Margaret Alice (The Crystal Age)

30 July 2009: Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you, won't you - join the dance? - I am sitting in my study – all surprised – PoemHunter actually accepted my Bio Update – How wonderful, how weird is that? ? ? ? ? ?

11 June 2009: In my freedom to decide how I want to feel, I started reading “No Time At All” by Susan Sallis, Corgi Books 1994, and happily relinquished control to the author and her mesmerising story. I boy in a wheelchair, a grandfather with a love for trains, a ghost train running on the old ghostly railway tracks passing through the bungalow where two brothers are staying, an embittered old man who has been blamed for the death of three of his mates – my eyes can’t focus, I’m floating a few metres above the ground, the only sound is the pages as I turn them; the physical world is shrinking, slowly disappearing - the only thing that is real is the book’s atmosphere, the warmth of brotherly love and the mystery of the ghostly train; it’s wonderful to use consciousness to drift into a new universe!

10 June 2009 – LATER - I love having lots of secrets, even when childish and naïve, they enlarge the scope of my imagination to infinity and that is glorious! I found a perfect recipe for happiness to cure me of all sadness and bile and replace anger with happiness:

‘Tell everyone: 'My happiness depends on me, so you're off the hook.' And then demonstrate it. Be happy, no matter what they're doing. Practice feeling good, no matter what. And before you know it, you will not give anyone else responsibility for the way you feel, and then, you'll love them all. Because the only reason you don't love them, is because you're using them as your excuse to not feel good.’

Nobody is responsible for how I feel and I can choose to be free and create anything.

10 June 2009: I was too happy yesterday, used up all the good fortune fate had in store for me, today I’m sitting here bereft with only the harsh, scolding voices of the rednecks to accompany the icy winds blowing outside. Yesterday my self-confidence sky-rocketed, I laughed and joked with everyone, cashiers and passers-by; today I can’t face the uncouth sentiments expressed by the self-righteous who doom the world and address the President as if he were an instrument to be exploited for their own selfish joy. I can’t work when my feelings of revulsion become so strong, how can anybody get work done when
they get so angry they see red all the time?

7 July 2009: Winter is spreading its charm – my fifteen-year old boots finally disintegrated after my fifteen-year old daughter started wearing them too; when we went out hunting for new boots, she found a pair that fits her small feet while I can’t find anything; the shop is full of low-quality stuff at exorbitant prices, I refuse to buy junk, so running shoes are all I have to wear.

Static electricity is messing up my hair, changing them into feathers; hubby does not appreciate my brilliant book titles, “Huppelkind en Wintergras” [Happy Child and Winter’s Grass] for books I’m never going to write; last night I went through ALL my documents and found them an insult to the President; foul, insulting language and illegible handwriting – clearly all of them have been sent by rednecks – yuck!

Last night Colin Wilson’s remarks on happy states of mind and new consciousness drove me to despair, clearly I’ll never reach that joyous state in this life – BUT I can construct fictitious characters who reach that state of elation I read about – though I distrust anyone claiming they have felt what it’s like, I can reconstruct in my mind the things they conjure and thus share their fun!

6 July 2009: Appointing Tiaan as guardian of my dietary regime was NOT such a good idea; he walks through the house like an avenging spirit and shakes his head when he finds me eating crisps with MSG – no other snack left - he comments on my eating bread yesterday and pizza the day before; my eyes are swollen into two slits, my tolerance threshold is gone; he watches me like a hawk – him, only thirteen years old – as if I were a toddler to be controlled...

I tell him and Nici, fifteen years old, when I have an allergy headache so they can understand why I am so grumpy, when Nici made raisin bread, I ate one slice too much and they sagely nodded their heads – I love the feeling of energy and joy the allergy brings; but when I start feeling bad, I hate all the world, then depression clutches my heart – I escape by conjuring stories for fictitious characters – but I myself remain feeling out of sorts...

My positive book says thinking positive thoughts will attract positive events into my life; that may be so, but it doesn’t take the chemical depression away, tonight I’m feeling scared of Colin Wilson who speaks of elation in meditation – and all I can feel is hell – I laugh about the allergy when referring to it; but while I’m suffering, I feel like crying...

5 June 2009: Gesticulating wildly, explaining passionate devotion to certain
ideas, June calling stop, red-faced and contrite, I realized the desk area is connected, registering movement from my side right to June’s computer

Last week I cried when my head was burning, this week disrupting her work again; June so sensible and super-rational, she thinks me an idiot - I’ve given up my ideal of becoming rational also, failure is too painful

My new ideal is to be myself, feelings and all, taking care not to inflict anything negative on anyone; only showing positive reactions while hiding shock, pain, disappointment and anger, the only protection from the power

Other people acquire when they know how to injure and hurt us, power they use unknowingly...

4 June 2009: At least, I have finally figured out why our new hat-stands consist of a long pole with side arms looking like street signs – they were meant to be used for pole-dancing, then it went out of fashion (did it? - would a broomstick work? – then Terry Pratchett’s witches can also do pole-dancing...) and the poles were converted into hat-stands – and thus we have a new episode in our James Bond movie to be shot at work:

The beautiful female enemy called Paula (get it? pole...) from Poland would try to lead James into temptation by doing pole-dancing with the hat-stand during the lunch hour, while her accomplices are turning the poisonous orgone gas in the deadly air-con vents full volume – and when Paula succumbs to the fumes, James will gallantly drag her off into the street while using the footrest as a shield – I have everything ready at my work station, the movie-makers need not worry about logistics.

And I need this kind of inner conversation after reading about the Indian Bhopal toxic spill disaster in an attempt to study the differences between Hindi, Gujarati and Urdu; and translating a letter to the President in which a sorely tried woman complain her husband hits her frequently – we need James Bond to sort out all these disasters and bashings and things!

3 June 2009: I'll start this offering with the conclusion: [Okay, I'm supposed to translate the letter of a lying, thieving beggar who wants to impress the President and my writing a fairytale is quite inappropriate – aha! but that is why I enjoy it, while it is illegal and out of sync with everything, it interests me as all challenges do! ]

I shall return to my work anon, first my fairytale, all illegal and underground and
Continued the adventures of my debating lecturers about the function of romance and realism; Hutchinson from Wisconsin illustrated his version of realism as a reality so magnificent he did not need fairytale romance because he simply kidnapped the heroine.

Scamoggia, the Neapolitan, interrupted Hutchinson’s whirlwind romance and showed how his interpretation of fairytales enhanced the life he led; he punched Hutchinson and grabbed the heroine by whom he had been enchanted... she was quite overcome by these fast-moving events...

Before realism could turn into dark magic, her true love, Prince Roland of Romania, fought both the fiery Italian Scamoggia and twanging Hutchinson and took his love, our lecturer in classic romance with him; she was overjoyed because her love for and trust in fairytales were vindicated...

Both Hutchinson from Wisconsin and the fiery Neapolitan Scamoggia had to agree that reality without an infusion of spiritual power, magic and romance was much too cold and empty; you could not simply steal away a beautiful dream on a whim...

You needed dedication and time to build a longtime relationship that required sacrifice of time and thought; an arduous process only sustainable when based on love and hope and trust iron-clad, withstandng all the fiery arrows of doubt which assailed the trusting heart incessantly...

While Roland laughed and rode away, his lecturer-love brandishing a sword at his side; they have been through fire together and the hardships of life have been moulded by their creation of magic through love and trust into a beautiful new edifice!

Okay, I’m supposed to translate the letter of a lying, thieving beggar who wants to impress the President and my writing a fairytale is quite inappropriate – aha! but that is why I enjoy it, while it is illegal and out of sync with everything, it interests me as all challenges do!

2 June 2009: Rocked up at work, full of good intent, looking for things to appreciate – that would NOT be letters written by disgruntled citizens to harass President and Education about political inanities and bunking classes after five fruitless years at university – laughed again about Koos Kombuis and his Glenda Kemp fixation – her intense relations with boa constrictors and admiring men –
jumped on the Internet, nothing there; oh well, I’ll have to return to the story in
my head, my main character is lecturing at university about fairytales and
romance versus realism – two male protagonists, one a Hutchinson from
Wisconsin and the other Scamoggia, a Neapolitan straight from Don Camillo’s
Italy; I settle down behind my desk, ready to follow the developments;
Hutchinson will lecture on realism, of course; then discover why reality is an
illusion – to be interpreted as nightmare or fairytale...

1 June 2009 - LATER - Kenneth J. Reckford, Professor of Classics at the
University of North Carolina declares in Collins’ 1988 Mary Poppins book – the
House next Door – his appreciation of comedy and life is derived from Mary
Poppins because the stories illustrate two aspects of “Dionysian fairy tale” – Mary
Poppins is a wonderful, transforming energy breaking into routine, suspending
laws of nature, creating safe, reassuring fantasies because the Daemonic
energies are always controlled by Mary Poppins, surrounded by magic and
excitement, but never affected herself – a glimpse of magic transformed the
world and the reader also! He declares he reads and rereads these stories – a
Professor of Classics, a man, adoring the Mary Poppins created by P.L. Travers –
I’m delighted, what a brilliant thinker this man is!

1 June 2009: I’m sitting here glowing like a candle and spinning like a cat and
purring like a 1930 model T Ford! My characters came up with a most delicious,
most atrocious, most delightful scene; it is so over the top wild that I don’t dare
to write it down, quite protective of their privacy – never daring to subject
readers to so much heat - fearing they might explode; jaded palates drooling!

Little poems are mostly toned-down versions of the original scenes enacted by
my characters; I’m much too decent to write down what they conjure. Could I
ever write without fear and constraint? Hmmm, methinks my characters need a
secret place to unleash wildness on the world and test-drive ideas anonymously...
Let me listen to my intrepid characters who evaporated into an ecstasy from
which they need to descend to start a new adventure! Oh glory be, I’m supposed
to WORK here, read boring letters from self-righteous people! Maybe I should run
away for a while – ahaahahaha!

My feelings were suppressed when I was young, I could not tell what I felt, and
the delirious joy of discovering feelings allows me to indulge them. I will not give
up my childish delight in indulging my feelings, but I keep tight control over the
sources allowed to kindle them.

I don’t want to risk becoming desensitized by overindulging and allow fictitious
situations to endanger my ability to enjoy the epiphany engendered by beauty
and wonderment. I want to do whatever is required to keep my sense of wonderment alive and retain the ability to experience delight; and deliberately strengthen my ability to experience hero-worship.

I see feet of clay as the most beautiful aspect of my heros and heroines. Nothing – not betrayal, hurt, rejection, hate or anger - can reduce them to cynicism because they keep a spiritual perspective within which people are beautiful, irrespective of behaviour.

My characters love unconditionally within a spiritual context. Love based on abstract ideals and words is the perfect source of wonderment to them. Their feelings are contained in a non-physical dimension where nothing anybody could do or say can destroy their ability to love.

Their love always aims to protect and nurture its objects – never to fulfill their own needs, since their needs are met by their god. All examples and descriptions of physical love are but allegories of spiritual love, and they hope that disillusioned people will learn to see physical love in new, uplifting ways.

My characters use the inspiration of positive poetry in their fictitious world. The ability of a poet to woo so well and my ability to be wooed are used to the great advantage of my characters; how’s that? Ta dah!

30 May 2009: My contribution to the Blue Bulls fighting – warring against – combating - playing against – the Kiwi’s Chiefs today – is to put up two posters in the kitchen: One in big letters declaring “MY BLOOD IS BLUE” and the first page of a newspaper depicting a Blue Bull on the attack and declaring “IT’S BULL-TIME! ” I love the feeling in the air, though banishing me to attending the game would have triggered a new attack of fairytales; whatever the cause, when people unite, I’m the first one in the queue shouting the loudest – just for the fun of it.

Yesterday I discovered there is blue sausage called “Blue Bulllewors” on the market, and hubby nearly had a heart attack when I expressed an interest in this – and he frowns on my posters, denoting a most lowly fixation on local affairs – and he a rugby fan – hah! I love the feeling in the air, people passing holding Blue Bull flags in car windows, a general fever – all for nothing – but the core lies in the solidarity of fixating upon a team of men who have to chase a strange-shaped ball and defend themselves against another team – my interest lies in the sociological phenomenon, the feelings generated, everybody having a ball – any excuse is good enough for having fun!
21 May 2009: Finished ‘The Philadelphia Experiment – Project Invisibility’ by Charles Berlitz, Souvenir Press 1997, happy to see the limits of possibility expanding with the conjectures made in the book. My interest started when I read Vincent Gaddes’ book ‘Invisible Horizons’ when still in high school and the mystery of the invisibility experiment seemed like an enchanting fairytale to me. How I loved and enjoyed that book, reading it several times! It seems a golden line is running from my first encounters with mysteries in various books, notably various Reader’s Digest publications, and Gaddes, to all the other books I discovered later - like Berlitz, Von Daniken, Graham Hancock, Richard Hoagland and Zechariah Sitchin. When I was in primary school, I used to stare at the photographs of Easter Island and the Egyptian pyramids in the Reader’s Digest book on mysteries for hours, fascinated by the declarations that nobody knew where these strange artifacts came from. It is so delightful to reflect that this golden thread is woven right through the tapestry of my life and thoughts – and is still weaving in and out.

For a treat, I finished by reading a short, magical children’s book, ‘The Intergalactic Kitchen Goes Prehistoric’ by Frank Rodgers; what a joyous experience! A kitchen that flies into intergalactic space and inadvertently went back in time to the dinosaurs and an air aviation inspector who discovered he wanted to be Tarzan and flew off into the prehistoric jungle wearing the kitchen curtains with his bowler still on his head – brilliant, just what I needed to keep life sparkling and enticing!

20 May 2009: Last night filled in Dr Arnold Mol's “Let's Both Win” questionnaire to determine my temperament, again; did it in 1987 already, and each time the answers indicate I am choleric. BUT I don’t believe it, that means being more unemotional than the melancholic and sanguine, and it can’t be true. I act like an extrovert, talking and writing a lot, as a ruse to hide my true feelings behind a façade of insouciance and cold indifference – aha! – the seemingly unemotional count is due to my brilliant façade, a mask I have been wearing since I was small. This constitutes evidence that I’m melancholic - an introvert that survives by converting emotion into communication. Since expression of my true feelings is impossible, I survive the sublimation of feeling by talking incessantly like an extrovert, always channeling emotions into other outlets. It is either that or exploding, because if I unleashed my feelings of distaste for the boring, useless, time-consuming, horrible political article I’m supposed to translate, I would be put into a straitjacket and kept under sedation for the rest of my life. Not that it seems that bad an alternative, come to think of it. This Calvinistic shouldering of duty is absolutely awful, beyond description. May this world come to an end in a fabulous conflagration of exciting Armageddon proportions and may new life-forms take over that won’t even conceive of the terms of and “religion” and...
“duty”!

18 May 2009 - LATER - I love this sentence in the Publisher’s Note found in “The Philadelphia Experiment” by Charles Berlitz, Guernsey Press, 1997: “Here is the story of the Philadelphia Experiment. The authors leave it to us to make up our own minds as to whether we can believe it or not.” It complements this sentence: “Enough faith in its possible authenticity survives to lead the authors to SUGGEST that it COULD have happened.” I would like to emboss these two sentences in gold and send them to the overenthusiastic authors who clobber at the reader’s door claiming that what they dreamt of in visions and interpreted from ancient artifacts make them indisputably right and everybody else wrong. I can read Berlitz and happily dream about possibilities without feeling someone is trying to set fire to my brain and maim all proofs for veracity.

On p.11 in the Introduction I read: “If the Philadelphia Experiment was stopped... one feels that perhaps it should be started again or continued.”

Actually, after reading of the terribly tragic results of this experiment, one feels that this kind of thing should not be started again unless a sadist somewhere needs to torture people some more, what a strange remark to make when the possible results, melting with the ship’s ironwork, going mad, becoming invisible, going into “cold freeze” – are taken into account! What limited imagination can conjure images of this happening and not determine that there must be more humane ways to further science?

18 May 2009: Got up feeling tired, nose blocked, rocked up at work, heart in my shoes, picked up “The Philadelphia Experiment” by Charles Berlitz, needing a mystery to focus my mind; reading the truth about the secret WWII experiment that created new possibilities; well, if those seamen could withstand becoming invisible and then returning welded with the ship’s iron structure, some going mad and others fading in and out of existence, I can survive this day – I’m not visibly mad as yet, the cold symptoms will become bearable, and I haven’t melded into my desk as yet, nor am I become bionic woman and I’m not a desperately unhappy nun like Gabrielle – the erstwhile Sister Luke – who needs to confess every sin – I am a very determined little devil set on getting my own way, so this day is a gift that I mean to exploit in any way – ready to move my thoughts in and out of existence!

16 May 2009 – LATER –I’m making slow progress through “Night Watch” because Pratchett makes brilliant observations: We have many laws and keep on making more, and by outlawing humanity’s needs and desires – just as religion did by calling all natural urges sinful so that every normal human being becomes a
criminal – when there is a law against breathing, you become a criminal for the vile act of being alive. Making laws against smoking changes every peaceable citizen who needs a good smoke for their nerves, into an outsider, isolated from his non-smoking, but probably hard-drinking fellow citizens.

Creating multibillion-industries based on selling sex and featuring sexy women as bait, the same idiotic society has laws to protect monogamy as an institution, and every man and woman becomes a criminal for all these urges kept at erotic heights and stoked all the time – and the most disadvantaged types, with the least intelligence, have NO protection against these onslaughts keeping them on tenterhooks – so they attack any object that can relieve their feverish urges and everybody condemns them for losing control – whereas the system is geared to make control impossible! To add insult to injury, women are encouraged to become representations of desirable objects and wear exciting clothes, and then lament when attacked by demented elements.

Herewith a summary of what caught my attention - p.126 – “The city had plenty of laws but it didn’t offer many opportunities NOT to break them. Swing didn’t grasp the idea that the system was supposed to force criminals, in some rough way, into becoming honest men. Instead, he’d taken honest men and TURNED THEM INTO CRIMINALS and the police into just another gang.”

That is what 21st century society is doing – taking honest people wishing to be loving and happy, and turning them into criminals by fuelling their material desires to feverish heights without providing relief – and outlawing all home-made reliefs like “negotiable affection” and drugs – thus society creates criminals artificially and pay thugs to be policemen to fight the other thugs. And most of the so-called thugs are just overgrown boys, totally lovable behind the puppet-masters who control them! And the “ladies of negotiable affection” are probably modern-day saints, leading a life of suffering to provide in needs that have been blown up out of all proportion.

16 May 2009: I did not allow my new socks to become accustomed to me and therefore, after wearing the first two pairs they disappeared, there is no rapport between us, now I leave the other new ones in the cupboard to allow them to acclimatize. Meanwhile hubby insists on pointing out to me how wonderful to cut down trees, pulling out the ivy so we have more light, our neighbour is at it too, cutting down the canary creeper, and I sigh, I LIKED tree canopies and overgrown ivy’s and canary creepers everywhere, my biggest wish is to plant yellow black-eyed Susan creepers and Morning Glories – white and purple and pink – all over the garden; but after hubby’s distress on my mentioning it, I keep quiet and agree with everything he says. The grey concrete walls are an affront
to my eyes, while he rejoiceth on seeing empty patches of light. He is so impressed with all the home improvements, he walks around with an important air like the king of a castle – and that is as it should be. Tiaan went by train – 800 boys in a group; how the misguided teachers could inflict that on themselves, I’ll never know – to Bloemfontein for a rugby weekend, I hope the joy he experiences in being maimed and injured will make up for all the scars he’ll bear for the rest of his life! And my progress through “Night Watch” by Terry Pratchett is held up by trying to ingest the fact that Commander Sam Vimes split into two people, the older is called John Keel and instructs the younger Sam Vimes on how to survive his life. Maybe that’s what happened to us too, maybe we are here today because an older us came from the future to instruct us when we were younger? Maybe that is why we sometimes feel that one reality is too few, there are many more of us and they are busy doing other, more interesting things? I wish I knew!

14 May 2009: Took both ‘Night Watch’ Pratchett and ‘The Nun’s Story’ Kathryn Hulme along for company, sipping hot chocolate – the Nun’s Story won by a long shot, whereas Pratchett amused with his time monks and aggressive Commander Vimes, the nun called Sister Luke awakened a desire for the divine in me, I understood the reason for trying to stamp out the human spirit and replace it with humility, but realized the dangers when reading of the Abbess and Archangel, both nuns gone nuts – the human mind is an edifice and to mess with it forces one near a precipice where the slightest misstep can make the whole structure fail, the Abbess fell into a cesspit of unnatural humility while retaining the ability to compose song and poetry, while the Archangel became a schizophrenic – all for having been nuns with such unnatural discipline forced on them...

12 May 2009 - LATER – Come to think of it, the nun Gabrielle loves Gregorian song, clearly a singing nun, therefore it is most appropriate to send in Gaston Leroux’s Phantom to fall in love with her and take her away to the French Opera House and since she has sworn off the world, it is even MORE appropriate that she loves the Phantom in selfless sacrifice – lovely, the universe has just split again! And she sings like an angel, of course, and the Phantom music will become Gregorian Chant, and just for good measure we’ll work in Boccherini’s Minuet and Schubert’s Serenade – for a good, elevating crying scene, nostalgia and joy all mixed together.

12 May 2009: Reading ‘Night Watch’ by Terry Pratchett – still taking antidote to the Nun’s Story – enjoying the reference to a ‘Miss Alice Band’ - of the Assassin’s Guild and the ‘Black Ribboners’, the Uberwald League of Temperance for former vampires now drinking hot chocolate and arranging sing-songs – I’ll
11 May 2009: My positive book says ALL things must be allowed because to understand what we desire, we must understand what we do NOT want; to be able to choose, BOTH must be present and understood. But it is too much for me – to look at the pain inflicted on people, in order to understand and realize I don’t want it for myself or anybody else – hurts so much; I can’t look and stay calm. Last night as I read “The Nun’s Story” I became restless, agitated and fearful; I couldn’t sit still and in the end calmed my mind by rereading “An Ordinary Princess” – a beautiful Princess who received the fairy godmother’s gift of becoming ordinary – losing her beauty – and thus left to live a glorious happy life, while her beautiful sisters had to lead boring, secluded lives in tribute to
their beauty. - This change of focus worked last night, but today the story of the nun filled my thoughts and took all joy and security away – it is definitely NOT what I want for anybody on earth. My positive book says I must respect all people’s wishes to have all possible experience, but though I respect it, I cannot look at it without suffering myself. I wanted to read the book in admiration for her fortitude, but without the ability to distance myself from her pain, I fall into depression and then can’t do my work or be a good companion at home. How can I pay tribute to her beautiful strength if I can’t face her painful life?

9 May 2009 – 17: 00 – “Thank You, Next Instalment Please. PLEASE.” Only three kinds of love seem to exist in our inter-subjective reality: 1. Ideal, romantic love – “To love, pure and chaste from afar” – which is part of the impossible dream and the unreachable star and thus gives me something to strive for, and 2. Rational, common-sense love – Making sacrifices to build a successful relationship with partners and members of family, and 3. Spiritual, unconditional love – A special feeling of well-being that includes all consciousness and awareness as sacred and lovable.

Since Romantic Love is unreachable, but gives such beautiful ideals, I use it as a lodestar to reach for, even when it has already been proved a Quixotic ideal – it is too beautiful to let go, my favourite authors enjoy my undying devotion, their words keep the flame of beauty alive although I have never met any of them – most because they are dead, the rest because they are artists, a class of people I have never met, living in an academic, worker-class, computer-orientated environment.

Most love poems centre on romantic love by painting a picture of a selfish, egoistic, narcissistic, demanding and childish love that is as effervescent as smelling salts and hormonal fluctuations; but some delineate the pure and chaste love of soul mates aimed at eternity, and these I adore.

In my experience and observation, it is rational, common-sense love that makes the world go round - when you share the same world-view, ethics and religious outlook with a special friend, when you have the same kind of self-image and you are both willing to make sacrifices to make a relationship work, giving up or burying unsuitable aspects of yourself for a higher purpose – creating a safe environment for the children most of us love to bits – then it can work. It is very boring compared to the fire and delight of romantic love, but it is the only thing available to most of us, so we settle for it or remain alone.

Spiritual, unconditional love is depicted in religious, spiritual and esoteric texts and my favourite subject for meditation. I used to strive for it in my youth, and
still feel it is the only way to overcome the limitations of this world. It encompasses eternity and I suspect that my insisting on adding eternity to romantic love is probably even more unrealistic than Don Quixote’s windmill fights, but I cannot change this beautiful picture, I fell in love with it ages ago.

I think if we are lucky and work hard at it, we can combine a little romance with rational love, but experience shows that living together does not allow romance to survive and thus we are forced to make a choice between short-lived romantic affairs and long-term, rational relationships; and most people find these alternatives unsatisfactory, to say the least. And few people, except saints, old and modern, ever strive for spiritual love – it is such a tall order, we can’t even get the basics right.

Once upon a time I read such amazing works by artists that I wanted to meet them and they declined, and then I realized that we all live private lives and writing is a secret activity that we throw into the river of the world, not expecting any response other than thank you, next instalment please. To all authors who delighted and continue to delight me, thank you, next instalment please. PLEASE.

9 May 2009: I’m devastated when reading of the feelings of those caught in the throes of romantic love, luckily I made up my mind against it early in life; observing my parents, reading myths and the stories of Romeo and Juliette, Samson and Delilah, Othello and Desdemona, Hamlet and Ophelia – I decided the only kind of life free from perpetual heartache and bitterness would be a rational one, leaving emotions out of my equations and calculating costs and all relevant aspects before making commitments.

Studying literature and music made me realize artists feel deeply and make a mess of their lives, so I decided to become a common-sense kind of person who don’t have emotions and shove lovely ideas into an alternative, parallel universe where all possibilities can come true, but can’t touch rational me. I am a hermit, observing the world from afar, understanding people through their written words, playing with the shadow images in their ideas, creating plays more fantastic than reality.

Though some realities might be better than I suspect, there is no way of finding out as yet, so I continue in my trajectory as determined by kids and my working life that provides for their schooling and my interaction with humanity; thanking the gods for the kindest, most interesting colleagues the world could provide!
8 May 2009 – Midnight - Trying to escape from the growing blackness within me, suffocating, the world is moving away, pressurised moments of alienation, how sad that my best efforts at work are always due to my feeling ill, I equate success with depression, the only things safely tucked away are laughter and having fun; the rest is ashes and sackcloth; money means nothing, hard work leads to payment and a bitter taste in the mouth...

8 May 2009: Called such a nice cultivated voice - Hi, I have a package for Hanlie, waiting down here on ground floor at reception - Stay there, I said, I’m coming down, 6 floors down and no sign of the clown, 1st floor – nobody, 2nd floor, still no-one, I ran back to my work station – delivery guy from Tony Ferreira called again – Where are you? I asked exasperated, I’ve been looking everywhere - said he – Maybe I’m in the wrong building, Metropark – YES, I said, we are in Kingsley, now waiting for him to lose his way again, he was sitting high and dry at Metropark while I was the idiot looking for him in here – what fun to go for a run in the building, what silly situation, what a great way to start the day!

7 May 2009: I survived today, typing questionnaires - read how Don Camillo threw Bishop Babilla’s disintegrating statue into the river, his nasty political opponent Peppone dug it out just to irritate Don Camillo – but it is so ironic and delightful as Peppone, the Communist Mayor, is seemingly more religious than Don Camillo, the Catholic Priest... The Bishop sent a young acolyte to help Don Camillo in his duties, Don Camillo was angry and left him to make a fool of himself with political propaganda, getting ready to chuck him out – until he discovered how well the acolyte played – the soccer game against the Communists won by the Christians – then he kept the acolyte without complaint – I LOVE the human frailty and endearing childishness of the combat between Don Camillo and Peppone who shared their boyhood at school and then was divided by politics – although Peppone is more religious than anybody in Don Camillo’s parish – what juxtaposition, what fun to read!

6 May 2009: What we do with loneliness determines what kind of person we will be – some grow hard and bitter while others become more loving – what can be more lonely than isolation with a boring text? Words, these lovely symbols loaded with meaning, denotation, connotation, association, can glitter in the sun – or be used to create a picture more drab and grey than graveyards at twilight... words that can create crystal-clear beauty and convey love and emotion, can be reduced to little square pegs that lie dying in a text... But let me take my dead-word, empty-symbol text and struggle on, refusing to become hard and bitter, thinking loving thoughts all the time, planning illegal deeds and throwing caution to the wind!
5 May 2009: Have to break down this day into small byte-size chunky bits, time is expanding, dilating, while my mind is contracting, haven’t been able to stabilize chemical imbalances, not sure about anything as reality wavers and flickers in and out of existence, but however negative my colleague Jane feels about life; the one thing that remains in place is my faith, assumptions based on books that always stay the same every time I return to them, my interpretations enlarged through new experience – but the basic tenets always remain the same: We create our own reality and I LOVE it that mine keeps changing in terms of appearance while always leaving the bubble of safety and goodness intact that surrounds it all like an electromagnetic field, and in which the island path straight into love and joy keeps leading...

3 May 2009: Where is the switch to turn off my brain or make me go into sleep mode with only a screen saver in place of this wide-awake awareness? Why does certain food HAVE to keep me awake? Balsamic vinegar makes me go blind, MSG gives me mad-cow disease and pot-roast blows my mind – my diet is shrinking again, can't lie down, can't close my eyes, can't rest, can't concentrate, feeling lethargic and listless, bored with my own consciousness, though very tired, head heavy, feels like stuffed with cotton-wool bricks. I don’t mind being awake and happy; but insomnia while feeling bad is intolerable. All the emotional set-points and magical feelings I’ve prepared for times like these are inaccessible; the positive templates are on the spiritual G-drive and I can only access my mental C-drive – a sad state of affairs. Time to go hunting for pills and drinking them by the handful until something cures me from super-wakeful awareness and ear-ache. I have no need of use for pessimism or negativity in my life, just being alive is an exercise in existentialism crowned with nihilism – while I’ve got these fires raging inside, I only keep my eyes on the positive parts of the external world....

2 May 2009: When his dad asked Tiaan to produce his cell phone, Tiaan was nearly in tears, his dad told him off, Tiaan’s heart was broken, I dropped him off at the venue to catch his bus; his dad confessed his own unhappiness, he is trying to help Tiaan fit in and have everything - his dad was in sackcloth and ashes until he drove up and down all over town, got him a new cell-phone – now there is a new cell-phone waiting on Tiaan’s bed as a surprise, a memory card to listen to music; his dad is jumping around in joy - wish Tiaan could understand just HOW MUCH his dad wants to do for him!

Tiaan is always carrying something, the cat or a dog, cradling a warm animal in his arms; if only we could help him keep his possessions safe from the Bermuda-Triangle unexplained-disappearance syndrome; he needs so much love from us - why should life be so difficult for a thirteen-year-old boy?
1 May 2009: I am discouraged, the Bermuda Triangle swallowed Tiaan’s replacement phone – one of the OLD ones – also, it seems that nothing is safe, I wish I could go to sleep and forget all these problems! He’s leaving on a camp again – the previous time he returned with his glasses broken and his money stolen – no use contemplating the mystery of his life again, it’s pot luck what may happen this time...

