
In terms of breadth and scope
...A scheming Barack Obama
His sidekick...the slippery Pope

Our earthly Heavenly father
......Complicit.....in the mix...
Think..Christian God in cahoots
...With shady Muslim cliques

Hints of Revolution lurking
...Within that staunch rapport
Threats to the Nation..looming
.....Just ninety miles..offshore

'Tis Heaven's betrayal..so it seems
....Conniving.....broad in scope
Obama...God....and Brothers Castro..
Their accomplice..the Vatican's Pope

Author's Note:
~Pope Francis and the Vatican played a key role in the reopening of U.S. diplomatic relations with Cuba. - WASHINGTON (Reuters) 17 December 2014

James B. Earley
Obama...The 'single' Political Truth

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

James B. Earley
..Wouldn't it be nice
As disciples of Christ
..Just once their actions held sway
To the Beatitudes of Christ
..Oh wouldn't it be nice
Congress...just once..display

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

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

..And wouldn't it be nice
If deceivers of Christ
In the heat of the moment received...
A touch of His art
That change of heart
Practicing what Jesus believed

And wouldn't it be nice
Should God's sacrifice..
When Jesus, His son paid the price
Yes..wouldn't it be nice
Oh.......wouldn't it be nice
..If God's sacrifice...sufficed

James B. Earley
Obamacare Vs Don'tcare; Unsympathetic Philosophy Of Christian Right

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Obamacare....Critical....To Our National Defense

Diminished Congressional mindsets
....Devoid.....of commonsense
Healthcare a military priority....
It's critical to our national defense

Imagine....the state of America
....If we keep fucking with Kim
Consider Trump's nation of sick folk
...Literally...untold millions...of them

We're witnessing mutual insanity
...Which of the two is the worse
Both confused...sick..in the head
...Collectively a multifaceted curse

Think...Obamacare made available to Kim
...As such...equally...allocated to Trump
Inject this bit of medical persuasion...
Psychiatrically....we're over...the hump

....Thus...Obamacare...a national....priority
Strategically valued its commonsense
As opined in this writing's...analogy
....It's critical....to our national...defense

James B. Earley
Obamacare's....Death Knell - Evaluated

That 'necessary' act of Congress
....A...mere...legislative fix
Arrogance indeed evil's
...Irresponsibility nixed

Millions.....of Americans....
Hopes retracted thus died
...At the mercy...of mindsets
Who....repetitively....lied

From beginning's refusal
To enact Legislative fix...
Now gloat...in amusement
ObamaCare...now nixed

...Israel.....a beneficiary....
Every single citizen...everyday
Enjoy 'education'...yes 'healthcare'
....BILLIONS...annually...'WE' pay

Yet...that required...Act of Congress
....Its...simple....Legislative fix
Arrogance....systemic evil's
...Irresponsibility...Nixed

James B. Earley
Ryan and McConnell
Fundamentally denying
...Any and all evil intent
After a decade of trying

We're Christians they claim
...At that.....Satan smiles
Long karma's whipping boy
He know's it'll be but awhile

For Congressional bad behavior
'Tis simply oxygen on the pyre
......Turning....up the heat
Adding fuel to the fire

Hell's around the corner
...There ain't no denying
Congressional just rewards
....After a decade of trying

James B. Earley
Obama's Recess - Of Opportunity

Capitol in mourning
.....Paying respects
Bipartisan camaraderie
Its moment complex

As the mystery deepens
......Chill in the air
Trust non-existent
...Draped...is the chair

Recognizing faces
.....Missing is one
Mystified....why
...He chose not to come

What....is he up to
Might it perhaps be
Some scheming scenario
.....In death...what I see

Is beyond.....the realm
Mere mortals possess
....Gone....is the robe
My method of dress

Instead sat a stranger
Where I used to sit....
Dammit...wearing...my robe
...I ain't even....cold yet

Why......he didn't show
Now...so abundantly clear....
In the black-robed replacement
...Officially draped...in my chair

James B. Earley
Obama's Treachery - According To The Donald

Last evening...remembering
.......Chicago again
Election Night....2008...
Where divisiveness began

Limbaugh....McConnell
..........'I hope.....he fails'
'I'll make him a one-term President'
.....Collective........wails

Of racism......obstructionism
....Per...the evening's....assault
Yet...divisiveness says The Donald
.......'It's simply...Obama's fault'

Conveniently.....ignoring
..........'I hope........he fails'
'I'll make him a one term President'
...'Twas...precisely...those wails

Of racism......obstructionism
....That....midnight....assault
Yet...according to the Donald
.......'Tis all...Obama's fault'

Author's Note:
'Donald Trump, chalked up the March 11,2016 Chicago rally chaos to our 'divided country' and then implied that it was President Obama's fault. 'You know we have such a divided country now. It's been so divided under this president.' ~ Greta Van Susteren interview - March 11,2016

James B. Earley
Obama's...tan......colored Suit

Despicable the color
Its shade...and hue...
'Twas assessment denouncing
....Obama's suit's..debut
Tan....so...unbecoming...
FAUX NEWS' point of view

....An analysis giving rise
To thoughts of chagrin...
If colored resentment
...'Tis festering.......then....
It ain't the suit....itself
...But...the skin.......it's in

Just a proffered opinion
In riddle's pursuit...
Conundrums to the learned
Metaphorically astute
...Confirmed innuendos
Thanks to Obama's tan suit

James B. Earley
Obnoxious Behaviors....We've Welcomed Before

Why abhor Judge Moore
...Yet hypocritically adore
Obnoxious....behavior....
We've welcomed before

....Setting....a precedent
Currently that resident
Occupying the White House
...The Donald...our President

Not officially rejected…
And no one suspected
....A "Pussy Grabber";
Could thus be elected

Why then...abhor Judge Moore
....Hypocritically deplore
Obnoxious....behaviors....
Long welcomed before

James B. Earley
Obscenity Defined

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

James B. Earley
October...Days...Of Summer

May angst and tears of teenage years
...Know joy from way back yonder
Bathe in the Russian River's warmth
....October....days...of summer

Throughout the day and evenings too
.....Absent...a coat.....nor quiver
Of all the months October's dearest
....Along....the Russian...River

Choose a lovely campground near
And should there come the notion
.....Route 116...though serpentine
Westward....yields....the ocean

Roam the beach....despite the years
Romance couldn't be more relevant
Youth...long past but memories last
...October days....benevolent

Thus angst and tears of teenage years
.....Find joy.....from way back yonder
Cling fast...to Russian River's...warmth
...Those...October days....of summer

James B. Earley
Ode To The Memory Of Maya Angelou

Gone the warmth
The smile
Once showing

A countenance
Itself
Bestowing

Reflective passions
All
A glowing

Strutted pride
Her body
Towing

Ah..what confidence
That stride
'Tis sowing

Heaven's gain..our loss
In her
Homegoing

Yet warmth..the smile
And grace
Still flowing

Strutted pride's
Memories
Towing

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

James B. Earley
Oh...It Seems....Just Yesterday

Author's note:

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

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

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

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

Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Author's note:

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

James B. Earley
Old Folks' Home

They wait...

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

They wait...

Whatever blessings
Longevity holds
Though doubting eyes
Betray the soul

They wait...

Till death
One day erase
The shackles of
That wretched place

They wait.....

James B. Earley
Omnipotence - In....Retrospect

I was once...all powerful
.....I used to be
I thought...I was
Though now I see
It all....evaporating
Gradually

Omnipotent was said
...The path...I led
Traitors
Those folks I bred
...Pissed...I am
I'm seeing red

Categorical...evil
Done in My name
It's impossible...
To Myself explain
.....Satan's...claim
To My....terrain

Conservative Christianity's
......Evangelicals
Made My existence
....One....living hell
My Omnipotence questioned
.....As far....as I can tell

My situation here is dearth
I created this universe and earth
And Frankenstein
.....And even...worse
Now Satan holds....
The vaunted....purse

Once...all powerful
.....I used to be
I thought I was
...In hindsight...I see
It all...happening
.....So....Gradually

James B. Earley
Once The Grand Old Party - Now - America's Shame

Once the Grand Old Party
...Now America's shame
A bigoted mindset...having
...Simply...itself to blame

Trump's emergence
Can well be traced
To the Party's stalwarts
....Its bigoted base

Tea Party...for instance
....Innuendo signs
Barbecue...fried chicken
...Watermelon rinds

And Birther fabrications
...The Party chose to ignore
Along came The Donald
...Immediately...whored

Exposing to the world
...The heart and soul
A pathetic menagerie
...That's lost...control

Of the bigoted mindset
...Simply...itself to blame
Once the Grand Old Party
...Now...America's shame

Author's note:
"Few love to hear the sins they love to act."? William Shakespeare

James B. Earley
One God-Awful Mess

Multitudinous Religions
...One God-awful mess
Heaven’s earthly exam...
Simply failing God’s test

If I choose intolerance
Blaming it all on my faith
If I claim....hearing voices
Channeling thoughts God saith

Would you see the imposter
The hypocrite the fraud
The masquerading bigot
.....Reflectively...awed

‘Tis that mirrored conundrum
Fundamentalism embrace
.....Religion....appears suspect
So goes....the human race

For Mankind’s.....Religions
....One God-awful mess
Heaven’s earthly....exam...
Radically failing...God’s test

Author's Note:
“Hindus, in their capacity for love, are indeed hairless Christians, just as Muslims, in the way they see God in everything, are bearded Hindus, and Christians, in their devotion to God, are hat wearing Muslims.”
? Yann Martel, Life of Pi

James B. Earley
One Month's Remembrance - America's Ultimate Insult

......One would think symbolic...yet...so radically cool...
His last Executive Order...'Forty Acres...and Da' Mule'

Emancipation Proclamation...Slaves were then...freed
Denied compensation...still bound to its greed

....With nowhere......to go...no place....to turn
No food...nor shelter's....gross lack of concern

For centuries of bondage...though nary a dime
......Freedom......itself...the ominous sign

Assuaging...injustice....'Black History's' result....
One month's remembrance...America's ultimate insult

Perhaps....more than symbolic...this crowning jewel...
That last...Executive Order...'Forty Acres...and Da' Mule'

James B. Earley
One.....Of Many Questions

...On this day....of many questions
Lack of answers seems somewhat odd
..Curiosity's sense of wonder begging
What lurks behind that sheer facade

....Presidential acts...generous pardons
Publicly voiced and on display
....Not a single....offered Hillary
Though literal danger looms her way

Amidst this notion a single question
...Whose very answer its own facade
Within the question perhaps the answer
...Perilous indeed....the road she trods

James B. Earley
Optometrist

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Orgasmic Groans

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Our Crisis....Indeed....Homegrown

Trump's imaginary wall of fear
....A threat.....he's overblown
Considering the nation's turmoil
....Our crisis appears homegrown

Weaponry's.....proliferation
......Therein the danger lie
Within stark reasoning's rationale
....Thus many more folks will die

By the hands of American citizens
....Swastika....bearers....and such
Confederate Flag waving hypocrites
....Terrorism's....domestic....touch

And tons and tons of hoarded guns
.....A truth....we won't....admit
NRA.......the suspect crowd.....
Fact is...our future's in deep shit

Plus Trump's...imaginary...wall of fear
....That....fraud's....well overblown
Considering the Nation's turmoil
....Our crisis....indeed....homegrown

James B. Earley
Our Defective Nissan Xterra - And Others....As Well...Perhaps

Author's Note:
'Sudden Unintended Acceleration (SUA) ?
Sudden Unintended Acceleration (SUA) is one of the most deadly automotive defects in history. It occurs when a car’s electronics cause the throttle to go wide open, making it impossible for the driver to return the car to idle if it remains in gear. It also severely limits the ability of the brakes to bring the vehicle under control - leaving the unsuspecting driver at the mercy of a runaway car. Thousands of people, including drivers, passengers, and innocent bystanders, have been killed or seriously injured in sudden acceleration accidents.'
~Sudden Acceleration Information Group

...Lo........and behold
Surging out of control
Our vehicle...at the mercy of the unknown
My gripping the wheel as it all unfolded...
Struggling to rewrite...a story gone wrong

...Sudden acceleration
'Tis dire......situation
Challenge to ones psychic and such
Consternation....sheer aggravation...
To the mindset...a treacherous touch

Fortunately...on the scene
....Fate intervened
Performing its spiritual rite...
Corralling the SUV...as it careened
...Subduing...pure Satan...mid-flight
* 
* 
Yet...still lives..that vexation
...Of...sudden acceleration...
More significant than ISIS itself
...Terror...amongst the byways...ISIS in our driveways...
Our DEAD...mere trophies...on Dealership shelves

Author’s Note: One of my letters to Corporate Nissan
“In previous correspondence I expounded on an acceleration issue specific to our family’s 2007 Xterra, and conceivably extending to other Nissan vehicles as well. The letters explained, some reiterating in detail the horrifying experience of having suddenly found myself behind the wheel of a lurching runaway Nissan SUV. While determinedly applying the brake pedal, the vehicle still continued forward in a violent bucking fashion some 50 – 60 ft, until I was able to shift transmission to neutral position, and turn off engine. Fortunately, nothing was in my path, and other than frayed nerves, the moment uneventful.

As directed by Nissan Consumer Affairs, I sought diagnostic information from your local dealer. As we were both informed, the computer inquiry found nothing mechanically amiss. Nissan’s computer diagnosis suggests to the world that this entire incident is all “my” imagination. Thus it’s quite clear to me, that had there been that morning, God forbid, in the vehicle’s path, perhaps a mother and babe, any other creature, or object, your computer would have claimed by inference, to that very same world – “DRIVER ERROR, there’s absolutely nothing amiss with the vehicle.”

I’d like to share a bit of personal history, in some degree establishing the fact that I’m no mere novice at the wheel of an automotive vehicle. Having some forty years plus commercial driving experience; the last 21 of those years in the employ of Robert Mondavi Winery, permanently assigned to Mr. Mondavi as his personal driver. My duties included ferrying Mr. Mondavi’s immediate family members, his corporate guests, most of the principal artists of the Robert Mondavi Summer Concert series, logging well over a million, accident-free miles, during my tenure. All the while, maintaining an exemplary DMV record throughout, admittedly with a bit of good luck, and more importantly, immaculate driving, and associated analytical skills. Skills, that indeed served me well the morning of April 18.

During my 21 year association with Robert Mondavi Winery, I witnessed firsthand, integrity’s noble art, initiated and practiced by Mr. Mondavi himself, and demanded of every single employee throughout the organizational structure. Appalling is the degree Nissan fails in comparison. There seems a corporate culture toward an acute intent to subject America’s streets and highways to the insidious threat inherent within our Xterra. Nissan absolves itself of any willingness to further mechanically explore and evaluate our SUV. Nissan Consumer Affairs’ representative flatly refuses to put in writing, his statement that Nissan will offer us no further assistance in this matter, and in response to our request that Nissan repurchase our tainted vehicle, Nissan sends a letter of refusal…..UNSIGNED. A far cry, I insist from the acute level of integrity I experienced at Mondavi.
In view of Nissan’s denial of responsibility going forward, our request is thus: 1. Nissan exchange the tainted vehicle with one of similar stock and value. Or; 2. Purchase the Xterra outright, that we may, on our own, find a suitable replacement.”

Nissan’s adamant response to the last paragraph, dated June 10, 2015 was thus: “Nissan carefully considered your request during a review of all available facts pertaining to your situation. Unfortunately, Nissan is not in a position to repurchase your vehicle at this time.” JBE

James B. Earley
Our Nemesis....The Nation's....Liar-In-Chief

Houdini’s......illusions
Sleight of hand intrusions
In plain sight.....delves.....but a thief
.....Delusions confusions
Reality's.....conclusions
Our nemesis....the Nation's liar-in-chief

The maniacal
....In....denial
A man gone bonkers....good grief
And just where we're headed
.....That destination.....thus dreaded
Our nemesis the Nation's liar-in-chief

From the past...we borrow
...That future....tomorrow
All those...twisted mindset's...beliefs
.......We pray for deliverance
A complete and prompt severance....
Of our nemesis....the Nation's liar-in-chief

Author's note:
Robert Swan Mueller III - saving us....from ourselves.....perhaps.

James B. Earley
Our President...Trump

In the aftermath...I thought
What a conciliatory speech
....Compassionate in depth
An umbrella....its reach

Yet dichotomy's comparison
....To 'all'....prior...speeches
Suggest a difference credence
....Past...rhetoric...teaches

The man....on the stage
Versus that on the stump....
Split......personalities
...Our President...Trump

Author's note:
Observations; Election Night - 2016

James B. Earley
Oxymoronic........Dilemma

The 'Black' Republican

James B. Earley
Passion's Pride

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

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

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

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

Author's note:

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

James B. Earley
Passion's....Light....At Tunnel's End

Regrets.....in life...why not pretend
.....That none exist...not even when...
No light appears at tunnel's end
...A future destined...as merely friends

Together...strolling the ancient pier
.....Hand...in hand...and nagging fears
Reality's cloud speaking loud and clear
...Hopes and dreams do disappear

Yet...hand in hand....dreaming still
....Time....itself...so much to kill
Part they must...for awhile...until
...Meeting again....oh God...they will

Such is life...why then....pretend
.....No pain exist...not even when...
Their moment returns...every now....and then
....As passion's....light...at tunnel's end

James B. Earley
Patches

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

The cycle but
A fabric patched
Together bound
Though unattached

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

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

James B. Earley
Perhaps....Our Fears - Realized

Contemplating...the bitter image
There's no hidden....mystery...
Yesteryear's...Third Reich moment
...A mirrored likeness we clearly see

The politician......his needy public
....Evil spirits....souls entwined
Repulsive horror....epitomized...
Auschwitz' deaths indeed defined

Sordid vision fueled a purpose
Bigotry.....would guide the way
The process...arrived full circle
....As evidenced...Election Day

Auschwitz...gone...we thought forever
...Never again....humanity's cries
Yet...that abject....mirrored likeness
....Perhaps.....our fears....realized

James B. Earley
Perils Of Hypocrisy

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

Hannah's assessment
...Critically terse
"Hypocrisy..the dregs
..Of Society's worse"

Methinks Hannah's on target
Once viewed the facts
The objective..subjective
And the morally abstract

'Cause the epitome of the pack
Those vociferously aloud
.....Pretenders of Christ...
Indeed the questionable crowd

Might God at the end
Judge whether a curse
Christianity's..Hypocrisy
.....As Society's..worse

James B. Earley
Perplexity

ObamaCare
Versus
Don'tCare

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

James B. Earley
Perspective

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

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

James B. Earley
Peyton Place

Think of the wounded...
The pleasure you sought
...Mere rolls in the hay
The pain you’ve brought

Doing what comes naturally
......Ain’t no disgrace
But shittn’ where you’re eattn’
......‘Tis......Peyton Place

Everybody’s been cuckolded
God knows who ain’t
Philandering....itself
......Ain’t my complaint

Hanky-panky...quite common
....Indeed lots of folks do
Many leaping out windows
.....A time....or two

So doing what’s natural
........Ain’t no disgrace
Just shittn’ where you’re eattn’
.....Seems.....Peyton Place

The once greedy...bystanders
....No longer impressed
By the demolition derby
They’ve just......witnessed

They’ll remember the glory
....Your selfishness sought
The spectacle...you’ve made
...That pain...you’ve wrought

...And the affinity....long precious
You’ve...permanently erased....
Folks shittn’ where they’re eattn’
.........At
Peyton
Place

James B. Earley
Plane's Coming Home....Minus Trump...No Doubt

....And so as a nation we're left to wonder
Until such time....as truth.....comes out
.....Facts of the matter then thus revealed
Could the plane come home minus Trump...no doubt

Hell....it wouldn't be....out of the question
.....Finding solace with the hooligan Kim
Birds of a feather known to flock together
.....It wouldn't be.....uncharacteristic of him

Smart move if perhaps The President
.....In anticipation......of things...to come
Is not off on some diplomatic mission
...But....instead seeking...political asylum

For now....tons of folks...are speculating....
Until such time as eventual truth comes out
....Though others...of learned opinions...are sure
Plane's coming home....minus Trump...no doubt

James B. Earley
Planned Parenthood's Video – 'unedited'

Blatant hypocrisy  
Disingenuously out of whack  
Seems pot calling the kettle  
....The proverbial.....black

“Lives....of the innocent  
......Instantly......erased”  
Impassioned denouncements  
....Politically embraced

Candidates...now silent  
...Ignoring the facts  
Even loquacious Carly  
....Devoid...of attacks

‘Tis blatant.....hypocrisy  
Disingenuously out of whack  
Merely pot calling the kettle  
That proverbial.....black

Author’s Note:  
“Republican presidential hopefuls were noticeably silent about a fatal shooting that took place at a Planned Parenthood in Colorado Springs.”  
~Alana Horowitz Satlin - Assignment Editor, The Huffington Post,11/28/2015

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

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

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

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

Why such bitterness...omnipresent
..In animosity's cantankerous voice
Why distortions...the daily constant
Malicious lies...its political choice
*
*
*

Disturbing factors hold fast the moment
..Ever raging amongst the muck
If it quacks...and indeed does waddle
..Might logic suspect..the quacking duck

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

At the end...we'll ALL...be sanctioned
By the lives...we've lived...on this earth
Obama...along...with the rest of Mankind
...God will judge...good...better...or worse
*
*
...What possible...irrational...thinking
Comparing now with yesterday's then
What criterion...supports the assessment
What manner of mind...would rend

Naïve assumptions despite the notion
..Obvious truths..indeed hold sway
Though biased eyes will not confirm
Nor pertinent factors inclined to weigh

'PARTY OF NO'..obstructing maligning
..Every pathway..Barack...ever strode
But intervened..'Mysterious Ways'
..God in His wisdom sharing the load

Pondering deeds..exploring behavior
Considering..good..better...or worse
Thoroughly...examining..all Mankind
And on merit..Final Judgment..disburse

Indeed at the end we'll ALL be sanctioned
By the lives...we've lived...on this earth
Obama...along...with the rest of Mankind
..God will judge..good...better..or worse

Author's Note:
'Poll after poll has charted President Obama's dipping approval rating in recent months, but Wednesday brought perhaps the cruelest cut to date: A new Quinnipiac University survey found that voters rate Mr. Obama as the country's worst president since World War II.'
Pootin' The Prelude - Then The Dump

Pootin'...the prelude
...Then....the dump
Biological necessities
.....Neither...trump

Cause both important
...To body and soul
Functional reality
....A worthy.....role

Of......literal existence
...Where neither....trump
'Cause pootin' the prelude
...And then....the dump

James B. Earley
Whenever I ponder
The true meaning of 'friend'
A portrait of you
....Recur again

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

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

James B. Earley
Portrait's Gift Of Years Divined

Life's...but...an artist's...easel
....Where imagery's knack defines
Spring summer autumn hues
...Turning once to wintertime

Having tasted...bits of each...
Feasted mightily on them all
Spring summer autumn hues
...Fondly winter...now recalls

Life and living...nature's giving....
Portraits painted seemed by chance
Might spring summer autumn hues
...Thus winter too be happenstance

Turning curiosity's...page of wonder
...Knowing answers...matters not
Spring summer autumn hues...
And wintertime indeed I've got

...As my life...my artist's easel....
Imagery's gift of years divined
....Spring summer autumn hues....
That have now turned to wintertime

James B. Earley
Pounding...War Drums...from The Right

What’s up with Congressional obsession
.....Barack...having chosen.....his lot
Winning the war of nuclear aggression
......All.....without firing.......a shot

Absurdity...says McCain and others
....The President’s got it all wrong
Only way to silence Iranian ambitions
...Is dropping some bombs of our own

Obviously bullshit’s amongst us
Degrees.....of political flimflam
.....WMDs.....all over again
War in the Region its ultimate sham

...Conflict...sometimes...looms necessary
But it’s always the young man in the sight
Of non-negotiating...gray-haired old men
....Pounding...War Drums...from the Right

Author's Note:
'Iran and six world powers agreed to a framework for a final deal on Iran's controversial nuclear program, officials announced Thursday.'
~Huffington Post,2 April 2015

James B. Earley
Precious Uncertainty...The Only Certainty...There Is

A curious.....aspect.....of life
........It's seldom without strife
Uncertainty the only certainty there is
The plight of the morrows'
......Continuity....of sorrows
Future seems some cavernous abyss

But.....from the depths of despair
......There's a scent in the air
'Tis the occasional joy we share
....Though happiness....an illusion
Within contentment's intrusion
......Hope....brings a welcoming prayer

Few though the positives
Outweigh they the negatives
Scales while unbalanced I find
....Undeterred....by illusions
There's contentment's intrusions
Thus joy's indelible peace of mind

And so I'm left with the morrows'
.....Continuity of sorrows
Yet the future's...not some cavernous abyss
......But a beautiful life
Despite...its onerous blanket of strife
....Precious uncertainty the only certainty...there is

James B. Earley
Which...of the varied tweets
....Did Preet find indiscreet
Witness tampering...jury hampering
....Whatever schemes of deceit

Not...being...an educated proponent....
Of theoretical wisdom and such
.....But....as a passing.....curiosity
I've never been suspicious as much

....As within this lingering mystery
And what...its portrait all means
Considering Bharara's hasty departure
....'Twas indeed the job of his 'dreams'

....That resounding.....'You're fired'
A voice we've long come to know
From the White House emanating
....Some....weird...reality show....

Wondering which of the many tweets
....Preet found....indiscreet
Witness tampering...jury hampering
....Particular schemes of deceit
*
*
Investigating theories...multiple inquires
.....Indeed...it was the job of Preet's 'dreams'....
'Obstruction of Justice'...apparently the thrust is
....Impeachment....around the corner...it seems

Author's note:
Within the Justice Department, some are questioning whether a recent phone call from Trump to Bharara may have contributed to the decision to remove the Obama holdovers, according to a person familiar with the matter. On Thursday, a White House aide called and left a message for Bharara, saying the president...
wanted to speak with him, though the prospective topic of discussion was unclear. Bharara consulted his staff and determined that it would probably be a violation of Justice Department protocols for him to speak directly to the president, this person said. That protocol exists in order to prevent political interference—or the appearance of political interference — with Justice Department work.
~The Washington Post, 12 March 2017

James B. Earley
Presidential Timber - Trump's Sizing November

Hillary...physically ain't got it
.....That Presidential timber
Nor Little Marco...nor Cruz....
Trump pondering November

.....Spoken.....with logic
Steeped......in disdain...
Thoroughly unqualified
As The Donald explains

...At length he continues
Defining....his passion....
Thoughts on the subject
In demonstrable fashion

Hillary's...no competition...
When speaking...of timber
Nor Little Marco...nor Cruz
....Trump's.....sizing November

Author's Note:
'Donald Trump makes his penis a campaign issue during Thursday night's Republican Presidential Debate.'

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Pseudo Intellectual Smart Ass

Compliment...well taken
Once considered the source
Belligerence...its constant
...As a matter of course

Eventually...I knew
It would come to this
Some Right Wing zealot
.....Royally......pissed

Lying...perhaps perfected
...Somewhere in its youth
Interesting....Conservatism
And the absence of truth

Been called varied names
...Well...do I know 'em
"Pseudo Intellectual Smart Ass"
.....Smacks....of a poem

Thanks...for reinvigorating
...Material...nearly gone dry
"Pseudo Intellectual Smart Ass"
.... Appropriately....‘tis I

Compliment.....well taken
....Once considered the source
Thick skinned....my well-being
...As a matter....of course

Author’s Note:
Title “Pseudo Intellectual Smart Ass, ” courtesy Conservative wordsmith, Dale Ryland

James B. Earley
Purest Saint

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

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

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

.............This message

Author’s note:

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

James B. Earley
Putting It.....As Nice......As One.....Can

....Tillerson.....bereft
Trump speaks for himself
Not the Nation

....Mattis rescinding
Consequently upending
Regulations

...America.....in crisis
Is putting it as nicest
.....As one can

Completely overwhelmed
Incompetence at the helm
....Perhaps...a loony man

Two Cabinet...Officials
Together in the same
....Damn....week

Have lost all confidence
Their ways and actions
....Bespeak
*
*
Completely overwhelmed
Incompetence at the helm
.....The Bogeyman's

Got America...in crisis
'Tis putting it as nicest
......As one can

James B. Earley
Questions....The Finest Wines...Won't Answer

An elusive scheme....that dream, of a better life we chase. Why would a loving God.....displace, in His omnipotence, paradise on earth, lay waste. Bewildering angst.....is but....a taste.