We fed him as well as we could, a large plate of food, to help him survive all the mystery problems and disappearances that plague his life. On being questioned about the camp – his destiny – his stock standard reply is he doesn’t know. Perfect, disappearing without a cell-phone to an unknown destination. Would look impressive in an Interpol message, young boy flees home – probably because he was spoiled too much.

30 April 2009: Tomorrow is Worker’s Day, to be celebrated by staying in bed and not working at all; today I nearly died from a toxic lunch at a local restaurant - food denaturated, irradiated and rehydrated, tasting of cardboard and mayonnaise, white bread made from plaster of Paris... but I survived, even though it felt as if a thousand ants were marching through my intestines...

It felt great to help Jane format a text, looking at all the detail I usually abhor, explaining the need for doing things clockwise and counting spaces, substituting punctuation marks, setting margins, beautifying a text to make it user-friendly and legible...

I am grown so lazy, watching cricket and fairies while pondering the mystery of Tiaan’s missing scrum-guard, the second disappearance of his protective gear, he must be learning to play rugby in the Bermuda triangle; his cell-phone is broken again – aha! –definitely strange supernatural energy in his aura; we’d better watch him closely, as soon as he complains of seeing a greenish mist and not knowing which way is upside down, we’ll know the supernatural is making an appearance – olé, what fun!

Given the life-threatening character of my day, I’m watching La Fée Clochette again, adoring the images of innocence, salving my conscience by adding subtitles in French, tomorrow I’ll look for a book to awaken my mind from its lazy slumbers...

29 April 2009: I’ve lost today, after swerving off on wings of dreams I never got my feet back on the ground – simply lost everything, couldn’t think straight, couldn’t bend my mind back into bleak reality after the glorious, glowing warmth
of Susan Boyle’s clip; especially after my colleagues did not swoon as I thought
they should – I ended up knowing my document is gone, tomorrow is my swan
song as far as false virtue is concerned; I’ll have to admit I’ve lost the template
that the one-eyed Cyclopian Troll Interpol so lovingly sent; I know I’m guilty of
adopting a too laid-back approach – but I tried to preserve it, what happened to
my personal filing system? Right, it has never worked before, so maybe it’s
logical that it’s not working now...

28 April 2009 - 09: 45 – I’ve got a new hobby tonight, listening to the video clip
of Susan Boyle over and over, the first time I heard it, I was impressed, the
second time awed, the third time I got goose-bumps and started to cry – and
suddenly I couldn’t stop crying, realizing I have found something as rare and
beautiful as the shells in Muizenberg and the road round Chapman’s Peak; as she
sang and I saw the audience’s reaction, how startled and deep-felt the emotion
of the judges; how overjoyed members of the audience; and I listened to the
words of the song, I cried for the beauty and delight of it all... I’ve got Tiri Te
Kanawa at the ready to listen to as soon as I’ve listened to Susan enough; but
that point seems far off...

28 April 2009: Tuesday breakfast chocolate ice-cream, freezing hunger pains
away, took my book to the restaurant for company, reading I am free to choose
thoughts that feel good about everything – started laughing, yes, I knew this
subliminally, enjoying every fantasy I ever had. We all live the life we imagine, I
used to be a cold-war Russian spy, a ‘sleeper’ planted at my old high school to
send reports to Moscow about activities in South Africa – and it was lovely! I
remained a spy at university, sending messages on my way to campus by
walking in a certain style and looking into the bushes with a faraway expression
in my eyes – it was a huge success, I felt so delighted every day. Now I am a
post-war spy posing as a poet camouflaged as a government official, and as a
poetaster I can report on any disaster and send messages in code anywhere and
everywhere – and I can’t be unmasked – it is the best feeling ever to imagine
that this is the life I’m living! June is the head of the spy-ring, Karen is the code-
breaker, Jane is an undercover agent, Hanlie is the figurehead – we are all
together in this, and we never let our guard down, no-one will ever refer to this
aloud....

27 April 2009: Enjoyed yesterday’s meal too much and today had to accept the
results – a serious migraine. Accompanied hubby to the hypermarket and bought
La Fée Clochette – Walt Disney’s Tinker Bell – this saved the day, my enforced
withdrawal from action could be used for watching a kid’s movie, leaving the
grown-up world behind. I watched it three times, first in English, then French,
then with French sub-titles also – so I used the opportunity to improve my
French – and floated off to a mental realm where La Reine Clarion wears a dress made of flickering light – my favourite idea – though I usually dream of wearing a dress made of water or clouds – sometimes of cobwebs also. When the pills kicked in I went for a walk listening in an aloof way to my favourite marching tunes – playing Hofmeyer’s song called ‘Pampoen’ over and over, because it suits the strange allergy feeling of sitting behind a glass wall best – with traditional songs like ‘Loskopdolla’ and ‘Die Alibama’ also a definite success. I still feel estranged from life due to chemical derangement of my system, while my brain went into sleep-mode after last nights’ military exercises. Marvellous that Walt Disney studio makes movies that cater for sleep-walking brains – they are a real life-saver. Imagine if I had a normal brain and allergy-free system – I could have proofread my own work, tidied the bookcase as I have been requested to do months ago – poor hubby - all to no avail. I could have been a normal human being! – Oh, and I have a new hairbrush, funkelnagelneu, refusing to tame my hair into the form desired which just goes to prove my theory that new possessions have a will and mind of their own and only after a prolonged stay in their new owner’s cupboard and absorbing the atmosphere at home, do they start to fulfil their function. I had such a hard time taming my new Christmas copper-coloured handbag, it kept hiding and only after serious togetherness did it allow itself to be found. And my goose-feather pillow is one of the most stubborn cases I’ve ever come across, if I’m not careful it conspires to give me a stiff neck. I even had to break in my new reading glasses in January, but now they always appear when I look for them instead of doing a disappearing act like before.

26 April 2009 - LATER: Tiaan wrote a short story in English, it reads easily, fluent and interesting, I love it, his dad is amused and proud, sister and friend are intrigued; tonight he announced he would write another one - he is so sweet in his youthful enthusiasm; Nici wrote one too, in Afrikaans, her friend Jerome at school also wrote one and she brought it home, all loose anecdotes woven together in a sinister tale... These kids are so creative, so full of dreams, it is fun to be with them, to hear their ideas... Nici knows identical twins, I wondered aloud whether they could substitute for another, having each one studied one subject, sitting exams for each other – they were surprised, said no grown-up had ever suggested such tricks before – oops; I prevaricated, explained I have a twin sister also, that’s how my mind works, besides, reading ‘Das Doppelte Lotti’ by Erich Kästner gave me ideas since primary school...

26 April 2009: The four-wheel drive of conversation was here – and this time she really showed true gold, she actually loves her friend, my stepdaughter; although she is strong, she is kind, brought me flowers and chocolate, explained how much she admired her own mom, how much she loved her friend; I was ashamed, the previous time I was prejudiced and though she takes over, it is
never a sign of nastiness, she is loyal in the extreme and faced her demons - same as you and me – I MUST learn to curb my tongue, look deeper than surface; shouldn’t judge too easily, it is not her fault I am rather a fool; I hang my head in shame and say thank you again for a friend so good and true, though ALL went overboard last time, the situation was different then –true friendship should never be devalued – I was too rash in my opinion - 

25 April 2009: After moving about in a dark, smothering cloud of frustration manifesting in a buzzing of dissatisfaction; hubby because Nici has a party Saturday night and he is the chauffer who has to drive her up and down; me because of the impending visit of a most overbearing, condescending personage whose arrogance is almost unbearable – but I might gain by listening to her conversation and trying to render it on paper, maybe it will match the nasty remarks of Darcy’s Aunt who decried Elizabeth for deigning to marry Darcy - and thereby eliciting the information that Elizabeth was NOT averse to Darcy’s advances and thus that infernal aunt was really of service, although she only meant to meddle in the most atrocious way imaginable! - With this hope I already feel better about the impending doom of her advent and my courage is growing strong again. Besides, I’ve had my allergy food, and I feel glad about NOT suffering deprivation on her nasty account. May my eyes be totally closed in swelling and my temples throb in allergy spasm, hah, if I can’t attack her, at least my system can make it impossible to be a gracious hostess and that is already a point scored, double-hah; or “Donnerwetter kwadraat*”, as my German teacher used to say! [*Double thunder]

24 April 2009: Almost half past twelve, going to return ‘Juliet Dove, Queen Of Love’ to the library, A Magic Shop Book by Bruce Coville, a fantasy, but it didn’t leave the ground – Athena, Hera, Venus and Cupid were all resurrected and Juliet had all the boys fall in love with her – sounded like a nightmare, no joy in being followed around like that – cute idea, but not for me; flying rats – too much; I go with mice, Miss Bianca and Bernard of the Rescue Aid Society that was started by Euripides Mouse – Miss Bianca also wrote poetry, very refined; lived at the Embassy, had adventures with Bernard, the erstwhile janitor of the Society...

23 April 2009 – “It’s only words, and words are all I have to take your heart away...” My heart floated away with your words, living a vicarious paper life, pouring my soul into music, into sound for safe-keeping, my characters sing and dance in an alternative, self-created reality – I know my note, the most beautiful, nostalgic minor b and the perfect harmonics sounding with it, resounding everywhere, reflecting a magical universe. Words will bring all back to me, you are words and words only, an image I never see – and that is beautiful and ethereal, a brilliant aspect of a parallel inter-subjective multiverse...
22 April 2009: My mind is swinging loose, after voting dutifully – actually no, it was done joyously, a happy queue with quiet people and smiling faces, a voting official laughingly demanding we vote for her, friendly police officers, brilliant technology and ink on our nails, a voting booth and the anti-climax: Making two crosses only on two separate forms, the perfect feeling of much ado about nothing, a brain-dead eel could have easily substituted for human beings... Haworth weather outside, all we need is Wuthering Heights and Heathcliff sighing and moping about – oh wait, I am doing Heathcliff today, that’s how I feel... There are about a million things I should do, the house looks like a tornado has swept through, but the inspiration is lacking and my positive book said motivation is not a good reason to do anything. As a matter of fact, given that premise, I should opt for death, seems like a lot of life is carried out through motivation only whereas I am striving for inspiration – ergo, die and move on to a dimension where inspiration is more accessible than on planet earth! But, alas, I like dreaming and reading and eating and sleeping and walking and singing so much, it forces my spirit to stay on earth and do the motivational stuff I hate so much – just to get to dreaming and reading some more. And I also like limericks and doggerel and poetasters and all kinds of disasters and teasing people, so my spirit is forced to stay here where my soul wants to play, sigh, I’d better start employing my free-wheeling mind to release my poor spirit from its depression and allow the soul freedom to play around.

21 April – 12: 30 - I must be a light unto myself, my spiritual book said, all happiness and joy must firmly be founded on my own heart, the light must be in my own mind – ‘Huh’, as Tiffany said, no wonder it is so dark around me, the flame in my heart has quite died down today, I had better find a way to relight it again, recharge my laserbeam-eyes to direct them anew to the hologram-strip we call the universe, the magic must first live in us before it can stream out to others, I am going to run into the street and find a new dream!

21 April 2009 - 08: 00 - Come to think of it, I’d rather kill people than hurt them through sarcasm or nasty remarks, I wish it were legal to kill so it would obviate the need for maiming and assaulting each other emotionally...

19 April 2009 – 20: 00 – I wanted to nail reality down, to delineate a certain area and call it MY view of reality, to construct my own perspective; regard the world through it and fix its limits – it’s awful when reality keeps shifting like this, it makes me sea-sick; I wanted to determine safe points beyond which reality would not be allowed to flow...

And I don’t mind sporting a headache, but when it turns around and spawns
toothache also, it is a bit much! But I’ve found my point of demarcation: wherever we go, we can choose love above fear, anger and hatred. When the heart is breaking, we can still say we choose love, because ALL the possible and probable monsters of fear have already been unleashed. Hah, this is even working, I feel better; ta-dah!

18 April 2009: Emotions Are Reserved For Poetry Only: Sometimes I think I’m in charge of emotional states and the concomitant characters coming and going in my mind, but other times it seems the opposite is true. Told myself this morning the world was a safe place and I’m in charge, I could make my own decisions and do all things right and ethical. Then I finished Soul Music, read on p.375 [Corgi,1997] “...the sound of someone sobbing and trying not to be heard. It went on for long time.” And I cried with and for Susan because everything was symbolic of universal human sorrow: Losing loved ones (she lost her parents, Imp y Celyn and her grandfather) and loneliness – existential angst and forced choices that closed off possibilities.

But the story ends on a high note: Imp is restored to Susan – and her life goes on without loss – so I grabbed ‘A Hat Full of Sky’ and decided to dive into another brilliant fantasy weaving universal themes into a magical web of events and thus anchor my heart in an enchanted fairy tale dimension, enriching reality.

Reality is good and wonderful, but the physical world sensed as image, sound, form, texture, smell and taste; hides the symbolical and allegorical meaning embedded within it too well and I feel alone and isolated in the physical, sensory world – my only link with its deeper meaning is through words, music, thoughts and emotions, therefore I always turn my eyes inwards and focus on the magnetism and electricity behind physical manifestation, the invisible, spiritual world.

All things physical, accessible to scientific study, only acquires meaning once I’ve discovered or assigned a symbolical or allegorical meaning to it – so the spiritual stream flowing through reality is the most important aspect of life and my emotions and instincts react to the symbols within reality. Since this form of information is unacceptable as it cannot be verified by outsiders, I try to keep this information to myself and express it in poetry only, thus making harmonious relations possible.

17 April 2008 - 20: 07 - After crying tonight, I feel better. I have buried the fears generated by the anxiety attack and when the strange fever subsided, I could see the affection and goodwill of my colleagues and feel better. I HATE anxiety
attacks, it truly must be a spell in hell. Well, tonight I feel almost like myself, and that is victory in itself! I have pushed several of my heroines into desperate circumstances and then saved them again, so catharsis was achieved and all is well.

17 April 2009 - 08: 00 - Life is never boring – just when I started feeling comfortable, an unknown factor caused a flare-up of allergy and I’m experiencing the hellish feelings of a concentration camp inmate, or doing a spell in Purgatory, my neck is tightening as if in a noose; definitely a basket case. Had a dramatic and very educational anxiety attack last night. I suppose one happy, joyous life experience would have made for a boring life, therefore the allergy was given to me as a gift: By these staggering contrasts between feeling well and feeling ill, I appreciate little things so much more. When I can breathe and sit still, I feel like having a party for joy! But today... today will be spent in Purgatory...

16 April 2009: I’m hot, we might as well be sitting in hell, with the air-con blowing only warm air and me always feverish from allergy, I can try to eat, ice-cream, and drink, medication, myself out of despair, but is it fair that life should always be a fight to do more than survive?

Once again, the paperwork procedures have been changed, dates and prescriptions for presentation, it is amazing, Jane is overpowered while I’m laughing – the mad, maniacal laughter of the insane – that is what bureaucracy does to you. I started this day so well, reading that knowing we make reality appear should make us enjoy what we have – I thought this idea beautiful, until I realized that it is also an accusation against me – why am I co-creating the farce of administration when I know that it is all empty show, a way to make time pass and playing games to earn a salary - another mystery to contemplate...

At least I have ‘Soul Music’ parked next to me and reading slowly, I’ve reached the part where Buddy thinks Susan is a hysterical girl stalking him, whereas she as Death’s granddaughter is trying to save his life and change history – I am savouring, reading only a few pages at a time, this book is much too divine to consume all at once – must be about the fourth time I’m reading it...

15 April 2009: Got a new translation, the names are singing in my ears: Dr Nithyanantha and secretary Kopalakrishnan sending a letter from Mathalan, Pokkanai and Mullivaikkal – this sounds like an exotic song, I want to sing these names over and over – but the letter is about Tamil people suffering persecution and deprivation due to constant surveillance for catching Liberation Tiger separatist rebels of Tamil Eelam caught in a debacle and camouflaged as civilians... Wow, I want to sing this also, it’s like a tongue twister, must translate
quickly then go sing these lovely new words!

14 April 2009 – I knew there was something to be down about, feeling depressed is like an inner mental order, to remember errors and mistakes is drilled into my psyche, now I remember: I can’t find a whole batch of questionnaires I’ve already translated, perchance I have deleted it when the process was Open Document, Give New Name And Proceed – I simply forgot to give it a new name and destroyed the original, now how to redo the original?

I spend so much time pondering this mishap, Terry Practchett would have explained how happily I am cherishing my negative core, how exciting the screaming fight to come when my boss asks for the document I have airily destroyed - but right now it is not possible to adopt his energizing perspective, I simply sigh and listen to Hanlie explaining family matters and June’s sage replies concerning recalcitrant teenage kids, while enjoying Hermien’s tales about the unexpected joie de vivre of their Golden Retriever puppy; wondering when I should flee into the Wimpy and consume a reinforcing, spirit-supporting hot chocolate ice-cream...

12 April 2009 – Remember how angry I was on trying to read an infantile poppy-cock book on Zechariah Sitchin and everyone else alternative that I actually love? I parked the offensive book in the bathroom to read when I’m bored in the bathtub and see if I could make any headway. The hairs on my neck rose again as I read: "It was SHOCKING to find that the stories in Genesis were not original...” – it is not a shocking find, you idiot, the Genesis-guy simply distilled long, rambling, immoral, meaningless histories into a coherent, shortened, accessible tale -

After getting this comment off my chest, I continued to read: “WE [and who is your royal WE, please? ] dispel... blah – blah – blah... and also: “I would like to share with readers the INCREDIBLE sense of discovery I experienced as I unraveled the UTTER RUBBISH taught in my formative years...” - Oh boy, you poetic, emotional, passionate fool, this language should be reserved for poetry, not for a treatise to dismantle status-quo knowledge and offer new knowledge instead! -

- Actually, a few of us HAD discovered these things also and wrote ecstatic poems about it and want scientists to look at it, but your emotional over-the-top offensive style ensures that no scientist with good standing and respect for good science will consider these alternative theories – your style is so infantile, full of emotion and feelings, even an amateur like me cannot read your book. -
This author refers to valuable information that enlarged my shrinking horizon after having studied within the confines of the positivist framework, but his presentation is so puerile that I can’t face it. Unless one loves propaganda and negative remarks and loves shooting valuable viewpoints down in emotional terms, it is not possible to read this book as an enjoyable experience.

Yes, some of us also came across this information on the Internet and enjoyed enlarging the imagination, but NO, we don’t need to have this pressed through your childish new-prophet-perspective to form a picture of the world – we do that for ourselves. Maybe other sensationalists out there can stomach your presentation – I cannot, if I want to know about genetic engineering and Sitchin’s clay tablets, I read the original reports, I don’t look at the information through your childishly enthusiastic perspective. Go write poems about the doom of current science and history, but don’t present it as if it were a scientific treatise – because it’s not, abounding in emotional exclamations...

10 April 2009 - 09: 39 - Luckily I floated in blackness for only half a day, managing to fill up the extra bits of reality with work, writing, walking and eating – then the others settled in front of the TV and I had to face the emptiness – but was prepared for the extra bit of reality that was created by Tiffany’s adventures and forced myself to start reading ”Soul Music” – and the magic worked, the black darkness that threaten to engulf me, was filled with the lights and action of Susan’s tale and I could breathe again – in spite of the slow suffocation due to indulging in chocolate cake! The suffocation is a physical symptom of swelling until I can’t breathe, but it feels as if I’m imprisoned in darkness – so Pratchett is a true savior with his magic tales.

I had prepared the Fairytales I wrote about yesterday for this dreary time, but they are too boring for words – luckily ”Soul Music” from the library was here, otherwise the darkness would have won. Isn’t it amazing that authors who only write for fun, become savior to those whose depression is lifted by their tales? I wish that some of my writings might have that effect on fellow-sufferers – and writing helps as it feels so good to release the pent-up feelings that build during the allergic experience.

10 April 2009 - Early Morning - I think the allergy pumps adrenaline into my brain cells – maybe causes neurons to fire dopamine, then my thinking apparatus goes into overdrive and I charge about like a projectile in full flight, red and feverish interspersed with freezing chills; though lately I don’t eat so much junk that the episodes last too long. But tonight I went overboard big-time and now I’m taking off like Sputnik, all fire and explosions, and by tomorrow I’ll be kaputnik, all fatigue and depression.
After enjoying intense visions based on “A Hat Full Of Sky” by Pratchett, I read the most boring version of fairy tales ever published in human history, found in an old Afrikaans translation of 1961, and I pity the poor kids who had to listen to these boring versions – they must still hate fairy tales to this day. The translator got hold of some terrible originals and rendered them in the most mind-numbing way. Janusz Grabianski also had an off-day and produced some atrocious illustrations, enlivened by a moment of genius here and there.

I even glanced at my hated Niburian-Annunaki disciple again, hoping to focus my mind – but being in overdrive, my tolerance levels are even lower than usual, so the hatred and irritation simply fired up higher than before – just seeing the imperatives on the back cover – the reader MUST read and MUST open their mind – hah! – I can’t read information dished up in emotional imperatives; if I could I would have read women’s magazines. I always glance at them in the supermarket and everything is stated as an imperative – you MUST have this dress and that blouse and put this wonder oil on your ugly face to look like some over-the-top actress from Hollywood – trying to force women to become imitation Pamela Anderson’s.

It is the most nauseating style ever devised, it makes one feel depressed and angry at the same time. And if a kid is born with twenty fingers, their first remark is – take care, it could happen to YOU – BOO! Then they get botched Botox histories of distraught personalities and show you how to deform your face – all in a quest to look young and beautiful – implying we are as ugly as sin. Well, we like ourselves and I don’t want women’s magazines as a gift, much less pay for them. I check them because never looking at them until a family member showed me some a few years ago I nearly keeled over from culture shock. To prevent suffering such shocks again, I keep checking them regularly and thus immunize myself against their gory impact.

9 April 2009: Why do I gobble them up? - I was going to savour ‘A Hat Full of Sky’ and now I’ve come to the end, the beautiful end with Tiffany realizing that we go away from the place of our youth to return with new knowledge and ideas and look with new eyes at everything, the way she discovered that giving free rein to her most negative thoughts bring so much pain to others and herself, the brilliant insight into the true meaning of magic – seeing people as they are, as small and mean and irrational, and still love and serve them, not telling them the truth as it makes no sense to them, but to tell them stories that make them understand the invisible world of ideas… [p.250 - true magic still going on]

8 April 2009: I’ve read a Hat Full of Sky up to p.246 and I’m so delighted, it is so
surprising and enjoyable! Tiffany vacated her body and it was taken over by a primitive kind of consciousness that also contained several animals and various people and a clever wizard – and she was caught in a small space in her mind from where she could evict the foreign consciousness – but the clever wizard who knows languages stayed and thereafter she could read and understand languages she had never learnt herself. Pratchett’s description of the landscape of the mind rings so true and I enjoyed becoming Tiffany while reading the story, and I floated back into the house feeling fantastic, having added this experience to my own list of experiences. This is the reason why I refuse to read stories or books containing experiences I don’t want to have – I always feel I’ve become some character and that it was MY experience, and I refuse to have horrible events happen to me – only when we’re studying or following a course, can people make us read things we detest, afterwards we can screen our reading matter to have only those experiences we prefer and want to try out. Well, Pratchett’s characters give me the best experiences ever; and the author must have a fantastic mind to create this version from the infinite probabilities in the multiverse!

For a time I read with the story being the only reality in my mind, then I washed the dishes while turning back into me, Margaret Alice, but adapting her story as my own. Now I’m back to me while distancing myself from her story and just enjoy it as one of the most enchanting parallel universes.

And then I ended up crying, the awful pain tightening my heart, reading “A Hat Full Of Sky” p.251; when Tiffany realized that the “foreign consciousness” [called the “hiver” in the book] was using her OWN nasty thoughts to do evil deeds – reminding me so strongly of my own discovery during my second year at university – instead of rising from the swamp, I was the worst, most awful swamp-piece of them all! The nastiness was IN ME – just as Tiffany realized. As I read this, my little world crumbled around me, my little self-image of glass - fragile and unreal - fell and broke into a million pieces; this was me exactly! Wanting to be better than I am, I dreamt of not having all those nasty thoughts – but they were there all the same. And the proof of my evil mind was in my encountering the loss of my favourite website. I can’t run from myself...

7 April 2009: Got hold of “A Hat Full Of Sky” by Terry Pratchett, can’t wait to read it – no, savouring it, read only to page 40 today, want to read slowly to enjoy the book as long as possible.
House-cleaning: Today we cleaned house, threw out junk, organized CD’s and video’s, and we feel so proud of ourselves – we hoard junk like mad, it is so difficult to choose between sentimental value and nonsense.

I buried old toys in my cupboard, to stare at and cherish when the kids are fully
grown – even old CD’s, not even sure whether they can still play – but I remember buying them and enjoy listening to them so much!

Last night I couldn’t sleep after eating pressure cooker meat, so tonight it was chicken – plain and simple, skins removed, hoping to sleep happily. But I fell asleep in Nici’s beanbag in the sun room, so an early night it won’t be. I’m cherishing “A Hat Full Of Sky” by Terry Pratchett, reading as slowly as possible to make it last.

I LOVE the Internet, I was born for one purpose and one purpose only: To discover and enjoy the Internet. I can’t concentrate on boring documents when a whole world of excitement is lurking on the Internet.

My positive book says we don’t have to be beautiful to FEEL beautiful, we only have to be happy and confident to feel great – my new ACALAN photo says I feel great, even though I can’t meet standards of beauty – and I don’t want to, in any case, it is impossible, given I’m a dwarf. But the allergy teaches me to take more joy in plain feeling well than other people ever can do!

3 April 2009: To me, freedom is everything. Some authors THREATEN our FREEDOM with their forceful prescriptions and disrespect for the reader’s own opinions. I insist on respect for my freedom and offer the same respect for the freedom of everybody else. I enjoy Zechariah Sitchin’s books because he is a scholar who knows the Sumerian cuneiform script and translated the clay tablets. I enjoy Velikovsky because he was an even more learned scholar who based his claims on research and did not try to start a new religion. But authors irritating seven kinds of devils out of me are not scholars, they base their prescriptions on their own interpretation of the world and try to FORCE the reader to feel certain reactions and accept their new systems in place of the status quo.

They don’t respect the freedom of the reader and they don’t follow scientific guidelines and their emotionalism is irritating. Everybody must be free to develop our own system based on whoever we choose, and those authors should respect our freedom to enjoy creating our own thought systems instead of forcing their infantile exclamations on us. They want to replace the old repressive system with a different repressive system. Their alternative world views evoke a negative reaction in me because they don’t allow individual freedom. There, now I can forget about these authors without worrying about not being able to stomach their nonsense. I was worried about my becoming intolerant of freedom of expression, but it is because they THREATEN that very freedom, that I cannot stand them.
Freedom is more important than your personal prescriptive interpretation of myth and history and religion, I want to move away from the past and create something new, not read endless reinterpretations of previous history ad infinitum – ad nauseum!

2 April 2009: Today I’m a pirate in a red T-shirt with stripes, just waiting to rob a passing sailing ship full of glory and jewels; ready to slit a few throats and shout hi-ho-ho! A pirate with a cell-phone! Mag-lev energy is firing my pirate day and with a cutlass between my teeth I’m jumping up and down! I like having a pirate story as the chem in my head today – our air-con is broken AGAIN, the blue fishes are swimming on my window – but I’m very uncomfortable in this heat, with only work as accompaniment I need to put my mind in a better place to complete the march through this day...

31 March 2009 – 09:45 The story of Little Water Sprite was such a disappointment that I tackled the Niburian Annunaki disciple again – but his style had an even worse effect than before. Every paragraph starts with “I think...” and “It seems to me...” and “It was unacceptable to me...” – the style is so arrogant and infantile, it is unbelievable, NOW it is clear why scientific treatise should be written in a certain way and why infantile writing styles and emotional exclamations should be limited to poetry and fiction!

Why didn’t this fellow consult scientists if he were going to write a so-called learned treatise for their information? When this phenomenon presented itself before, it was easy to forgive the author because it was my first experience of this style. But now that the why and wherefore of good scientific style is clear, it is all the more irksome to come across such arrogance. It doesn’t matter what an author says and believes, only formulate it correctly, to make it palatable. Although an author might have valuable, important information to impart, if he does it wrongly, the case is dead even before the start.

The aforementioned Niburian disciple hasn’t understood Antoine de Saint-Exupery’s “Le Petit Prince” in which an Eastern gentleman wearing strange attire and speaking a strange language couldn’t win an audience until he learnt how to dress and speak correctly. It seems that a certain arrogance prevent new authors who wish to break into the sacred ground conquered by Graham Hancock, Richard Hoagland and Zechariah Sitchin, from making an impact.

The style and tone of this author deviate so far from the norm, it seems he
doesn’t know what scientific objectivity and international scientific standards are. Authors refusing to regard international norms then express surprise that no scientist with good standing will evaluate their work. As a lay reader reading for fun, trying to enlarge the scope of the imagination, willing to give EVERYBODY a fair hearing, because it adds to the infinite range of possibilities, I cannot get past a totally self-righteous, self-congratulatory style.

This Sitchin-disciple with his smug superiority about clay tablets and chucking the baby with the bath water when looking at conventional history, makes it impossible to read his book. It is delightful to read about Velikovsky and Mme Blavatsky and Theosophy and all about planet Lyra and humanoids and reptoids – no unconventional theory is taboo – but the style, the presentation makes a study of this author well-nigh impossible for me, an inveterate bookworm.

All books about mediums and psychics and paranormal phenomena and spontaneous combustion and quantum physics leaving room for all probable possibilities, are avidly consumed. This offensive author’s information would be useful in enlarging the boundaries of the imagination – but his style is such a hurdle, such a high deterrent. The Philadelphia experiment and the Russian discovery of millennia old perfect maps of Siberian country – everything is a joyous discovery to be pondered.

This Sitchinian disciple presents perfectly good theories in such a provocatively offensive way that his information is becoming inaccessible, even for the most imaginative and forgiving reader...

31 March 2009 - 13: 41 Using the garish blue plastic hair clips I bought for my computer doll to keep my own hair out of my eyes while strolling about in the open-plan office explaining to everyone why our new colleague in Afrikaans should be called our ‘In-House Freelancer’, everybody just shrugging and laughing, Jane checking my library books, The Little Water Sprite and The Adventures Of Odd And Elsewhere; I need strong magic to combat the effect of Sitchin’s mad Nibirian Annunaki disciple, only children’s books will do... My hair is flying in the mobile air-con I lifted onto the desk to keep out the sun – breaking down my book wall and thus creating a leaner look in my squatter camp work station which is steadily disintegrating...

08: 26 Donkeyskin took a book with her as company for an ice-cream breakfast, and it set her teeth on edge, once again. I bought this book because I like Zechariah Sitchin, but I HATE the style of writing of this author! His arrogance and tone of infinite superiority make me feel like strangling him and I disbelieve every word he says, even when he quotes my beloved Sitchin! His stupidity and
near-sightedness in not seeing the development from the ancient Babylonian clay tablets – all 500 000 of them – to the sophistication of the Biblical account which summarized those tablets and offers a view of growing moral insight, makes me want to pluck the hair from my head. This author has failed to extract anything worthwhile from a conventional upbringing and totes his personal conclusions as the beginning of a new religion – with HIM as the originator, it is worse than anything that has gone before. I abhor his new theory that man is a slave species created by extraterrestrial intelligences. I prefer the theory that man thinks up his own gods according to taste and true development lies in ethereal morality and beauty, not in base immorality as crudely depicted in his dramatic clay tablets!

07: 45 At least the fairy tales provided me with the ability to recognize the chem in my head today - “Donkeyskin”, looking in the mirror and noticing the clothes I wear, green and brown and black, simply because that was in my cupboard – almost like a big game hunter. Yesterday I bought my doll some accessories because she is so beautiful, a multi-dimensional blue bag, flowers around her neck and garish plastic hair clips, so fitting for a computer doll. She stares with wide-open, surprised eyes at my computer screen, sharing my own feeling of being flabbergasted by what the world is offering. I affixed a piece of blue paper to the window to keep the sun out when the arrogant sunbeams become too much and the office heats up and my computer screen becomes illegible. I switched the contrast down to 39, otherwise the bright screen hurts my lasik-eyes. But now Donkeyskin will go down to the restaurant and start the day in true royal way with some ice-cream - without a positive starting point the day is jumping up and down without control; I need to focus one strong mental beam on typing lists, and within a moving day that is impossible. All loose feelings need to be tied down, all stray thoughts need to be moored safely, my mind buried in a safe bay so the dead part of my brain can do the requisite administration without my going nuts.

28 March 2009: Today I had ham and cheese, chocolate, two kinds, vodka and lemonade, a white roll – and icing with real butter in a saucer, carefully eschewing things that will lead to a long life in this world, seeing as I believe in ideals and most people believe in newspapers – so I had better find a dimension where ideals are more important than news.

27 March 2009: Trying to formulate to myself why I write - for mental stimulation and imagination and expression since I used to feel mentally and physically ill before I started writing down everything and anything that happened, and before I tried to formulate some of my own stories and ideas. PoemHunter is a medium for communication with people who like words and
stories and poems. I channel my desire for creating alternative universes and characters into writing. There is no other viable channel for creative stimulation, therefore I adore the PoemHunter concept with its patrons!

26 March 2009: It isn’t much use to have a positive chem (magic words) in my head to direct my life and thoughts when I have a headache also – something in the air or wrong food? Whatever the cause, I have to be brave and face routines that would make the Cyclops run away, that would make the Valkyries abandon their Wagnerian quests and wail like the most forlorn banshees early in the morn’, to top it all, I will see my son play rugby at school, who can describe the infinite magic of that wonderful game? Probably only Leon Schuster, only he can understand why the tokolosie (evil spirit) and Great Induna (Warrior) must ward off the Wallabies and All Blacks – and why little boys must run around with gums and headgear as scrum guards while chasing an always elusive ball, stomping on one another with their life-threatening togs...

25 March 2009: What a day, what an amazing day, I marched bravely, but oh, how my heart was burning in me, nothing made sense, no-one gave anything away, I dreamt dreams, but was too confused to know whether there could be anything in it; yet that’s the point of successful dreaming – creating visions of a new universe, things that have never happened and might maybe happen to me - may be created in lyrical song and melody; I played my own game and met the inter-subjective reality created outside of me with Stoic complacency, knowing I could never test my dreams against reality, yet it doesn’t matter, the dream will always win with me, should everybody conclusively proof I have been a stooge, I’ll just smile and accept it as one more vision of an alternative universe in a different reality...

20 March 2009: Terrible weather – looks like the Day After Tomorrow and Armageddon outside, thunder and lightning and dark clouds, sirens sounding and cars driving with lights on bright – what is happening, is our world turning into a Hollywood movie, and if it is, where is the handsome Bruce Willis with the sensitive mouth to come and save us, where is Indiana Jones with the insane light in his eyes to come sweeping into the building at the end of his whip – and where is Sean Connery to announce he is Bond, James Bond, come to save us ladies in distress? The weather is so exciting and dramatic, do you honestly expect me to work?

18 March 2009: Climbing Mount Everest today without my survival kit, necessities left at home, no pill for the headache, no earphones to withdraw from
invading noise, I’m on my own, no money, no food, though I have my storybook about an invisible kid, that will have to do to help me through the slow rotation of this lonely, misty, rainy day...

The only element that keeps the world turning is infinity – eternal standards and principles, honour and duty and integrity, all feelings vanish like mist before the sun with the onslaught of inter-subjective self-created reality...

17 March 2009: Speeding to Beethoven’s Seventh Symphony, the Second Movement, perfect music for doing 180 down the highway, hubby feels ill, took him home and returned to work, ready to tackle the illogical complacency of bureaucracy, left-right, left-right – Don’t talk to me, I am a senior officer - left-right, left-right - Don’t approach her, there is proper procedure – I will not breach proper procedures again, not allow anybody to come near me in my private capacity; safely behind the madhouse rules I can live the life of a court-jester-harlequin-fool, play at being Columbine, sing a song while I dance my way through every soul-destroying day and go home with my feelings strong and my spirit renewed! What a fool I was to have invested passion in feelings contravening ice-cold rules, the sun will still shine without me – I need not do anything for anybody and they will all do fine – in fact, they will excel brilliantly!

14 March 2009: 11:47 Finished 'Masks', the author’s son contracted Guillain-Barre Syndrome and she wrote this wonderful book about a boy saving his brother’s life through the magic of masks carried by his love... What synchronicity, I picked two books at random from the library and while in one a little boy nearly froze to death in his attempt to save his brother’s life by risking his life in terrible snow, and successfully doing so through the tears of love he cried; in the second a brother gave up everything to help his brother return from a paralyzing disease – my spirit is soaring, my heart singing!

I know love is enough, but it is also clear that the magic lies in wisdom and bravery, without these traits, love cannot be applied to heal the wounds inside, without the power of self-control and integrity, we cannot take care of those we love; this is the magic that gives life its spice and living its joy – the conflict, the fight, the inner struggle to reach the unreachable star; it is the source of peace and comfort, the process of happiness unfolding like the most beautiful dream!

09:00 Tiaan came home in one piece after playing his first high school rugby match, no broken bones, no broken neck, but even more wonderful to me, no broken heart, he is making friends, the amount of joy he finds in playing an aggressive game makes up for everything – besides, I prayed for him before he was born, so he is safe, and now he’s even making some friends. I have a new
children’s book to read, “Masks” by Gloria Hatrick, about a boy saving his brother – aloha, and I have just finished reading “The Ice Palace” by Robert Swindells – also about a boy saving his brother – he cried tears that changed into ice-pips which melted the evil Starjik’s heart... I love these allegorical tales about the power of brotherly love, as long as the protagonist fights for his beloved brother, I feel safe in a universe all benevolent.

Talking of safety, I translated a manual for the Joint Operational Centre – with the romantic acronym JOC – I hope there are some real he-man Jocks there – today, now I can wave at our security guards with an easy conscience, hooray! I love the fact that there are security people everywhere, always smiling and happy with me, when I pass by with my earphones swaying to the music’s beat, they immediately share the language of music with me, smiling and waving so happily. Friday I heard voices calling, looked around, found a whole coterie of security guards laughing and waving, pointing to the headphones in my ears – and it felt SO wonderful to see them!

12 March 2009: I read for joy, fun, excitement – the challenge of interpreting the written word, symbols on paper, without sound and voice and picture, especially discovering the meaning the poet is hiding from himself – looking at pictures that evoke delight - not to be impressed by achievers delineating their list of accolades – it belongs in their CV, we look at their show, their writing concert, information and presentation. If a scientific treatise - lean, mean lines with bare essentials without emotional overtones, if emotional effusions - lyrical formulation; stories - simple lines with a deeper message as the treasure – no gossip, not sharing hurtful facts about another, I’m too old for that. If reformulating eternal truths, presentation determine how enjoyable the read.

I eschew books based on newspaper grotesques, information divulged to the detriment of the protagonists. Reference to already established popularity does not make for an auspicious beginning, if an expert, no need for support and guidance - rather offer support to young poets instead of seeking compliments. The best poet I have ever read is the most assiduous coach - once poets outline their prowess, they should offer mentorship, inviting young poets to send their poems instead of soliciting readers to add their redundant praise.

11 March 2009: Every word I type, every gamboling moment filled with happy dreams, makes me feel more hungry, chips are not on, they make me sick, so it has to be ice-cream, cold and delicious on this ante-diluvium day – as Sitchin says, before the deluge came, when earth was still Tiamat, earth did not know rain, all was covered in mist and cloud and people did not age – sounds like a nightmare to me, life is so warped, I wish to be born into a different universe
with a higher consciousness that can afford to operate with greater awareness and love free from all conditions, rules and regulations; where communication happens subliminally and other beings can be trusted... ice-cream, here I come!

Popping up like a Jack-in-the-Box, climbing on my desk, looking over the screen when talking to Hanlie, jumped up on the other side to see Hermien’s computer, Jane is filling in forms, Hanlie is working hard, and so should I; I would have if I could have - but the day is overcast, a silver lake in the sky, I cannot work with mist invading sunny South Africa, we are not used to it, maybe aliens from outer space are coming in, I’d better get outside and check it out!

10 March 2009: With screens in place at work I can sway to the rhythm in my chair, now to learn how to type in sync to the music, haven’t mastered that art yet, shoulders and head moving but fingers still too clumsy to strike the right letters at the right time, typing too slow, tomorrow my colleague will be back, can’t practice with her around, only when alone in my squatter-camp work station can I manage such a feat...

9 March 2009: I wish to archive some things I write somewhere simply because it was so very enjoyable writing it and it feels as if my little nothing life glitters in a flame of joy when I describe the events that angers and saddens me so much in a spurt of dancing words - while struggling to survive...

26 February 2009: I’m afraid I’ve fallen in love with Buscaglia’s theories – with this big bear of an author who loved life so much, who was vibrant with opera and creativity and dreams – though I cannot be so intimate and warm with strangers and live like a hermit, I love his principles and ideas – reading his book is like folding a warm blanket of spontaneous delight around you; your eyes start to glow, you throw all lists away and feed the rebel living within you and you want to jump through the window and fly off into infinity.

Like Buscaglio, I love singing opera and sitting like a wet cabbage in an open-plan office to translate boring, emotionally empty, meaningless texts; is not exactly the right setting for this. Luckily I live in Africa and the warm African culture saves me from despair; even though we are living a big social experiment trying to repeat all the mistakes already made by the West, the warmth and life force of the African people fill my empty Western life with joy. I grew up in the tight-lipped bloodless emptiness of Calvinism, marked a criminal sinner by the vile act of being conceived and born, where nothing I can do and think can save me, apparently only saying ‘forgive me’ contritely to the right deity can accomplish it – and faced with myriads of gods, it was quite a job to appeal to every one of them. It was much easier to become a happy little demon and
accept the evil fact of birth with stoic nonchalance and do and think my own thing, like reading and eating Buscaglio.

As to feeling as exuberant as Buscaglio, when a sibling reads and approves my words, he makes my life seem so worthwhile, I feel like grabbing my Walkman and go jumping and gum-boot-dancing to the tune of Kaboemmielies and Leon Schuster’s songs down the street!

25.02.2009: Receiving e-mails from , a list of this week’s words suggested a nonsensical rhyme to my mind, indicative of Freudian slips:

The contumacious official, always in trouble, waxed lachrymose upon being forced to resign living a peripatetic life as a wandering minstrel...

20 February 2009: I finished my book tonight, much travail and broken heart, but tears easily and willingly spent in order to go to bed and rework the story in my head and bring in all the dreams and fantasies Terry Pratchett finds impossible within the parameters of his Discworld – though he clearly states that people create, thus more than enough leeway to redesign anything to taste!

17 February 2009: Hanging on by skin of my teeth to my certainties and decisions in the face of documents surfacing everywhere upsetting every fabricated apple-cart with new fabrications – but though everything changes, nothing can change my pristine views of code of honour, integrity, nobility and loyalty – new evidence is overpowering my mind and I weather the storm by thinking - if Wurmbrand could believe in childish tales and remain loyal in the face of corruption, I can look at all evidence and know every new set of facts is just as suspicious and untrustworthy as the old set, just as fabricated and aimed at enslaving men – in fact, every argument used against our previous motherboard interpretation of reality is JUST as applicable to every new set of arguments – actually, more so, because now the attempt at control and enslavement is even more sophisticated than before!

'How can this strange little man possibly know whether Jesus Christ ever set foot in India? ... me most was that this Buddhist acted like he knew Jesus....' Yahoo

16 February 2009: Bright and beautiful Monday for Tatiana Leibnowitz - Sitting in my mental cathedral today, tendrils of dreams and fantasies so firmly embedded in my mind, gold and silver and coloured thread so closely woven through my brain’s tapestry, I’m floating above my chair – there is Zechariah Sitchin’s
arrogant disciple with thousands of recently surfaced ancient documents, damning all of us to hell for being so short-sighted while he and Sitchin are standing on celestial heights of insight together - there is Wintersmith by Terry Pratchett to amuse and delight with his magical discworld novel – and romantic poetry on the Internet – add to this heady mixture an interesting document to be translated for the President’s office, and you will understand why I’m living in bliss today...

12 February 2009: Managed to lose myself completely and an ice-cold stranger, oblivious to life, came in my place, sitting here and typing my whole document, as cool as a cucumber, I’m just along for the ride, my feelings - my whole emotional pantheon – are gone, I’m enclosed in this moment with just this stranger for company, although she worked very hard and my work is done, I don’t like her at all – to feel so blank and empty is very boring indeed – so very lonely; if this is the price I have to pay to receive her help – losing the content of my mental C-drive and limited to what is appearing on my mind’s screen only, I don’t want it – at least not very often, I prefer feelings to nothingness; even sadness is better than this empty coldness...

Maybe I should stop referring to the past or events of my life, the moment I try to talk about that my emotional self takes a hike and I’m left with this robot...

9 February 2009: 13: 15 - Found the magic in the little Chinese shop, two paper dolls, a boy and a girl, if the magic is not inherent in them, my eyes confer it; I see joy shining in their eyes and feel elation upon considering how often I made my own paper dolls when I was small, how I created the characters of the stories I loved; now life flows from me to them and the world can never be boring when the enchantment is in me!

10: 30 - I’m not Maxwellian material, that is very clear, sitting in an overheated office with stuffy air, developing a headache, the little inspiration to serve my employer faithfully is evaporating, if said employer cannot provide me with living space, but forces all to camp in hell, I cannot work up motivation to compile lists for supervision, wishing I could chill somewhere else, it is the pits when we no longer wish to be mischievous, swallowing headache pills, Saint-Saens’ Animal Carnival isn’t helping much, blowing up this building to force relocation to a more congenial area is the only recourse I can see for us...

08: 46 - I’m amused and intrigued, the mystery and suspense of being a government official – after being in overdrive and cooling us to the point of freezing, the air-con system broke down again, and we’re sweltering in the heat
in the building without windows that can open – Harry Potter and his cohorts can’t even fly in and out, we’re stuck where we are without fresh air all day long, “Hear my song of joy to you, it is a melody of air-con fantasy”, the irony of it all is stupefying, what joy to live in modern society, with James-Bond magic in technological innovations that seem to be failing just to keep us on tenterhooks … what will happen next? I’m so overjoyed, can’t seem to stop singing what with the happiness to be here to live through it all!

08: 10 - Oh no, the happy clucking in the open office chicken-coop this morning is too much for me, I had better look for sanity some place else – “I could have slept all night, I could have slept all night, and still have slept some more, I could have closed my eyes and dreamt a thousand lies, and still have slept some more; I’ll never know what makes it so exciting, to sleep and fantasize – I only know when I, begin to close my eyes, with visions in my mind, I could have slept my whole life long! ”

07: 10 - A Monday morning of primordial creation, the sun buried in the beautiful mist rising from the earth, the ordinary world is gone and the original paradise in all its pristine beauty changes our early morning trip into a heavenly experience...

5 February 2009: Took my headache for a nice long stroll lunch-time, wandered the streets, found a little Chinese shop – just the right sort of location where, according to my favourite books, magic pencils and flying ships from Norse mythology are bought and sold; saw a few little trinkets but not any magic objects as yet – but I shall go back and dig until I find a magic thing also! In the meantime I stare at articles about the Mufti and a Sheikh in Saudi Arabia threatening to condemn owners of satellite TV to death, unwilling to ever allow the people freedom and happiness; when people claim all religions are equal, they should use the criteria of freedom, rationality and respect for life to make a distinction between them and choose the best system accordingly...

4 February 2009: On growing hungry I went down to the restaurant, had chocolate ice-cream for breakfast while it was raining outside and I read my book to keep my mind occupied – to steer my thoughts in heavenly directions… The fantasy I created this morning is so sharp and fresh, I cannot allow it to usurp my day – though I would have loved to spend my day just dreaming away – but there are letters to the President to be translated… In the restaurant I explained to Mr Wakashe how I reread this book I found when I was nine and he was surprised, laughing about my ice-cream breakfast – Patti, my friend, enjoyed my poem about stars and my brother said I could explain my philosophy to him, a brilliant beginning to my day…
3 February 2009: In a momentous moment of magnificent significance, I filled in the Production Sheet with the meekness of a sheep, even started the new one for next month and went through all my documents with the docility of a lamb – which means the rebel within me is happy, she screamed unto heaven about George Orwell’s book “1984” coming true in her life – then realised that it isn’t all THAT bad, he never knew about the Internet – so life’s a dream after all...

Yesterday I started to read “Wrinkles In Time” by George Smoot and Keay Davidson and he calmed my mind by mentioning that the myriad particles obtained in atom smashers all break down to the beloved quarks, known for “strangeness”, called Up, Down, Strange, Truth, Beauty Charm – or Top and Bottom – but why call them Top and Bottom when Truth and Beauty sound so much more heavenly?

And quantum physics is so spiritual with the use of terms like “particles ephemeral”, being “captivated” by physics’ beautiful concepts and aesthetics, and the highly intriguing: A mysterious particle “eta-naught” decayed into three “pi-naughts” which are found as two gamma rays in the debris of the “decay cascade” (p.15)

– such elusive, exotic things” – also find “K-naught particles with a mysteriously long lifetime with a change in strangeness – I love these terms! – then he switched to cosmology to research the mystical cataclysmic event that created all matter with mythical force – I’m hooked! – searching for a way to open the transcendent, the mystical union of science and mythology...

2 February 2009: What a smack-dash smash-up this day was; what a mess I made of it; system in reverse, brain short-circuiting, falling into virtual Black Holes – all miniature – popping in and out of existence, every time the descent begins, another thing plucks me back to the surface, limping through every job and administrative task, seeking the starting point of the silver thread that binds us to life and finding only coloured threads leading everywhere but the right place – I’m sick of it, I need to escape to my own Wonderland, more magical than Alice imagined under Lewis Carroll’s guidance, enriched by The Little Prince by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry and our own local Keurboslaan created by Stella Blakemore, where fine ideals and sweet nobility take me up to levels of sublimity above all situations that don’t work – like my father’s love for my recalcitrant mother; my eldest brothers’ godliness; - my grandma’s Cinderella-life without Prince Charming...

1 February 2009: Sunday afternoon, a dreary moment when we’ve eaten too much, the kids are in Sunday school, I’m waiting for the call to collect them, their
homework is done, I will have to compile a production sheet tomorrow – to my infinite sorrow, I always have to wrestle with the rebellious spirit invading my soul and refusing to complete the tasks required to make time pass; Sunday is a sad invention indeed, only leads to sad contemplation on a life misspent – time that should have gone into reform and magnificence spent on meaningless routine tasks...

30 January 2009: I produced a broad-outline correctish translation that still fell by the wayside for lack of attention to detail, and given the fact that producing these pieces requires forcing my wayward and short-circuiting mind into a straightjacket and accepting emotional deflation, it is quite a victory in my little life and I shall rejoiceth for the victory of the material over the spiritual – at the end of my life I might be fit to be called a human being – and then I die, just before I lose the spark burning in my mind, reminding of wonderful alternatives – yeeeeah!

29 January 2009: I have been wondering, Crystalline, said the Ice Princess one day, is there any way people can learn to dictate to others in such a way that they do not have to commit the forbidden acts themselves in order to keep the forbidden fruits in full sight all the time? They only need a filter that would automatically delet those terms IF and WHEN they appear, not write them big for all to see and then add 'Though we bigwigs use them, you lowly worm, may not!'

Warmest regards from a freezing South Africa – it is cold and rainy outside and the air-con on overdrive keeps the inside temperature at Kingsley Building at a bracing 15 degrees Celsius – the magic of this is staggering, we all come to work dressed in winter clothes! The Ice Princess is in her element, purple and happy, her Harry Potter cloak doubling as a blanket to keep her knees from freezing.(I’m considering wearing fleecy gloves tomorrow...)

28 January 2009: I’m glad to report that life is still on track, our paranoid security guard is back checking on everybody to make sure we are wearing our identity cards – dog tags. Nici covered ALL Tiaan’s school books, even tore up his badly prepared collages and did them in a most professional way. The sky is overcast yet again and I wonder whether Akon, the spaceman from Meton who knew Elizabeth Klarer, the author of the book “Beyond the Light Barrier”, is behind this phenomenon. Maybe the brain behind ‘Slaughter Engineering’ on the Internet would claim that the SIB’s (the Super Intelligent Beings) are taking care of us in South Africa since we live in such volatile times – though the people I see are all smiling.
And there is the lovely prospect of forced attendance at a course on writing presentations, teaching us how to present skimp thoughts in the most bare, barren, boring way possible so as to never overtax a superior official’s brain capacity. The budget is smaller yet again, but that’s okay, politicians have concluded language is the least of their problems. Communication is something to be tolerated, not promoted, and new dictionaries are anathema to the Government’s idea of progress. Lovely, I hate it when my old, shabby books are replaced by new ones and I have to get used to the aura of new printed material. It is bad enough to get used to new clothes. I let them hang in my cupboard for at least a week to acquire the right ambiance and lose the vibrations of the factory whence they came. New clothes hate their new owners and scratch them until they are acclimatised.

27 January 2009: How can I come down from Mount Olympus having ascended on the wings of beautiful ideas conveyed by mouth of a character in a book informing me this is a wonderful world where all men are just grown-up boys who can be easily understood – they are either bragging or feeling sorry for themselves, much more vain than women - since the author is male, I take his word for it and love this uncomplicated picture of humanity.

He says when a leery old man tells a strange girl questionable jokes in front of other people, everybody watches her reaction – if she laughs and tells one herself, everybody knows she is “easy”, but if she tells him off she shows good breeding, making it clear he should have ascertained whether he would offend her sensitivities. I try to respect everybody’s right to do and say anything they like, but I choose what I will interact with, and today I realize that this way of life was advocated by this author years before I came across a formulation of this policy.

I live in a small corner of the BIG universe and love my favourite authors to bits. I am overjoyed by this definition of success: “Success is not being done; not being complete. Success is still dreaming and feeling positive in the unfolding. It doesn’t matter if you don’t get it done, it’s just fun to do it. There is no limit, all limits are self-imposed.” The basis of success is: “How much do I practice thoughts that bring me joy and how much do I practice thoughts that bring me pain?”

Since thoughts of boring work bring me pain, I try to find thoughts on fascinating subjects to form a mental underpinning for the repetitive tasks that make up human life. Being already in one of the routine aspects of my life this morning, I grounded myself on this lovely thought: There are 6 time portals, created 25 million years ago, within the Sphere of Amenti (wherever that may be)
that allow for ascension by teleportation from Earth to Tara (another mysterious planet). Lovely, lovely mystery, isn’t it?

26 January 2009: Later the same day - When I shared my theory that our office would make a boring TV show, Karen, my boss, went one better, she said that it would be a form of torture to make viewers watch translators and terminologists sit at work, looking up terms and foreign words, a punishment to be reserved for the worst criminals only...

26 January 2009: Softly humming to the Sixties DVD while undulating amongst the schwissing waves of my colleagues’ conversation, new reading glasses on my eyes; nearly lost my life-saving Walkman to my sister’s insistence to appropriate it – she loved and enjoyed listening so much, she wanted to keep it – today I’m floating about in my own bubble, having read this morning how the endearing, uncouth heroine told an opponent ‘Shut-up or I’ll smack you,’ while winning the heart of her beau’s mother who still suffers the after-effects of the fifties’ depression – living in several worlds at once is my own idea of heaven, listening to Petula Clark, reading old Afrikaans in-between translating modern Interpol messages about smuggling drugs in the year 2009 – passing lightning fast through a poetry-site - this contented chaos means undiluted happiness to me!

25 January 2009: Got the rare chance to terrorize my dad, scolding while cleaning his flat, thick layers of dust covering everything, insisting he start following a strict regimen of dusting and cleaning, allowing the servant freedom to clean thoroughly... Though I realized I do the same thing, I send the cleaners away when I’m concentrating - Is there no fault of his I did not Inherit? How can I reform myself - even my drawers at work are deteriorating; I excel in creating chaos in my wake... Everything and anything seem more important than cleaning - I’m just as irrational as my dad, by reforming him I’m trying to lay my own ghosts; why does logical thinking evade us in all aspects of life?

24 January 2009: This is deliciously delightful, found a new book on the non-fiction shelves at the library, “Aeons – The Search for the Beginning of Time” by Martin Gorst, published by Fourth Estate in GB,2001; I’ve read up to p.81. At first Europeans based their theories regarding the age of the world on the Bible and an insistence on a Godly creation period of 6 days, then Descartes proposed the idea that natural processes alone could account for the existence of the universe – and researchers and scientists only found what evidence supported the things they surmised. Some time ago I came across a theory on the Internet – I love the Internet, it makes life worthwhile – that humanity creates the universe and its history by thinking up theories and then “finding” (read – creating)
the evidence to support it – all that’s needed is belief. The human mind has infinite power and not even the sky’s the limit, once men give power to a theory by believing in it, they create a new universe – just as quantum theory states, every time a choice is made a new, parallel universe comes into existence – alongside all the previous and all those following. The enormous satisfaction and excitement of all these theories and insights give meaning to my life, make up for everything negative and all disappointments or sufferings; I can’t wait to read the rest of the book!

23 January 2009 Afternoon: The World Is A Wonderful Place - It’s Friday, freedom in my heart, ate a salad – every now and again tempted to try healthy foodstuffs, read to the part where the heroine saved her niece’s life by awakening her prejudices against donating her heart to save another’s life; before starting the afternoon’s work paged through my book, humankind had its inception on planet Tara 550 000 000 years ago, feeling totally comforted by these mysteries, as long as the Internet feed these things to my crocodilian mind ever in search of new information, the world still is a wonderful place...

23 January 2009 Morning: Regarding the rich gift of today, the moving sands of my mind swept clean by sleeping, waiting to be filled with thoughts that will bloom into the garden of my life today...and I smiled; dressed in pink, at least I let the universe think I’m dreaming of early youth and roses in bloom, armed with my storybook, I’m following fantasies, eating a breakfast of ice-cream, I’m reiterating my belief that life is sweet; reading my book of quotes, I’m adding nutrients to the garden of my mind – come rain, come snow, come wind that blow, it is a dream on which my life will grow... “The thoughts we choose to think are the tools for painting the canvas of our lives.”

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22 January 2009: Living A Love-Filled Life - In honour of another overcast day, Stalin-sky steel grey, sitting in a chicken coop amongst the noisy clucking of my happy colleagues, reading that we live in a mental world – our thoughts and feelings determine how we experience life – I went in search of breakfast and ended up eating apple crumble while reading all about a murder attempt on the life of the heroine – and started living the life I imagine I am living. John von Neumann said “Physical reality is a figment of the human imagination” – since I’m living my life in the dream of somebody else, listening to music composed by yet another, the only thing unique to me being the thoughts I’m thinking and the concomitant feelings evoked by it all; I am glad to report that my own dreams are taking flight. One of my favourite guru’s wrote “If you don’t have an extraordinary feeling of affection and sensitivity, of simple love, your heart will
be empty and you will be miserable.” Daily I get up with my mind and heart like a tabula rasa and I have to create love in the moving sands of my mind – mostly it takes a good breakfast to move my inner gyroscope in the direction of loving kindness – but once it is done, I start imagining I’m living a love-filled life...

21 January 2009: Ice cream makes a marvelous breakfast, changes my outlook on life, gives me energy to tackle a day crushed by a heavy blanket of woolly grey clouds, I sat at my desk perplexed, longing for the sun – then ate my ice-cream breakfast – though purple with cold, the sun is shining in my heart!

20 January 2009: I’m simply sharing the fate of modern mankind, loss of personal space and enough room in which to be creative and find respite from duties to reload my batteries in between jobs, my world has shrunk to a chair and table – not a wall to decorate, no room in which to move freely, no space for humming a tune, people pressed upon each other like animals in a cage – it is a psychological phenomenon that loss of personal space affect people negatively. I delineate my problems in order to try and find a solution and adapt to the new circumstances...

Confusion - Help of Illusion: 19 January 2009: For lack of reading material I turned to John C. Maxwell again, “Developing The Leader Within You,” and once again got stuck on the subject of integrity. No amount of idealism and striving for integrity keeps me on track when the allergy attacks, I dissolve into a cold, unfeeling, self-pitying blob of inefficiency – and I still have to figure out how to retain a good image of self after every such occurrence. I live life on the edge, balancing between periods of feeling well and faltering into headache and confusion, trying to remain positive with the help of illusions...

7 January 2009: Finally got my chocolate cake with nice thick icing, energy enough to tackle the cupboards, papers and files dusted and sorted, finally threw away the kids school reports and projects to make room for the new year; John Edward, psychic, reports departed people don’t want us to hang on to their stuff – kept Tiaan’s toy cars and plastic animals in my cupboard – he’s still alive, so it should be all right, still have grandma’s old wrist watch and handbag - and the large, pink jersey she knit me when I was expecting, yet she never came back to pay discarnate visits, what a pity – didn’t clean the bookcase in the study, since the kids took over it resembles a scene in a horror movie...
I have discovered enchanting new terms, Kozyrev torsion fields, superluminal speeds, Gravispin energy and Gravispinorics by Terletsky; gravity and spin = gravispin, Coriolis effect = a rotating gyroscope causes anti-gravity effects, effect quantization = nested spherical waves...

Time is pure spiraling movement and Kozyrev torsion fields travel at superluminal speeds, an impulse traveling at superluminal speeds move directly through space-time. Torsion waves and consciousness are both identical manifestations of intelligent energy.

I love all new terms, they are magical formulae, delighting my tongue when I sing them out, stimulating the mind into dreaming of unheard of things, enlarging the world all the time...