Of what...is yet to come. For the past will chart the way, indeed its history thus will say, that cycle shall....return again, at last to live....another trying day.

And so, we go....on in life, despite the anguish, still the strife. Why stab the soul, why twist the knife.

'Tis...an elusive scheme, that dream, of a better life...we chase.

James B. Earley
Quiet....On Self.....And Judge Roy

Weinstein's....earth-shake'n
....So too....Al Franken
But quiet on self and Judge Roy
....Pious......and biased
Asking God...why...us...
Subjected...to this devious ploy
*
*
The epitome of deceit
....Where....is the tweet
Of the Tweeter-In-Chief
When Moore's indiscreet

Though messy one's shelf
....'Tis everybody...else
And less about Moore
And nothing about self

....Mum.....is the word
Hypocritically absurd....
Quiet...is the loudest sound
....Silence....ever...heard
*
*
Thus biased...yet pious
....Asking God...why...us
Perhaps some twisted kind of joy
Weinstein's....earth-shake'n
....So too....Al Franken
But quiet on self and Judge Roy

James B. Earley
Racial Bigotry...Is All Bullshit - Indeed Here's Why

Author's note:
'A Black man's perspective' JBE

We're all kinfolks...it's true
...Wasn't always...that way...
Master raping our grandmas
Beginning...that very first day

...Of Man's inhumanity
Slavery's legacy as such
History's insidious heritage
Perception...indeed out of touch

Hypocritical relatives
...My....irreversible kin
Christian nation...we treasure
Born...of despicable sin

...A venom fueled hatred
Still cradles and floods
Its bigoted populace
Folks sharing my blood

Tomorrow hangs in the balance
...The die.....thus cast
Our future depends...
On....resolving the past

...Hypocrisy....of denial
Miscegenation is clear
Master's rape of our grandmas
...'Tis the fault that we're here

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

James B. Earley
Racial Motivations - And Other Implied Thoughts

The President's Muslim ban seems strikingly akin to denying White Folks rights of travel throughout the Greater Portland Municipal Transit system, simply because Caucasian happens to be the ethnic heritage of a known domestic (slasher) terrorist. Further, the theory of that notion, if conceptually applied, could render fertilizer purchases in and around Oklahoma City virtually impossible, and similarly would prohibit people of European descent ding Black Church prayer meetings in Charleston, South Carolina.

As an interesting aside, were the proposed Ban in effect decades ago, effectively there would never have been the Kenyan-born, Muslim practicing, American President to protest against.

And thus, today, we wouldn't even be having this conversation, simply because the crooked billionaire of this writing, would instead be somewhere else, systemically grabbing women by the whatever, and operating phony university systems, and committing sundry other duplicitous acts.

Amen

James B. Earley
Racism - Just Another Word..'Til Once Experienced

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

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

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

Racism - Just Another Word..'Til Once Experienced

James B. Earley
Radical Evil Its Essence.....When Comparing The Two

Once rhetoric....aside
...Facts blaze into view
Analysing Donald then Hillary
...Thus comparing the two

Truism's.....intuition
Would hauntingly agree
With the Donald's assessment
....Toward Hillary's...bigotry

Interesting the phenomena
.....Accurate......its drawl
Without exception...throughout
...Bigotry's inherent...to all

More despicable the Donald's
Providing Hillary....a pass
....'Tis the epitome....of evil
Trump's racist....bombast

Further analysing such racism
Facts blaze.......into view
....Radical evil.....its essence
When...comparing....the two

Author's note:
'Hillary Clinton is a bigot who sees people of color only as votes, not as human beings worthy of a better future.'
~Donald Trump - Jackson, Miss...24 August,2016

James B. Earley
Reality.....Of A Fuehrer......Now Literally.....Conceivable

My days are numbered
And my time ain't long
But all y'all gonna be here
...Long after...I'm gone

At the cusp of anarchy
A Fuehrer's conceivable
With America at the brink
....Of political....upheaval

That Evangelical crowd
.....For crying.....out loud
Bear no credible reason
For believing...in God

....Therein....the danger
That child in the manger
His Christianity abused
...Even...more stranger

Hitler was a church-man
There ain't no denying
So saith his writings
History's supplying
*
*
An America at the brink
Of political.....upheaval
.....Reality of a Fuehrer
Now literally....conceivable

....My days thus numbered
And my time....ain't long....
But all y'all gonna be here
....Long after.....I'm gone
Reality's Perception - Minorities..'All'...We Are

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Recipients Of The Doles - Feigning Debate

“Apostles Of Truth”
On stage in debate...
Hillary’s Benghazi lies
...Differentiates

GOP...from its opposition
...They’d have us believe
Yet “stalwarts of honesty’s”
....Hypocrisy deceives

‘Cause...lying politicians
‘Tis the name of the game
Damn few....exceptions
....Such behavior explains

Charlatans Of Deception's
...Documented ingrates
Recipients of the dole
...Feigning....debate

Author’s Note:
’Brazen lies are now “the driving force behind GOP politics.”

James B. Earley
Recollecting My Dream

Varied faces and races
...The landscaped scene
I died and went to Heaven
...Recollecting...my dream

No superiority in Paradise
.....No wealth.....allowed
The entrance fee...in fact
....Was the head bowed

Billionaires.......barred
.....Bereft at the door
Saint Peter's commitment
.....Avenging....the poor

Politicians and preachers
.....The typical con-men
They too...denied entrance
.....Abominable sins

No way.....chimed Satan
...Would they burn in Hell
Burning's too comfortable
...He’d rather they dwell

In some Siberian hereafter
.....Freezing...their asses off
Never an admirer of Satan
.....But this time.....I doff

My hat......in reverence
...To his satanic scheme
Varied races and faces...
Recollecting....my dream

James B. Earley
Reflecting Upon....U S Election 2016 - Its First Anniversary

.....Relief.....of indigestion
But further introspection

Suggested a laxative
.....Yes.....that was it
Just a year ago
The resultant piece of shit

America's devious stomach
....Churning itself apart
Thought maybe perhaps
....A collective.....fart

Would relieve indigestion
Though....upon further reflection

Demanded the laxative
....Yes....that was it
AN ETERNITY AGO....
That resultant pile of shit
*
*
And yet.....now.....ever more critical INDIGESTION
....Upon further reflection

James B. Earley
Regrettably....He's All....That We've Got

Certainly he's our President
Fact is...he's all that we've got
......Often labeled an idiot
An idiot.......clearly...he's not

......No idiot can steal billions
Systemically done without fail
Escapade after escapade
...Coming...nowhere...near jail

Brilliance in thievery
.....Scumbag buffoonery
Indeed he's all that we've got
Though clearly.....an idiot...he's not

.....Sheer genius...more like it
At bullshitting conniving it seems
Manipulations persuasions
......Perhaps....tax evasions
And varied other...nefarious...schemes

....Often......labeled an idiot
Definitely an idiot he's not
......Duly...elected...our President
Regrettably...he's all....that we've got

James B. Earley


Remembrances

...I'll....miss you...friend
I'll miss you much
....Indeed.....I will
Let's keep in touch

....Write...or call
Why not do both
...Not seeing you
'Tis the mood...I loathe

Thoughts I have
.....Within...it's true
Fond are those thoughts
...I have.....of you

As you move away
....From work....retire
Your ideals cherish
.....Hold fast that fire

Remember....life is far
....From being over yet
May....that final....sun
.....In fact...never set

....I'll....miss you...friend
Let's keep...in touch
...Indeed we must
I'll miss....you much

James B. Earley
Reminiscing

Author's Note:
Dedicated to my mother's sister, Aunt Ophine Buford - commemorating her 100th Birthday...8 August 2014.

Remembering Mounds
Another place and time
My view from the ridge
...Etched...in my mind

Rising in the distance
Mississippi River Bridge
.....Crossing at Cairo
My view from the ridge

Far removed from Mounds
..Another place and time
Napa Valley's..Carneros..
Whose scenery reminds

....Of off in the yonder
San Francisco Bay Bridge
Reminiscent of my childhood's
....View from the ridge

I think of my Mother...
Her siblings especially you
...Grandma and Grandpa
And Uncle Buddy..I view

In your one hundred years
...Afforded relatively few
How precious...Aunt Ophine
...Happy Birthday...To You

James B. Earley
Republican Philosophy - Idiocy, Hypocrisy, Or Both

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

James B. Earley
Respect..And Disrespect...of The Oval Office

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In all honesty, December 2 1985, my first day at work at the Robert Mondavi Winery, was pure misery. I recall thinking, 'My God what am I doing here?' The negative mood persisted throughout the next two and one-half years approximately. Then an inexplicable thing occurred. I'm unsure of precisely when it happened, but mysteriously I had experienced a gradual 180 degree spiritual transformation. Through traveling the Napa Valley, interacting with its people, I discovered an inner peace, a contentment I never thought possible - and now, I find myself at this place I never chose, yet could not have planned a more delightful life than with those bewitching years I've known, at this place I never chose.

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

James B. Earley
'Rip Van Winkles' Now Question Benghazi

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Robert Mondavi Memorial Hwy

Lifetime...dedicated
...To the Cabernet
Petit Syrah.....Pinot
.......Chardonnay

Passion whose dreams
.....Destiny aligned
Along...meandering....
State Route...Twenty-Nine

'Tis easy...to forget....
...Yet....visually behold
Wonders...of a place....
Ignoring yesterday’s role

Short memory or worse
.....Concept....thus blurred
Gratitude denied
...Reluctance...absurd

Somewhere in that logic
...A revised......state of mind
"Robert Mondavi Memorial Hwy"
....State Route...Twenty-Nine

James B. Earley
Robert Mondavi Winery - A Place...I Never Chose

....Career I thought....was on a path...Southern California life's destiny...Beaches mountains the whole of it....Came crashing down around me

Bankrupt abrupt from that bitter cup....Having drunk its anguished brew Collapsing all my hopes and dreams.....The entire world.....I knew

Answering a blind ad...still as sad .....Once knowing its pedigree Claim to fame meant not a thing ....Amidst sheer pain...and misery

Finding myself in the Napa Valley ....Where....I had no plans to be World-renowned no joy I found ...Just another.....place to me

Recalling the first day on the job .....My memory......crystal clear Asking Deity the troubling question &quot;My God what am I doing here&quot;

But in time...It took some years.... One hundred-eighty degrees in fact I later came to adore and love ...Since then....no looking back * * 

..................And now....

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

Yet......could not have planned A more delightful life Than...with those
Bewitching years I've known
..........At this place
...............I never chose

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Sad Answer 'tis The Question - Where Are...those Children Going

Young children at our borders
Their plight...is worth knowing
The answer....'tis the question
Where are these children going

But to parents....beleaguered
.....Tending manicured vines
Yet we criticize...while enjoying
.....California's..fine wines

To relatives laboring hours
Gathering...agricultural yields
..Working our favorite restaurants
As we're consuming our meals

Folks...it ain't rocket science
...Rocket science has no place
In simplistic....equations...
Elementary matters...of race

Regarding children at our borders
Indeed that plight...still growing
....Sad answer 'tis the question
Where are.....those children going

James B. Earley
Lone Senator spending hours
..Reading aloud nursery rhymes
Nary a child in the Chamber
...'Tis...insanity's...signs

A Congress suing Obama
.....Would likely sue itself
Shenanigans borrowed
.....From insanity's shelf

Remembering...fried chicken...
Barbeque..and watermelon rinds
.....Caricatures.......aplenty
Amidst....Tea Party signs

Years...I thought...'bigotry'
.....Until emails erupt
With 'Lois Lerner's' wisdom
...Clearing it.....all up

'Crazies'....her words
Plus considerably more
Some I dare not repeat
My upbringing abhors

Criticizing the unbalanced
...Instead consider the source
Though difficult in practice
When it's a matter of course

...Saddened how bigotry
Infects......and corrupts..
My soul thanks Lois Lerner
Indeed...she cleared it all up

Author's Note:
'Lois Lerner, a former IRS official at the heart of the agency's tea party
controversy called Republicans 'crazies' and more in emails released Wednesday.'
~Stephen Ohlemacher, Associated Press - 7/30/2014

James B. Earley
Saga - Of Mayor....Marion Barry

Your Honor...what better way
To prove a substance is coke
.....Than to fill-up a pipe
And take a quick smoke

The Judge said surely
Mr. Mayor...you jest
.....Am I to believe
This was an official taste-test

...So he sent the Mayor away
To the Big House for a spell
The Mayor of this Nation's Capitol
....Locked-up....in Jail

Time off for good behavior
He ran for Office again
Thanks to natural charisma
...Was a virtual...shoo-in

Personally vowing to eliminate
The drug merchants of crime
Seize and burn..all the narcotics
....One pipe-full.....at a time

Author's Note:
'Barry came to national prominence as mayor of the national capital, the first prominent civil-rights activist to become chief executive of a major American city; he gave the presidential nomination speech for Jesse Jackson at the 1984 Democratic National Convention. His celebrity transformed into international notoriety in January 1990, when Barry was videotaped smoking crack cocaine and arrested by FBI officials on drug charges. The arrest and subsequent trial precluded Barry seeking re-election, and Barry served six months in a federal prison. After his release, however, he was elected to the DC city council in 1992 and ultimately returned to the mayoralty in 1994, serving from 1995 to 1999.'
~Wikipedia
James B. Earley
San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge Of Lights.....Homeless Child's Perspective

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Sandy Hook - Its Nemesis.... Metastasized 'Profits'

Incremental
Death
By
Social
Design

Prognostic
Reality
Profits
Metastasized
Minds

James B. Earley
Santa Monica Mountains..Kanan Dume

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Sarah Palin's...'Tea Party'

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

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

At five hundred....