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5 January 2009: The enchanting line of integrity runs through everything I love, from Fairytales to Biblical Tales to modern movies, ‘Legally Blonde’ makes it clear loveliness resides in being true to your word, never revealing a confidence; I have lied at school, broke confidences as gossip juices drooled, but the absolute enchantment of honest trust remains inviolate to date, I can’t live up to it, but I can dream ...

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2 January 2009: New Year’s Day, gray yesterday, was off-colour once again - did nothing, went nowhere, saw no-one, made no conventional New Year’s resolutions, except planning to start a new day-dream - construct a new vision. This morning I saw John Edward, psychic on TV, channel Zone Reality; who broke through my boredom threshold - I have no book to read - John only relays messages from family members on the other side, no spirits who claim to be guardian angels and present with false personalities such as the Hungry Ghosts who terrorized Joe Fisher. Thanks to an early time slot I saw a purple sky washed with pink and felt the excitement of a new beginning, today is bright and clear and brimful with possibilities, I hope the goodness will go on and on – for the rest of the year.

After my nephew’s visit, I thanked him in a poem, glad to get to know Gerhard Knight:
I knew you when you were six and I your twenty-year old aunt, we lost contact and met again in the year 2000; we clicked as if it was meant to be. Tannie Klein
smiled at us from heaven where she would be very pleased as we conversed animatedly, sharing ideas on spiritual matters and poetry.

Yet I feared to make family friends - disasters in the past had lent a sombre hue to social gatherings, negative remarks taxed my energy; but my nephew melted all those fears. His first visit was the spice of life and made the whole day dance; I am so glad I took a chance, adding a new dimension to family life.

2009 will bring many changes: Tiaan starting high school and Nici superior in her self-assured fifteen years. I saw my brother from the Cape and my twin sister and I are reconciled, as long as we leave family matters where they belong – in the archives, not in our minds – we get on like a house on fire. In spite of the pastor telling us what we must do in the New Year, I’ve decided to dream on as I did before, the results are spectacular and hope springs stronger than before!

27 December 2008: I love my new notebook, high quality paper so pristine, nothing creased as yet, lovely to write on and making it easy to write neatly; I shall only make notes of the most positive thoughts I come across in this lovely book. Doing research on the ramifications of an anthropocentric viewpoint, looking at its implications instead of evaluating how scientifically acceptable a theory it could be; holds marvelous surprises in explanations for various strange occurrences that left learned men perplexed for millennia. This is fun, instead of leaving me dissatisfied with the purported way life is; it opens up unlimited possibilities just as the expanding imagination requires.

25 December 2008: We watched TV, Finding Nemo and The Little Mermaid, prepared a meal and washed up; then looked at my book The Afterlife Experiments by Gary Schwartz, comparing it with Hungry Ghosts by Joe Fisher. Whereas Joe Fisher believes in discarnate entities, but worries about their malevolence, Gary Schwartz wants to find proof of their existence to provide for scientific enquiry. I read his book last year at Christmas and after reading Joe Fisher, thought I could gain from the comparison, but it doesn’t really lend itself to any new revelations.

24 December 2008 – I finished reading Wurmbrand and Nici insists on watching the DVD of Schindler’s List –I cannot watch more suffering after reading an
23 December 2008: Got hold of the Apocryphal books of the New Testament in Afrikaans*, will have to check the authors on the Internet, the Arabic Gospel of Jesus’ childhood - the little Jesus was a real little rough-and-tumble cowboy, I love the story for it, he played with his friends and changed mud figurines into living miniatures, changed recalcitrant playmates into three-year-olds, ordered a snake to suck back the venom he had injected into a boy, and when a nasty bully kicked Jesus’ water pools apart, Jesus told him his life would drain away as the water drained from his pools.

[* J.D.U. Geldenhuys “Die Apokriewe Evangelies” J.L. van Schaik,1998]

When Jesus was taken to school he told the teacher he would only say Beth once the teacher told him the meaning of Aleph, the teacher couldn’t, so Jesus explained all the letters to the teacher Himself, when he was taken to a second teacher who hit him, the teacher’s hand immediately dried up – I love these Arabic stories about the little rambunctious Jesus, he sounds like a mischievous little fellow and I wish we could have read this at school! And from reading these stories stems my interest in explanations of the Hebrew alphabet.

Some people like Stan Tenen say the Hebrew alphabet is based on figures created on a spiral within a tetrahedron (a tetrahedron is a pyramid shape with four sides; each side being an equilateral triangle)

when the tetrahedron is rotated into angular positions and the resulting shadows are drawn, all the Hebrew letters show in natural progression. He adds that the Torah encodes the formulae for the Platonic solids. This is what the little boy Jesus must have explained, I surmise!

Graham Hancock took this theme further in The Mars Mystery where he indicates that tetrahedral geometry has a special meaning: When a tetrahedron is placed inside a circumscribing rotating sphere with one vertice touching the sphere’s South Pole and the other three vertices, separated by 120 degrees, are located at 19,5 degrees south, an energy source is found – it is the position of the Big Red Spot on Jupiter - a source of amazing energy.

Wurmbrand taught: ‘Evil thought can be subdued by reason, if their consequences are calmly considered – I did not drive out the hallucinations while
I worked out the cost in real life if I surrendered to them…’

In my youth I tried to apply his maxim, shocked by the kind of society in which I found myself, represented in prescribed Western literature. Life felt like coming down from heavenly contemplation where I studied renunciation with Wurmbrand to join a mad, careless world.

Modern entertainment culture was detrimental to everything Wurmbrand taught on reaching for God - I felt like an alien when I went out in the world.

(Wurmbrand was a Christian Saint who had suffered and overcome temptation in a communist jail in the early years of the 20th century.)

21 December 2008: Life is a journey of self-discovery, I’m starting to pull the strands apart that went into the making of me as an outsider and alien in modern society. I read everything with an attitude that every word is meant as literally true, thus could only read what I understood, that could be fitted into my worldview and idea of selfhood.

I can’t digest disharmonious things, can’t skim over the surface of words; they ring with meaning and feeling and sing with rhythm and melody…

To use sacred sound to convey the profane and destroy the sublime and profound feels like an act of treason to me; yet trying to live in purity nearly killed me; so I’m working hard on conforming to humanity as it would like to be – only refusing to join the materialist naked-ape view; I love New Age ideas of a Superconsciousness and an Energy Stream that grants all wishes indiscriminately – there is no such thing as sin, only diversity.

Today I respect all diversity and opposing views, having learnt that we can’t identify what we prefer before exposure to everything; life is a smorgasbord and we have to understand all the alternatives before committing to one choice. Quantum physics teaches that life is based on energy, reality is an illusion and innumerable alternatives to our known universe is in existence - knowing that everything is self-created and will be changed eventually is such a liberating thought!
19 December 2008: Woke up this morning and knew exactly who I was, possessed of a strong identity: A chronicler of important events, real or imaginary, and a majestic matron of house – after chronicling an important event to be, crystallized from many days of serious dreaming; I got hold of all the linen on the beds to wash everything, needing all to be fresh and clean – but how does one wash pillows? This became a tragic event of disastrous proportions, augmented by a gnawing hunger – so off we went; I became a sophisticated missus of majestic proportions, we ate at the mall and returned replete – rather more replete than I would have chosen – and I set to with renewed vigour to wash Nici’s duvet, covered in cat hair – all the while eyeing my book “Hungry Ghosts” and growing impatient to start reading again. But as soon as the bicycle tyre was fixed, a mouse or rat died on the ceiling; the stench is unbearable and hubby does not exactly relish the idea of meeting the dead thing by climbing onto the ceiling – so stench it is; from one crisis to another; yesterday the credit card was eaten, today the rat smell is growing; I inadvertently tipped the platter I was carrying and the sharpest knife scalped a deep gash in my leg – we fixed it with plaster, I have no desire for stitches, as long as I’m careful, the scar ought to be small and besides, it will lend an aura of mystery to my ravaged frame when I’m on my death-bed one day...

18 December 2008: Got up with an empty identity, you took Tiaan shopping for new school uniform, I studied my book, rebellious about the allergy – why can’t I be like other people, calm and content, happy in an established thought system, happily occupied in domestic duties, making home into a paradise of interior decoration and harmony...

Though "Hungry Ghosts" is riveting, it’s also unsettling – humanity has an uncanny knack for subverting anything beneficial into self-delusion, material ambition and duplicity; if only I were not restricted, I could have been part of the mainstream of people chasing material dreams, filled with worldly ambition; satisfied with smallness of mind and temporary sensory delight

But no, allergic discomfort makes conversation awkward and existence seem meaningless, every day I have to dig deep to create meaning for beingness; my book indicates as soon as New Age grew big, it became infested with the same shortcomings and corruption of all the mainstream movements taken over by the establishment – everything is corrupted when pressed through humanity’s perspective
The disembodes intelligences recommend we should love people? Ha! - this is the one factor that denotes the unreality of their being, just as cynical people claim – people enjoy strife and war, happily hating each other – all this peace talks denotes a boring world – world peace means total suppression by one group forcing their ideas on all others –

War and conflict is the only way to go, we can’t allow peace-loving guru’s to force their one-dimensional world view on us; hating joyously makes for diversity and contrast; I love hating my neighbours and they love hating me back!

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17 December 2008 - I bought two books for my own Christmas present, “Hungry Ghosts” by Joe Fisher and “Emmanuel’s Book II – The Choice for Love” by Pat Rodegast and Judith Stanton – and I’m ready to meditate my way through them. Joe Fisher communicated with disembodied humans through an atheist, cynical channeller and met up with problems, while the Emmanuel Book is all about the human situation and love. Instead of hurrying through them, I’m reading them slowly, making notes as I go, so they will last me the whole holiday, I hope.

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Sunday 30 November 2008: Yesterday blossomed in me, I played at being somebody else and enjoyed the new me, as long as she was about I smiled at everyone, in love with life… until I crashed down to earth as me myself, hot and bothered; today trying again to write a script for the day to be used in preparation for becoming a perfect administrator tomorrow, whose sole dream in life is a perfect list of every move she made during the previous month; casting about for inspiration – this image has the nasty habit of filling me with distaste, I fear getting stuck in this role, becoming so content in the end I might stop striving to become something else; stop reaching for the unreachable star; content to stay where I am - though it is fine here; I never want to stop dreaming of bigger things, to remain here forever would be too limiting to contemplate… But I’m resigned to reduce my focus to tomorrow, to that perfect administrative day, doing the idiotic thing for which I get paid – write an account of every step I took along the way, every song that I sang on the stairs, every boring moment spent chained to my chair while I longed to be free to manifest the image in my head…

Friday Night 21 November 2008: I live my mother in classical music – I hear my father and his brothers in Radio Pretoria, Strauss, Mantovani and Boeremusiek* - what a nice combination to remind me of both important groups in my life!
*Boeremusiek: Indigenous music of the Afrikaans-speaking population in South Africa – I can’t dance to it, but that’s okay, I simply jump around feeling the rhythm and the sound – at least I’m “dancing” all through the kitchen to these traditional tunes...

Friday 21 November 2008: Writing poetry to set the imagination free – to write down the fantasies that add lustre and allure to an everyday life, to record the thoughts that drive us wild, to express emotions and feelings that gambol and frolic everywhere...

Thursday 12 November 2008: Plato, Emmanuel Kant, Schopenhauer, Hegel, etc. suspected LIFE was an ILLUSION created by consciousness. By brainwashing people into believing certain aspects of it are real (through intersubjective agreement)

          while other aspects are unreal, illusionary, people gained power over each other and control of the game of life. (As Terry Pratchett so brilliantly illustrates.)

The unimportant parts have been elevated to the status of REAL, open to sensory perception, while the important parts have been relegated to the low status of ILLUSION, not open to sensory detection. Everything that makes life worthwhile - electricity, magnetism, love, feelings, intelligence, beauty, ideas, thoughts, beliefs; is INVISIBLE and called ILLUSIONARY while everything unimportant that contributes nothing to quality of life – what we see, feel, hear, eat, smell – is elevated to REAL.

Attitude and thoughts determine how the illusion of world appears to us, and cynical realism is the only way to earthly accolades, a brilliant strategy for success in the fields of literature, advertising, self-promotion, entertainment, etc. It is the only way to impress learned scholars and the masses of people. Only rebels and fools and dreamers and seers reject it. Rejecting magic, charm, belief, faith, idealism and subjectivism is required to attain success. There is no invisible spiritual aspect to hold back cynical realists and the world they “encounter” and the events “happening” to them fulfill all their expectations.

Our assumptions create a self-fulfilling prophecy loop and when choosing an end,
we must choose the appropriate assumptions that will take us to our destiny. Literary achievement is based on propagating realism and cynicism, the values of our civilization. I have rejected these values and strive for spiritual growth because I’m the most unspiritual, unloving person there is and literary achievement cannot help me in becoming a better person – so idealism is my maxim and magic is my logo.

Wednesday 12 November 2008: Having finished Dowrick’s book I’m very appreciative of her insight and art, techniques and analytical abilities – but I prefer Dhammananda’s tiger analogy when dealing with people. Whereas Dowrick recommends interacting with people on a basis of trust and giving the benefit of the doubt, content to run the risk of hurt and deceit; Dhammananda warns us that some people are tigers and will turn and devour us, therefore we should be very circumspect in dealing with them. I believe unconditionally that ALL people have good intentions, and even more firmly that we don’t have the insight, wisdom, ability or desire to carry out our good intentions – and the biggest danger is, the day when we honestly try to do good, believing in the false distinction between right and wrong that has been created by humankind itself; we actually cause more harm than when we simply barge on selfishly considering only ourselves!

Dowrick’s book convinced me that I haven’t reached emotional maturity and probably never will, I haven’t mastered my temperament and emotions, not being able to be resigned and calm, not able to do a required task without burning in ire if it is something I dislike, and if reincarnation were needed to grow emotionally, I would have to reincarnate perpetually without any chance of improvement. The best I can do is using self-control and subterfuge to hide my boiling emotions when confronting the world. I love people, but I know we are totally unable to bring about what we’re aiming at, and most of the time, we are aiming at the wrong things.

I believe we can make friends unconditionally when we’re so completely independent that we don’t need people at all, don’t care for their acceptance or approval, don’t need their love, affection and care – when we can offer them unconditional acceptance and love without expecting anything in return. Thus far in literature only the figure of Jesus Christ attained that ideal, and he was amply repaid for his love by getting crucified – and nobody is willing to get hanged for loving people – much easier to happily detest each other than nailing each other to crosses. Striving for an ideal which invariably leads to violent death is a bit of a let-down, if you know what I mean...

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Sunday night 9 November 2008: Reading Terry Pratchett, “Making Money”, Irene’s book still to be returned to her sometime, how Moist Von Lipwig, Postmaster of Ankh-Morpork is so very bored, so bored he breaks into his own post-office although he carries the keys – simply to feel free doing something illegal and unexpected – I’m 100% with him on this, only his lucky enough to be a confirmed criminal while I’m an idiotic, boring citizen, blessed with allergies which means my ability to enjoy relaxing activities are seriously curtailed and I make up for it by living in my imagination, but it does not suffice ALL of the time – still, it is better than nothing and a lively imagination is a treasure when forced into difficult situations...

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Dreaming a dream, I may not sing, sitting with an expressionless face, may not get up and dance, may not laugh without reason, all working in the same space, lovely beautitude of quiet reflection, a sacred solitude, when feelings surface from time to time, running into the passage, returning as quiet as a mouse, sharing a communal work place leaving no space for individual rhythms of life, I consider my colleagues and they are considerate to me; heavens above, what a way to waste one’s life, all to get paid to go away on holiday... let me sing my song, let my thoughts glow within, let the dance be in my heart, let me taste freedom...

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2 November 2008:  Sunday evening fear – I haven’t done anything, haven’t earned my right to exist, I should finish reading Stephanie Dowrick “The Universal Heart” and accept her indictment for all my faults; I feel restless and uncomfortable, once again nothing is finished – why should this eternal feeling of guilt always spring up in me on a Sunday night? Everyone else is happy, the kids studied for their exams, I did housework – but on a Sunday afternoon it feels as if there should have been something more, I can’t wait to move into non-physical, maybe there my soul will find the peace always denied me here on earth...

29 October 2008: After three weeks of incessant human interaction, lack of privacy, continuous noises, I’m tired unto death, all muscles and nerves tensed, can’t think any more, can’t listen to all those telephone conversations, can’t survive as an overzealous colleague forces newspapers aggressively upon me insisting to read articles, talking on autopilot as a consciousness stream, explaining everything she does while fluctuating between whispering and talking loudly; I’m so tired, too tired to cry, too tired to get up and do something about it, while Hanlie behaves like an angel, looking more beautiful and ethereal everyday, June is an angel of light, quiet and witty with a mischievous smile; but
on my other side is a colleague bursting with nervous energy attacking with foodstuffs and burying me under a stream of incessant words, that voice never stops their attacks, I have no freedom, no space to breathe, no calm and quiet, my ears went into spasm today, my mind is unhinged, one long, mad tea-party and this dormouse cannot survive the Mad Hatter’s incessant noise and the March Hare’s monotonous conversations...

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Sunday 26 October 2008: It is draining to continue reading “The Universal Heart” – what Dowrick writes about projecting our own fears and feelings onto other people and situations, awakens painful memories of my having done the same. What she says about our bodies carrying memories we are trying to hide from ourselves, is exactly my experience in not knowing what triggered a headache until hubby mentions the subject and my temperature rises. What she says about transferring our unconscious needs and skew interpretations on people around us and how they perceive us through the prism of their issues, is scary given how intricate human relationships are...

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I want to release my spirit, I feel so limited within life, reading everything I have, author Stephanie Dowrick becoming an accusation of things I do wrong – at least I flee when life becomes too much for me, only returning when I’m ready to be loving and forgiving again; but oh, why should being a good human being be such a heavy chore?

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Wednesday 22 October 2008: Sitting in an open-plan office like a shop window when one is not a mannequin, but a human being, being Dr Jekyll threatened by Mr Hyde, finding that Mr Hyde wants to get out and Dr Jeckyll nailing him to the spot, Mr Hyde first shocked, angry, fearful, mad, then going underground so that only heartache is left, is no fun at all. Life becoming a perpetual show on stage, cannot be my irrational self, cannot obtain silence and conjure a vision as I need to do for inner equilibrium; and no painkiller helps... It is quite clear I ended up in the wrong universe, born in the wrong body, I was meant for planet Meditation where philosophers quietly device strategies to develop an inner life, in this tumultuous material life I’m only half-way alive...

Saturday Night 18 October 2008: Been living life on a tightrope, balancing on a thin line between feeling horrible and feeling awful and playing the clown in
overdrive, now admitting that ignoring my problem with essential jobs is not working, I’m trying to cover depression, but all I manage to do is feeling worse all the time – so now I’ll have to look the hideous beast of neglected duty in the eye, admit my own incompetence and failure and try to salvage by picking up the broken pieces and putting them together as best I might – the only alternative is stark, raving mad lunacy – oh, I forgot, I’ve passed that point already...

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15/10/2008: Living in Kingsley, living so free, choices for meeting, friends at the lift, living in Kingsley, princes and kings, the country is dreaming and we are its song; living in Kingsley, living happily, working and thinking, making it true – those ancient visions, of tolerance, the rainbow nation having some fun, creating a culture, a meandering stream, flowing so softly, with you and me...

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Sunday Night 12 October 2008 – Oh, joyous sleepless insomnia, time to reflect, to start digging for meaning since all meaning’s lost when I can’t close my eyes, can’t bend my neck, can’t rest my back, in chemical reaction to food, slightly fatty; a cheap cut of meat in a pressure cooker, delicious, but offering me a wakefulness that would drive a saint insane, and I am no saint, just someone who survives the rigours of life by playing games - creating beauty in dreams...

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Saturday 11 October 2008 - Bought purple sandals today – they complement the fairy wings from my old office hanging next to my bed – I realized they are fairy sandals and I can feel dreamland’s stories flowing through my mind while wearing them! Ever heard of a prince stolen by a baker and turned into a hedgehog and a princess given the gift of loving and being loved all through her life, so she loved the hedgehog back into a prince - I read the story today after buying the new sandals – this is the gift they brought!

On a more realistic note, I LOVE being in the open-plan office at Kingsley, it is marvellous not to sit all alone in a stuffy office all by myself, but I haven’t sorted the piles of things I brought home from Metropark; just dumped everything at home Friday a week ago, tried to hide the bulk in the garage for fear of incurring the wrath of the Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle. We packed our bags and left the next day, and when we returned I could not find anything, having hidden it from myself!

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Friday Afternoon - I have only one book to read, 'The Universal Heart' by Dowrick, down by the sea, hope her message that we can live loving lives by loving EVERYTHING, will enable me to enjoy nature's beauty more lovingly - I can't sit still and watch a beautiful scene, five minutes, that's it; then I start looking for something to read... I'm so tired now, after cleaning out my office before our big move, I waddle on my feet... maybe call it a day and start waddling home on my own before the big peak traffic rush starts, and I still have to cart my book-laden bag to the car... Adieu, Metropark Building, this is the last time I shall greet security and walk down your passages and sing...

Sunday Night Meditation: Author Stephanie Dowrick says we rehearse who we are and what we want to become in our minds – I used to rework the stories I read, I used to keep myself awake at night to re-experience the joy and delight of favourite stories or rework them to reach new heights; it was never me who acted in my fantasies, there were only various female protagonists, all looking different with different names – there never was a single me who pitched up in any of these imaginary events; I guess I did not rehearse my life but watched movie scripts and plays in my head...

Oh wonderful Sunday, cold and windy, fresh and clear, I found a new book in the library; the sweet voice of Stephanie Dowrick is reverberating in my empty mind, filling it with lovely sound, explaining that love is as universal as water and light, loving generously, all things and people in sight, we can live a love-drenched life - expressing gratitude, interest, constancy, interest, good humour and kindness –

We don’t have to wait for a perfect relationship or a loving person to give us permission to love!
We are FREE to express loving concern and respect in ALL our encounters with ALL forms of life and consciousness. True self-assurance is based on expressing the very BEST of MYSELF; other people’s reactions, choices and deeds have no importance in determining the degree of my loving!

Love is like water and air: Everywhere – focusing on love makes it expand and include everyone; lavishly expressing love, the sense of experiencing and having love increases a millionfold – love expressed by assuming other people’s goodwill and always giving the benefit of the doubt – look at life discovering love scattered in a million disguises everywhere, joyously shining in the light of your happy regard.

Love is freedom from the NEED, so SELF-DEFEATING, to be RIGHT in defense of
a little ego and brittle world-view. Love is NOT expressed by moulding the people we love for their own good - who can determine what’s best for them... Oh, perfect, glorious Sunday, a new pail filled with wisdom and beauty, a new book of treasures to dip into!

Stephanie Dowrick “The Universal Heart” Michael Joseph – Penguin 2000

A Friday crowned with two chocolates is a Friday drowned in such sweet sorrow, tomorrow trying to eat less things that cause headache and pain; a carefree existence without lightning bolts in my head would be such a reprieve from the daily grind and I need some relief after a week of total diet disaster; my life ran aground like a Titanic on the ice-floes of sea-food and fat...

Sweet Thursday, looking at the missionary Bulletin, apparently there are a thousand more of these to be rendered from source French in target English; I cannot believe I’ll live long enough to translate more of these, the repetitive information on who lived where and when and who preached for the heathen and what sin was committed by the pagan imbibing beer and consulting shamans who told their future by throwing bones and how they suffered a famine - a sure sign of godly displeasure with the heathen behaviour of the brethren - will kill me long before we can receive more of these unnerving texts...

Wednesday Sad, the chemical after-effect of food-intolerance, tried an antidote, hoping for temporary relief, actually was in a state of reprieve and immediately lapsed back into the fires of hell – a toxic antidote used injudiciously causes an evil spell to mess up the mind and knot up the stomach; now I feel worse - the only help an anecdote with positive ideas; I’m fishing in my pail filled with jewels spiritual, one beautiful pearl of heavenly wisdom and one metaphysical crystal will cure my ills even if only for a short while; once the effect is scattered like effervescent incense, I’ll go digging again...

Found a metaphysical crystal enclosing a pearl of wisdom: “Some things in my past were unpleasant while other things were pleasant— I will choose what feel pleasant. There are wonderful things in my now that I imagine in the future — I will focus upon all those”.

But you can't jump vibrations all at once, so, stop beating up on yourself. Be willing and happy to make the jumps incrementally; your journey is about improving how you feel.

There's relief and reward everywhere you go. Do not equate how you feel about something with how anybody else feels, because they’re not in on your equation.
You're not being compared to anyone. There is only comparison between who-you-really-are, and your now-vibration. And it's your job only to bring harmony to that.

Take the Emotional Journey first - on every important subject, then you discover how much better you can feel about formerly bad things, and in the moment when you change how you feel, everything related to you and that subject will shift — there will be evidence by tomorrow."

I wonder why I feel better now – is it the sinus pill or these shining jewels? - what does it matter, without these words the pill didn’t work, after reading them, I started feeling better – my mind becoming a temple sacrosanct where the words turned into incense spreading a wonderful perfume all through my life...

Tuesday is flowing over me, a river in full flood, I play chords only, there is no time for single notes in fluent lines; it makes for a rich, multilayered melody, enriched by Hanlie, remarking sagaciously that we live a bizarre life punctuated by absurdity; I agree – but there are chromatic scales playing automatically in my piano-heart, a separate bel canto descant scatters fairy dust everywhere, every note a glittering light, every sweet frequency an explosion of delight – oh, and I have a document in front of me; the deep bass line adding an organ’s wide range as accompaniment to this day...

Monday morning is happening to me; after a sleepless night; I managed to worsen the allergy - heaven knows why - I was mangled in the jaws of chemical reactions; this morning finds me installed behind my desk, totally confused as to the meaning of life, dreaming about the joys of sleeping - how wonderful that will feel! But Monday morning is happening, the sun is blooming in gilded beauty and somehow I’ve got to march through this day...

Soon we shall be the Kings and Queens of Kingsley Building, an open-plan building listening to each other all the time; just a work station, scarcely room for one translator and one dictionary, where shall I go with my fairies and mermaids, the fairy wings in the corner of my office and magic wand now affixed to the screen; where hang my Hogwart’s toga and put all my files; no more freedom to have a kettle to make our own coffee; eating forbidden at the work station; I see myself as a forlorn ghost wandering the building chewing chocolates, peanuts and chips, not being allowed to sit down while I eat; listening to the babble of South Africa’s eleven official languages; from a personnel of ninety we are ten who contribute Afrikaans; the rest will be the excitement of isiXhosa and isiZulu; with our South African English as lingua franca, June and Hanlie are determined to contribute Spanish and Portuguese; I’ll
do my bit in German and French; this way the confusion will be more complete and we’ll communicate at cross-purposes just as one ought in a successful bureaucracy...

I’m ready to leave planet earth, I’ve got ‘Mister Spaceman’ by Lesley Howarth, ‘Bewitched by the Brain Sharpeners’ - Philip Curtis, ‘The Computer Nut’ by Betsy Byars and Paula Danziger’s ‘This Place Has No Atmosphere’ – a perfect description of my office; even of my mind today – suffering from lassitude and torpor, to be left behind on my space travels when I get home – after a swim in Lake Titicaca, cooling down in ice-cold water, feeling bubbles of champagne exploding around me, romping in the surf of the sea...

Friday Morning Contemplation: Kate Turkington’s book (More To Life Than Surface) is shaping up nicely, delighting me with her childhood memories, reading the Arthur Mee’s Children’s Encyclopedia and being quizzed by her sister on its contents. I also read parts of it and loved the articles about the stars in the sky and thought the whole universe consisted of the Milky Way only; I loved the illustrations of fairies and little children and the information on gods and goddesses. Whereas in Kate’s house it was complemented by Shakespeare and moralists, we had Langenhoven’s Complete Works and the Afrikaanse Kinderensiklopedie, illustrated so enchantingly with Dante’s Hell and Purgatory, and abounding with stories of Siegfried, Kriemhilde and Brunhilde... Between Langenhoven’s stories of Herrie the elephant pulling a tram, spirits walking the earth, Aunt Effie’s F’s, Brolloks and Bittergal, Loeloeraai on the Moon, Soetlief and Liedla, the Fairy, the magazines “Die Jongspan” and “Patrys”, I managed to pass the quickmire time that seemed to keep us stuck in some kind of limbo where nothing ever happened...

Tuesday Night Musings: Our Dear Swami Prabhupada feels America and the West are going to pot and we should return to ancient Indian practices to restore order in our human communities, he recommends parents organizing weddings by consulting astrologers and people being betrothed at ages eight or ten – brilliant solution for what ails modern man, return to a time period predating the Middle Ages; return to pre-diluvium practices and ancient slavery; then people won’t complain, he says... It is an uphill battle to keep reading, especially where he indicates that the measure of truth is simply the fact that Hare Krishna said he was infallible; if he said so, then it’s true, and basta... I had better return to Dame Turkington; her Peruvian musings on the sacred site of Machu Picchu, with all its atmosphere and strange feelings are a lot nearer to reality...
Sunday Night Insight: Swami Prabhupada says all our problems will be solved if we stop eating meat - thou shalt not kill - and chant Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Hare, Hare while dancing with delight – tonight, Sunday night before a new week whacks me on the head, I’m reading Swami Prabhupada’s assertions, made in 1973, that enough food is produced world-wide to feed all people – Neale Donald Walsch also makes this claim; apparently famine is due to the fact that commercial crops are bartered for weapons for eternal warfare and imprudent agricultural practices are laying the land waste; droughts are exacerbated by malpractice – yet there is enough, scarcity is a myth; what interesting thoughts to harbor on a Sunday night, I’ll read myself asleep with “The Journey of Self-Discovery” by His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada...

Friday Night - Ate in the hotel today, what a mistake, facing consequences tonight, hoping for bravely, but it might just turn out to be stupidly, all my thoughts have left me, I'm empty-headed and oh, it is so boring here where blackness reigns supreme, I've fallen into the Black Hole that always waits in my mind, darkness descends...

I'm confused, since I filled all the dairy space for Tuesday, I carried on writing into Thursday, so I lived this day as such, now my sense of time, always very weak, is completely gone, I have to reorientate by thinking of last night's TV programs to remember where I am - 'So You Think You Can Dance', oh yes, it was magnificent, now I know exactly how far this week has gone!

Monday is marching on, left-right, and the empty hole left by my departed soul is looming large and wide and menacing; why should I be left bereft on a Monday morning? I've looked everywhere for inspiration, for something bright and charming, but since my soul has gone there is nothing left to resonate with the notes I find; yet I still believe that the perfect minor note will call back my soul, so the quest is going on...

Sunday Night: Remember the creative sadness on Sunday nights before school Monday starts, remember the comforting feeling of unwilling duty, doing the last of maths, finishing a task, writing an essay, learning texts to be tested the next day? Whenever I feel bad today, I look for creative sadness, that homework feeling drawn inside myself, my refuge from the world and people in words on paper, dreaming a dream as I work...

Friday, kind and restful, finally, gives one time to breathe again, to frolic in the sun, smell the sweet jasmine, jump into the swimming pool - the water is still cool, but just to feel the cold is exhilarating, it must be done to know we are
Playing In The Best Absurd Comedy: The pulling of hair, the screeches, the sackcloth and ashes in spite, the dementors got me when I learnt that the mad administrators managed to block payment once again by refusing to divulge that the quote was deemed insufficient, only by repeated requests for payment was it revealed that the main alligator was informed this morning after TWO weeks and she still has not received the criminal quote by which operations are blocked, here they come, the dementors, aaargh, I can't describe this to you any more!

Wednesday Contemplation: Every hour I scream and tear my hair to keep the Dementors happy who are ready to pounce and suck the last vestiges of possible joie de vivre from my nearly dead body; I take daily preventative measures by reading romantic lines to keep happy thoughts of troubadours alive while I’m forced to deal with the arsenic of these poisonous acronyms; refusal to divulge requested information on the lousy critters who refuse to take wholesome words increase my chances of falling pray to the Dementors and ending up in Azkaban!

We start the day with Work-On-Hand typed on Excel, I was born for this, that is sure, human life can have but ONE purpose: To keep account of its every move on sheets of statistics, as Terry Pratchett wisely pointed out, the 95 per cent of missing black matter and unseen energy is all taken up by administrating the universe – little creatures with notepads planning and marking every activity; I still think we should only work two days a week and use the other three days to keep statistics of every move we make – hey - wait- we’re already doing that, you should see the sheets if statistics in my office – I’m part of the unseen black matter in the universe, administrating into infinity – to be born for this, what beautiful privilege, what wonderful opportunity; being human means living in a bureaucracy; the marvel of the human mind – when will the Vogons finally destroy this administratively derailed planet of ours? And if the dolphins reinstate the earth sending fish bowls with messages, So Long And Thanks For All The Fish, I won’t return; you can bet on that!

Sing Friday: A crocodile playing at being a princess; knowing positive role models will help to improve life in the swamp; a swamp full of glow-worms and magic, a flibbitygibbit and a will-o’-the wisp all floating about, weaving a wave of words, rhythms and beats and chords and daydreams, long drawn-out vowels and rainbows flashing through golden auras, a crocodile unwilling to climb onto the shore and start with her chores; too enchanted with rhythmical whores swirling in musical eddies, still enjoying the afterglow of open consciousness, yesterday’s epiphany still buoying her on clouds of delight...
The moment is come, to get up and run along to the library, it is calling irresistibly; a million voices calling and whispering and singing and inveighing from the pages of books, a million books filled with knowledge and mystery, now the faded rose is blooming again; the remaining petals illumined brilliantly.

Thursday unfolding slowly, the petals falling one by one; the day a wilted rose, my mind went into reverse; I'm backing up against the stream and I don't know why, without perceptible reason, I lost my grip on sensory reality and fell into a deep, black pit; it isn't fair that I should have a Black Hole in my mind, why can't I fall into the Rabbithole? Why did the universe give Alice of Lewis Carrol a Rabbithole into Wonderland while I was issued with a Black Hole in my head? One recourse is to appropriate Carrol's Rabbithole, seeking the White Rabbit, the Caterpillar and the Cheshire Cat – but I mostly end up with a fake Cheshire smile myself; only the smile remains while the rest of me is disappearing along a different line down the trousers of time...

Monday morning, charge into the office building, compile Work-On-Hand; take new colleague Thokozile to Kingsley; Karen says show her how to go; I said waving and dancing down the street; Karen laughed yea right! , Tiaan is ill, Nici slept badly; I'm unsure of what's in my head; I better start looking for things that feel nice while I look at them so as to let the universe know that I want to feel good; let's see - where to start - but first translating a message for the Cyclopian Troll Interpol with his one eye flashing fiery and red; he wants criminals dead and all good citizens free as they go; I've got to arrange the folds in my head into an acceptably work-a-day way in order to face this day....

Oh, dire the prediction by Linda Goodmann – beware the month of August if you were born on the 24th of any month; August is the month of change – the cusp and azimuth come into play, and you will pay for your sin of arriving on the 24th day by feelings of increasing fatigue in this month – I feel myself growing weaker, succumbing to Linda Goodmann's prophecies; sinking lower in my chair, resting my head on my arms, seeing holes of emptiness everywhere, feeling steel wires encircling my head and binding up my neck; I'm in a mythological prison of astrological proportions; I had better read Linda again to make sure I know exactly why being a 24th person is such a sin – but I sigh in contentment, since suffering is a God-given privilege and society insist we MUST have a cross to bear and choke in a yoke of psychological proportions; I'm fulfilling another requirement of this dream I call my life – flowing within the confines thought up by religion and science alike...

I'm so glad when people are open to the pen-capturing dilemma, I see these wildly wobbling ink-lines as the pens are running away while our administrative

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
personnel are chasing with butterfly nets trying to capture them again!

I absolutely ADORE internal rhyme; ALL kinds of rhymes - internally and externally and everywhere else. Translation work is the bane of my life because where my ear dictates a certain word order and the choice for a certain word as it contributes to rhythm and rhyme and melody and song; my supervisor looks at the source document and the correct dictionary meaning and there goes the song - it is like sending a wooden stake through my heart; totally debilitating; I can scarcely force myself to read boring documents; much less translate them into boring target language lines without adding emotional words and irreverent comments.

There is a crocodile in my head that snaps at me all the time while I'm trying to do boring routine work, and I'm all bloody and hurt fighting it down so as to get real work done - while the crocodile only wants to hunt for new information and make funny rhymes and dream up new schemes - I live on pills to keep the whole entourage living in my head under control in order to get this show on the road!

Wednesday already, for a thing that does not exist, as sayeth quantum physicists, time is a weird phenomenon, it drives me wild with its requirements and I cannot find why my mind is marching to a different drummer all the time - given that non-existent time is a great fetish on planet earth...

Friday, Glorious Friday: Hope is dancing a can-can with America’s Statue of Liberty!

Thursday Afternoon Blue: The day had been prancing about like a wild horse and threw me off unceremoniously; I fell and rolled in the dust, here I am, still stunned, trying to gather my wits, I must pack up and return home to continue in another segment - first the mad dash into the street, the wild ride through traffic, dodging and diving, cursing and surviving between wild projectiles of impatient, angry drivers, me being discreet while hubby uses expletives that make strangers blush - picking up kids; a quick shopping spree, then the calmness of the kitchen - until dinner preparations must begin; vegetables and meat, a salad or two; eating in front of the TV - a loud act of rebellion against all educational literature; then the tidying of the kitchen listening to Classic FM... rest for the weary soul...

Tuesday Fair: Wayne Dyer says the body is “a curriculum to God” and all illness is indicative of separation from God – I’m afraid, if God is in Siberia; I’m in the Sahara desert. I ran into Mr Reductionist Materialism who declared with glee,
smile right around the face, that when he is dead he will be gone – no spirit or soul left – and he is positively joyful assuring me the same fate is awaiting me also. Pity when he’s dead he won’t be there to enjoy his superior exultation at my discomfiture on being dead and not having a soul or spirit – ah – a conundrum there, I perceive – meanwhile, his consciousness will still be hanging around and it might take ages for him to realize he is still alive – guess who will laugh at whom then?

Heavenly Monday today, every now and then things work out brilliantly, work is done and the spiritual feeling creates a cathedral in my mind; the joy of today destroyed all negative vibrations everywhere!

Sunday evening, filled with dread, tomorrow the fight for survival begins again, while the crocodile only desires magic and mysteries; I must fight the reptile down and do human work - while the scared little alien is hanging from the rafters in my head, shouting nooo nooo NOOOO all the time!

Monday morning strange, thick air refuses to be breathed, thick thoughts refuse to become taut leading to the safety of reality; I’m in a whirlpool of corkscrewing swirls moving round and round; safely ensconced in an empty part of mental being where nothing is real - I hate being here; nothing is clear, nothing is happening; yet the silence holds no spiritual essence for me; this is confusion and chaos without a door...

Friday again - my book Seth Speaks broke in two, the book took such a hammering being schlepped about by me everywhere I go, it was a paperback and not strong enough; but each part will be taken care of now - lovingly; time to read some more of what Seth says about reality; only he gives me hope for society and a new, applicable morality...

Friday - time is just an illusion, and how happy it makes us, putting order in the confusion that is called our inner mental life; the outer structures of routine is such a happy route-map that keeps us within safe tracks while the mind is free-wheeling between identities and universes...

There goes my probable self project, she worked so well until she discovered poetry, now I need a new slave in her place – this one will be sent off into the own universe – another probable self, conscientious and bright, required, mind focused like a laser beam in a stream on the subject at hand, the one-eyed Cyclopian Troll Interpol woke up with his club and are chasing criminals everywhere with messages sent furious and fast...
Tuesday Morning Realization: Learning to Focus is what life is about, if I could only focus on what I am doing right; life would be so easy - but it might just be boring also... when 'Thinking the Unthinkable', Ed. Peter Brookesmith, is waiting to be devoured while the Indefatigable Tim LaHaye is waiting to tell me How to make Differences Work for Me... but first, a political document....

Today it was a pepper steak pie, it is cold outside and I got up hungry I needed something warm, the choice between staying hungry or headache

I chose the headache and now I can't move, chained to my office by the pain in my head; chemical depression and muscles contracting

Yesterday it was chocolate cake with the marvellous icing I love, oh, the brilliant choice between survival and quality of life!

A whole universe of probabilties and all we can converse about is what to eat, how much and how often and where; I am hungry - perpetually, so now it's off into the streets to find something to eat!

An unusual cold spell, feeling unwell, sitting at my desk unable to concentrate - did the tongue-tip test: Tried to read a book about a fairy living on a flower and when even that failed to interest, I knew the head cold was stronger than will-power; I've got to get well again before playing the game of life with the self-importance required by the Ego in order to keep infusing a meaningless office with meaning and desire...

Dear Dad, at the age of twenty-two, you never knew of what lay ahead in the years to come, of financial troubles and family connivance, of middle-class morality and superficial refinement used against you, but today, now that you know; what can I say...

Living a Mythological Life, seeing all in terms of astrogenetics and numerology, sacred geometry and magic David-Blaine mystery, levitation and meditation leading to contemplation - oh, for living the Mythological Life where Administration becomes a courtly pursuit worthy of ladies and courtiers and dreamers like me!
The silver sun of summer has turned into the mature golden sun of autumn that lovingly caresses all objects with soft, golden fingers until they shine with an inner radiance and beauty; mischievously exploding on shiny surfaces to blind the unwary and delight the observant. Every autumn turns me into a gushing, sentimental person, enamoured of the retreating sun, the champagne coolness of the pool and the riotous reds of trees unleaving.

I want to go a-yodelling, everywhere on earth, and should you want to go with me, so happy we shall be! (Sung to the tune of 'Mein Vater war ein Wandersmann'/'My vader was 'n Musikant')

Gerhard, thanks for visiting my site, I look forward to trying that new motorbike, what a wonderful idea - and by my joining you, your mother can prepare a funeral for two! (Sorry Anne-Marie, but there is no way I can let you spoil our fun, the guardian angels take care of everyone - so we'll go on a breakfast run!)

This is a water crystal photographed after exposing water to the word truth - each personal truth is beautiful...

Cyberscribe floated off on a thin gossamer strand of thought and still can't find her way back to cold translation tower, her body is parked behind her desk because she is doing her best to return from the great beyond and the wide blue yonder, but still her spirit is floating free and not in the office at all...

A water crystal, photographed by Dr Emoto, after Thank You typed in Japanese, was glued on a container with water - then frozen. Water reflects our feelings back to us, good feelings create beautiful geometric patterns; negative feelings cause disorganized crystals. We can communicate through reflections in water crystals! This is like a pensieve (J.K. Rowling).

Oh the Internet, for the Internet, finding facts and theories, aetheric quantum mechanics and speculation on the Internet, the joy and elation, all about Transmutation, reading with amazement, discovering all things new, hope and visions, revealing new horizons, enlarging perspectives with new insights and meditations – oh for the Internet, my source of joy!

Today the government official did not manage to master the week-end’s upheaval – so tonight is the beginning of the flight into the straight trajectory that leads to the perfect symphony of tomorrow’s document, with researching terms as the only markers along the flight path, with administration as the lodestar to guide the brain in reaching bureaucratic perfection – the projectile of
today fell and crashed, ran out of steam, the brain shutting down; but it will become the starting point for a new beginning, tomorrow is another day... with my mind carefully folded in the right configuration to become the perfect official, the conscientious official tomorrow...

Today I lost the fight against my wayward trends and unruly nature; I was too tired to fight the dragon of impulse and feeling, but tomorrow the fight is on and I SHALL become the hard-working official I am determined to be... now begins the uphill task of brainwashing my mind into subsiding, becoming concentrated in one thin, sharp laser beam to cut through the administration of tomorrow, I lost today, I was just far too tired to fight it, this dreamer within me, this “Taugenichts”, but tomorrow I shall fight off Mr Hyde and be Dr Jekyll again.

The beautiful blue mosaic I made at Christmas, with three rulers and grouting and glue, it was almost too much, but I did overcome my own clumsiness (with assistance, of course...)

With the books around to sprinkle magic everywhere, it was possible to do official translation and keep existential Angst at bay - the brain needed real stimulation after steeping itself in fairytales - they served their purpose so well...

I did not read enough children's books when I was small - so now I make up for it by reading magical fantasies written for kids!

A little government official stalked out in her lunch hour to collect magical books to bewitch the week-end: Mermaid's Wish, The Leprechaun, Ordinary Princess, Enchanter's Spell, The Dragon That Ate Summer and At the End of the Rainbow - armed with globs of delight the official is ready to punch holes in the weekend!

My mother, hitched to her own star in her own universe, taught me how to leave reality behind and go find a new corner of the multiverse...

An Alice crocodile feeling tears welling up as she looks up every single term in the French financial document, she wants to play outside, discover a new universe, meet new friends, find out what make satyrs tick, creating new strings of shiny words to sing-but she is stuck in her office where lonely, barbed-wire words all tied up have no sting, to be compiled in an official report, with a hopeful eye towards another conference.
The crocodile came home, dead on her feet; she had a lovely day at work: the Performance Assessment came back, they cut her a lot of slack, only abbreviations to be changed, all was okayed; she continued working on a French document about statistics in an African State, leisurely she hurried along, the looking up of every term such a great bore, but diligently she carried on; oh joy, oh wonderful; she had to call two freelance translators today, got a chance to chat, throwing compliments back, explain new red-tape procedures in place, why quotations were so important all had to put their wine down, stop interpreting for people from the DRC, all was fun and the game-plan worked so very fine, her brain stayed nicely allayed in the right folds that spared her pain untold and kept her officious self going strong, she was among the few people today who tasted heaven in every way, she got to correspond with angels above - celestial their conversation; she is content, this is not the end, but a new beginning of a reptilian life led with a song...

I'm focusing on shape-changing into the officious official who will deal with office life tomorrow; trying to change the folds in my brain to follow the correct curves for a most auspicious rendition of the undercover poet at work – how's that for brave ambition!

I wrote a poem about my nieces, 'A Golden-Haired Fairy' - The golden-haired fairy, Antoinette, could play piano before she could read; my uncle used to whistle a tune and she played it from hearing. The golden-haired fairy is independent today, she fought her way out of a strange web of difficulties, and she sings like a nightingale, without stop...

I imagined travelling in an out-of-body experience to the future of the earth at a time past the year 3000 with Robert Monroe in his book 'Far Journeys' and the prospects are beautiful, living without a physical body, becoming free energy and inhabiting any form of awareness at will - a bit like Nanny Weatherwax in Terry Pratchett - feeling what it is like to be a leaf or a cloud or a bird - oh, lovely experience! And overcoming the distortions in the survival imprint will be wonderful indeed...

When there's a hole in the road, I'm sure to fall into it, when there's the wrong thing to eat, I'm sure to devour it, when I have a little headache, I'm sure to worsen it into a full-blown humungous pain - so when will I learn common sense - probably not in this life, so I'll stick to rambunctious poets and forget all about compunction until the end of my life...

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
One perfect administrative day, a catatonic state, passionless existence in perfect adherence to numbers and lists; a perfect robot working by rote and feeling nothing but cold pleasure in doing a mechanical job, floating in limbo, empty of everything, the perfect consciousness for modern existence, empty of meaning and futureless - but passing time in a big way...

A statistical crocodile, in a while, you will find the reptile so docile, a procedural miracle will go down in history as a turning point for bureaucracy, a brave new world is dawning in the morning where red tape will be the symbol of joy and when we have nothing to do we shall be forming a queue just to practice a communal spirit so as to inhibit all wayward tendencies that might lead us astray; a new spiritual path is calling us, it is called perfect administration and leads to a modern heaven - just a few metres from hell....

After a conference it takes some mental gymnastics to get into the right mind-frame to face the same game at work where the ideal of being a brilliant administrator is faintly winking on the horizon...

The Alien must work on a new fantasy to transcend the framework of her reality – she must visualize the crocodile happily typing away at her desk, finding statistics that are purportedly missing and giving account of her reptilian existence, finding courage to face tasks that used to frazzle her before, enjoying the challenge of accounting for every millisecond of her life in bureaucratic perfection, pointing out how she enjoyed procedural direction and administrative perception reducing pictures to lines and words to military slogans – she is sure if she dreams hard enough, putting all her power into the thought pattern of brilliant administration she might yet convince the crocodile to play along!

Sunday night with a vengeance - eating and drinking without reptilian care led to headache and illness, now I stare at the remnants of life and feel like death itself, the crocodile cannot concentrate or escape its fate... it is too late, only resignation and quiet contemplation is left for the crocodile soul...

Now I prepare for tomorrow with a new vision and mission: Compiling statistics
while clobbering all unwillingness to death, becoming the perfect official understanding and applying the alchemy of administration to produce such elevating forms and ennobling norms and give prove of her right to existence, combating the existential pain on frittering the energy of life away on chiselling numbers and projections of work for tomorrow, work yesterday and work today - the vision is driving me back to Terry Pratchett, this is too much!

When in doubt, read Terry Pratchett - his irrevent take on life will put all your problems in perspective. You will realize that Watchmen Do Not Wipe Their Dirty Boots and various other wonderful things like Potatoes Are a Better Gold Standard Than Gold because you can eat it - whereas gold can't do anything but glitter. And that it is very religious to wipe thoroughly one step at a time. And that the word Rascal has a Twinkle in the eye. And that Mrs Cake is a very decent woman providing lodgings for the undead or the other-kind-of-normal. Terry Pratchett will give meaning to your life!

Do you sometimes walk on the clouds - or float about? Do you sometimes refuse to swim for fear of messing up your hair for someone who doesn't get to see you? Do you sometimes vacillate between feeling as ugly as sin and as beautiful as a snowflake? Do you sometimes bump into things, pluck a door from its hinges, drive into an intersection without seeing a thing? If you do, you are probably in love...

I think it is complicated, but your cyberpresence kissed my real life existence...

Sometimes sleep is all we need to turn our eyes inside and see the vision growing within, to return to the beginning melody and resonate with the harmony the universe is offering, being order incarnate, and aligning with all that seems good and great and seeing myself mastering the art of doing statistics - that is a high vision indeed, awe-inspiring; usually it makes me cry because I can't understand why my brain freezes on seeing numbers and my mind becomes numb when making lists - believing that there must be a magical miracle somewhere that will deposit a new, efficient me able to concentrate for longer than five measly minutes...

I work on the assumption that my father loves me unconditionally (and that he is a pragmatist). When I confess my troubles to him, he says: "I love you'. When I explain my perplexities, he says: "It's okay'.

My loved ones don’t die – and I’m glad for that – because I would have to accept the blame, according to my GURU’S, the SELF-HELP AUTHORS Wayne Dyer, Louise Hay, Leo Buscaglia, Paula, Deepak Chopra, Elizabeth Kubler-Ross, Gary
Schwartz, Gary Zukav and anybody else – Betty Shine, Doris… Rosemary… you can look up their names on the Internet.

Seth – books written by Jane Roberts, just Google their names – and Abraham – Esther Hicks - say I create my own reality, just as YOU create YOUR own reality, and WE create OUR reality together.

I apologize to all who surmise that I think of them in negative ways – because I don’t, I know I myself am the cause of whatever goes wrong in undertakings and I am satisfied that I am evil enough – but don’t hesitate to point out more instances if time allows, I have never determined the full extent of my own evil nature as yet!

I was so impressed when I found this photograph of my father taken when he was young, and decided to have him visit my site...

Monday nights are fair of face, shine with joy and crowned with lace, happiness is all around, I think I've found the centre of love...

Sunday nights should be abolished, should be declared illegal, Monday mornings should be banished - these together are the bane of my life....

If Time is an nonexistent woman, then Fantasy is one too, and I like her most, she should be given more freedom...

A defeated administrator, fleeing before the dementors whose kiss will suck the last bit of love for the thankless task of translation of bulletins out of her soul, listening to the rain falling outside, pretending it's a message of hope from her secret love...

So exciting, in total administrative bliss, flying with bureaucratic wings into procedural heaven and official paradise of perfect listings and brilliant statistics - the undercoverpoet is signing off - with too many spies posing as government officials around, she must also pose as an official and do filing and compile lists - but in her heart she is singing - 'Des yeux qui font parler les miennes... Quand il me prend dans ses bras, il me parle tout bas, je vois la vie en rose, il me dit des mots d'amour... (Edith Piaf, la Vie en Rose)

Time is a Woman who got locked up in a glass clock, and in Bad Schuschein the story, it is explained that you should not be allowed to lock up non-existant women... (Terry Pratchett)
The Sunday Times gives me a new perspective on life...

Self-help authors are saving my life, they tell me all about being a spiritual person and since I am not one, I imitate the examples of the long-suffering individuals they hold up for the edification of untamed barbarians like me...

Since pesticides spell death and dying, I checked the Internet, Victor Zammit joyously informing the reader about scientific evidence for the afterlife and that love continues after physical death, so that is all right, after our demise from pesticides and nuclear fall-out our consciousness will revive in non-physical Gestalt within a new dimension and we shall be filled with love - and I will have all those lovely names of pesticides with which to play games, such as azoxystrobin, chlorfenapyr, folpet, iprodione and lambda-cyhalothrin - what can be more romantic than that? - Link to an afterlife evidence site:

Burning the sweet incense of forgiveness, laying my grievances on the pyre to have all evil thoughts go up in smoke, to lighten the burden; starting again with a tabula rasa, believing only good from my fellow men, especially those who want to become better than they are, I'll respect their wishes for improvement by behaving better myself, by being serious and contemplating the fires of Purgatory with a more sincere attitude instead of my usual mocking grin, I'll even try to focus positively on bureaucracy - the ultimate in morality!

Thus, without her heart, lifeless, the remains of the official, now just a ghoul, continues typing the murderous lists of poisons allowed in the foods of the people of the earth, the ghoul can stand the pain because the ghoul is dead already, and a half-life cannot feel the pain of the living...

In total resignation, the official lies her head down on the table, in complete fatalism, the official
dies on her desk, too dispirited
to carry on her rebellion against
senseless stupidity and rules

Too disheartened to write down
a word, too deserted to look for
dissenters like herself, her life
leaking away through Idiotic
Bureaucracy - the Bureacratic
Dementors had sucked out her

Soul and without it breathing
seems a useless redundancy
no feeling can penetrate her ice-
cold demented being, no reason
presents itself to continue seeing
no meaning is found in repeating

Repetitive actions, catatonic the
official regards the blank screen
to be filled with meaning:

Considering that it is necessary
to comply with, without delay,
Commission Directive 07/27/EC
of 15 May; amending certain
annexures to Council Directive
86/362/EEC with regard to the

Maximum residue levels applicable
to tolylfluanide and triticonazole;

The words are killing the official,
forcing her down into the ground,
sinking lower - there is nothing
left to live for...
I want you decked out in beautiful clothes, made feel warm and comfortable, sung sweet songs of spring’s promise; I’ve already told you that the machines’ assertive beeping is singing songs of hope and love and life

I want your hair brushed until it glows, your nails so finely formed painted in your favourite colour, your eyes bright and happy while you luxuriate in a gaily decorated bed, I want your delight in those flamboyant new pyjamas

I want you enjoying your new bedroom slippers, hear you shouting at the dog, explaining your job to your younger sister, calling for me to bring you a treat, hearing your dad laughing, teasing and joking with you

I want to take out the new soap and cream so you can smell its perfume - knowing everything is okay, you will be fine, your dad’s in charge, love shines in the nurses’ smiles, everything’s under control, we love you, love is holding onto you

We’re here for you, rest in our love, at midnight after the accident your friends rushed to discover your whereabouts, called us to be at your side when you woke – an emergency room bag is packed to dress and pamper you

I want to dry your tears and hold you tight until you are well enough to get up and tackle life in your own way, watching your dad watching you with delight, everything is alright, everything is so, so alright!

Margaret Alice
Something so unspeakably dreadful happened
all circuits started closing down - only the pain
remains, the desire to flee is all that is left, the
shock too big to process at once, all attempts
to soften the blow just prolong the after-effects

Thoughts circling each other, whirlwinds twirling
aimlessly, screeching accusations, laming the
short-circuited brain, the moment of shock frozen
in time, no movement away from the trauma, no
description, impossible to formulate feelings

At first I fought back by trying to go on as before,
talking, laughing and smiling, my power ebbing
away until my brain was numb, finally I sought
refuge in the only place of safety, the library,
only children’s books to cushion my mind

To stop the mad spirals of pain from increasing
in power and inflicting more damage, physical
pain does not stop the emotional suffering, now
is the time to stop playing a game and sink into
the darkness to reach the end of the tunnel

This slow descent is maddening, trying to pretend
nothing is wrong is impossible, I cannot escape the
pain, I cannot continue the fight, need respite, albeit
temporary, I need to feel some sort of shore before
I can continue to do what is required...

Margaret Alice
The lonely malnourished Spanish man who lives by himself in a house without a kitchen practising Franciscan-learnt Latin; the lonely widow offering Nicholas Shrady a walking stick, the poor people in Bosnia relying on apparitions of the Virgin Mary for an income, the bloated corpses in the Ganges

Lonely hamlets in India where people live and die without ever learning to read and write, the young boys with rotting teeth working like pack animals; the learned young man in Jerusalem who could not find a job due to his Palestinian Christian descent –

Impressed by a true pilgrimage, Nicholas Shrady’s ability to travel on foot – relying along the way on strangers for accommodation and food,

Seeing so much misery, so much hatred and bigotry, criminal banditry and decadence – and yet still read his religious books as he lay down at night; Bible, Koran, Vedas, balanced by Gerald Manley Hopkins’ poetry...

Trying my best to cheer up again, sad images stuck in my mind...

“Sacred Roads” by Nicholas Shraday; Penguin Books 2000

Margaret Alice
A Perfect Sphinx

This must mean you have reached adult manhood
the way you have perfected the poker face, when you
announced Mom, I did bad at school; I saw a dead-
pan expression of despair in your eyes, mirroring
the lacklustre lines around your father’s mouth, my
spirits sagged – until you pressed the report into
my unwilling hands and I exclaimed This is not bad
at all, quite the contrary! guffaws of laughter rang
out, shining eyes of father and son eclipsing the sun;
you are a perfect Sphinx, my son, the mark of the
cool, detached, grown man – well done!

Margaret Alice
All in black - Nici’s boots with my tracksuit pants, flaring like a Cossack’s, sleeveless pullover, black cap, wishing I could dance the Russian Trepak, stepping high in military style to the rhythms in my earphones, a beat a step, feeling the world reverberating to my stomping down my feet

I must have cut an impressive or incongruous figure because one of the patrons demanded my name from the librarian, everybody smiled, I mysteriously replied - I am from the French Foreign League - the librarian laughed - marching back again, quite satisfied

With the effect of my resembling a Secret Agent, tonight I shall march to the music playing in my earphones down that long, unending hospital passage to Carine’s room, putting an end to my frustrated impatience when it takes so many ages to reach her...

Margaret Alice
Nicolas Shrady; sceptic on a pilgrimage, following holy trails to religious shrines, seeking the spiritual within the physical – realising he was ‘an outsider, a passive observer, and always would be’

Saw artificial attempts to impress, had to be content with only meditation, could not simulate false piety, couldn’t find what he doesn’t already believe

Observation proved fickle – symbolical content depends on already present belief, tried ceremonies, followed customs, found faith had no roots in anything substantial

Supernatural events happen to believers only, which the five senses abjure, faithless see nothing; he enjoyed a fabulous spiritual journey, made friends,

Learned to appreciate wonder and beauty of innocence, trust in the human heart, but the ability of the believer to make things true which a sceptic can never see taught him honour and respect…

“Sacred Roads” by Nicholas Shrady Penguin Books 2000 p75 ‘...an outsider, a passive observer and always would be’

Margaret Alice
Oh, glorious new day, Alice will attend a tea party with Madame La Pompadour and her retinue, what happiness thinking of things to say, knowing she never would

Madame La Pompadour the only one who tells stories at these events, with many a dramatic pause, enough sobbing and wiping of tears to put the Crying Mock Turtle to shame

While the Gryphon looks on until joining in the quadrille, hanging its head, reminiscing about olden days, making Alice think fondly of the Mad Hatter’s tea party where

The sleepy Dormouse was stuffed into the teapot, If only, sighed Alice disconsolately, I could fall asleep in the middle of desultory conversation, wake up when it was time to leave

If only I were one soul with two bodies, I would send one to the library, the other to attend social events; or one to the swimming pool and the other to work in the office all day

And live twice as much life as everybody else – my mind in the clouds where it belongs while both my bodies took care of ‘le train-train journalier’ which drives me out of my mind all the time!

Monday Lobsang Ludd was born as one soul with two bodies from Wen the Eternally Surprised and Lady Time.

Half human, half anthropomorphic personification, based on the character of Tuesday Lobsang Rampa who wrote many books about his life as a Tibetan Monk.
Margaret Alice
Found a German version of Charlie’s Angels!
Clinically precise and passionlessly exact
criminals kill one person after another, no
Latin excitement, no sensual French gestures,
simply ice-cool decisions to destroy all obstacles,

No impressive Italian beauties, no squalor only
efficient death scenes; from cool German to
emotional French with amorous activities
themathic, nudity in slap-stick comedy, a striking
contrast to American presentation...

...where Charlie’s Angels were perfectly
groomed Californian actors created flowing,
flawlessly bland internationalist epitomes of
excessive hair-style and lip-glossed
fashionable glamour

Being passionate I compare different
temperaments, play a cool disciplinarian
role at home & work where German
efficiency reigns,

sometimes I think I have lost my soul...

Margaret Alice
Mistakenly thought I had done my best, and I was wrong, boy was I wrong, I cannot blame anyone but myself for failing again, M Scott Peck wrote in his book “Road Less Travelled” that impatience is childish and irrational, an indication that a person cannot postpone his need to feel fulfilled - like an adult should

If I were not so impatient I would have printed my assessment, carefully studied it, comparing, changing and improving, note subtle nuances, the only function my life and job have is discovering my shortcomings, I have not started addressing them yet, only learning how far from average I am, have yet to reach the height of mediocre

I am simply the most incompetent, no control over temperament, the world is perfect, colleagues are brilliant - their ethics impeccable – yet I cannot even begin to emulate them, the fight for meaning in life is too painful to continue and win, life per se is meaningless, senseless, only spiritual truth has any value

But it is not possible to withdraw and search for answers, too afraid of hunger and suffering to follow the example of swami’s and holy men prostrate on nails, walking over hot coals without burning; maybe after this life in the cycle of reincarnation, my spirit will be better equipped

To deal with the material world...