.................................................Bucks

..................................................A cup

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

James B. Earley
Satanic...Reads....The Lyric's Song

...Genocidal....toward the Indian
Centuries enslavement of Negroes
...Holocaustic minds...itself defined
Christianity basking in its throes

Perhaps a questionable divinity
Please correct me if I'm wrong
Devout the shout within without
..Satanic clearly....sounds the song

A new day now on our horizon
Yet still mired in ancient ways
...Age-old conceptual behavior
Consistently lingers still it preys

...Upon the lesser amongst them
Homeless folks and countless others
...Healthcare..services...denied
Its own sisters and its brothers

...Billions dollars...at the ready
Prioritizing their Mexican Wall....
Seems significantly more important
...To Conservatism...Church and all

'Tis....the questionable...divinity....
Correct me please should I be wrong
Devout the shout within without
..Satanic...reads...the lyric's song

James B. Earley
Savoring The Meal - Criticizing Its Taste - Duplicitous Dining

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

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

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

Yet utilizing Highways
......ObamaCare
And Social Security
Those old folks share
And yes the Post Office
...Indeed Medicare
*
*
*
Hypocrisy hawks
An arrogance despite
..Gorging its belly
Epicurean delight

..Savoring the meal
Criticizing its taste
God damning..the chef
.......Commonplace

James B. Earley
Scared Shitless

Having seen and felt
Nature's angst before
...Multitudinous quakes
None....intensity more

Than the wee...wee hours
At dawn's break of day
About half past three
An unforgettable sway

.....A bucking horse
From my dream awoke
To righteous reality..
Mother Nature's joke

....Or...maybe not
Now wide.....awake
That bucking horse
...Fierce earthquake

Checked family..neighbors
Indeed....all......is well
Except me..scared shitless
.....Only time.....will tell

Author's Note:
Aftermath - Napa Earthquake 24 August 2014

James B. Earley
Season's Magic

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

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

Author's note:
'The sun, with all those planets revolving around it and dependent on it, can still ripen a bunch of grapes as if it had nothing else in the universe to do.'
~Galileo Galilei

James B. Earley
Second Amendment - Deception's Perception

'Tis absolute..

My 'Right' to own

Muskets...Pistols

Rifles...Drones

And
So
Forth
And
So
On

Yet still some folks

Just piss and moan

Deny the 'Right'

..To own my Drone

James B. Earley
Second Amendment - History Of....... 

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

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

James B. Earley
'Second Amendment'....And Assorted Nra Hobgoblins

Enthusiasts sing
Same maniacal song
..Industry's...'Shill'
Joins...sing-along

Gun rights rhetoric
..Social flim-flam
Snake-oil doctrine
'Conservative' sham

...Schemers..wail
Oft scripted fear
'Cling fast those guns

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

To sponsor's delight

..'Tis more about profits

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

James B. Earley
'Second Constitutional Amendment' - Analytically Defined

1. delusional legislative after-thought granting perpetual right to possess, own, and bear unlimited firepower of any kind, up to and including Weapons of Mass Destruction (WMDs)

2. adolescent mental disorder, psychotically characterized as Neurosis Reckoned Anxiety.

James B. Earley
Seeded Fate Long Sown

This...a tale of simple truth
...Seems life...itself....resisted
Years in close proximity lived
Not knowing such treasure existed

Thus that factor once revealed
.....Fate denied......its luster
Still the glow engaged the light
.....As only fate could muster

All those years...proximity lived
Its days and nights prolonged
....’Tis twisted tale of simple truth
Treasured seeded fate...long sown

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

James B. Earley
Self Protection For All - Our Constitutional Right

National Guard Armories across the land....
Time...to arm...every child....woman and man

....Free...of all cost.....the documented solution
Ordained guaranteed so saith the Constitution

.....The right to own......the right to bear
2nd Amendment to date ain't got me nowhere

....In terms of security......I ain't got none
Can't afford the bullets ain't got no gun

When scheme was hatched 'tis indeed well known
.....Right to bear...in fact....meant right to own

Constitutionally it is...my Country's commitment
...Literal words I've read in the 2nd Amendment

Sharpton and Jackson....put yourselves to good use
....Raise hell...publicize....2nd Amendment's abuse

As a matter of equity have gun manufacturers pay
...A penance to the Government...demand N R A

Grant membership in the form of absolutely free passes
2nd Amendment reparations to the abandoned masses

......National Guard Armories......across the land
Must arm...every child.....woman....and man

.....Free...of all cost.....cause clearly restitution
Is ordained...guaranteed so saith the Constitution

Self protection for some...is the curious plight...
Self protection for all...our Constitutional Right

Author's Note:
Negro....and Indian...rebellions....horrific.....
2nd Amendment protection designed specific

.....Now.....in full circle...there's fear.....of another
Not ISIS...not foreign...but the mind...of my BROTHER

James B. Earley
**Selma's Absence - Bigotry's Presence**

President failed to march in solidarity
Administration didn’t send one single face
....Boehner/McConnell....moral outrage
That Paris absence....America’s disgrace

Payback time...it seems.....at Selma
.......With facts it’s hard to disagree
What goes around.....comes around
We’ve got it on Congressional authority

McConnell/Boehner failed solidarity
.....Neither showed a caring face
Selma's absence...bigotry’s presence
....America’s outrage....a bitter taste

James B. Earley
Senator Jessie Helms

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

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

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

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

Author's note:

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

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

James B. Earley
Senator Landrieu's....Truth

Author's Note:
Interesting to note that of all the assiduous findings attributed to Landrieu's words, insidious, sexists, racists, etc., none have yet to be labeled 'liar.' Cursory analysis suggests that TRUTH may perhaps be the unspoken devil hidden in the Party's details.

Persecuted disparaged
...Irreparably harmed
Landrieu's adversaries
Universally alarmed

.....Insulted outraged
Pious Sons Of The South
'Tis insidious behavior
From the Senator's mouth

....Castigating her own....
Politics..literally of shame
There's morally no place...
This treacherous sort of thang

...So saith the bitterly outraged
Hypocritical Sons Of The South
On the despicable accusations
....From the Senator's......mouth

Author's Note:
'To be very, very honest with you, the South has not always been the friendliest place for African-Americans. It's been a difficult time for the president to present himself in a very positive light as a leader. It's not always been a good place for women to present ourselves. It's more of a conservative place, so we've had to work a little bit harder on that.'
~Senator Mary Landrieu - October 30,2014

James B. Earley
Sequestered...In The White House...Of All Places

Truth...of it all....'tis somewhere....in the traces
....A racism....decidedly......whose face is...
Sequestered...at the White House...of all places

Self-created...our plight....we're trapped...at its height
......There's a thief....in the night......in plain sight
Looting....prostituting - as if...some God...given right

....Deeds suspiciously compelling
There's no way of dispelling....nor critically foretelling
.....The depth....of this odor...we're smelling

The answer's...somewhere....in the traces
......Of.....that bigotry.............whose face is.....
Sequestered....in the White House...of all places

....It boggles....the mind...that we're so inclined
The fallacy of thinking a billionaire......kind....
Thus screwing the masses straight-up its asses...we find

....Literal.....fire....in the eyes...there's no disguise
A passion.....divining....what the eyes......denies
....Thus....a word of caution...indeed to the wise

Truth...of it all....'tis somewhere....in the traces
....A racism....decidedly......whose face is...
Sequestered...at the White House...of all places

James B. Earley
Sexual Harassment? - Or Harassment....Sexually? - Or Both?

Would it appear...desecration
....Taken......in isolation

Multiple moments of the evening
She &quot;insisted&quot;...the massaging...of her feet
........At the end of the evening
Was he....in reality.....indiscreet

........A tongue........to her lips
Where perhaps it shouldn't have been
.....Questioning....had he been played
Wondering........to his....chagrin....

....Taken......in isolation would it appear...desecration

James B. Earley
She Could Take Her Pick

....Many folks...ofttimes....deride
Melania's presence by his side
Gold-digger...such thoughts implied
....A notion postured far and wide

Would she in fact be standing there
....Were not the man a billionaire
So what you ask.....why even dare
....To start some shit why even care

But important is.....her state of mind
After all she's FLOTUS that's well defined
Nation needs to know if she's so inclined...
Having the heart of POTUS thus then maligned

...True...the pompous buffoon is such a prick
Why this her choice....what makes her tick
Might FLOTUS perhaps be up to something slick
...Absolutely gorgeous...she could take her pick

James B. Earley
Ships....In The Night

....I have....little....to offer
But a memory the measure
.....Of one soul to another
Please take it and treasure

Two ships simply passing
....One magnanimous night
Observing....in the distance
....Life's proverbial...light

Thus...feeling the presence
Of that...so close...yet so far
.....Two ships in the night
Simply passing we are

....Long....live....the waves
Calm seas.....and its storms
......Life itself an adventure
Uncertainty.....the norm

.....Within that uncertainty
Assuredly one thing is true....
Sometimes....two ships simply passing
....'Tis....the most wisest of views

So....from one soul....to another
.....Those ships of the night
May they sail on in friendship
.....Ever keeping....in sight

Though...there's little....to offer...
But this memory the measure
....Of one soul to another
Please take it...please treasure

James B. Earley
Similar Souls...those Folks We’re Dreading

2nd Amendment...grants all Americans
....Right to own and bear our guns
Same America...declares Healthcare
......Public enemy.....number one

Consideration promised to the masses
...Now appears....somewhat in doubt
Orchestrated.....by God’s own faithful...
Who Sunday mornings....shout it out

......Animosity rages...from the pulpit
Prayer...along....for hypocrisy’s ride
...Our so-called....Christian movement
Sweeps the Nation...its tide provides

Hope....for the literal...decapitation
...That final breath....to Obamacare
Insidious moments.....incantations
Farewell the Country’s...morbid affair

Hypocrisy....wailing.....to cries of evil
Monsters engaged in gross beheadings
... ISIS’.....reflections in our mirrors....
Similar souls...those folks we’re dreading

James B. Earley
Similiarity....Of Circumstance

It's all about choices
...Amidst the rhetoric of why...
Circumstance...the system
....Omnipresent...the lie

Analyzing sheer politics
'Tis a valid complaint
..Hillary...branded a liar
For God's sakes...who ain't

It all...comes down to choices
....When questing...for truth
The belligerent...the bellicose
....Is bigoted....uncouth

The Judgment at Nuremberg...
Forgotten truth...on the shelf
A nagging........propoosition
...History resurrecting....itself

Indeed...it's all about choices
....Denigrating....the why
Insidious proliferations
...Omnipresent...the lie

Author's Note:
'First they came for the Socialists, and I did not speak out—Because I was not a Socialist. Then they came for the Trade Unionists, and I did not speak out—Because I was not a Trade Unionist. Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out — Because I was not a Jew. Then they came for me—and there was no one left to speak for me.,'
~Martin Niemöller (1892-1984) was a prominent Protestant pastor who emerged as an outspoken public foe of Adolf Hitler and spent the last seven years of Nazi rule in concentration camps.

James B. Earley
Forgotten is the dogma
....Of mutual respect
An arrogance refusing
To pause and reflect

The languages...many
.....Our conflicts long
We're all fellow travelers
Just trying to get home

For the sake of Humanity
We need figure...it out
.....Bigotry...not an option
In a World shattered by doubt

When it's all said and done
Universe...will go on alone
Remembering us...singing...
...Our own...swan song

James B. Earley
**Singular….Truth - Once….Said……In Jest**

Author’s note:
'I could stand in the middle of 5th Avenue and shoot somebody and I wouldn't lose voters.'
~ Donald Trump - Iowa campaign rally, 23 January 2016

The man's 'only' truth
'Twas…said in jest
.....And inasmuch
A character test

...On whose....merits
The case thus rest
...His singular…..truth
Those words confess

Perhaps he's cursed
Perhaps he's blessed
....Perhaps....a bit
Mentally stressed

Yet clinging followers
......At his....behest
Against their own interest
.....Acquiesce

Strange that base
...Strange the man
Half the population
....Indeed...it's scanned

Supports his 'truth'
....Once...said in jest
A Nation cursed? ? ? ?
A Nation blessed?

Our souls...at-large...
This character test
....On......such merits
The case thus rest
*   
*   
....A 'singular' truth - once said......in jest  

James B. Earley
Smoke Black...Smoke White...Smoke Screen? - Vatican City

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

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

James B. Earley
Smoke Screened Bullshit – Extraordinaire

Nation’s problems….critical
….’Tis sad disgrace
Trump’s bankruptcies
….Fiorina’s…face

Hillary’s Emails/
….ObamaCare
Smoke screened bullshit
…. Extraordinaire

FDA…derelict...
Toward doing its job
Financial Institutions
The legitimimized mob

Car Makers…manufacturing
…Literal death on wheels
Government complicit
…..Thus facts….reveals

A criminality in Congress
Organizational flimflam
We the public…in denial...
Participants…of the sham

While issues remain critical
….‘Tis ominous disgrace
When it’s all about Trump
…..And Fiorina’s….face

James B. Earley
Snake Oil The Nation's...Status Quo

Reality's perception
...Ebola's deception
Threat of ISIS
...A crisis no more

Our Nation's fitness
The Election just witnessed
...We're all at the mercy
Of the political whore

.......Truth trampled
Landrieu...the example
Conspiratorial silence
...Dual Parties of NO

Republicans/Democrats
.....Singular Plutocrats
Manipulating the strings
...We're puppets...in tow

Smoke and mirrors'
...Imagined...terrors
Snake Oil the Nation's
......Status quo

James B. Earley
So Saith...Its Metaphor...The Hurricane

Wax and wane  
The metaphor...the hurricane

Life is thus  
Knowing not why it must

Answers.....lie....not within the realm  
Howling winds simply overwhelm

Vicious cycle but a distant roar  
Regaining strength again once more

Metaphor...never....goes away  
Roaring silence much to say

...Deciphering...not....to sort it out  
Rather....accepting what it's all about

...Life....is thus....a bit insane  
So saith...its metaphor...the hurricane

James B. Earley
Socialism; Evils Of......