Margaret Alice
Installed next to your bed with Nici and the fairies to keep magic vigil, the big bay windows aglow with silver and dove-grey clouds almost purpled against a sapphire sun-drenched sky

Machines flash sentinel duties above your head, webs of tubes and cords writhe from them, measuring, monitoring your every breath, feeding oxygen, sugar, colourless fluids and morphine

into drips attached to your wrist, already black and blue from frequent piercing, you sleep breathing deeply after everyone came to say hello, your guardian angel Nici holding you softly, shaking her head

at me and my fairies – I know she’s the main fairy to visit you...

Margaret Alice
Your stuffed bulldog tinkles, his green and red bow repeats colours of your flowers – a high-fashion magazine in hand; you are already eating, we may bring sweet treats you said immediately, condensed milk and cookies, then fell asleep

Overjoyed I report finishing my document before coming to see you, the pastor there too, prayed for your health, reaffirmed our faith – we cannot do anything now except wait and pray you regain your strength, I pasted stickers of fishes on your glory box

You asked me whether Nico was fine and I truthfully replied he was sleeping, which he is, with the angels; do not worry about anything, just smile at me again...

Margaret Alice
The cosmos splits into parallel universes in which all conceivable outcomes of all events take place; the universe is a part of a larger multiverse.

Quantum mechanics equations say the cosmos exists in different states simultaneously, superposition states collapse into a single state.

Electrons and photons remain in superposition states, yet large objects do not explained in Schrödinger's cat experiment, a vial of poison breaking open.

When a radioactive atom decays in a sealed box - all in superposition states: decayed & not decayed, broken & unbroken, dead and alive at the same time.

The entire Universe exists in superposition states that leak away to leave what we see, there is a 'volume of space' containing all information in the universe.

And all things with which the universe will interact in the future - a causal patch' region – our universe is one causal patch among many - a cosmos of differing regions.

Inside a big multiverse, information leaking from our causal patch into others, our universe decoheres into the state we observe, Bousso and Susskind thus explains the -

Many worlds interpretation of quantum mechanics, the cosmos splits into multiple parallel identical universes: in one the cat survives and in another the cat dies in an infinite number of parallel universes.
Where all conceivable outcomes of all events actually happen – called alternative realities splitting from other universes; the global multiverse represents the many-worlds theory in a single geometry

The Multiverse Interpretation of Quantum Mechanics leads to a place where the Multiverse and Many-Worlds collide
01 June 2011 by Justin Mullins
Magazine issue 2815.

Margaret Alice
Total freedom means I may read the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy of the Saviour, the miracles of Jesus Christ in his Infancy - and nobody can force me to believe or reject it, nobody dictate what I should make of it, I am free to conclude.

This Gospel documents the visions of dreamers, delighting in apparently impossible ideas, entrancing theories of supernatural powers, making the quest for literal truth redundant - there is no means to prove its veracity - true believers need none.

While sceptics will never accept any proof whatsoever, I am entranced by the lovely vision of the baby Jesus lying in his cradle, telling His mother Maria He is the Son of God; sick people cured when the water in which He was washed, poured over them.

I am captivated by image of the boy Jesus making His clay figures of birds and sparrows fly - when He was almost flogged, His master’s hand fell off; explaining astronomy to a philosopher - aspects of planets, triangular, square, sextile; course retrograde.

The little boy Jesus is a bewitching phenomenon...

"THE ARABIC GOSPEL OF THE INFANCY OF THE SAVIOUR"

With the help and favour of the Most High we begin to write a book of the miracles of our Lord and Master and Saviour Jesus Christ, which is called the Gospel of the Infancy: in the peace of the Lord. Amen.

Margaret Alice
' Total Freedom '

Read the philosophical question: Does something exist if nobody is experiencing it - a Walkman playing when nobody with earplugs is listening, illustrates it is completely irrelevant to wonder whether something exists if it is not experienced by us

I am totally happy to believe that a superconsciousness experiences everything real and imaginary - therefore infinity means all possibilities, probable & improbable, can and does exist in this and all alternative universes that we are able to visualise

Once we accept there are no boundaries except those we set ourselves, once we believe the rules governing our own universe are not universally applicable – and relativism means all experience is limited by context and situation, therefore changing these

Means each set of circumstances is subject to its own set of rules or could be completely free; we cannot pre-determine the answer to every possible question, life will always pose a mystery, a puzzle, an unending quest - this realisation sets us free

From all limitations imposed by other minds and external powers; we all have unlimited freedom to decide what we admire, believe and desire, nobody can ever prescribe or decide for us – this defines our total freedom!

Margaret Alice
06.08.2009 A Scream On High C (Rev.)

Heat and fatigue, do not call me to watch TV, I cannot feign interest when feverish, a fire burning in my forehead, flames in my cheeks, let me escape into my book

Our physical world is just one expression of a manifold possibilities, a background hum on the note of B-flat is detected by physicists in this vibratory universe

I am vibrating to a scream on high C, the Magic Flute Queen-of-the-Night in Mozart’s opera is singing a razor-sharp aria in me, yet reading about reality as a spiritual entity

Lifts my thoughts away from my body to a world view of wonder, creating enough space to set me free from the debilitating symptoms of the allergy...


Margaret Alice
Satinover’s ‘Bible Code Truth’ published by Sidgwick, delightful parallels between Cryptology and Judaism, the Torah and Quantum Mechanics, celestial ecstasy in the divine mystery of the Torah preserved without changes over millenia - Why do trained scribes copy the Torah by hand without making any mistakes?

‘Omit or change a single iota from the Torah and you destroy the universe’ rings an ominous cry, relating to the Christian Scriptures: ‘Not the smallest letter, not the stroke of a pen, will disappear from the Torah until all is accomplished’. Three probable Gulf War dates were found in close proximity in Torah text Gulf War references on the closest one of them - 18 January 1991 - the first scud* fell on Tel Aviv, with very little effect, 39 scuds hit Israel without any fatality, President Herzog claimed Divine Intervention, General Moshe Bar Kochba exclaimed ‘I have no rational explanation for these wondrous events!’

Nachman Shai declared ‘The Butcher from Baghdad* threatened to incinerate half of Israel; our salvation is beyond all understanding, such a wondrous example of the miraculous’ – I bow my head, in awe and respect for the sacred ground I tread...

Quoted from Dr Jeffrey Satinover “The Truth Behind The Bible Code” Sidgwick and Jackson, 1997, pp.4-5,173-182

Torah = First five books of the Bible, Iraqi scud missiles,
President Chaim Herzog, Saddam Hussein, General Moshe Bar Kochba, Brigadier General Nachman Shai

Margaret Alice
“Life is only about what you are, right now, in this red-hot fresh moment emitting.”

The crisis is over, I am willing to emit joyous expectation in this new moment

My tears are spent, looked to my spiritual friend for uplifting, he told me to cheer up

My heart obeyed, opening a space in my mind, the place in which joy always bubbles

The bubbles filled my heart, the heaviness left, the world grew beautiful, my eyes

Conferred beauty and joy on my little world, I saw the sweet intention

Behind your harsh words and anger, self-pity melted, I lost my frown, my thoughts came home

Though I cannot deal with criticism, it is necessary, the wound healed, leaving no scars

The tears I cried purified my mind, cleansed my heart, I look at myself to see

I deserved what I got, it sets me free to chase the ideals that confer special flavour to life...
3 August 2009

Margaret Alice
09.08.2009 Ag Pleez Deddy

I remember a trip with a friend of my mother she took us kids to see something or other as we enjoyed the ride in a strange car, she and her husband started to sing in unison creating a wonderful bubble of warmth, ensconcing us in the safety of camaraderie as happy and carefree, as beautiful and reassuring as sunshine to me

They sang Jeremy Taylor’s humourous song ‘Ag Pleez Deddy’, her voice round and sweet his deep and strong, the refrain like a trip to a funfair: Popcorn, chewing gum, peanuts and bubblegum, ice-cream, candyfloss and Eskimo pie’ - the first time I realized what a fun song it was, the memory of that happy feeling forever embedded in the melody and words

When I got hold of the words later on, I tried to memorize them to keep the memory of those wonderful moments alive for ever and ever to come

Jeremy Taylor

Ag pleez Deddy won't you take us to the drive-in All six, seven of us, eight, nine, ten, We wanna see a flick about Tarzan an' the Ape-men, An' when the show is over you can bring us back again

Chorus:
Popcorn, chewing gum, peanuts an' bubble gum
Ice cream, candy floss an' Eskimo Pie
Ag Deddy how we miss licorice and lollipops
Pepsi Cola, ginger beer and Canada Dry
Margaret Alice
Brought work documents home, letters by disgruntled dissidents, a Wu-chu Kung Fu expert offering a show for the 2010 World Cup opening ceremony

Translated lines without rhythm or rhyme, stopped when we went to the shops, sidetracked into admiring a beautiful flowering garden at a roadside nursery

Dreaming about Deepak Chopra’s depiction of the afterlife where we get what we think about; I visualise perfect love and complete freedom without unmusical, discordant,

Toneless, grating noise; we sang Frère Jaques* before we could talk, my father taped us, we listened to the recording as we grew older, a three-year old me singing

Hansie-Slim, berg wil klim, in die wye wêreld in* before I learnt what the words meant; my brain creates rhythmic patterns in musical delight, causing me to produce

The most atrocious translations of the harsh words other authors strung in cold lines without reference to music and song; the ice-cold world of materialism is where I belong - but

I am always listening to the music playing in my head How Great Thou Art, Psallite Deo and Ay Marieke, Marieke by Jacques Brel...

**************************************************************************

* Frère Jacques = Vader Jakob, slaap jy nog, hoor hoe lui die kerkklok, ding-dong-del [Frère Jacques, dormez-vous, sonnez les
matines, din-din-don]

FAK:
[*Hans ran off, mountaineering, hat and stick, brave indeed; mother sighs, Hans is gone, run back home anon ]

*Hansie-Slim, berg wil klim, in die wye wêreld in, stok en hoed, pas hom goed, hy is vol van moed, Maar die moerderhart is seer, Hans is in die huis nie meer, hoor nou net, moeder sug, hardloop gou-gou terug.

Margaret Alice
1020/07/12 Singing Nuns

The cold outside delicious, heat inside making me nauseous, softly singing my latest theme song “I will follow Him, follow Him wherever He may go, There isn’t an ocean too deep, a mountain so high it can keep, keep me away, away from his love”

Rocking to the beat of the song’s second part “I love Him, I love Him, I love Him, and where He goes I’ll follow, I’ll follow…” then it struck me, I am old enough to let go of the idea of a God as father figure, now He is the bridegroom and the bride is anyone

Renouncing the world, I feel an affinity with the nuns dedicating their lives to Him, since His is the only image that warrants the kind of love giving meaning to life - I would love to chant “He is my True Love” with the singing nuns, I look with new eyes at my surrounds

I used to lament the lack of grandeur in life here on earth where people and things fall short of the magnificence my soul wishes to experience - but they are only concepts in my own consciousness, images of the principles that created this world - as long as I keep my eyes on the loving energy

Flowing eternally, I can rejoice in the beauty of the creative idea that will always be my ideal without blaming anything for imperfectly representing the love and integrity I shall always delight in!

Margaret Alice
11.08.2009 Memory Stark And Bleak

A memory as stark and bleak in black and grey as if it was yesterday, my mother and I went to the station to meet my father returning from the office

I felt totally lost in an empty space with ominous threats everywhere, a promise of death and decay in the air, nowhere safe, nowhere to go

My father carried an old tape-recorder; they fought, she was angry, through all the years the terrible darkness of that day remained in my mind, ready to jump out

When an association unlocks the memory - but that tape-recorder became a miracle in our lives, we recorded favourite stories to savour again and again

It is so strange that this miracle toy appeared in such a terrible atmosphere, when I feel lonely on a dark day, I can still replay that day’s feeling of hopeless abandon

It must have been a reflection of my mother’s fatigue and depression, I hope nobody else ever feels that way again...

Margaret Alice
A perfectly maneuvered military operation executed with brilliant precision, hubby helped Tiaan to make a paper cylinder. Nici did the cutting, prepared print-outs. I checked writing, all prepared dinner - chicken, salad and vegetables.

Somehow a sweet, loving atmosphere pervading everything tonight, Tiaan went off to read The Fountainhead by Ayn Rand, he had finished Mila XVIII by Leon Uris long ago, hubby is smiling, Tiaan started playing Water polo, Nici is playing baseball, the kids often exercise on the apparatus in the sun room which I carefully eschew, after watching a sit-com, we find advertisements the most riveting, especially - did you know the monkey stole my Savana – no, but if you hum it I can play it - the barman says, playing his ukulele, I sigh happily, sitting with family in front of the TV...

Thursday 13 July 2009

Margaret Alice
Mellen-Thomas Benedict
a near-death experience
related in his book called
Journey Through the Light

Everything - Hindu Judaist
Protestant Buddhist all of
them represents a facet of
the whole religions should

Let each other be live and
let live a different mosaic
forming a big picture all
important individually

I feared toxic waste nuclear
missiles deforestation the
population explosion now I
love every problem

I love the mushroom cloud the
holiest mandala we have made
to date an archetype that
brought us all together

A new level of consciousness
knowing we can blow up earth
fifty times or more we realize
we are all here together now

We said we do not need bombs
any more in a safer world than
we have ever been before
getting safer

Came back from my near-death
experience loving toxic waste it
brought us together a system
becoming aware
Earth domesticating itself populations increasing to optimal energy range to shift our consciousness changing energy - politics - money

Transferring energy in this powerful vortex we are living in...

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Quotes from Near-Death Experience NDE Story of Mellen-Thomas Benedict “Journey Through the Light and Back” found on the Internet

Margaret Alice
Instructed not to use bomb shelters; prepare safe room, seal with masking tape in missile attack, gas masks until all-clear – according to Isaiah: ‘Gather in your chambers, shut your doors hide until the wrath is past.’ (Isaiah 26: 20)

West Bank missile strikes only injured, no lives lost, two buildings destroyed no-one killed, several missiles fell into the sea, another blown off course by strong wind

No damages from two missiles striking Negev desert, two missiles fired from Iraq just disappeared

A missile in building airshaft did not explode; a lady in bed held safe by a steel door frame when ceiling collapsed in attack

November seasonal rains appeared on the first day of war, 17 January, continued six weeks with high winds, chemical weapons could not be used with winds blowing towards Iraq

Nowhere in Israel were any believers touched by the attacks.

27 February - a national prayer day at Jerusalem’s Great Synagogue; Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir and President Chaim Herzog, on eve of Purim

28 February - Iraq agreed to UN cease-fire on date commemorating Israel’s
Miracles During the First Gulf War

Compiled by Roslyn Bailey from Israeli sources

The Gulf War lasted from January 17, 1991, to February 28, 1991, about 6 weeks. A terrifying experience for all Israelis, there were stories about amazing deliverances and curious 'coincidences'. The reader can decide whether these were indeed miracles or not, but most Israelis made up their minds long ago.

Source / Copyright
Tract found in the Jaffa Gate coffee-shop in Jerusalem. If you happen to know the address of Roslyn Bailey, please send it to me. Thank you.

Publication
First publication: October 1999 - Updated:

Margaret Alice
15.08.2009 Song Of Love

I choose to make you true as I cannot live with the alternative, when there is no you I die inside and a dead me is no use to anyone, least of all myself to live in hell is a choice and I choose the light of love

I love you madly passionately devotedly I shall always love you no matter what reality is a personal construction that we create through our attention, wisdom’s light leads me inexorably to what is true in my existence

I know there is a greater consciousness aware of me and living within your loving eyes as your own creation I feel happy and safe, I can never leave you, not for lack of sensory evidence of your immaterial existence

I feel you in the sun, love your touch in raindrops, hear your voice in celestial melodies, approach you in my words adore you through my unwavering attention, I love you unconditionally and I always will...

15 August 2009

Margaret Alice
Wise and magical as Nanny Ogg and Granny Weatherwax are Hanlie and June concocting magical forms that do sums in proof of what we’ve done so preparing a production sheet becomes a breeze

It’s as good as having Hogwart’s Sorting Hat on my head, the form reads my mind and gives me answers telling my life, June showed me how to gain more time for translations, Hanlie gave me leave to do more research

Forgetting magic requires special treatment Jane destroyed the form without respect; the magical form inspired me to new agricultural heights, safe within the form’s woven web calculating fun allotted everyone

sparkles in the air, joy in the office – brought about by our two local witches, June Ogg and Hanlie Weatherwax; Jane could be Magrat the confused and I could be Perdita, singing for Christine in Maskerade...

From: Terry Pratchett “Lords and Ladies” and “Maskerade” - two clever witches, Granny Weatherwax and Nanny Ogg, a young witch Magrat and a younger witch, Perdita, who likes to sing.

Margaret Alice
In August 1990, Saddam Hussein, threatening to burn Israel with chemical warheads, marched his men into Kuwait.

All nations reacted with fear, but the Rebbe spread a message of confidence, quoting an ancient Midrashic passage foretelling:

Unfolding events – When the Moshiach is revealed, kings will provoke one another, nations will be in turmoil, Israel will cry.

Where shall we go, what shall we do, and G-d will say - I did all for your sake, do not fear, the time of your redemption is near.

The Rebbe declared Israel to be the safest place, said gas-masks would prove unnecessary, the war would be over by Purim.

As SCUD missiles with 600 pounds of explosives fell on Tel Aviv, citizens listened in disbelief to broadcasted newsreels.

Crowded buildings were hit, yet not no-one was harmed, on the traditional day of merry-making for Queen Esther saving the nation, known as Purim.

The war was officially over - the media paid little attention to these miraculous events - the Rebbe said, but WE must publicize G-d’s miraculous deeds...

In January 1991, my mother was in Israel, staying with
a family in Jerusalem. I never took note of the miraculous nature of their escape from disaster; only when I read the facts of what transpired at the time, did I realize the full extent of the marvelous events. Quantum mechanics offers an explanation for the fact that ALL faith in goodness and ALL religion is blessed when followed with integrity and I rejoice with everybody who experiences miracles.

Margaret Alice
17.07.2009 A Mini Laptop

Bought a mini laptop, a miniature prop
for traveling, kids can watch DVD's in
the car, access the Internet wherever
we are, down-load photos anywhere

Small enough to fit in my handbag, no
need to make up reasons to be happy
the mini laptop brought us joy, bought
a small bag to keep it safe

Sweet little fellow, marvelous new friend,
share some of my secrets, the world at
hand, surf the Net, see family and friends
by camera, the world shrinking again!

17 July 2009

Margaret Alice
17.07.2009 I Am A Witch

Today my headache grew
toothache came to stay, strong
enough to make me call a dentist
my notes resemble those written
by the witches in Terry Pratchett’s
books, their medicinal plant infor-
mation interspersed with notes
on their state of health

Like my lines jotted down
during an ACALAN conference
writing down the chairman’s words
about a lingua franca for Africa, inter-
jecting my worries about my dis-
integrating hairstyle, my
conclusion is: I really
am a witch...

[By the way, I recommended Arabic as lingua
franca for Africa, since nobody knows it we’ll
all be equally disadvantaged...]

16 July 2009

Margaret Alice
When the world appears absurd, words
losing all their meaning, when life mimics
a senseless comic strip, when there is no
motivation to be dredged up from the depths
of your being

When the local game of Monopoly seems like
a futile play, when the only thing holding life
together is pride, being too ashamed to hide
from the demands of reality while totally unable
to do your duty

It is time to seek spiritual help, create a fantasy
make up a new story for your life and hope your
body will be fooled to obey the demands of routine
life; I believe in so many things, yet when I fall
into the abyss

Yawning in my mind, when my identity is swallowed
and all things hallowed seem like dross and waste
when I cannot talk to anyone because the channel
has been firmly closed, I die in silence, do my best
to hide the dark

That grows inside, please let me find someone who
understands and brings back colour and meaning
into my life, please let me communicate directly
because there is no mediator between me and
reality...

Margaret Alice
18 July 2009 Black Velvet Brampton Blend

Saturday bloomed in a blend
of Cabernet Sauvignon, Shiraz
and Merlot, you were so excited
while preparing the venison, golden
light filling the kitchen, mixing with
the smell of curry

Proudly displaying your photos,
dreaming of Yzerfontein where
you mean to photograph smiling
flowers, visiting the Karoo National
Park where silence fills the soul
especially after dark

Wide panoramas, making up
for all the tension at work, a
wonderful prize for so much
responsibility, your rugby team
won, your eyes shone, this day
has been sweet and soft

Tasting just like the Black Velvet
Brampton blend of Cabernet
Sauvignon, Shiraz
and Merlot...

Margaret Alice
James Bond movies - tonight’s edition of From Russia With Love – are meant for consumers – I’m an avid consumer of James Bond movies

Always ready to hang on Sean Connery’s lips, admire the heroine, weave a new dream around the Bond framework, no work or reading done

Tonight is filled with fun, Chronicles Of Riddick* coming up, his voice, his magnificent poise, everything conspires to create the ultimate hero

I LOVE getting swept off my feet by movie hero’s; sharing the aberrations of 21st century consumer society...

* Vin Diesel in “Chronicles of Riddick” and even more enchanting in “The Pacifier”.

Margaret Alice
18.08.2009 Creative Diversity

The miracles and wonders done by God in no way invalidates the mandate of other nation states to follow their own revelation of deity, Israel has right of place amongst everybody, attempts to wipe them off the earth lead to intervention

By universal consciousness which respects all life Israel must fulfil its role within the colourful mosaic of humanity, Israel respects and protects the right to life of every other culture, showing the highest example of integrity

In devotion to ensuring the survival of an ancient document of immense value for human science, quantum mechanics explains that everybody has right of way, caretakers of ancient documents as well as agnostics

And devoted Muslims, the only requirement is mutual respect and acceptance, allowing total freedom in spiritual matters, following a chosen creed loyally without forcing beliefs on anyone, realizing diversity in all matters spiritual

Is as creative as diversity in nature and different human cultures, letting go of the dream to be supreme, realizing visions of freedom and respect instead...

Margaret Alice
20.07.2009 Bio Update - Dead

At least to PoemHunter I’m dead
it refuses to do bio update, the date
is wrong, it should be 30 June, but no
the page cannot be displayed, I will
make my peace with this

I have made my peace with everything
else that does not work out in my life
soft, green tendrils of life will eventually
find their way against the tide of dead
wood and dead skeletons...

Margaret Alice
Focus on the serious side of life, a schedule
for revision and editing, not tossing words into
the wind, using hammer and chisel to bring out
the hidden beauty in words containing a diamond
in the rough, perfect geometrical word constructions
polishing miniature statuettes, revising until the final
scene uniformly shines without fuzzy outlines

I sigh, not today, not in these structured moments
I must assemble blocks of time that allow for concen-
tration, not steal minutes from other activities, I’m locked
into an official text, chained scientific sentences goose-
stepping across my screen, ore-deposit, petrology,
geochemistry, geochronology, Birimian Belts
offering rich mining possibilities

Enticing place names, Ouahigouya, Ouagadougou and
Tenkodogo in Burkina Faso sing a new song, exotic
places inviting my soul to visit strange shores
become a traveling minstrel, sing melodies
rising and falling, seducing my spirit to
suspect the existence of
freedom...

Margaret Alice
Some great spirits, definitely poet laureates in the making, even have the most fantastic courteous decency and insight to promise with prescience and shamanistic understanding of the human psyche to look at the poems of their adoring fans and commentators writing accolades in obeisance – should time permit between their writing more poems for our happy consumption.

Oh marvellous, we must have been tacitly prohibited from reading new poems until we receive personal invitations. Oh, grandiloquent poets extrapolating all ramifications of their benevolent munificent invitations usually introduced with the sublime greeting “Hi” which bodes so well for refined diction and aplomb, mastery of stylistics and heuristics assured, bien entendu, the original demagogues of bright erudition, cleverly exposing imbroglios and showcasing benchmark sophistication of elegant sophism and aphorism... yeah!

Margaret Alice
Sacrificing something special for a higher ideal, showing compassion where it has not been earned, saving a life from a burning inn at the cost of one’s own right to live

Since I prefer crying long before something bad happens I choose to give up what I covet immediately, crying in the pain of heart-wrenching sacrifice, knowing that later

The joy of the objective for which I have suffered will take away my tears and heartache, even while giving up and watching myself having the experience, I already feel

The promise of future joy deep in my being, the comfort of knowing that I will not reproach myself for throwing away long-term advantage for the brief spark of short-term fun

That will leave a bad taste in the mouth and memories that sting and burn, though I very often fall victim to self-pity, the reassuring knowledge of long-term objectives keeps me safe

From total despair, sparkling humour revealing pretensions always comes to my aid, and after laughing and singing a favourite song and dancing with my imaginary partners

I feel warm and vibrant inside, ready to create a new dream so as to help reality expand through the constructive use of fantasy, contributing colourful visions....

Reflections based on events described in:

2. Phantom of the Opera – Gaston Leroux, adapted by Andrew Lloyd Webber

Margaret Alice
Seth’s quantum physics promotes
infinite probabilities enlarging the
universe while sensory science
shrinks it to the suffocating small

The story of Christ is a morality play
illustrating life-giving ideas, not to be seen
as reality-confused rationality in virgin
births and risings from the dead

Metaphors about self-defeating behaviour
people of integrity appreciate the symbols
ignore childish religious debates
contravening natural laws

Religion in any culture can uplift or be
used to underpin power-struggles and
war, being neutral symbolic devices and
cosmic plays to be used as preferred

We are born with a predilection for high ideals
or the exploitation of people and things; we are
free to choose to follow natural inclination
or create a new, enchanting dream

We are free to choose which predetermined
settings we prefer, I always change green to
white and blue, set the dial to beautiful music
I am not more right than you

I respect all other choices, all should be free
to experiment with rational principles to
determine whether they like the con-
sequences their choices bring them

History has shown nobody can live with the result of
manipulation, exploitation and servitude, all things
subjugated rise up and destroy the exploiters,
yet everybody must experiment to find
The proof for themselves, it cannot be taught...

Jane Roberts ‘Seth Speaks – The Eternal Validity of the Soul’
Prentice-Hall, 1972

Margaret Alice
'2010/01/05 Devil Concept

The devil concept is a superlative hallucination that lives in belief only, such believers have no trust in Soul and Consciousness - oh my

MY concept of devil is such a fun person who pulls faces at snobs and Pharisees and pursue truth with no reference to affection embedded in white lies

My devil idea is truth so cold and bare, so direct and revealing, that all loving people would cringe on recognizing themselves without their lies

To themselves...

Margaret Alice
'2010/01/10 Innovative And New

Started running since Friday, running from knowing by reading Seth, several lives running concurrently for many entities, aspects of soul

Running from knowing on Monday this week I am back at work, a good place to be, given my colleagues, a nightmare of course

Given the way it is run by Human Resources trying to force us to give account of every breath we take, every gesture we make

Every thought that crosses our mind, for some it is a piece of cake, for others, like me, the most scary idea in the Multiverse, my thoughts

Need to be free, how would progress have taken place if everybody where under the edict to think the acceptable thought

Never thinking of the unexpected, the innovative and new?

Margaret Alice
It can only be Olé Guapa that was played when Bill Door took Miss Flitworth through the steps of a tango at the harvest dance

‘The predatory stance, arms clasped ahead of them like the bowsprit of a killer galleon, turning in a flurry of limbs defying normal anatomy before the angular advance back’*

I danced the tango this morning, trying that predatory stance, then the sadness of the long drawn-out violin notes before the accordion takes up the aggressive introductory theme again

Castanets rumbling in my head, military heels clicking, I visualised an eighteen-year old Renata Flitworth in the diamond-studded black dress she got from Death, felt the adrenaline

Dancing a tango with Death who took her to her young bridegroom so she could be with him forever, a life well lived, a heart warm and caring, she offered her lifetime to save a young girl

Death, delighted, borrowed her time to defy the rules of the auditors and repaid her by eternal togetherness – I love this story, the only worthwhile dream is to be with the one I love...

Reaper Man – Terry Pratchett, Gollancz, 1991
* Quote taken from p.243
First day back at work in 2010, takes me longer
to do the administration, write a note about every
word I must translate -

Date received, date entered in registration list, date
handed to me, date entered on Work-On-Hand list,
date sent for checking

Date returned, date Track-Changes accepted, date
sent to client, date sent for electronic filing, date signed
out of registration list

-Than it takes to simply translate a document of sixty
words, the administration has become so absurd, I feel
like suicide when starting on it

I lose all interest in doing little things when it generates
so many lists, may not indicate the time spent on making
lists in production sheets

We must indicate the few words we translated after making
a myriad lists, I have already signed the attendance record
wrongly for January

This kind of Monopoly where we play a game to get paid, spend
so much time turning our brains into Jell-O, bureaucracy outlawing
feelings and emotions completely

Never allowing us to use creativity, turning us into machines - I am
planning to become the most creative, most emotional machine
there has ever been!

Margaret Alice
2010/01/12 Biography

With ice-cold fingers of fear clutching my heart, I try again to make an inscription in my biography, before it refused to accept anything new and I gave up

But a new year always fills the most cowardly heart with new courage, here I go again: Only a few pages to read to finish ‘Seth Speaks' with the beautiful message

We are multidimensional beings who live many lives consecutively, reincarnation as it is taught is a fallacy - it suits me perfectly, I like knowing that consciousness is eternal

The little bit I am living now is just a small part of a big picture that will continue to unfold until infinity and beyond; hi-ho Silver and here I go, firmly entrenched in my little world of

Sorrow and joy, dreaming enough dreams to keep me alive – at least until tomorrow! And yes, once again I could not update my Biography section - therefore I post with the poems...

Margaret Alice
With a predatory look the Caterpillar made a you don't have to obey this request: Will you finally take that wet towel off your head?

Alice, immersed in a deliciousness of the freezer's largess, archly replied: No, I don't think so, thank you so much, Sir Caterpillar

The heat is excessive and this towel helps me think, I would much rather add another one – which I would do in a blink was it there

Hearing this and realizing she had no idea of refinement or elegance, nor cared how she looked, Sir Caterpillar unhooked the hookah and held up a mirror for Alice to see

Seeing the towel wound around her head, she guilelessly said: My, don't I look just like a Bedouin? Perhaps I should find a camel and go wandering in the desert

She set off of course and came back with three large pillows which she piled on her chair and after struggling to ascend her camel, rode off into the endless dunes

Calling 'giddyup' and 'haw-hee' – Alice wasn't sure what Bedouins said, they travelled over large tracts of sand; admittedly her knowledge was limited
to Pratchett’s account of camels amusing themselves doing fractions in the desert

At least, she said, with a camel I shall never have difficulty with sums; then Madame la Pompadour shouted come to her desk, Alice stood in front of that auspicious person and demurely hung her head

You filled in the register wrong, Madame scolded her most wayward pupil, Your name on the wrong line with wrong date, as of now, before you do anything you must touch your ears all around

The great Mahatma said that helps disciples think clearly when doing numbers, Alice duly stroked her ears until Madame let her go; the Caterpillar laughing so much he suffocated in his hookah

Alice struggled with shame trying to get back into the game of riding a camel and learning mathematics from her four-footed friends quite convinced the great Mahatma must have seen them stroking their ears, which is why they were so clever with sums…

Margaret Alice
'2010/01/12 Suffocating Soul

Consciousness is painful, after sleeping
well I got up feeling ill, spiritual authors
assure everything physical is psycho-
somatic, starts in the mind

My positive book recommends scripting,
not things as they are, but how we would
like things to be; I want a consciousness
happy and carefree

I want to be able to breathe easily, not
fighting for breath, could suffocation in-
dicate this total bureaucratic control
is suffocating my soul...

Margaret Alice
Susan Boyle’s Story related by Piers Morgan

eating humble pie, admitting being nasty when she appeared first time, a YouTube sensation took the world by storm after her rendition of ‘I Dreamt A Dream’ - I am so delighted

The Ugly Duckling turned out to be a swan, I am satisfied miracles still happen, even if I am scared of them, watching Pierce’s discomfiture when she first appeared, swallowing in shock when he heard her voice so clear ring out

Buscaglia said we should dream without fear he was proven right by the world embracing Susan Boyle, America entranced with her - sold platinum records – this is the stuff special, grandiose dreams are made of

I love her for it, so does everyone else, three cheers for Susan Boyle, we love your courage, your talent, your bravery in facing the world’s contempt and overcoming it, sweetly crying in public, Elaine Page saluting you

Danny Osmond visiting – every dream come true! – What is my own dream, there’s a big problem, I want to inspire people while remaining unseen, invisible, is such a project viable? Only time will tell...

Margaret Alice
2010/01/16 Refinement

When my friends criticize Susan Boyle like the unwarranted attack launched by Sharon Osbourne because Susan is more unpolished than most - I get angry, lash out at them in her defense

Susan has a heart of gold, I love Piers and Simon’s retraction of their initial judgmental reaction, admire the courage that enabled Susan to face a hostile crowd to take the world by storm

Filled with fear by the reaction of people I admire like Sharon and my friend, what feelings make them attack her for being inferior to them; if they insist on regarding her as an unworthy oddity

What chance has an oddball like me of acceptance in a world where refinement is equated with superiority while the opposite is mostly true? If I go on like this I will lose all my friends

And I have so few!

Margaret Alice
Finally sinking into the feeling of despair that enables me to do my job, accepting nauseous loneliness, scrutinizing endless words in a tortuous mental stream

I would probably have been unhappy anywhere, nowhere on earth is safe against the depression alive within me, falling into the Black Hole

Dante’s Purgatory swallowing me whole, no act of rebellion can save me from the pain of sunshine fading, this is my fate, whether self-inflicted or not

The storm in my mind abates leaving a hole where my heart has been, saying goodbye to everything that gave me hope, facing criminal documents

Unending lists, meaningless, totally absurd filling my whole universe, I have to remain depressed in order to complete useless routines in order to

Survive my life...

Margaret Alice
'2010/01/19 Poets, Dreamers...

I love reading imaginative essays
my eye on the beauty and extent
of imagination, not to find proofs
and negations

Arguments kill the wonder of speculation,
bores the reader and closes of new avenues
for exploration; everything is true, we choose
with which truths we want to interact

I find the value in alternative science and non-
sensory experience lies in awakening emotional
response leading to creativity, after reading long
boring discussions about the probability of

The truth of Seth Speaks, I’m left with the impression
that the real treat, the exciting emotional experience, was
missed by the authors complaining their experiments did
not bring the conclusive evidence they were looking for

Given their focus on the validity of what Seth says, instead
of the joyous symbolism he reads into physical manifestation,
I would recommend they read philosophy and leave the Seth
material for poets, dreamers and visionaries

For people interested in creativity, not boring scholarly
arguments that have no meaning for the personal
experience of delighted wonderment!

'Seth Speaks” by Jane Roberts

Margaret Alice
2010/01/20 Mental Chaos

Ate an illegal Russian roll, passed out in my chair, the vision in the darkness behind my eyes swinging wildly as if in a plane falling dangerously through pockets in the air, woke to find I am someone else

The dark fears of James Bond’s aide-de-camp “Kissing Floor” replaced by the optimism of a little official who accosts her colleagues regarding Madame Bakkop and Mr Coffee, a little jewel sent by the indefatigable Interpol

A message conferring joy in the quaintness of the names, a welcome reprieve from reading Baudelaire and trying to remain sane while his sensuous descriptions shocks the life out of me, fighting back with Cantharmonie, Grand Dieu

Nous te bénissons, and Le Malade Imaginaire, Argan in idiotic arguments with Toinette while Angélique is languishing for her new amour; Thomas Diaforus struggling with the héliotrope, a French textbook instructing on the role of family, I sigh

Content in this mental chaos, many strings representing the multifarious nature of reality that keep me from being bored and losing consciousness...

Margaret Alice
I don’t know how to reach my twin sister, our birthday in Aquarius, count nine months back for Astrogenetic conception date, Cancer, the home-making caretaker

My sister makes a home for my parents, I want them to realize the great qualities of grandma Alice, a Virgo perfectionist working like Cinderella in caring for us

Mother, Leo-Queen of Hearts, father Conan-Sagittarian-Barbarian, brother Aries-Attila the Hun, brother Aquarius-Peter Pan; Tom Thumb-the youngest brother

My sister, the peppery-tongued Duchess and me, Alice in Wonderland - the Queen of Hearts angered Alice by claiming she would have been good at mothering

If Cinderella were not there, forgetting every time Cinderella was absent, nothing changed; she did not start mothering; I LIKE the Queen for not mothering me

I want grandma Alice to go to the ball now she is dead, receive due praise for all she did in caring for seven people; father, mother and five unruly kids

The Queen should thank Cinderella for working so hard making amends for the trouble she brought when she stole for her son, the Queen’s brother

Who was saved by Barbarian-Conan father, the Queen shouting “Off With Their Heads!” about us all, especially because her kids did not qualify as

Pastors or missionaries, my Duchess-sister walks next to the Queen while stabbing at Conan who has been exploited for his money, the Queen wants all cash in her hands

‘All money is mine, ’ she declares even though she lost every property entrusted to her; sister angry because Alice in Wonderland pays no tribute to the Queen of Hearts
Insisting on Cinderella receiving tribute instead...

Margaret Alice
It’s easy using subterfuge to mask mistakes – apologize in misplaced selfishness for what we did not do to throw accusers off a shameful scent of truth

irrelevant confessions say you did to cover tracks for doing worse; subsequent attempts at blackmail only anger me

I say some people leave distrust within their wakes, make all look bad and turn the world into a scary place where others take the blame

denying you were there to chaos that ensues unleashes fury they manipulate strings of emotional mastery pulled by a diva singing woes as wonderment

with childish innocence they claimed a love of all, should one become enraged when ruin merely is a consequence of sad decision’s innocent mistakes

altruism is absurdity in manners fiscal and should teach a wariness – to be a loser who accepts the loss and bankruptcy exploits the sanity of those who care, how to guard against incredulous stupidity

forgiveness asked for disregard when we were young is but a slur on loving care, a positive idea of meek apology, a cover for the crime, its presence such is but a test

wisdom loved itself for life in loyalty’s integrity, accepting lessons making
harmony and self-esteem, rejecting practices that exorcise the living dead

People crying in my sister’s ear while talking rationally to me cause sibling rifts feeding us at odds, rewrite the past to cast themselves in a positive light

questioning those who loved me as they proved subsequently by continuing to care for me after subjection to injudicious exorcism...

Margaret Alice
2010/01/25 Anyone You Have Loved

Probably time to admit that drinking Nici’s birthday gift wine was not a good idea, wine always make me feel down, I should rummage amongst my treasures for pearls of wisdom and golden words with spiritual content

Would even flowery words and loving ideas fail to move me at times like this? Will the words of Stanton and Rodegast about love have an effect? On page 82 I read: ‘Once you have loved, you always love, anyone you have loved

Regardless how briefly, you and they are now one, you will know that person again and again’, I smile, relieved, my treasures yielded the most beautiful, precious ideas, oh beware, all you whom I have loved and look out, you whom I still love

In wisdom I will not lament your loss, now I know nothing can separate us, oh joy, when I was small I cried over beautiful things fearing their loss, now that I am older, I know nothing of beauty is ever lost, the symbolical value of everything

Ensures their continuance unto infinity, my love for you will endure for all eternity, I am more than delighted, I am overjoyed, what an uplifting meditation, what a wonderful, inspiring thought!

Margaret Alice
If solidity is just a holographic blur of frequencies and brains are holograms transformed mathematically reality does not exist

Religions claim illusion is material though nothing is extant – and beings moving in the world do not

We are ‘receivers’ floating through kaleidoscopes of frequency – extracting signs transmogrified into ideas of this dimensionless reality

A holographic paradigm defines this view a synthesis of Bohm and Pribram's argument ensues

A scientific model of reality hitherto declaimed dissolving mysteries that never were explained except as paranormal

Bohm and Pribram say phenomena are understandable but only then within the frame of para-psychological

Individual brains are indivisibly proportionate of greater holograms; all things connected by infinity - telepathy accessible in these holograms, information travels faultlessly from mind A to B tho’ very far apart

Grof accepts the holographic paradigm is model to explain phenomena experienced during altered states of consciousness

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Margaret Alice
2010/01/27 Share Joy With You

Oh, how sweet you are, all of you who take my heart away, one apologizing for saying ‘I love you’ inappropriately

The other finding sterling words, another writing the most beautiful verse, how I love you, love you

Love you, wish I could embrace you now, hold you tight, make your eyes shine bright see the vitality of life

Energize your step, share joy with you in the pure ecstasy of being, of exploring loving thought

Beyond physical constraint, beyond the confines of human imagination!

Margaret Alice
'2010/01/29 Cosmological Doggerel

When unhappy inside, we project our feelings outside, seeking subjects of contention to start arguments, when opponents are strong, they laugh at us while meeting our complaints with clear-cut explanations

Though you say I read cosmological doggerel with comforting concepts which are only speculation, I’m not offended, I am on a quest to find all speculation to enlarge the scope of the human mind, free imagination

Where David Blaine does this by accomplishing impossible physical feats like levitation that make people gasp and run away, I want to know what is considered mentally impossible, then move the boundaries

Seeking all probable and improbable explanations for the origin of the universe, all possible and impossible alternatives and ways of existence, broadening concepts so much no-one can limit them again...

Margaret Alice
'2010/01/29 Dodge Speeding Cars

I disrupt the flow of traffic when I arrive full speed on the sidewalk as I make my way home, the parking attendant jumps into the street to stop passing cars so I can run across without stopping to check for traffic lights

He makes sure I don’t bump into people sedately walking on the other side, I’ve got everybody in line now they know me at Kingsley, security guards jump aside when I appear, waving goodbye with a smile

While I thunder down the passage and overtake everybody else, then crossing the street without the previous surge of adrenaline on my suicide run as I dodge speeding cars, the parking attendant in charge

It means I arrive earlier while leaving later and later - it is such fun!

Margaret Alice
The violins joining the trumpet in Il Silenzio draw long, incandescent lines of shimmering notes like bubbly white lace around the wrists and necks of old-fashioned Victorians, I taste sweet delight in my mouth while my soul vibrates in alignment with this unearthly music switching on magic lanterns in the wasteland of my mind...

Margaret Alice
2010/01/31 Dancing In The Aisles

Watching the shimmering, rose-coloured dress of the ballerina dancing the Emperor Waltz in awed fascination, zooming in on the picture – what if every shiny pearl on her pink-hued dress

Were one of the shimmering violin notes I heard in Il Silenzio - no human musician required, simply the sound made by the swishing cloud of lace dresses embellished by satin and brocade

I love this idea, visual beauty is always incomplete until augmented by sound which indicates the feeling, the eyes convey too little, sound is needed to catch the emotion

The sound of André Rieu is keeping me from sleep, still pondering the delights he conveys by audience and orchestra liberated from form and dancing in the aisles...

André Rieu “100 Greatest Moments”
DVD 3 – No.17 ‘Emperor Waltz’

Margaret Alice
Most people delight in stomping out the imagination, I work in a profession where it is a crime to be an independent thinker and dreaming is treason

I try to keep my imagination unfettered as I don’t like being an automaton, my colleagues assure me it is a pain-free state of existence, no passion, no desire

No feelings to interfere, just calm nirvana in following rules and regulations and refining rules through self-discipline, I fear sliding gently into complacency

Scared of accepting everything thing as it is, I love people unconditionally but seek protection against dying inside, when I see a spark in somebody else

I want to share in its warmth, there are so few whose spontaneity is untouched, you say I should become disciplined and join the fray, stop speculation

Seek no alternatives to reality and accept being a non-entity like all translators who read dictionaries and follow guidelines blindly, happy with scholarly ideas

When I tried that in my youth the pain in my soul was unbearable, I would rather embrace the pain of desire and passion than grow cold, inured

A passionless being without original thought, beautiful dreams, illegal sensations and wild fantasies...
Unless you get paid to use your imagination,  
you had better kill it, they say, it is a useless  
commodity and only the best actors, writers  
musicians and poets are allowed any  

If you are unknown, unsung and middle-class,  
you shall be hung if imagination interferes with  
your doing your duty, once you are cast as  
Cinderella, you are forbidden to dream  

Susan Boyle is an exception that proves the rule,  
I beg to differ, my ideal is to become a professional  
dreamer and teach others to dream with me, and  
I shall not give it up, I would rather die...  

Margaret Alice
Helplessly bored while facing my chores, working against the tide, paddling upstream in a nightmarish dream but making no way and accomplishing nothing.

Chemicals make my mind ungovernable, lying on my arms drifting downstream going with the flow, love disseminating hope, sowing dreams in despairing hearts.

Instead of messages about stolen vehicles I hope the thieves had a marvellous drive as they charged away, my own fantasy not to be despised.

What my heroine did on meeting him, putting him in his place for scorning her independent mind beating him in a contest to prove superiority...

Margaret Alice
'2010/02/05 Quilt Of Love

I’ll wrap you in a quilt of warm, loving words make you realize how wonderful you are, do you trust yourself enough to let me beam all you feel back at you, will you allow me to reflect the beauty of your soul

I cannot teach love of self, your gifts and personality, I cannot tell you anything, you have to see it for yourself, I hold a mirror to your face, hope you have the grace to love yourself so much, you will love me too

I’ll pack your heart in cotton wool, softer than any words you’ve ever heard, I’ll sing you a lullaby sweeter than angelic hosts, I’ll wrap my love in new terms that will lift you from the depths of grief in which you dwell

My love will fill your heart with light and lift you high so you can fly without wings, my words will give you strength to hold the love of your life even more than before without needing her to live at all, you will become strong enough

To make it on your own, buoyed up by my love as light and energy, a rhythmic melody which I send to you...

Margaret Alice
'2010/02/05 Swimming With Clouds

Third Saturday in a row with headache
do only the most necessary, trying to
build bulwarks against the pain, mental
control by watching André Rieu’s musical
carnaval not working, seeking solace in
The Sound of Music

Swimming with the clouds, a tower of books
to change my mindset and mood, spiritual gurus
say all pain starts in the head, maybe I’m missing
you, I keep repeating the gurus’ mantra ‘I choose
love’ – it earned me a compliment in the shop,
made me feel good - but

The pain did not go away, Spirit Communication
by Roy Stemman not helping, those I love are still
alive although inaccessible - I repeat the love mantra
and think of you, dreaming of a time when written words
will reach me in image and sound...

- Desperate when thinking of doing my work
while the pain in my head registers as
a hole in my heart -

Margaret Alice
Technology teaches us about evolution
intelligent consciousness manifested as
electromagnetic energy in thought-forms
which created 3-D reality on earth with
plants, storms and primitive life-forms

Consciousness learnt how to animate all
living molecules and atoms, sophisticated
creatures were made to practice techniques,
intricate things that require high degrees of
practical knowledge

Consciousness evolved by creating dramas
and stories, life is lived in virtual reality, it is
a game, we learn to play by partaking in
many dramas and intrigues, particles did
not randomly appear by themselves

Consciousness originated the whole universe,
the evolution myth is just as allegorical as the
Biblical creation story; consciousness is eternal
and all-pervasive, there is no personified fatherly
being in old-fashioned garb

Checking up on us as his personal creation to be
downtrodden and struck by lightning or disciplinary
measures when we contravene some arbitrary,
idiosyncratic rules and regulations thought up
in a great celestial bureaucracy

Administration does not originate in hellish dimensions
where an evil devil-being in red pajamas with a long tail
reigns supreme: mankind is solely responsible for every
red-tape manifestation in an attempt to regulate itself
and every conceivable corner of creativity

That is why authors like Terry Pratchett are possible and
wonderful, teaching us to understand relativity by con-
structing an alternative to common reality, teaching us
to laugh at the absurdity of our self-created religions which we force upon humanity

While mankind is free to pursue any idea simply because it is possible in a probability, an alternative to what-is, probability and possibility are perfect moral dictums, mankind learns by experiencing the result of his choices for himself and others

Sometimes through pain and suffering – what other way is there to guarantee that man is really free and consciousness belongs in a tachyon universe of faster-than-light particles?

Margaret Alice
'2010/02/09 Showing Feelings

Watching So You Think You Can Dance
for the first time this season, I can associate
with people’s emotional reaction, showing
their feelings, oh heaven, I know I cannot
dance but love people showing emotion

I thought I was dead, I had died today, I
could not revive my spirit, horrible texts to
translate, it was like suicide reading them
death and destruction to transcribe them
I was so despondent

Feeling the limits maiming my soul, then
came this program, the iron rods enclosing
my heart and head were suddenly sprung;
just for the privilege to watch this program
I shall suffer through my work

Force my unwilling mind to look up every term
sit in my chair while my heart is bleeding, So
You Think You Can Dance will come again -
I respect all people who live like dead, but
I NEED, desperately need people

Who are really alive, express feeling and jump
around - even if I cannot jump myself, to watch
my kind of people in action helps - whereas
dying emotionally while engaged in boring
work, feels like slow suicide!

Margaret Alice
A string of glittering dew-drops around
my head turning me into a magical fairy
being a pillar of society not working well
went to the library, collected old favourites
to read, books I love, return to again and
again through the years

Velvet words enfold my heart in soft
happiness, escaping the heartache of
my inability to concentrate on a non-
sensical text with calm acceptance; en-
chanting words forming a gateway to a
secret place in my mind

Where I am safe, the bitter-sweet feeling
of Adam and Eve and Pinch-Me, sparkle
of Up on Cloud Nine by Anne Fine, luxu-
riating in the warmth of these tales, de-
lighting in the cathartic dénouement ex-
perienced by the sweet characters

Their confrontation with life inspires new
hope that there is a place for people like
me who cannot master routines and
lose control all the time...

“Adam and Eve and Pinch-Me” Julie Johnston
“Up on Cloud Nine” Anne Fine

Margaret Alice
'2010/02/12 Secret Dewdrops (Rev.)

Took the secret crown of dewdrops from my head, turned it into frozen teardrops, hung a chain of flowers in my computer space, adding teardrops on a string

Replaced by sad black clips, to keep hair neat and tidy, no fairy magic for today, tear-drops only crying while reading ‘Adam and Eve and Pinch-Me’

The description of her empty life her feelings frozen underground cover the tears I cry for myself for disappointment, a prisoner of official documents

More dewdrops for my secret crown...

Margaret Alice
Enjoying fantasies, reading claims on subjective non-verifiable experience real for the author only, enjoying the dream until the author claims not to let the imagination run riot

He hangs himself by his words, rejecting the only basis on which he can be read, his words delineate personal events, neither I nor anybody I know have ever heard or seen any spirits

Cautioning readers against the only thing enabling us to enjoy his descriptions of a non-sensory world which we cannot experience, means we should not accept his word on anything

Spiritual books enlarge the scope of probability and create infinite possibility, but do not contain exclusive truth, EVERYTHING is true for those who had the experience, fantasy is the only bridge

That enables us to imagine what others have seen- without it, communication becomes impossible, only by my rioting imagination can I continue to read Robert Brown!

“We Are Eternal - What the Spirits tell me about Life after Death” Robert Brown - I was highly amused when reading on p.186 “...try not to let our imaginations run riot” – because reading this spiritual book is one big romp for the imagination!

Margaret Alice
2010/02/15 Lips & Temperament

I go along to the general store, you look at tools and ovens and I go off to study the toys, dolls, puzzles with lovely designs, beautiful paper and colouring pens, hunting for handy utensils does not come naturally

Saw a lovely paper-doll, Annie, just the right eyes and facial expression, though too expensive I might still succumb to temptation, explained to Edana and Barbara how revealing expression of demeanour is

How the way lips are painted indicates temperament, they defended the withdrawn, far-away look of an artist playing a fiddle, I preferred the mermaid next to the lighthouse doing nothing because she looks so loving and compassionate

I spend hours looking at expressions on paper faces or painted on dolls and figurines, knowing what a face says is so important, complemented by clothing or pose, I found the plastic faces of actors and pop stars do not work for this game of finding emotions inside from the outside

They seem plastic and superficial, I prefer dolls or figurines of fairies, paintings and drawings I love wide-eyed wonder most of all...

Margaret Alice
'2010/02/16 Smothering Type

The crocodile mom and the crocodile kids have been found out again, Scorpio realized the kids have no ideals, he had to attack – our Astrogenetic Aquarian and Sagittarian kids are spoiled brats

I am an Astrogenetic Cancerian, a mothering-smothering type, Scorpio is watching us as he did when the crocodile kids were in primary school, they could not read, Nici declared

‘My mother said I need not do school work at all’ - I was scared to death, my little girl could not progress – today she reads and writes her own work, my fears are calmed; Tiaan was said to be clumsy, could not catch a ball

Today he plays sports well enough - though he lacks interest, likes writing stories and spelling contests; Nici loves people and friends, reads prescribed texts, BUT Scorpio insists - the kids must choose a profession

As soon as can be, declaiming on those suffering in informal settlements; I know what he means, but I only had kids once I could provide for them, I can’t stand in for others procreating without counting costs - I wanted kids to teach them

We are born to love each other, plants, animals, the world and everything in it; because I did not know why I was born when I was small...

Margaret Alice
'2010/02/18 Beautiful Pink Kimono

Beneath my jet-black pullover
I wear a pink kimono beautifully
revealed as I drift daintily down
street – the watery way I mean

An exotic butterfly, a lady taking
small Japanese steps while my
favourite soprano sings Les Oiseaux
Dans La Charmille in my ears

Head demurely bent sans sunglasses
they’d have spoiled the effect, my eyes
on a sheer pink orchid petal kimono
rustling enticingly

A sun-screen between me and real
world traffic, I see only pink and feel
myself floating in a Japanese scene
of unequalled beauty...

Margaret Alice
I am scared, scared of the feeling
of fear that lives in my heart, scared
of my own lack of interest in the text
on my screen, scared of the black
hole that lurks in my mind ready to
swallow my world

I make that world as big as I can, from
galaxy to supercluster to universe to
multiverse, add every lovely idea pro-
claimed by quantum physicists, add
all the insights of spiritualists, erecting
bulwarks against le néant

Yet in spite of the fifteen billion light
years size of the universe, it is still
small enough to vanish, engulfed by
inky blackness, I am left with nothing
even after amassing treasures of phi-
losophy and wisdom

There is never enough to keep me afloat
when I fall prey to doubt, desperately I
repeat the words of my spiritual guru
‘love is enough’ – I am going to trust
through the tears, that when I choose
love, love is enough

It is all that is left...

Margaret Alice
'2010/02/19 Love Twinkles

I keep my own Bibliotherapy book at my side, brightly illustrated, reminding us to look away from reality unless we want to recreate it faithfully, to dream up alternatives if we desire new lifestyles and inventions because all must be envisioned before it comes into being.

The book reminds us to enjoy what we have, the life we live, tonight brought a very beautiful sunset, earlier today the office with the most original colleagues, June is a rare treat with a sense of humour no-one can beat, Hanlie an angel, Hermien an organizing fiend.

Loving our little world is our guarantee we shall love changes also, if we travel one day it is our assurance that we shall meet wonderful people; translation work taught me how to use words, to sit at the feet of a word master and learn how to create music with rhythm and sound.

It is a privilege to work with people who are loyal, strong, kind, considerate; in a job where learning is part of the daily routine, where practicing writing skills and studying languages are required - all my favourite pastimes - to have a nuclear family with lovely kids growing to independence.

When we are happy where we are now, we can be happy everywhere we go because we learnt how to focus on the beauty and love that exist everywhere, I have found amazing correspondents who adore poetry, delight in reading books and sharing their thoughts with everybody.

Though I do not make friends easily, my life is filled with creative people who help each other - and me - overcome all limitations, my fears are stilled tonight, the black hole in my mind cannot swallow the love.
and companionship I have found, when the world disappears, love still twinkles all around me!

Margaret Alice
Tiaan turns off sound during the movie
Anaconda to show how it creates
atmosphere, feelings of menace and
dread appear when silence ascends

I stop him as frustration increases fear
causing a knot in my stomach; movies
don’t affect them kids claim, I should be
ashamed for getting emotionally involved

Characters fight, anacondas attack and
tension mounts into a headache – I have
to stop looking to regain well-being, too
vivid an imagination

Reactions to fantasies derail me, my mind
is a great companion but dangerous when
manipulated, I have to focus on uplifting
things that help me survive headaches

Anaconda destroyed the spell woven by
powerful words which created a haven of
beauty and love in my mind, my feelings of
safety were lost

How many words do I need for feel-good
thoughts which enable me to do my duty,
it’s the last time I share scary movies
Tiaan can’t understand, laughs at his mom...

Margaret Alice
'2010/02/22 Forgave

I managed a major faux pas today
blood-sugar stabilizing peanuts -
eating too much, suddenly swelling
in my head causing debilitating pain:
pain in my ears, pain in my ears, PAIN
PAIN, stopped working, clung to my chair
looked at pictures, looked at nothingness

Painkillers unable to stop the pain in my ears
I lost everything, every hope of completing my
document, every dream of writing something
uplifting or noble or both, all I knew was the pain,
the bitter taste of failure again, once more I could
not complete a translation, could not even recall
the sound or the feel of the dream

The only thing I retained, the assurance I found:
‘I’ll never leave you nor desert you’ - I could not
pin it to anyone, so I assigned it to the Lord of
the New Testament who declared it is all
about love and forgiveness, I forgave
myself and everyone else...

Margaret Alice
'2010/02/23 Idées Noirs (Rev.)

Angry and distressed I joined the French Foreign Legion, fell into step, marched into the desert to the tune of ‘En Chantant’ under a killer sun in a bright blue sky

The World rang to rhythm-locked feet obliterating thought and feeling, emptying minds; lips stiff in grim determination, heads bent swaying to the disciplined beat

All emotion drained, sweat pouring down faces, the fêted battalion of Legionnaires defeating the desert, turning up the volume with each stamped out repetition of song

en chantant - en poursuivant nos idées noirs...

Margaret Alice
Pleasure is but temporary escape
from the mind, the domain of the
young and the completely insane
cry when pleasure commences
and rejoice at the end

I seek joy in eternity, immutable
infinity, the physical only intrigues
as symbolic manifestation of invis-
sible intelligent energy creating
living images momentarily

The pleasure of creating visions and
dreams, transcending reality in the
fun of mind-mastery, using bodily
senses in amazing new ways,
universes splitting infinitely

A quantum physical delight in the con-
stant change of eternally dancing sub-
atomic particles keeping innumerable
parallel universes spinning
simultaneously

Then rousing pleasures of love become
a symbol of such creative invention and
love as physical sensation is elevated to
the realm of the sublime in the sphere of
the divine - and the domain

Of celestial beings...

Margaret Alice
'2010/02/24 Tu T-En Va...

Walked straight into a red robot, head in the clouds, Margaret Alice walking about, a smile in her heart, the drivers of cars all calm, shaking their heads resigned acceptance

The taxi driver's henchmen running up Are you mad? they ask, a smile in the eyes, I burst out laughing, forgot my library card and now this, listening to birdsong on my Walkman

Earphones pressed deep into my ears tied to my sunglasses, clearly it is dangerous, next time I'll march again to En Chantant instead of waltzing to Tu t'en va...

Margaret Alice
Developing spirit communication through Spiricom - with thirteen tone generators to relay the voice of a scientist - thirteen years dead, replying to questions, two men finding electronic proof soul and personality, mind and memory survive death

Great start for the eventual perfection of etheric-electromagnetic communication by means of telephone conversation with persons already long dead, yet living on in high consciousness, the endless fun of spirit research that bored sceptics miss out on

Reading and dreaming about the living dead, wonderful awareness delighting in the great Beyond!

“Spirit Communication” A comprehensive guide to the extraordinary world of mediums, psychics and the afterlife – Roy Stemman, Piatkus, 2005 Quotes taken from pages 113 and 114

Margaret Alice
'2010/02/26 Picks Me Up

Such a privilege to have older brothers; one to be mischievous, one to teach drying off of tears, one to lend a hand to, one to scold, one to go to for sympathy

It is like a teacher standing next to me who appreciates when my legs are too short to reach, affectionately picks me up and lends a hand without a second thought

Shows me how big the whole World is, laughing at attempts to cover up embarrassment, dislikes my enemies as his own, allows me to fight his

An older brother is the World in a younger sibling’s eyes, the blessing of his approbation a paradise, his presence the protection and security I need until I

am strong enough to tackle problems of my own!

Margaret Alice
A New Carousel

The quiet little government official finished with her list, walked out into the dazzling sunshine, realized the splendours in her mind must be packed away till the end of day when her work is done, wondered about the origin of the song that kept playing in the deepest corner of her mind, waiting for the images dancing on the edge of consciousness to stabilise and make their presence clearly known.

Braving the storm of letters to be rendered in a foreign tongue so the President’s minions could take a look at it, the world grinding to a halt, voices falling silent, no tears to be shed for old passions cold and dead, waiting for new visions to create a new dream in her heart, the stories always come, the eternal spiral of fantasy always turns into a new carousel on which a new ride starts...

Margaret Alice
A butler evicting a bat
a teenage dragon, a
gryphon, crocodile and
tarantula, a rat

The cast of characters in my
new storybook, as soon
as I can think again
hold up my head

I am going to start to read
it earnestly, the preliminary
peek whetted my appetite for
something exotic and weird

The cast is brilliant, let’s hope
the storyline will allow them to
shine, let’s hope this latest al-
lergy attack taught me a lesson

I am so tired of being fatigued,
suffocating in my own body, my
nose closing all on its own...