FEMA
Social Security
Medicare

U S Postal Service
Interstate Highway System
Warfare

Author's Note:

James B. Earley
Society’s Extremism....As A Matter Of Course

Call it...Radical Islam
Or Islam’s Right Wing
...Similar...the essence
Of this terrorist thing

Abortion clinics...churches
Whatever the source
...Society’s extremism
As a matter of course

...Banners of hatred
Whose passions unfurl
....Man’s inhumanity
Encompassing the world

Whether Radical Islam
Or Islam’s Right Wing...
‘Tis similar...the essence
...In this terrorist thing

James B. Earley
Society's Burden

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Some Other Place...She'd Go....Somewhere

Long he wondered
This quirk....he saw
....A quirk indeed
Though...not...a flaw

....Why and what
Is on her mind....
Seems...in deep thought
...Each and every time

Listening.....closely
To everything he'd say
But every now and then
She'd glance away

.....Momentary
She'd....simply stare
...Some other place
She'd go somewhere

...Just...as quickly
Still....unexplained
....Refocused eyes
Returned again
*
*
....As time.....went on
Their paths would cross
Through all those years
....He's....at a loss

Why and what...perhaps
....Is on...her mind
Seems in deep thought
....Each...and every....time

James B. Earley
Songs...They Hear.....The Angels Sing

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Stolen Moments

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Sultry Summer's Evening

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Sump'n.....Smelly....About The General....Kelly

Utilizing the football analogy
White House....thrown for a loss
....He was once the bastion of honesty
Now merely a reflection of the Boss

'Congresswoman seeking publicity'
Indeed....most likely....perhaps
Whatever the motive....her quest
...Definitively lifted the wraps

And thus to the world....exposing
Heretofore an unquestionable veneer
.....Promoting....clouds...of wondering
How esteemed the four star's career

...Truth is....here's....a five-star...liar
Diminished of serious credibility
All because of a publicity seeking...
'Empty-barrel's'...intellectual....agility

.....Seizing.......a football analogy
White House critically thrown for a loss
....Formerly....the epitome...of honesty
Kelly's literally a reflection of the Boss

Author's note:
'John Kelly misrepresented Congresswoman Wilson's 2015 speech while he was criticizing her over Gold Star Family controversy.'
~Michal Kranz and Allan Smith - Business Insider 20 October 2017

James B. Earley
Sunday Mornings....Thus Bullshit

Remembering...times...admirable
....Current existence besmirch
Those childhood....experiences
....Within that old Christian church

Looking back in trepidation
....When pondering the past
Comparing life to the present
.....Hypocritical.....outcasts

Ain't no comparable analogy
Considering way back then....
Once...the community of caring
...Now...iniquity's lions' den

No longer sense of community
......Nor...of sister... Nor...brother
No sharing immense burdens
....No loving...one another

Sunday mornings...thus...bullshit
....Within everything they're saying
Throughout entire congregations
...Every...prayer...they're praying
*
*
Once...communities...of caring
...Now...iniquity's lions dens
Ain't no comparable analogy....
To those days...of way back...when

James B. Earley
Sunday Mornings.....Indiana

Seems a Holy Band assembled
.....Hypocrites.....Americana
Church Folks on Sunday morning
....Back home......in Indiana

Morality....as they know it
On such platform the decision
.....Criticize....then ostracize
A people based on that religion

...Why should one...fear the Devil
When there’s a Pence upon the shelf
Spouting quotes of God’s damnation
The greater evil...Church itself

...Dire straits...that flock assembled
Nation’s heartland....Americana
Church Folks...all...bearing witness
...Sunday Mornings...Indiana

Author's Note:
'WASHINGTON - Indiana Gov. Mike Pence (R) quietly signed legislation Thursday that could legalize discrimination against lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender individuals.'
~Amanda Terkel, Huffington Post - 26 March 2015

James B. Earley
Sunday Mornings.......Early

Sunday mornings.....early
Across our Nation gather
Folks...displaying the gall
To impugn..then slather

Those..less fortunate souls
...Yet vociferously claim
Of 'life......well-served
...Praising Jesus' name'

'We're a Christian People'
‘Tis bragged.......as fact
Though ObamaCare deemed
...'The despicable...act'

Thus the Homeless ignored
Just trash...in some gutter
The Church crowd....hearing
.....Nary a prayer they utter

Incredible...Man's gall
...To impugn and slather
Sunday mornings early...
Where Hypocrites gather

James B. Earley
Symbiotic...Fetish Of Shame

...Questions....abound
Answers critically sought
Why animosity...the chaos
...That crisis of thought

A Nation.....imperiled.....
Whose's trajectory demeans
....Its citizens and others
Categorically obscene

Masquerading as President
...One's....only claim...to fame
'Tis scheming and conniving
...And prostituting his name

And sexually harassing women
...By his own proud admission
America's......Chief Executive
....Indeed a perilous transition

Systemic bigotry on the rise
....Healthcare in decline
Hypocritical spirituality
.....Definitely defined

That Christian Nation we claim
..Symbiotic...fetish of shame
Considering all the abominations
..Literally done in God's name

Thus....questions abound
......Answers critically sought
Why must confusion and chaos
....Why...the absence....of thought

James B. Earley
Synonyms And Antonyms - Intellectually...Confuses 'em

'Adorable'...literally opposite of
...'Deplorable'...devoid of love

Synonyms and antonyms
Some folks pissed because of them

Thus Hillary's message declared uncouth
....The Party claims she's loose with truth

Though 'deplorable' is...sheer opposite of
.....'Adorable'....the act.....of love

Obviously...synonyms...and antonyms
.....Intellectually...confuses 'em

Interesting.....what one can't see
.....In blinded throes...of bigotry

Mere...synonyms...and antonyms
...Intellectually...confuses 'em

Author's note:
'You know, to just be grossly generalistic, you could put half of Trump's supporters into what I call the basket of deplorables. Right? The racist, sexist, homophobic, xenophobic, Islamaphobic - you name it. And unfortunately there are people like that. And he has lifted them up. He has given voice to their websites that used to only have 11,000 people - now 11 million. He tweets and retweets their offensive hateful mean-spirited rhetoric. Now, some of those folks - they are irredeemable, but thankfully they are not America. But the other basket - and I know this because I see friends from all over America here - I see friends from Florida and Georgia and South Carolina and Texas - as well as, you know, New York and California - but that other basket of people are people who feel that the government has let them down, the economy has let them down, nobody cares about them, nobody worries about what happens to their lives and their futures, and they're just desperate for change.'
~Hillary Clinton - Speaking at the LGBT for Hillary Gala in New York City on
Syrian Charade

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Syrian Child Forgotten – Dead On The Beach

America’s hypocrisy...
This message will teach
Gone is his memory...
In speech after speech
...A Nation ignoring...
His death on the beach

Long gone...that anguish
The emotional outcry
Months later...barely
...Our promise....deny
Reneging commitments
To the child...left to die

Was that pain perhaps feigned
...Some concocted pretense
Rhetorical hobgoblins
....Straddling......the fence....
A future once promised
....Now mired...in suspense

America’s hypocrisy
...Satanic.....outreach
Damning his memory...
In speech after speech
Syrian child forgotten
..Dead....on the beach

James B. Earley
Tea Party’s….Watermelon Signs

An image….of Ben Carson
Comes immediately to mind
Barbecued ribs…fried chicken
...Amidst watermelon rinds

Caricatures……..aplenty
Whose bigotry reminds
That “taking our Country back”
Meant...another place and time

Might political change of heart
Be some orchestrated sham
....Politics......being politics
Another Tea Party......scam

Prejudice...never the malady
....That simply evaporates
What once...totally despised
....One...most likely...still HATES

Hence...history’s peculiarity
Knowingly repeating itself...
In yesterday’s.....caricatures
.......On history’s..........shelf

Hauntingly.......Ben Carson
....Comes eerily to mind
Barbecued ribs…fried chicken...
Tea Party’s....watermelon signs

James B. Earley
Ted Cruz.......For President

Theatrical world of Politics
......Few...of greater skill
Than Ted Cruz of Texas
....Incredibly...iron willed

As was forerunner...Reagan
Who served out the War
Though.....decades ago
.....It still ain’t that far

Back in time’s comparison
...To a similar......gift of gab
Bonzo...Green Eggs and Ham
...They’re both known to dab

In theatrical world of Politics
...There's none...greater skill
Than Ted Cruz...for President
...Of the Screen Actors Guild

James B. Earley
Ted Nugent's 'Coming Out - Black Power Tour 2013'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Terrorism, By Definition Is Simply A Point Of View

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

James B. Earley
Terrorism...The Unwinnable War

Mankind's nefarious......creation
Mirrored...reflective.......in-kind
Terrorism inflicted..terrorism returned
Terrorism the offense the offended defines

Within...that equation..World's future
Of bombings...beheadings.....bizarre
Terrorism reigns in the mind of the beholder
...Terrorism as such..Man's Unwinnable War

James B. Earley
Tethered Destiny - A Common Heart

Miles distant...yet so close
Emotions tethered
Coast to Coast

Together bound...indeed....secure
Familiar souls
Once deemed obscure

Destined...to...a life apart
Though bodies share
A common heart

James B. Earley
Thankful.....For The Con-Man - Shady....Though He Is

This.....I would've blurted out
.....Had......I......been there
When Sarah asked of reporters
What thanks would you share....

Despite....obnoxious behavior
The sheer damage he's done....
If asked what I'm thankful for
.....No question.....Trump's the one

Possessing the dubious knack
.....Utter jealously....of Blacks
Never would've been privy
.....To this.....curious fact

Without him....I'd never known
.....Of the varied liars and cheats
Nor of &quot;acceptable&quot; pedophilia
.....Heretofore thought indiscreet

Bigotry.....thought long dead
.....Alive and well it has been
Folks once.....admired dearly
....Proved phony-ass friends...

Thankful for the con-man
.....Shady though he is
Without.........his existence.....
Wouldn't have known...any of this

....Sarah's asking of reporters
What thanks would you share
....This.....I would've blurted out
Were I fortunate...to have been there

Author's note:
&quot;In her last press briefing before Thanksgiving holiday, White House Press
Secretary Sarah Huckabee Sanders asked/demanded that reporters precede their
questions to her with a statement about what they were thankful for."
~Jon Levine, The Wrap - 20 November 2017

James B. Earley
Historically...we besmirch
...The Conservative Church
For varied evils they've often condoned
Ain't no blame this time around
Circumstance as such we own

...Trump....never stole any...
We gave him aplenty
Here take it...it's simply all yours...
Picketing protesting all this unresting
...Election Day's idiocy soars

It ain't rocket science...
Once conceding reliance
By default one's best interest deny
Sitting on our asses watching what passes
...'Tis...a damn shame....we cry

Illegitimate President or illegitimate residents
...An equation a distinction of note
What else was expected
When millions neglected
Exercising that right to vote

Now gone the Supreme Court
...Our future...decades...in doubt
Healthcare once relied on
........It too....long gone....
They didn't take it...we gave them the clout

....What then was expected
Where millions neglected
That inalienable right to vote
Illegitimate President...or illegitimate residents
....That equation...the distinction...of note

James B. Earley
Checking my Lottery Ticket
.....This time.......around
Powerball bonanza....
Coming up empty...I found

.....Results per as usual
Since Nineteen Eighty-Five
My luck with the Lottery
....One continuous nose-dive

But taking the thought further
.....Analytically......I find
That winning Ticket....my constant
...While living.....the satisfied mind

James B. Earley
The Analysis...Of Session's Lesson

Lying under oath ain't always a crime....
The Attorney General would concurrently agree
And so the disregard by Beauregard
...Though...a lie....doesn't rise to perjury
And fraternization with the enemy
....Don't in this case smack of treason
Consideration.......to the contrary
...Stretches Session's....sense of reason
'Tis why disregard by Beauregard
...Though...a lie....didn't rise to perjury
Lying under oath ain't always a crime
....Only applicable...to you....and to me
*
*
And so....Session's sessions.....with the Russians
......'Twas indeed not.....a literal.......session
Rather....Session's session itself 'twas the virtual session
....And therefore Session's session......not in reality a session...at all
Thus the genius of Session's session is the apparent tragedy of Session's lesson
*
*
Hopefully....clearing up the confusion.....this analysis...of Session's lesson

James B. Earley
The Answer....Presumably...Is Nope

Perhaps....a satanical...dump
...Lumping God with Trump
Evangelicals gathering to prey
Belittling Christianity
....Humanity's....insanity
Hypocrites....ruling the day

That laying on of hands
...Ungodly......such plans
The character on whose shoulders they placed
Their laying on of hands
......A despicable....man.....
Disgraceful...let's cut through the chase

....Pretending....disciples..of God
Within the Oval Office...it trods...
The epitome of the gospel besmirch
A religion...slipshod
....That demonic facade...
Shameful...the ways of the Church

Observing....such blunders
.......Atheism.....wonders
Can there exist...a place...of hope
....Thus....a roar...of thunder
Casting doubts asunder...
The answer....presumably...is nope

James B. Earley
The Atheist..And Me

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

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

James B. Earley
The Commonality....Of Note

Confederacy's...equater
Painting Lee a traitor
....The Swastika....
Hitler's....very own soul

A common denominator
That image of a traitor
...When dredging-up
Obscene images of old

.....However....clever
However hard one endeavors
..........Radical evil
'Tis impossible....to sever

From the past we borrow
Semblances...of the morrow
.....Fore-shadowing
The new day's sorrow....

Epitomizing...evil's...own soul
...That common denominator...its role
The heinous dictator
....The slaughterer....
The traitor
Casting....obscene....images...of old

James B. Earley
The Conservative Is But The Liberal - Collectively Engaged.....At Mutual Theft

Established fact...indeed the Right ..Stink bereft....as does the Left Conservatism...but the Liberal ...Mutually engaged at collective theft

'Public Service'...fraud...deception Self interest...financial gain ....Elective office another rung Democrats/Republicans all the same

Agriculture's...undocumented workers ..A 'blessed table'..their efforts wrought Legal Immigration..think Rupert Murdoch ...Fox Views..his millions' brought..

...Saddam...Osama...Hobgoblins both Gravest threats this Nation's known Now both dead..it's all retracted ..........Bullshit stories.......overblown

Monsanto has..its nefarious minions ..........FDA....its executive arm Future millionaires in the making ...We view it all...though....unalarmed

Sharpton..Jackson..Obama..Boehner ......Finger pointing varied ills If indeed their hearts are troubled .....Create the jobs....teach the skills

Established fact...about the Right ..They're in cahoots....as is the Left All in fact......consummate artists ...Collectively engaged at mutual theft

James B. Earley
The Donald...As President -
Still....Practicing.....Flimflam

An entire business existence
....Literally....much...of a sham
Seems The Donald as President
...Still....practicing.....flimflam

Surreptitiously planting
What one might initially discern
...As a critically evaluated
Evidentiary 'return'

But...'two pages'....no addendum
....Apparently the fact is
Bullshit's at the podium
Explaining.....Prez's taxes

We see the 'art of his dealing'
.... An artistry whose scam
'Tis 'sleight-of-hand Houdini's'
....Magician's flimflam

Thus...the Devil's in Don's details
....Where the cursory....sleuth
Sees....Presidential skulduggery
...Masquerading as truth

'Cause...a slick one's...The Donald
....A known practitioner of the scam
Sleights-of-hand Houdini-isms
.....Sophisticated acts...of flimflam

Author's note:
'White House releases President Trump's tax info ahead of report.' - The Associated Press; March 15,2017 7: 26 AM

James B. Earley
Careful......what one ask for
The more frivolous the quest
It’s possible to be the victim
....Of one’s own......success

At some point...the message
....Of mediocrity cavorts
Amateurism.......revealed
......Implosion aborts

Seems “Presidency”...requires
.....The ultimate con man
A pretending......illusionist
.....Don’t fit the master plan

His Excellency....The Donald
....Of this ‘tis well aware
The flim-flam....the sham
He can’t possibly compare

Himself....his inadequacies
...That impossible quest
The Donald......the victim
....Of....his own......success

James B. Earley
The First Spouse - Bill, Or The Delectable Nude

Might the Founding Fathers
......Be royally ........pissed
Knowing the state of the union
..........Has dissolved to this

Granted...bigotry and lying
...Amidst.....all the rest
Were accepted.........norms
..........Its litmus test

Morality..........as such
.....Held no lofty spot
Screwing........the King....
The predominant thought

Corruption...conniving
.....In the days of yore
Cheating......stealing
...Deceiving the poor

Unsuspecting Indians...
And when the notion dawned
That brilliant...moment
.....Slavery....spawned

But in the choice...of spouse
 ....They drew.....the line
As Washington's Martha
 ....So elegantly defined
 *
 *
 Methinks...the Founding....Fathers
 ...Would be.....royally pissed
Discovering the taste...in spouses
 .....Has deteriorated...to this

James B. Earley
The Hue Of The Tan Colored Man

Clint Eastwood...the hour's Dirty Harry
...On stage...with 'symbolic'...tan suit
Convention's audience........guffawing
...Knee jerking...appreciative...cahoots

'Tan'...the skin tone..laughter was after
...Dirty Harry theatrically presents
PARTY OF NO's...original parody
Of someone it passionately resents

....Choruses of NO defining agendas
Whatever Barack's ideological concept
Derision..opposition...the only position
..Vowed McConnell..'tis a promise he's kept

Despite the sufferings of fellow Kentuckians
..Owsley County comes particular to view
Poverty stricken...survival...challenged
...Yet ObamaCare....the pariah 'to you'

Somewhere...in Dirty Harry's..palaveriing
....Revisiting.....the 'tan colored suit'
Its message..'The hue of the Tan Colored Man'
...THE PARTY's...Shakespearean...pursuit

James B. Earley
The Memories...Of Which I Speak

...Remembering...fondly...days of yore
Sunday mornings throughout the week
....Today's Christian values...far afield
From the memories...of which I speak

The church I knew....growing up
.....Folks......valued every hymn
Helping hands the constant thought
...Never...'it's either...us...or them'

Burdens of the sick were shared
....Their every need....thus met
Practicing what the gospel preached
....The likes.....I shan't forget

That sense of love for one another
Sunday mornings throughout the week
....Today's impostors...a sad departure
From the memories of which I speak

The Church....today...a mockery
....Christianity...'tis but a sham
Pastors....parishioners...the shame of it
......Nobody gives a damn

From politics and healthcare...down
...God's missing...at every step
Both bigotry.....hypocrisy
.....Routinely....the Church...accepts

And yet....criticize....demonize
....Atheism....as counterfeit
Reflective wisdom...indeed perhaps
....The epitome of the hypocrite

Unlike those treasured days...of yesteryear
Sunday mornings throughout the week
....Today's Christian values...far remiss
From the memories...of which I speak
James B. Earley
The Obama Presidency

-------'Hope'

.............That fragile thread

...............We cling

.............Humanity's plight

.............A worthy resolution bring

...This fervent....prayer

.............I plead

.............I sing

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

James B. Earley
The Political Plight Of Bernie Sanders

Her very presence
....Seemed...so divine
The right person perhaps
At the wrong time

....Circumstance
Would not agree
With depth of charm
---------That only she

And no one else before
....Her ever....so divine
The right person she was
....At the wrong...time

James B. Earley
The Scotus Nomination - A President's Most Significant Power

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

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

~Jeff Greenfield - commenting on June 28,2012 Supreme Court Healthcare Decision, and reminding the U S populace of the most significant of all presidential powers - the power to nominate justices to the Supreme Court.

James B. Earley
Occasionally I write a bit of poetry
Now and again...raise...a little hell
Such as of Conservative Christianity
Incredible the falsehoods it sells

Take...Jesus Christ...for instance
....The Evangelical's Patron Saint
Humanity's insanity 'tis Hannity
....White is the image...they paint

Disingenuous that concept of Jesus
Consistently portrayed as all-White
Grossly misrepresenting His ethnicity
...You know...and I know..that ain't right

Pathological......liars.....still lying
Passing propaganda around
....Hypocrites...literally...won't admit
The Son....of God...was....in fact....Brown

Maybe these folks ain't Christians but atheists
....That would be unfair to the atheists....I know
For they....all seem to think of bigotry...as being
.....Indeed.....the lowest...of the low

Such...is the state....of America
....Incredible the bullshit it sells
Occasionally I write a bit of poetry
....And in so doing...I raise a little hell

James B. Earley
The World’s Left To Wonder...why Republican Rage

Henry Ford’s philosophy
.....Yesterday’s sage
Every employee...paid
....A sustainable wage

Old Henry had principles
Where some folks don’t
Keep the masses mired
....In perpetual want

Those ideas of Henry’s....
Cause Conservative rage
Freaked out about raising
....The minimum wage

Candidates to a person
...The most recent Debate
Every single participant
....Didn’t.........hesitate

When posed the question
......What do you think
“Raise the minimum wage
Hell the whole thing stinks”

...The concept reveals
A pathetic state of mind
Christianity at its worse
...Deliberately...unkind
*
*
Credit “Alzheimer” Henry’s
.....Sustainable Wage
Paid labor....its value...
Thus poverty assuaged
*
*
The world’s left to wonder
...Why.....Republican rage
Author’s Note:
~Republican Debate: GOP contenders reject minimum wage hike - REENA FLORES CBS NEWS November 11, 2015

James B. Earley
Theological.....Perception

...."Evangelical....Theology";
Its proponent's perceive.....
The only route to God's Heaven
......Is to fervently believe

In Hannity's....insanity's....
G-rand O-ld P-erverts unfurls
Trump's....supporting ideology
Moore's fondling of girls

......'Tis.....is.....as I see it
Correct me if I'm wrong
My apology.....henceforth
...I'll be singing this song

"The only route to God's Kingdom
......Is to fervently believe
In 'Evangelical Theology'....
As its proponents perceive";

James B. Earley
Therefore...The Future...Ain't As Bleak...As It Seems

....The questionable....throng's
Despicable...behavior...done got it all wrong
....Eventually humanity...could possibly redeem
Despite...demonic alliance...there's spiritual defiance
...Hopefully the future...ain't as dark...as it seems

....'Tis....satanically....odd...
Manipulations deceptions and social facades
Politicians at the heart of some sinister plan
...A plight at the mercy...of spiritual....heresy
The Church no longer defenders of Man

....From...that questionable....throng
Its despicable behavior...done got it all wrong
....Hopefully...humanity...might some day...redeem
Despite...satanic alliance...there's spiritual reliance
...Therefore...the future...ain't as bleak...as it seems

James B. Earley
This Portrait...Of You

...And so I hope to the heavens
Tomorrow's...future.....will see
In every single day I have coming
Visions prolonging the memory

.....I'll dream of the times
We chatted......and talked
...Those favored of places
With you I'd loved to have walked

....I have lived....a good life
It's true...few my regrets
Far outnumbered by joys....
Such as the day that we met

Sacred hours of the morrow
....Whatever time....I have left
I'll be counting my blessings
.....Never once....feeling.....bereft

I'll go on cherishing the moments
....And though the moments were few
Indeed precious our friendship
...This portrait....of you

James B. Earley
This The Tone..Of Those Of You...The Christian Right

How does one justify....that I...should die...in War...ordered....to fight...that you might...later on deny...my survivors'...right...to 'healthcare' - life's sustaining light. 'Tis indeed, I find...an inconsistent state of mind, defined...this plight - a disingenuous group of folks, indeed so wrong - skulduggery prone....this the tone..of those of you...the Christian Right.

Why demand....that I should...offer up my life. such strife.....this price I pay, that you may live...indeed another day, to further persecute the likes of folks like me...I say...The sick, the lame....you turn....away. Your love of God, you claim...to pray. Why then your deep intensity, that hypocritical....propensity - a burning desire..and need and wont - to prey...by decree...upon the varied many other - unfortunate souls...like me?

Bigoted....indeed, thou art. At its beginning...was your start - Plymouth Rock, and ever since - Indian eradication...Slavery...hence. Suppose, I guess that's simply who you are. It's in your blood - with you...its come thus far. Where radiant evil...'tis Radical Right. The God you claim, perhaps lost sight. Satan, instead it seems...the savior of your hopes...and dreams. Healthcare's demise simply one of many...shitty deeds you've done - you've done...aplenty!

Nagging questions - this brings about, amongst them all....one...critical thought - Whatever happened to....that concept..WE? Conveniently morphed...now the selfish ME? Long forgotten...war-time chants of 'us.' 'I've got mine'...you say...and so it's thus - No longer needed...what once....was 'us.'

Again....I cry, how does one justify....that I...should die...in War...ordered....to fight...that you might...later on deny...my survivors'...right...to 'healthcare' - life's sustaining light. 'Tis indeed, I find...an inconsistent state of mind, defined...this plight - a disingenuous group of folks, indeed so wrong - skulduggery prone....this the tone..of those of you...the Christian Right.

James B. Earley
Those Good Ole Days

We've come a long way
.....It's...documented fact
Though literally still calls of
...’Taking our Country back’

'Twas.....the ominous cry
Of the Tea Party crowd
No innuendos this time
Simply folks just as proud

Belittling...disparaging...
Minus the watermelon signs
Bigotry....voraciously
....Speaking...its mind

Capitalizing on the mindset
Toward the Negro enslaved
Indian.......annihilations
.....Klan.......conclaves

Considering....that history
......In...sooo....many ways
Might 'taking our country back'
...Mean....the 'Good Ole Days'

James B. Earley
Those....Black Folks.....Exercising.....Constitutional Rights

......America's....self-admitted...'achilles heel'
Athletes simply choosing to quietly kneel
....'Bigotry' seeing......despicable sights
Those Black Folks exercising 'Constitutional Rights'

Fueling the flames.....from the President...down
....Evangelical insensitivity having no bounds
Its Church as such throughout as much
......That bastion of scrutiny hosting Satan's touch

Epitome....of blasphemy...height of hypocrisy
Mere dawning of a Nation's radical Theocracy
.....Festering.....within America's.....achilles heel...
That gall of the Black athlete....choosing...to kneel

James B. Earley
Thoughts...Reality....Explains

The moral of this story
...Morality.....remains
A quandary to ponder
What reality...explains

That truth has its merits
...Still...honesty another
Truth...thus...reliable
...Yet...so unlike...the other

Honesty then morality's
....Deceptive...twin
Trust..'tis...the logical
...Legitimate...friend

Truth...once...determined
...Cling fast to that friend
Who clung fast where honesty
...Proved...dishonesty's...twin

The moral.....of this story
.....Morality.....remains
A message prone to ponder
...Thoughts...reality...explains

James B. Earley
Three Hundred-Seventeen Million Plus.....'Collective Niggers'

Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Thus Her Life Story - From Green Valley Road

Exacting from Mankind
...Simply one episode
Indeed....her life story
From Green Valley Road

’Tis a long way from Europe
...Switzerland...for sure....
Wappo Hill....yes...Robert
....Fond memories endure

In sum total perspective
...Remembering anew
Storied....existence
....The world...her view

Exacting from history
...Simply....one episode
Thus.....her life story...
From Green Valley Road

James B. Earley
Thus....Much Of Life....She Yearns....To Live

....Vast...lots....of life
She may not have lived
....While in its stead
Concerns she's gived

...Throughout the years
For others....she's been
...Now...she turns...to self
If not....now....when

Some say.....selfish
....They question why
Insensitive....perhaps
....Circumstance belie

Those....many.....years
Concerns she's gived
....Thus...much...of life
She yearns....to live

James B. Earley
Thus...This....I Believe

...Putin...and Trump
Both known to deceive
....At odds about Syria
We're led to believe

Pretty damn strange....
Long thicker than thieves
Suddenly at odds
....'Tis...a bit.....naive

They're two of a kind
What webs they weave
.....It's all.....revealed
Should one only perceive

That collective coziness
.....Go back and retrieve
Those wire taps and mishaps
....One's bound to achieve

A clearer understanding
Why shady folks cleave...
FBI....is on...to sump'em
...Thus...this....I believe

James B. Earley
Tis...Nightmare's Slumber.....Wide Awoken

Wise up folks...system's broken
...Check the weed the man's been smokin'
Chaos to date....'tis but...a token.....
Nightmare's slumber.....wide awoken

Demagoguery's.....machinations
....Conflagration's imagination's
Manufactured weird sensations...
Thus twisted mindset's...inclinations

....'Our' cannon...loose...is no excuse
America created its own abuse....
Perhaps we've cooked our own-selves' goose
.....Tolerating.....this cannon....loose

Nightmare's slumber abrupt awoken
......Chaos...to date....but a token.....
Now awake...resolve what's broken
...Polluted the weed this man's been smokin'

James B. Earley
Today’s….The Only…judgment Day

Atheism stares…..in wonder
Agnostics...know not whence
Christianity’s bigotry...cometh
....Its lack...of decent sense

Strange indeed...Church folk
Prophesying Judgment Day
In that final hour.....God
...At Heaven’s Gate convey

That He alone...and only He
Shall have the ultimate say
....Scrutinizing...one and all
Reserved for Judgment Day

Yet it seems...short memory
...Perhaps.....nefarious intent
Why intrusion here on earth
God’s Judgment...circumvent

For in that final hour....God
...At Heaven’s Gate...Convey
To the Church...I’m the Keeper...
Today’s the only...Judgment Day

Author’s Note:
“It is the Holy Spirit's job to convict, God's job to judge and my job to love.”
? Billy Graham

James B. Earley
Tribute - To The Memory Of....My Uncle....Aaron Lowery

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

'She is gone!'

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

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

'There she comes!'

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

Lift us up, Oh Lord, that we may see further.”
~ BISHOP CHARLES HENRY BRENT

“Yesterday, on Father’s Day, I called my Uncle Aaron, three times, twice in the morning and once in the afternoon, hoping to wish him Father’s Day greetings. All my calls went unanswered. I wasn’t overly concerned, since the moment was indeed Father’s Day, and maybe a little celebration was on the day’s agenda. This morning I was advised to listen to our home telephone messages of yesterday; one each from my uncle’s daughter, and my sister, both wishing me a Happy Father’s Day, and both requesting that I call as soon as I received their messages. And there was another message from my brother, he too wishing me a Happy Father’s Day, and then informed me of our Uncle Aaron’s passing, earlier that morning.

Before returning those calls, I needed a moment of reflection, thinking of this gentleman that I only really got to know late in life. Though I’d been around him numerous times throughout my existence, I was well into my fifties when I first became aware of the phenomenal character residing within his being. Witnessing his mannerisms up close, at times when he was totally unaware of my scrutiny, I readily observed the depth of love and admiration he held for both his two eldest
sisters, my Mother, and my Aunt. A few years after my father’s passing in 1980, my Mother sold her home, relocating to South Bend, IN to live with her sister. My Uncle Aaron appointed himself custodian of their immediate welfare, doing whatever shopping was needed, whatever required lawn and home maintenance, and regularly during the winter months he religiously showed up with his shovel, removing every iota of snow from their sidewalks. Some years later, my Aunt, and Mother both shared a room in a residential nursing facility, and there my Uncle Aaron was, every day without fail, their doting companion. For the remainder of both my Aunt, and my Mother’s lifetimes, he made their well being his personal mission.

Though, we’re only a few years apart, age wise, Uncle Aaron, I welcome the father in you, appreciating the joy of getting to know you, and most of all, I live with a debt I can never repay; for well I remember all the tender care, love and affection you afforded my Mother during her declining years. A simple thank you sounds so empty. Uncle Aaron, much love, and indeed…..be well!

Bishop Charles Henry Brent’s words are of critical significance in the sense that “just at the moment when someone said, 'Uncle Aaron is gone, there are others who are watching him coming over their horizon and other voices take up a glad shout, 'There he comes! ' And now, I envision that joyous familial reunification encircling him, somewhere on that Celestial shore…..of Paradise.”
~JAMES B. EARLEY - 22 June 2015

James B. Earley
Trump University...Students...We All Enrolled

What manner of man we thus behold
....Everything he has....in fact...he stole
A tweeting scoundrel perhaps a troll....
Trump University...students...we all enrolled

His universal truth...a literal sham...I'm told
...Indeed gut feelings flame within my soul
Might shit happen beyond God's control
....How else...explain....life's cratering toll

'Tis...America's self-inflicted...stranglehold
...Trump University...students...we all enrolled

James B. Earley
Fake views...its news
....I'll try....explain
Though....it matters...not
We're all chump change

....Ask....why...exist
Fake News as such
Why thrive deception
...One detests...so much

Illustrative...'tis
....Surviving fact
Maligning....pots...
Calling others black

...But truth...indeed
Itself......is strange
Not understanding why
...And whom it blames

Still......It matters......not...
We're all chump change
Fake views...its news
...Perhaps....explained

James B. Earley
Trumped-Up Reality.....Of Our Own....Doing

'In ones own...best interest'
...Many declined to accept
Logic's infinite wisdom
...That brilliance...of concept

Amidst challenges aplenty
...Some beyond our control
Countless others...unfortunately
...Simply failed to behold

Like deer...in the headlights
There we were in the road
....Our....own...best interests
Seemingly too heavy a load

Deliberately choosing not voting
...Disappointed...by some
Of our once favored people
....We therefore....succumbed

To the humdrum of choices
...Restricted...finally in two
Unsettling individuals
....Collectively...on view
*
*
*
Seventy million eligibles
....Then refusing......to accept
Life's immaculate wisdom
....Society's...critical concept

Indeed they sat on their asses
....Casting nary a vote
Now wondering why this reality
....We all thought so remote

James B. Earley
Delusion's...state of the Union
....Fragmented....astride
A decadency whose Presidency
Fascism subscribed....
Tagging derision's divisions
.....Along for the ride

Chaos....its strategy
....A tragedy of the kind
That...of a twisted...vindicitive
...Tormented state of mind
One we sought out....begged for
'Tis circumstance that binds

...Us...to a derelict in politics
Whose mere essence conveys
'Careful what one ask for'
.....Karma's...insight......at play
What goes around comes around
...Penitence...having... its way

When....chaos becomes strategy
....Tragedy....then wont...to align
Society with its tormented
......Vindictive state of mind
*
*
And now...at Fascism's horizon.....
America's...Union-of-Delusion - defined

James B. Earley
Trump's African-American...Support

Where the hell's
The rest of them
Those learned folks
....Just....like him

He's all alone
...'Tis so....unfair
'My African-American'
....Over there

The obvious question
Surrounding him...
Where the hell's
The rest of them

My race it seems
...Perhaps in a bind
His race...his folks
...So damn...unkind

Unlike the Brother
Standing over there
Indeed....alone
...'Tis..soooo unfair

Where the hell's
The rest of them
Those learned folks
....Just....like him

Author's note:
Redding, California (CNN)  June 4,2016. Donald Trump sought to tout his support among African-Americans on Friday by pointing out a black man in the crowd and calling him 'my African-American.'
'Oh, look at my African-American over here. Look at him, ' Trump said. 'Are you the greatest? '

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Trump's Emotional....Quandary.....Perhaps

Of the pigtailed girl
A feigned disdain
...He pulls her hair
Cries out her name

Emphatically denying
....'I ain't in love
Swear....to God...
Those stars above'

Claims in fact....
He sooo...detests
That pigtailed girl
..Allowed...no rest

...Similarly The Donald
Every day complains
Repetitively...damning
.....Obama's name

There's a hint of the boy
And the pigtailed girl...
Infatuation romancing
...The President's world

Rolling back regulations
....And slandering Bama's name
Perhaps the school boy's crush
....As psychology...explains

James B. Earley
Trump's Washington Swamps'...Draining....Explained

.....Bullshit's rhetoric...figuratively drained
Prez - the conman's reality reframed....
Thus sleight of hand surreptitiously regained
...Return of the swamps...methodically explained

Author's note:
'I will drain the swamps of Washington.' Donald J. Trump

James B. Earley
Tubman's Mission - Born Again

Which is...itself....an indictment...
Bigotry.....long....this Nation's sin
Harriet's likeness reverberating
....Tubman's...mission born again

Amongst the Country's...historical issues
....Prejudice.....hatred........lingers still
Projected......angered......opposition...
Toward Tubman's image...indeed the bill

Revealed torment in minds of many
.....Animosity's abject distaste
Throngs....worked up.....fits of hissy
Blasphemous irony......Tubman's face

Slavery engraved upon the Twenty
...The very essence...to some...demeans
Yesteryear's sense...of 'Great America'
...Tubman's black...'defaced' the green

Conflict itself....but...an indictment
.....Bigotry.....long....this Nation's sin
Harriet's...reincarnated madness
....Tubman's...mission.....born again

Author's note:
~Paige Lavender, Senior Politics Editor, The Huffington Post, 4/20/2016 -
"Treasury Secretary Jack Lew announced Wednesday that Harriet Tubman will replace former President Andrew Jackson on the $20 bill. In a call with reporters, Lew said the back of the $20 will feature an image of the White House as well as an image of Jackson.

James B. Earley
Foreign Aid...Domestic blindness
Trillions delivered to favored few
National Debt 'tis never mentioned
....From my ancestor's point of view

Christianity....Satan partnered
One and same in the mind of God
......Both in concert....coexisted...
Society's accepted wink and nod

Greed...belligerence...impassioned bigotry
...Historically enjoying freedom's ride
Reaping benefits of Black Slave labor's
...Whipped..and beaten...aching hides

Centuries chained in abject bondage
...Remunerated nary one single dime
Yet Affirmative Action consummate evil
The philosophy itself...the heinous crime

...No reparations......nor apology
Therein dwells the greater angst
Nation's arrogance..its reluctance
..To a benevolent...word of thanks

United States owes its very presence
Today's commodity..Slave labor built
...Once a sea of radiant Black faces
Raped morphed...now patchwork quilt

Damn the mule...the forty acres
Where's...the college...education
...The decent job......where I'm paid
A living wage....my compensation

Forget the dole....welfare's role
...Would it be too much..to expect
Consideration regarding status
...Of my ancestor's....royalty checks
Foreign Aid...Domestic blindness
Trillions delivered to favored few
National Debt 'tis never mentioned
...From my ancestral....point of view

James B. Earley
Since when does truth...
.....Become uncouth
..Chaos...again...along....for the ride...
Hypocrisy..the evening's notorious landslide
Throwing them out....is throwing them in
...Ideological treadmill...winning again
No grease for the public's...perpetual screw
'Tis all in the story..of Senator Mary Landrieu

Author's Note:
Rarely have the mechanics of American Politics been so vividly exposed, and its disingenuous behavior viewed in such elementary, yet comprehensive fashion, as the Republicans' strident condemnation of Landrieu's remarks, and the Democrats' conspiratorial silence on the matter. The Senator, candidly speaking regarding factual matters of American History suddenly found herself politically pilloried for simple statements of truth. Such criticism suggests that 'truth' has no political place, and speaks volumes to the collective lack of integrity, that medium of critical importance so necessary during the execution of governing. We witness a prime indicator that politics as practiced by both political entities overall is less about honesty, and more about deception, distortions and outright fabrications. It suggests the Senator's words may have been the 'only' truth politically expressed during the entire campaign.

('To be very, very honest with you, the South has not always been the friendliest place for African-Americans. It's been a difficult time for the president to present himself in a very positive light as a leader. It's not always been a good place for women to present ourselves. It's more of a conservative place, so we've had to work a little bit harder on that.'
~Senator Mary Landrieu - October 30,2014)

James B. Earley
U S Supreme Count

Need I bother with the ballot
...Year 2000......I took note
Nine...black robed...JUDICIALS
Trumped the public’s...right to vote

.....‘Tis...circumstance......peculiar
Might some....be...inclined to ask
Why those nine folks...circumvented
...One hundred million...ballots cast

Though once held in high esteem
.....Every action....viewed in awe
Now...it seems that final decisions
...Seldom....if ever...based on law

Cynicism...bound...to wonder
.....Credibility.....even more
Why must every judgment rendered
...Reflect the usual.......5 and 4

So...need I bother with the ballot
...Remembering 2000......I take note....
Those nine...black robed...senior citizens
....Poised...once again....to steal....my vote

James B. Earley
Ukrainian 'High Noon'

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

James B. Earley
Underhanded Politics....Was The Origin....Of

Belligerency...animosity
...The antithesis of love
Underhanded...politics
...'Twas the origin.....of

Bitter chants of 'HELL NO'
To the Administration's yes
Boehner...and McConnell's
...Vowing...to suppress....

Obama....thus schooled...
By his Congressional foes
Discovered reciprocation
...'Tis....how politics goes

'Might underhanded politics
...Be...the VETO...finessed
Ain't no shame in my game'
....The President confessed

Underhanded Politics...was the origin....of.....

James B. Earley
Unmitigated....Answers

Why......the two
Recurring dreams
Sequenced...exact...
What hidden...means

...Never.......once
Talked it through
Within her eyes
Perhaps he knew

..Or maybe not
He seems unsure
The very answers
...Remain obscure

Now.....the mind
Wonders back
...Why the angst
Tormented facts

Why those.....two
Recurring dreams
Sequenced....exact...
What hidden means

James B. Earley
Until Now!

The
Candle
Burns
Forever

   Never!

   Once a flicker
Then intense
A roaring fire
Ever since

Until now!

The candle burns...forever

   Never!

James B. Earley
'Usarian'.....I Am

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

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

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

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

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

Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Us-Is...before Isis

It's all about priority....
Deal with Us-is before ISIS..
Though International concern
First...our own domestic crisis

Victory shall be ours
Right here if we're lucky
America's ISIS..is Us-is......
Ignoring Owsley County Kentucky

And similarly the many
In dire identical straits
The land of the plenty's
....Hypocrisy...awaits

The thing called priority...
Dealing with Us-is..before ISIS
Be damned the Middle East
......Our own Nation's in crisis

James B. Earley
Vallejo's Doubting Thomases/Vallejo's Judases - Its Cultural Juxtaposition

Author's note:
A poetic classic of political intrigue, as it relates to critical allegations of nefarious behavior, perhaps traitorous conduct, between Orcem Cement (a subsidiary of Ecocem Materials Limited, Dublin Ireland) and four members City Council (Vallejo California), disgustingly crowned, 'Orcem's Four.'

Exhibiting...no love...for this City
...Quorum...dodging...decorum
Underhanded....shenanigans
...Denying....this Public...its forum

Folks...take a look.....in your mirror
...No...repentance...nor shame
What's your concept...of oath-of-office
....Your morals toward life explain

Why...did you run...for City Council
...Obviously...you really...don't care
For...none other...than selfish purpose
....Your very own...greedy welfare

You are...a majority....of seven
...Collectively....not giving...a damn
Simply...Orcem's...consortium
...Conspiratorial....indeed y'all's sham

As...you gaze...within that mirror
...There's....no honor at all...to find
But...should you happen upon...any vestiges
....Perhaps...you'll forthwith...resign

'Cause you underhandedly...deliberately
...Denied...this public...its forum
Hence...no love you have for...this City
....Certainly....no sense...of decorum

Again...why...did you run for this Office
...As a group...you really...don't care
For...none other...than self-indulgence
....Critically...your....devious...welfare

James B. Earley
Veterans Day.....A Socialistic Experience

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

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

James B. Earley
Mutual respect for one another
...Global....our world’s...become
No us...nor them upon this planet...
Viewed from space we’re simply one

...All the many world’s religions....
Indeed...mankind’s saving grace
...Passions paths of varied folks
Commonly pursuing a special place

....Faiths...we see....of many faces
Welcomed all through open borders
That fact alone.....requires...of us
.....Setting...this very House...in order

Recognizing.....for what it is....
Long Christianity’s abominable sin
Seek out...clean-up...eradicate
....Bigotry’s soul...that dwells within

Find respect for one another....
Global.....has this world become
....No us...nor them upon this planet
Viewed from space we’re simply one

James B. Earley
Virgin Trail

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Was It...Of...Evangelical Wisdom....She Wrote

.....What do...Evangelicals...find...
Angelical in the mind of The Donald
...Is it hatred......is it....bigotry
Or perhaps Trump's fondness...to fondle

.....Why would folks of the cloth
Cling-fast....like Satan...to sin
Might they and our President
...Literally....ideologically...akin

Mere questions I ponder....
I wonder the answers I seek
Are preachers simply creatures
Dressed-up in Satanic physique

Is it all a mockery...purely hypocrisy
Was it 'Arendt' the writer who spoke...
'Hypocrisy....the epitome...of all things evil'
Was it...of...Evangelical wisdom....she wrote

...Is it hatred.....is it....bigotry
Or perhaps Trump's fondness...to fondle
.....What do...Evangelicals...find...
Angelical in the mind of The Donald

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

James B. Earley
Wastin' Away Again In Obamaville

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I don't know the reason
Some folks believe'n
That skin tone matters to those at the top
Money's the potion
'They're all garbage'...the notion
WE'VE got somethin' in common...let's fight till we drop

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

James B. Earley
Weaponry…..And Children - Ain'T Child Abuse

Author's Note:
Imagine...for a moment, the life of this child; and each minute, of every single
day, going forward......JBE

A young child...taught..
Automatic weaponry use
Educational..perhaps...
Or perhaps child abuse

...Of vulnerable youth
Even younger than ten
.....What sort..of intellect
What manner of men

Where is the Congress
........The President....
Our National conscience
....A child's future now spent

Reliving....the horror
Of that pathetic excuse...
"Weaponry...and children
.....Ain't child.....abuse"

Author's Note:
'The Uzi is not a shotgun. This is a fully automatic machine developed by the
Israeli army. It is capable of firing 600 to 650 bullets a minute. Pumping out 10
bullets a second, the kickback is substantial. It is designed to be fired by a
soldier during war, not a fourth-grader on vacation. It's too powerful, it's too big
and it's too deadly. Many adult novices can't control that weapon.'

James B. Earley
'Weapons Of Mass Destruction'.......Defined

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

James B. Earley
Welfare's...Deadbeats - The Reality Of....

Welfare's.....reality
....As..historically shown
Is 'subsisting without doing'
...A critically known

Demented way of life
....Its brazened view
Inbred sense of laziness
..Intellectually askew

....Handouts....pursued
Simply..for handouts sake
From the labor of the many
One's own livelihood rake

What depravity of the mind
Would originate such paths
Immorality's learned behavior
Deadbeats risking the wrath

.....Of God's condemnation
Though truth self-evident...
'Twas Christianity's Slave Owner
...Welfare's original...recipient
*
*
And so...to folks...in want
...Accept...my apology in kind
No offense meant to the needy
...'Tis 'Corporate Welfare' I find..
Within Slave Owners' mentality
....Dwells..the culpable..mind

James B. Earley
We're In A World Of Trouble....Where
Only.....Nobody....Knows

Author's note:
'Nobody knows, better than me.'
~Donald Trump

No greater bullshitter
Born to trash and litter
....America's...integrity
None inherently fitter

Than the creature 'Nobody'
Self-proclaimed as such
Nobody...has ever...loved
...Nobody's self so much

We're doomed perhaps
Perhaps maybe not
......But it all....depends
On the character we've got

Only Nobody knows....what Nobody knows
Blindly following Nobody looms disaster's throes
...Homegrown terror....indeed a mindset....sews
When nobody knows what only Nobody knows

Thus....the threat in Nobody...the self-admitter
....True to his word...'none greater bullshitter'
Therefore sobering fact that nobody knows
...What dastardly future....Nobody....sews

....We're in a world of trouble...where....only Nobody knows

James B. Earley
What Do You Have To Lose

Author's note:
The poem, 'What Do You Have To Lose' was composed in angered response to Donald Trump's contemptuous query to the Black voter during Election cycle 2016. Subsequently, as I witness that 'demented' mindset's warped destruction of social constructs long held as near and dear to my personal well-being, I see a calamitous parallel visited also upon even The President's most 'ardent' base of Conservative Christian support. 'What do we collectively have to lose' is the critical question urgently confronting......our embattled......Nation.

Often watched you at the podium
....Noted your coziness...with the lie
Undisclosed 'secrets'...your mantra
...I'm left...to ponder...the reasons...why

In occasional...questions... posed I find
...My intellect...sometimes...abused
As is...your insidious insulting query
...'WHAT....DO...YOU...HAVE...TO...LOSE'

Clearly...my future hopes...and dreams
......Every single aspect seems
Embroiled...in lies and....bigotry...
Thus...what your question...means...to me

Life's mere freedom here is threatened
Health-care once enjoyed now chaotic
Half the Nation 'hates' my presence
...Yet....views themselves patriotic

Constitutional rulings jeopardized...
Supreme Court....supreme alone in name
...Decisions...of its past......imperiled...
At mercy now...of sheer...disdain

My children's...children...in the balance
....Their future menaced by such views
Within...this....your.....wretched question
...'WHAT-DO-YOU-HAVE-TO-LOSE'
Indeed...my future hopes...and dreams
.....Every single aspect seems
Embroiled...in lies and....bigotry...
'Tis...what your question...means...to me

James B. Earley
What Obama..Long Sought...Served Up On A Platter..Then Some

Consider the notion...People of Color
On weekends....buying bullets and guns
.....Automatic weaponry..AK 44s
There'd definitely be changes to come

Photo IDs...drug testing.....mandated
....Uzis..banned....slingshots instead
Weapons..guns...bullets...sequestered
Questionnaires filed..Miranda Rights read

NRA...declared.....officially disbanded
'Right to Bear'...upon urgent...review..
Applicable only when militarily sanctioned
...Paranoid changes..without further adieu

Thus by the order of Congressional Authority
On 'Proliferation.....of Weaponry and Guns'
...And just like that..what Obama..long sought
Served up....on a platter.........then some

James B. Earley
Whatever Happened To Gowdy's 'select Committee'
On Boehner's Benghazi

Whatever happened
..To Chairman Gowdy's
'Select Committee'
On Boehner's Benghazi
*
*

Boehner and company
Strategically foreseeing
Hillary as threatening
Unanimously agreeing

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
What's Wrong With This Portrait - So Alone In The Booth

When all's said and done
...Alone.....in the booth
Pondering...reconciling....
One's own version of truth

Defining....characterizing
Varied elements induced
Circumstance threatening...
Chickens coming home to roost

My vote...thought critical
....Until once I behold
Election Two-Thousand
....In fact....literally stole

By Black Robed Authority
Every single ballot gone
In its entirety...negated...
Constitutionally overthrown

....Pondered.....reconciled
Its own version of truth....
What's wrong with this portrait
....So alone...in the booth

James B. Earley
Whence

Whenever I think
Of Trump and Pence
I wonder why
What and hence

Confusion reigns
As consequence
Purgatory perhaps
In Trump and Pence

Thus...wondering why
From this day hence
...Torture 'tis our plight
Why what and whence

James B. Earley
Author's note:
'Donald Trump is a white supremacist who has largely surrounded himself with other white supremacists.'
~Jemele Hill - twitter post, 11 September 2017

Bigotry's brotherhood - Arpaio....Bannon
Supremacy's loosest of loose cannons
...Its hated 'brown'...of wretched tannins

Inhumanity's hostility.....thus entwined
Perhaps the moment's most ominous signs
...What's in ones heart.....'tis on...ones mind

White Supremacy's social planners
.....Far Right's...erratic mood......enchanters
Confederate flags and Nazi banners

Nation's...highest Office....but not a throne
....Some folks think otherwise...truth be known
Where Supremacy's seeds...in fact thus sown

.....So.......whether he is....or....whether he ain't
It all boils down to the portrait he paints
....Of...whether he is....or whether he ain't

James B. Earley
Who's The Lowest Indeed The Dumber

Lower animals convened summarily
Invited all...of whom.....to come
.....Topic......of......consideration
Why are we the chosen ones

We do not rob nor do we plunder
...Nor we kill....unless for hunger
Plight of Earth mankind's blunder
Prone to tear this world asunder

...Confused...we go.....in quiet wonder
Approaching storm perhaps God's thunder
....Of God's fairest...choose a number
Who's the lowest...indeed the dumber

James B. Earley
Why

When

.........Stones

..Are thrown

...............My way

.....Maliciously

............Thrown

...................Only

..........MY WAY

...............Should I Not

......Question the reason

...............WHY

James B. Earley
'Why Can't...We All...Get Along'

....Advice......long forgotten
'Why can't we all get along'
Rodney King's words of wisdom
...Though reverberating strong

Now....dangerously ignored
Seems our resident King Kong
.....And ego-maniacal....others
Plotting paths of their own...

On the verge of annihilation
...Someplace somewhere
Nuclear destruction horrendous
God knows...'we've' been there

......Let us revisit that moment
When we first felt its song
A simple message of admonition
'Why can't...we all.....get along'

James B. Earley
Why I Choose....To Believe

‘Tis...a world.....of deception
Some say spiritually conceived
...Faith promises...Tomorrow
Should one choose to believe

There’s a pathway forward
....Greater......than Man
Chaos......life suffers.....
Indeed God’s master plan

Thus...in this world of deception
....Programmed to deceive
The only option......pragmatic
....Is choosing....to believe

James B. Earley
Why Life...Gave Me...This Long

My 'actuarial'....allotment
....Years beyond its song
Unanswered...is the question
...Why life gave me this long

On this planet...my existence
...Four decades and more
Ofttimes.....I've wondered
.....What am I here for

Archived in that mystery
Forever etched is my face...
My musings and ponderings
....Sequestered someplace

Within the depth of its recesses
....Unless...I've got it all wrong
Therein...perhaps...it is written
....Why life...gave me...this long

James B. Earley
Why Not.......John Mccain

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

 ...Then

 ............Why

 .................Not

 ......................John McCain

Author’s Note:

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Why Not...Call It....Terrorism....When - Wherever....It Appears

....Why not....call it...what is
When - wherever it appears
....What is such terminology
If not but...heightened fears

Nation's greater threat
...'Tis said...North Korea
Bullshit...the suspect's....
Been always right here

....A looming.....terrorism
Mostly 'foreign defined'
.....Ignoring....life's reality
'Those'..domestically inclined

Our Government the winner
Whether Islam or bedlam
Thus terror in America.....
America's native-born scam

Terrorism's simply terrorism
Wherever the place
Terrorism remains terrorism
Regardless its face

....Finagling....terminology
Amidst heightened fears
....Why not...call it....'terrorism'
When - wherever....it appears

James B. Earley
Why The Crisis Of Isis

Absent Saddam..now the crisis of ISIS
Was hanging Hussein ideologically wrong
Invading a sovereignty..killing its people
.....WMDs.....the insidious song

Martyrdom's crisis..conceptually ISIS
...Country in turmoil struggling to cope
Frustration the mother..of desperation...
Sight of its leader..at the end of a rope

Absolute power.....Iraqi Dictatorship
...Once...iron willed.......political Jihad
Enter ISIS.....now the new national crisis
...Posturing evil...under guise...of God

Saddam's absence..spawned the crisis of ISIS
...Hussein's humiliation...its rallying song
Invading a sovereignty...hanging its despot
Was deposing that despot the ultimate wrong

James B. Earley
Why The 'Regular' Black Man Walks A Difficult Path
Getting Elected

Holy Jesus
.....What the hell
'This is one of those things
...I don't do well'
*
*
*

Michelle's behavior
Dramatically transcended...
That of her 'Irregular' Black Man
...Less readily offended

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Why We Celebrate Columbus Day?

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

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

James B. Earley
Will Slaves And Their Masters...Be Equally Tried

The concept...of Heaven...
Far from being cut and dried
Who gets in or kept out
The Judgmentally denied

Would Hitler...perhaps
Be absolved of his sins
If forgiveness was begged
....Would that be akin

To dislike of Obamacare
.....Still considered absurd
Though millions left wanting
...For lack.....of four words

Will slaves and their masters
.......Be....equally tried
Jointly....before God
....Simply...side by side

Would....that final hour...
Know segregation by race
...Religious....affiliation
The hue.....of one's face

Who gets in......or kept out
....The Judgmentally...denied
Seems the concept of Heaven
....Far from being...cut and dried

James B. Earley
Winery Nights

Author's Note:
A whimsical moment with 'Welcome,' the musing sculpture gracing the grounds at Napa Valley's Robert Mondavi Winery, Oakville California.

*  
*  
*  
Discreet within the Winery grounds  
A legendary scene unfolds  
The statue 'Welcome' somehow transformed  
At once became........a living soul

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

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

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Wisdom 'sequestration' Might Learn...From 'Insider Trading'

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

James B. Earley
With Hindsight's Advantage - What Might....Jesus.....Have Done

....Would Jesus...his disciples
Have held a modicum of respect
For Christianity's Capitalism
.....Today's cozy connect

Think capitalism as a system
.....Back......in biblical times
Imagine Christ's....reaction
Would he have thought benign

....Criminals....in concert
With greedy politicians.....
Corrupt business practices
....Its wage restrictions

....Billionaires...aplenty
Thieving......way back then
Hoarding resources from the needy
....Was it....happening....when

Jesus sacrificed his life
....As the bible....claims
His dying on the cross....
Hence...Christianity's name

...With hindsight's...advantage
What would Jesus have done
Would he still have sacrificed
Would....he have been the one

....Would he....and his disciples
Have held a modicum of respect
For Christendom's Capitalism's
.........Cozy Connect

Would he still have sacrificed
Would he have been 'the one'
...With hindsight's advantage
What might...Jesus....have done

James B. Earley
Wondrous Words

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

Author’s note -

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

James B. Earley
Yes....Yes.....My Friend...I Do......Owe You That

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley
Yesterday's Hour

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

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

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

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

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

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

Author's note:

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

James B. Earley
Yet....Not A Single.....Thing....Has Changed

Evangelicals of Slavery Time
DACA's Evangelicals comes to mind
Same...damn bigoted crowd
...Indeed I find

Time....has simply...rearranged
Yet not a single thing has changed
....Status...still...remains the same

I look around...God....I search....
The very ones...Your Faith...besmirch
....Dwells right there....within Your Church

In those Evangelicals of Slavery Time
....DACA's....Evangelicals....comes to mind
Same damn bigoted crowd
...Indeed I find

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

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

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

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

James B. Earley