Margaret Alice
2010/03/03 Penultimate Fatigue

Been sitting with eyes closed for an age now, cannot concentrate, fatigue sinking into my bones and nervous system, too tired to breathe, too tired to think, must be penultimate fatigue

A snake in my stomach, ears zinging too tired to offer apologies for being ill, Abraham recommending imagine feeling healthy, all I imagine is being dead, finally laid to rest

Not saying anything to prevent questions and comment, impossible advice how to organise my life living with the allergy yesterday’s seasoning and bread have a terrible effect, can’t hold up my head

Wish some force straight from a conspiracy theory would vaporize my overzealous colleague typing madly in icy accusation against my inacitivity, feels like I’m turning into lead...

Margaret Alice
I have never been able to come to terms with unhappiness, I can’t exist, can’t live when I’m depressed, when the here and now makes me unhappy, I lose interest in everyone and everything

Torpor and lassitude describe my mood, I give up, surrender to a joyless existence can’t do a stitch of work, will have to take my text home to do during the weekend - to keep up a pretence -

trying to force myself to carry on - simply worsens the situation, I accept this day is a total failure, I can’t master any task it takes away the existential angst, a relief to honestly acknowledge

Life is awful without friends, without someone who shares my experience, who understands intuitively, sees things the same way, offering solutions - creating beauty is useless, no-one to share my weird ideas

Must learn new things to show willingness to make progress – but not right now, not in this all-encompassing emptiness ...

Margaret Alice
With a twinkle in his eye my guru says there is no risk, fantasize as much as you want, indeed, I smile happily, then I had better get busy with my fantasy the day is far gone with very little going on, time to create a challenge

For my heroine, let her face embarrassment, extricate herself from a complicated intrigue with the very best results and inner peace, of the kind I always dream of but never achieve, I shall realize all my ideals through my heroine

I shall not make her as sweet as Fanny of Mansfield, of course, I prefer the arch mischievousness of a very lively Elizabeth Bennet, the only solution is to recreate the adoration of Mr Darcy to make my story progress

Nothing can replace the enchantment woven by Jane Austen - though my Elizabeth will be more of a comedy show, given my need for humour and absurdity.....

Margaret Alice
Lekgoletsi organised an enjoyable female colleague bonding meal ritual at the Wimpy and Motlagosebatho, Mashudu, Machoene Mamokhele, Azwinndini, and Siplesihle will be there, a litany of names I can’t pronounce

We shall have to play the introductory game I shall be an undercover agent, I ordered my meal in advance; as my heroine has already been embarrassed and Darcy is at hand to save the day, I felt like rejoicing

I chose a wonderful waffle with which to spoil my appetite for better food, if my guru says we should fantasize, I feel free to improvise in all aspects of my life, what better way to celebrate colleagues with exotic names

Than indulging in the wicked delight of a life-shortening, midriff-engirdling waffle with ice-cream and syrup?

Margaret Alice
2010/03/08 Disastrous Day

Oh, disastrous day, first lost document
to be returned to client, attending class -
codes and formulae, diacritic signs and
track changes called by a new name

Just when I had the cedilla down pat, alt
and 1,3,5 – now quick reference guide
fonts called ‘Liberation sans sérif’ and
‘Déjà vu sérif’ – I’m confused

Columns subtracting by themselves, each
time I touch the key the formula sign is gone,
I did it wrong, then my computer froze, my
brain followed suit...

Margaret Alice
2010/03/12 Mantes-La-Jolie

There is a song in the sub-prefecture of Mantes-la-Jolie - yes, the sub-prefecture of Mantes-la-Jolie is singing to me

Considering the Act on Contract of Association and Article Three of the Decree when members agree and authorisation is given by the authority

Given freedom of association and authority of the administration to act on its registration concluding contracts between all adherents - possibly

With theoretical comments on the legislation, leeway for interpretation and happy interaction between everybody – who wrote the song of the law

Who will sing with me in the sweet sounds of the sub-prefecture of Mantes-la-Jolie - yes, the sub-prefecture of Mantes-la-Jolie

Is singing to me...

Margaret Alice
Alice was wandering forlornly through Dr Anabela Cardoso’s laboratory when Time-stream Station turned on and Konstantin Raudive’s raucous voice announced jovially that the demonic voice heard by Mark Macy was in fact not him.

But the voice of a harlequin posing as an astral spirit, while he really was an inhabitant of the ethereal realms, not dangerous at all, merely making a call to find out whether there was an entity out there that would love him as much as Christine loved the Phantom of the Opera when she forgive him for threatening her beloved Comte; Alice looked up, interested, and offered to talk to the poor ethereal consciousness who longed to find out how it felt to be loved.

Suddenly a frightful apparition stood in front of Alice, but she shut her eyes and felt his forlorn condition through extrasensory perception, she took him by the hand and led him to her Wonderland where complete freedom and unconditional love filled the spirit of every visitor, the ethereal apparition fell down, struck by the wonderful atmosphere, declared he had never been a happy consciousness and now his electronic energy was filled with so much joy, he wanted to have fun - and laugh and sing and run!

“Spirit Communication” Roy Stemman, Piatkus 2005, quoted from pages 117 & 118
“Alice in Wonderland” Lewis Carrol

“The Phantom of the Opera” Gaston Leroux

Margaret Alice
Wordsmith’s word of the day, salmagundi triggered a heterogeneous mixture of associations for me, Anastasia’s assassin, ‘Sal Monella’ who killed her aunt

The refrain of the only song I know in Arabic SALMA-y-salaamah - we came, we went - Sal MAGUNDI sounds like ANA-y-a MA-KUNITI ba-fa-karaki-ha-hu-shas-al-y-ama*

But not a mixed salad, should I offer my family a salmagundi I would receive a salvo of clever repartees, even the word smorgasbord would be received with great suspicion

Salmagundi is not pukka-sahib – not even mem-sahib – for my own use!

*Song sung by Dalida

Margaret Alice
Giddy with excitement I gamboled about, so happy my filing was done so glad to talk to someone who returned from a far-way place

Though my joy upon his return floated me up far too high, I anchored my soul on a cloud, turned my eyes to peaceful solitude in my mind

Started again in expectation of seeing the world in a benevolent light, focus on my dreary document and keep working until all terms were found

Every expression expertly rendered in the target language which is trying to sing while it brings the message of deeds done with criminal intent

Oh, they are come again, the sweet days of wild delight, they are not too sweet to last, they are eternal, splendid and sublime*

*Improvisation on the song:

“Come again, sweet days of wild delight, ye were too sweet to last, ye were too brief and bright, in thought, I feel, once more your maddening joy, oh come and stay, for ye can never cloy…”

Margaret Alice
Changing clothing during the day is not entirely frivolous, it serves a real purpose different clothes to make various activities interesting - washing dishes, fun wearing swimsuit and shorts to freely splash water and soap everywhere, mopping floor afterwards, barefoot to feel fancy free

Off to the pool for a dip, lying with a book in the sun, long pants to survive the cold study, off to the shops with a different top to look almost smart casual, the large pink kimono shirt has been outlawed, too bright and too weird, grabbing Tiaan’s old winter fleeces when twilight coolly descends

Wearing green camouflage Saturday, playing at being a soldier in communist Russia - the eternal legacy of my reading Konsalik when I was small and fell in love with his delighted rendition of the passionate Russian characters enduring the Siberian cold with an attractive and amazing kind of panache

Reminding me of Ivan Rebroff, a deep bass singing The Volga Boatsman, None But The Lonely Heart could understand how much dreams mean to me...

Margaret Alice
Mesmerizing

A night of distress, rolling over and over in bed, 
hunger pains after eating indicating the new dish 
I tried contains things triggering the allergy, discover 
Nici is still up because she is stuck, cannot 
open documents she has to print

All my hard work in vain, she cries, I come to her 
rescue by saving all in another format, to her 
delighted surprise her technologically impaired 
mother fixes her problem, inability to sleep was 
to the advantage of my child

Whenever the allergy proves useful, I am resigned 
to my cross, without it, I would not have bothered to 
write, would have been a successful administrator 
like my colleagues, without the fears and anxieties 
that increase restlessness

Forcing me to try and capture thoughts and feelings in 
my own words, creating immeasurable regard for the 
personification of poetry, though lacking the capacity 
to assimilate all aspects of life, I adore his cascading 
music mesmerizing my mind...

Margaret Alice
'2010/03/25 Excitement Of Infinity

Without proper preparation I did my French presentation, words flowing together in new melodies, mécanique quantique, l’infiniment petit, astrophysique, l’infiniment grand dans une aventure fantastique, fabuleuse

Étoiles, océans, poissons sont reliés - c’est mystérieux, magique, quantum physics reveals a universe consisting of intelligent energy, the presence of awareness in everything in the never-ending excitement of infinity

I could not stop long enough to shorten long sentences, explain strange concepts, I kept looking for rhythms to confer beauty and harmony to the objects perceived by all our senses, stars, oceans, snowflakes

Everything flows into a seamless whole when the laser beams of eyes and mind reconstitute the vibrations of reality into a perfect hologram
I could not climb outside myself to look at the world inside my head from a new perspective

My listeners never heard the song playing in my mind in joyous appreciation for all the delights and wonders revealed by modern science - and the freedom conferred by relativity, maybe they could not understand, maybe they never will

Now no matter dear, the joy of hinting at mysteries at the heart of our universe was enough to bring the glow of passion into my life, give meaning to the anxiety of existentialism ever-threatening to tear my life and mind apart

The riddle of existence is the most wonderful aspect of the puzzle presented by our being on earth, lightens the black feeling of le néant and brings light to the
darkest corners of the multiverse!

Margaret Alice
Today my heroine had such a wonderful time
she refuses to start a new adventure tonight
she earned a break after serving all day as the
delighted protagonist of a love story that ended
in triumph in a tale much too Gothic to reveal to
earthly ears - although the spirit world

Apparently can read our thoughts, I hope they
forgave me the fireworks and storms, I hope
my guardian angels had the decency to with-
draw when thought-forms became too graphic
and detailed - psychics say people who
passed on linger around us

It is a worrying thought, do they respect my
privacy when I construct dramatic events in
my head or are they shocked by the wild and
wicked ways in which my characters behave
insisting on experimenting with all kinds of
practices to gain experience

I allow them freedom to try out anything they
heard or read about, afterwards they decide
what to add to their repertoire of enjoyable
events, seems like today’s rendezvous
is cherished by the dramatis personae
living in my mind, so please

I ask all disembodied consciousness, indulge my
little cast, it is wonderful to create a myriad plays
in the safety of my mind using fictitious persons
to determine the effect of interaction – do not
judge me by the actions of my group, I never
execute their fantasies, it is a lovely game

Of creating scripts for the private plays in the
confidential space offered by my thoughts...
'2010/03/27 Sufi

I cannot wear yesterday’s clothes today
I am a different person, my smile is new
a different face in the mirror - not for me
the same dark blue shirt interspersed with
shining silver threads

I am not the same moody thundercloud lined
with silver moonbeams, I am become a garden
gnome, a green T-shirt with pink jacket proclaim
my new identity, listening to ‘In a Persian Market’
to add an exotic flavor to

The quarks that make up my being, already flavored
as Up, Down, Strange, Charm, Truth, Beauty; named
in terms of their discovery by scientists who marveled
as their spinning energy described as color and flavor
came to light, every aspect of

These virtual particles are calculated mathematically
members of the group known as bosons sounding as
sinister and exciting as the Cosa Nostra; scientists are
more inspired than artists when confronted with the
wonders of the universe

I want to twirl like a Sufi dancer, become a swirling
Dervish spinning lightning fast when discovering
all these mythical mysteries practiced by
quantum physicists!

Margaret Alice
Goodbye to today, nothing worked
everything turned out flat and grey
like the sky, menacing, tried to wake
up, overcome myself, staring at pic-
tures of Pavlova, all encouragement
sounds like threats, dreaming seems
menacing, leaden weights filling my
head and ears, I am weighed down
ready to sink under the sea

A stiff hood tightening around my head
back and neck - how do people keep
working when they feel like this or don’t
others share my experience, the bottom
falling out of my world, muscle spasms
adding to the whole Spiel – the superb
advantage of feeling this bad is that I
shall appreciate feeling well so much
more than before

Most people don’t know the elation of
feeling well because such attacks of
pain teach the sufferer to take indes-
cribable pleasure from existence
when the pain abates...

Margaret Alice
Resist the temptation to do anything under duress, my guru declares; wonderful - no form of duress has ever tempted me, it always is a horrible duty ending in tragedy.

If you can get away with not doing it, first imagine what it would feel like to have it done, spend a day to see it completed in a way that pleases you, then take action.

It will be a lot easier – there is the problem.
I can’t imagine myself doing translation work in a pleasing way unless I can change it to state things in another way - meticulously.

Following the source text is an offence against rhythm and sound, violating the laws of music feels worse than producing lines that are rejected by Puritans who want to see.

A faithful rendition of the original curt, offensive staccato tone or irritating drone or litany of pitiful complaints, admitting no changes to grammar and terms dictated by rhythm and melody.

My poor mind cannot understand how this works and simply gives up, the only thing that counts is sound - but this is not a musical universe...

Margaret Alice
Brought my memory stick home
it wouldn’t open, cell phone left at
the office, library closed, a walk in
the garden, filigree trees etched
against a luminous sky

The long Easter weekend of the most
beautiful morality play, though I can’t
fit into organized religion, I shall always
apply Wurmbrand’s words - if the Nativity
play were only a fantasy

I would leave reality to live the Lord’s Prayer
in the most enchanting dream - as quantum
physics makes clear, turning our attention
onto a subject changes us, I love the
difference this makes in my life

Just as we change the things we attend to -
if that is true, the books I read over and over
must be different too, Jane Austen never
knew Elizabeth Bennet would forever
influence ideas about heroines

Charlotte Bronte never suspected how much
I would cry about Jane Eyre, stories that grew
in power and strength, just as quantum physics
itself is sizzling with life and delight when
I turn my gaze onto its wonderful

Mystical, metaphysical truths...

Margaret Alice
Woke up, sun shining, mist lifting from the wet earth, ran outside, watched water-drops glittering like the sheerest lace on the cycads and ferns, the canopy of trees above my head creating a forest green - kitchen disintegrating, dishes everywhere, I cannot stop

Lying in the sun enjoying its magical touch, jumped into the ice-cold pool, spent the whole morning in the garden - came inside to read about teleportation of sub-atomic particles, create pairs of photons, when changing the state of one, the other also changes immediately - through entanglement

Chinese researches used a high-speed camera to film teleportation of objects in the laboratory - pills sealed in a glass container teleported by a psychic to another see-through container, proving solid materials can interpenetrate each other - promising a spiritual transformation beyond our wildest dreams

Yet I must clean the kitchen...

"Spirit Communication" Roy Stemman, Piatkus 2005
Quoted from pp.266-268

Margaret Alice
Peter Schaffer’s film ‘Amadeus’ – the part where Emperor Franz Joseph says Antonio Salieri was the greatest composer Vienna has ever seen, remembering my twin sister burst into tears at this scene, could not stand Mozart despised

I cried at Mozart’s opera ‘The Magic Flute’ presented in a public theatre with Schikaneder, Mozart drinking, looking degraded, losing his status and dignity, we* both cried in the same movie, but at different parts,

She lamented Mozart’s pain when humiliated by the Emperor – I cried when Mozart gave in and lowered standards; two Astrogenetic Cancers* ruled by our emotions, yet different things move us; I want a hero to be dignified while she wants a hero to be happy

I knew Mozart’s work endured, withholding idol-status from him did not stop his work from gaining eternal fame - I did not feel threatened by his lack of worldly acclaim; she wanted him to be popular while he was alive - but I think happiness is only found

In a small domestic circle, popularity does not mean anything...

*My twin sister and I, Astrogenetic sign means counting eight or nine months back from date of birth to find probable date of conception as the fetus is much more receptive to electro- magnetic influence than the new-born baby

Margaret Alice
2010/04/05 Respect (Rev.)

I never blame you for mistakes or nag you when you drink if irrational feelings overwhelm you my defence is immediate explaining your weird behaviour, making peace with your possessive jealousy masquerading as expediency

Yet when I err and walk away you attack, blaming me, point unsatisfactory behaviour, reciting a litany of sins I am prone to commit, delineating in which ways I let you down, nagging and grumbling while drinking red wine -

Your alcohol consumption might equate to my ingesting allergenic foodstuffs, yet while you are always tacitly exonerated you blame me as soon as you can get in a salvo because I did not seem compliant, did not agree

Hang on - I confessed I ate bread today, you simply changed tack and attacked anew: How DARE I mention the allergy, I have no right to hide behind that effect – though you can use any excuse for doing as you please

I take a myriad of pills to combat symptoms, soon I will be my old lenient self again, accept all accusation and guilt, agree that it is me who should be condemned

And you go free as the most innocent, loving person who ever lived in this world; a basis for the respect that is due to you – I insist on self-respect and respect for others I shall respect you and all you do – while I am here...

Margaret Alice
Remember the song from Fiddler on the Roof
‘Wonder of wonders, miracle of miracles’ well
I have finally discovered why you mean so
much to me, you are an unsolved mystery!

Every attempt to uncover your true feeling, to
ferret out your secrets, leads to a mystifying
dead end, my curiosity about your strange
behaviour is growing, when I try to find

A possible explanation for your weird attitude
your behaviour foils my boldest explanations
I’m mesmerised by so much mystery, riddles
refusing to be solved by Agatha Christie

Whenever the most obvious explanation is
explored, your replies destroy the logical
thoughts presented on the subject, you
escape every attempt to catch you

Within a definition, I shiver in fear when you
reply so violently to a kind query, convinced
so much fury must conceal a mind unhinged
a strange genius I cannot explore

But I love mysteries so much, the challenge,
the elusive quality you give to life, you add
the dimension of unlimited imagination to
my life – I adore that, thank you so much!

(I shall always love my own private mystery,
the best thing I have ever come across...)

Margaret Alice
A sudden shaft of sunlight shines
a liquid pool on woodwork of
my desk, awakens surreptitious
memories of youth and lazy
autumn garden days in the
sun spent playing with mud

I am enchanted as it colours the
deep chocolate fair blonde, stare
transfixed as the ironwork table
blends into liquid gold, spend
a few moments outside of ever
linear time

enter a magic realm of the sun
created just for me – you see
why I know it is my special friend,
kissing me morning soft, enfolding
me in velvet warmth as I read
by the pool?

Margaret Alice
2010/04/16 Jolie Cloche

Marvellous French class
Nina read an article on the
death penalty with a beautiful
pronunciation, Marius entertained
by presenting ‘expressions idiomatiques

Posé un lapin à quelqu’un – ‘N’arrive pas
pour un rendezvous’ - I ask myself why you
did not show with a poem, all my queries are
just ‘Un coup d’épee dans l’eau’ - aucun résultat
tu garde le silence mieux qu’un Sphinx mystérieux

Ce n’est pas juste; Cornelius gave us ‘Le Monstre
Maudit’ to read, philosopher Thomas Hobbes, a vision
of mankind darker than night, a pack of wolves; an excel-
lent delivery, he studied Sartre, everybody well-prepared,
Sabrina, our professeur, augments the delight

With her French consonants - what a privilege to attend
French classes at Foreign Affairs, I did not even drive
aggressively, happily singing along with French
songs ‘La pendule fait tic-tac tic-tic, et la jolie
cloche ding-dang-dong, mais BOUM

Quand notre cœur fait BOUM, tout avec lui
dit BOUM et c’est l’amour qui se réveille…’

Margaret Alice
Monday morning, shell-shocked, stunned confusion
dazed, distressed and exhausted by an unexpected
difficulty after a strange weekend of dark foreboding
and premonition, invisible threats menacing

Tried to soak up the sun’s energy yesterday, the sun
was weak, cloud cover frequently interfered, the sun’s
power depleted, I could not fill my batteries for the
week to come, sitting at my desk, powerless

A list of work on hand to be compiled - I must find the
right book to take my mind into a new realm where my
spirit will be free, my guru says though choice of action
is limited, choice of thought is absolutely unlimited

There is always more ahead of us than behind us, infinity
unending lies ahead, the here and now does not matter
the only question with relevance is how do we feel, life
is a quest for good-feeling thoughts, my preference is

To find good-tasting food, instead of breathing in as
recommended in meditation, I like taking in sweet
things that remind me this is a benevolent universe
I fear the isolation to come, but it will pass...

Margaret Alice
'2010/04/20 Charming Maiden

Saturn stole the Moon Maiden from Pluto’s dark nether realms took her away from Mercury’s glittering charms, plucked her from Neptune’s dreamy arms

Saturn took the Moon Maiden to the top of his mountain where the breath-taking view enthralled her, loved her with overpowering feelings till breaking of dawn

Saturn was redeemed by the Moon Maiden’s love, rejoicing while the other gods looked on in frustration wondering how Saturn won the Moon Maiden’s hand from powerful gods

Like entertaining Mercury, sexy Pluto and glamorous Neptune, royal Jupiter and warlike Mars, how could stern Saturn, scolding and cold, steal the Maiden’s heart

They could not see the soft light in his eyes, charming the Maiden, when he smiled in the Moon Maiden’s healing embrace...

Margaret Alice
Read a book that brought my restless, inquisitive mind to a standstill, wonderful repetition of words works like a charm, little rhymes become a mantra that calms my agitated mind

The little Captain saying they would not ever sink the Neversink - old Salty replied - that’s what you think - they sailed away, the sea rocking gently, the wind whispering sweet things

A captain steering and peering while visiting strange ports, bringing treasure to the Lord of Fear and Terror in a marble palace with golden banisters, mirror floors and shimmering crystal passages

Found his son, the lord of Quake and Quiver, in charge one of seven children - three others living in the desert: Borrow and Morrow and their brother Allmysorrow who played an accordion and sang all day long

And scorned a treasure chest of gold, no music in that, he said, preferring to play pling-plang-plong on crystal that sings when gently tapped – I do not know why sing-song tales like these, relying on repetition

Sensory descriptions and mystery - are the only means that release me from existential distress; such lyrical tales rekindle interest and make me feel life worthwhile...

“The Little Captain and the Pirate Treasure” by Paul Biegel
Translated from Dutch by Patricia Crampton, JM Dent and Sons, 1980, quotes from pp 6-69

Paul Biegel (1925-2006)
In the nearly forty years Paul Biegel wrote, he enjoyed unabated success with both readers and critics. Oblivious to passing fashions and visibly enjoying playing with language, he related his timeless tales of dwarfs, witches and robbers. His world was that of the fairytale, with a riddle to be solved, a scraggy hero and the eternal struggle between Good and Evil.

Some of his stories are adventurous and unpretentious such as *De kleine kapitein* (The Little Captain, 1971). *De kleine kapitein* (The Little Captain, 1970) is one of the most appealing children’s stories ever to have been written in Dutch. Rarely has the spirit of a child been quite so irresistibly enchanted.

Biegel wouldn’t be Biegel if there weren’t a thread running through the story to tie everything together.

“’The language fizzes and sparkles and is packed with jokes, rhymes and words that don’t yet exist.’”
- De Groene Amsterdamer

Margaret Alice
'2010/04/22 Grace (Rev.)

It is important feeling safe -
I love the way you make me feel
secure; so when it seems that you
are angry or dissatisfied with
safety gone, I'm at a loss, but long
as you can claim to be in charge
as long as you have answers, whether
right or wrong, is quite irrelevant

As long as you believe in it
then I'll believe that all is safe and you
will solve the rest of irksome problems
that beset; I am elated, I can love you
rest assured and treat and hug you
spoil you, rub you just because you
keep the world in place. I can do it
just for you, BUT can’t confront
the World's enormity

I can support you long as you are
there for me to hide behind, a refuge
from the things I cannot understand; I
am safe upon your claim to understand,
am happy, joyous, glad. I spent my early
years in fear, today I know I only have
myself to fear – as long as you protect
me from my own egregious angst

I am okay but miss your company when
you depart on quests; I have to think it up
myself because your presence holds me
in a sphere where I'm secure. Oh yes, I
LOVE it - what you do, of being there with
you, hear your calming voice relating
what is going on - knowing you are strong
protects and leaves me feeling safe

Your gift to me a state of grace...
Margaret Alice
In honour of autumn I bought yellowing leaves
to replace the pink blooms of spring adorning
the screen of my computer, the crystal heart
and flower acquired new meaning

Seemed more appropriate than before, it feels
so good to align with the seasons, to be in
harmony with nature, though the air-con
technicians have a different opinion

In summer they kept the temperature below
zero, we needed warm fleeces to work, now
things are heating up, the tie between man-
kind and nature is broken in the office

But I bring in my own link, feel the passion
of autumn surge in my breast, filled with
nostalgia by the bronzing autumn sun
warming my skin with velvet kisses

Margaret Alice
2010/04/24 The Frogs

Unusual weather in April, it rains and rains
I am trying to translate a hodgepodge of
letters to the President, a French author
recommending himself for a Nobel prize
another complaining about heathens

I try to retain my sanity and fool my brain into
rejuvenation by listening to the same Children’s
Stories of my primary school days, Tiaan ran away
shouting - so I tried Min Shaw hiccups her way
through Kokkewiete in imitation of Dominique, and

Evening Song of the Birds, Lance James crooning
along, who knows where this originally came from,
when I concentrate I can press out a few tears when
listening to this, Heino’s ‘Junge Kom Mal Wieder zu
Heim’ – Tiaan offering to have me institutionalised

Willem sagely nodding his head, he understands how
priceless sentimental memories of yesteryear, obediently
listening to Staal Burger as ordered by his Mom - finally
the noise is too much, Tiaan went cross-eyed when “The
Frogs’ Sports Top” were presented by the Rudolphs

I have forgotten how artificial the original stories; happily
convinced I have regressed thirty years after listening to
these youthful stories and songs, alienating my own child
I return to André Rieu’s rendition of Olé Guapa, luckily
Tiaan is watching rugby and does not see me

Dancing a tango all by myself – with an imaginary
partner, of course...

Margaret Alice
Staring at
crystal chandeliers
piercing beauty of the crystal’s
purity, miniature rainbows playing
within the crystal spheres representing
planets hung in circle formation to form a
universe; the pain of beauty ethereal shoots
through my heart, is it because I have to leave
it behind? Crying for the beauty ephemeral of
shining crystals, the cascading drops of a
waterfall suspended forever, breaking my
heart and I cannot say why, taking a
photo to dry my tears, constricted
throat relaxing, the pain of beauty
brought under control, I can
take the image of the
sublime crystals
with me...

Margaret Alice
For a while today I felt so bad about myself for having chosen to be a failure, allergic to foodstuffs, chemicals, preservatives, wheat fat and oil – for not travelling the world; but waiting that it comes to me

Never engaging in long-term relationships except for my colleagues and core-family- I felt so badly about not being able to travel growing tired in the Cape when visiting Lady Anne Barnard’s Dutch House

Feeling horrible upon discovering I have no female companions, scared of people en masse; hubby, kids and colleagues form my whole world, yet there is Big Bro who understands my laments and explosions

Would it have come about if I were a normal human being without the scourge of allergy cutting me down, making me feel smaller than a mouse – though I am not in the league of the worldly-wise

I have found golden love in the people I know - Big Bro, the King of the North, god Lugh, Karl, you still approve of my existence given all my fears and shortcomings - if you did not, there are a million well-adapted people

Out there who would be your friends - it would break my heart; forced to concede I never was a good companion, given all the angst and dependence – how would I accept losing my private world if others came along -

I refuse to contemplate the possibility of course...
2010/05/03 No Mediator

Strongly attracted to suffering humanity
reasons why people break rules, commit
crime, are crystal clear to me, I would
gladly blow up this universe to release
them from this human-made prison

Yet everybody enjoys playing cowboys and
crooks so much, outlawing stuff that are legal
elsewhere where life functions perfectly, simply
because it enlarges the field of excitement and
adventure, only those desiring emotional growth

And psychological expansion are born into this
universe and remain here until the lessons of
freedom and responsibility are learnt, I want to
learn all I can in this lifetime so I can move on
to different realms beyond the material

Beyond physical objects into the mental regions
where thoughts immediately translate into events
without the intermittent phase of objectified reality
no mediator between love and existence required...

Margaret Alice
Brought ALL documents for administration with me, beloved, most honoured, joyous Production Sheet recording every moment that I breathe, every move that I make, counting seconds, minutes and hours

The most lovely pair of manacles ever devised by mankind, the absolutely perfect form for recording every moment I live under the sun, I shall only ever escape once I die, but while in physical form

I shall never be lost again, the form is my Bible, my guidance, the dictum and maxim, my only reliance to determine whether my soul is still pure from the terrible omission of sin, the regrettable aversion

To the wonderful, comforting words written by super-intelligent correspondents out there who love to advise and kindly criticize our President, who air their lofty opinions in the most elegant way

Who share their marvelous, enchanting ideas in the most endearing way, who bring light into darkness shining like gems and precious jewels in the rank dankness of this material world in need of -

Their succor, who convey wonderful thoughts in the most scientific and uplifting – may I say – sublime terms, who fill my heart with delight – oops, back to the Masterful Production Sheet, god-ruler of my life

The incense altar of bureaucracy at which I sacrifice selling my soul for the marvels of modern technology I still shiver in tremulous exultation when I think of the weekly Work-On-Hands list, to be listed

Into a bigger List to be included in a Monthly Report that will be subsumed in a Sectional List to be incorporated in a Departmental Journal to be used to indicate we do exist; never again shall philosophical questions arise
Our existence is infinitely proven, eternally unquestionable by means of the most overpowering device mankind has ever devised – statistics entailed in interminable, delicious scrumptiously magnificent – LISTS!

Margaret Alice
Without Grace

Poppies, golden explosions of orange-edged light bought to brighten my patch of grey, this icy spot in the office - a source of comfort against the dour sky outside, giving up on my Dutch legal document

much too empty and cold to fight the inevitable knowing I cannot win against the dragon of official agricultural jargon presented by means of incomprehensible Dutch legal terms

not a single word reminding of the enchantment Jacques Brel created in his song ‘zondere liefde warme liefde, waait de wind, de koude wind, over mijn land, mijn plattenland, zonder de liefde warme liefde

lacht de duivel, de swarte duivel’ the black devil is laughing in grating sounds ‘invoermachtiging, grensinspectiepost, bestemmeling, afgestempeld, ondertekend, garantieverklaring

veiligheidsvoorwaarden van besmettelijke aangifteplichtige planten- en dierenpathogenen’ I must study and research the correct use of these mocking terms,

marching through unending desert of uniform boredom, marching, marching while my heart escapes by repeating ‘Ay Marieke, Marieke, le ciel Flamand de Bruges a Gant, zonder de liefde Warme liefde...’ full well knowing I am stuck in a moment without escape, an eternal moment without grace...

Marieke
Composer(s) : Jacques Brel; Gérard Jouannest
Originally performed by: Jacques Brel (Belgium)
Covered by various other artists

Margaret Alice
Eyes red and swollen, I hope no-one sees me this way, crying alone in the garden, only Junior - the Jack Russel near, all the squashed hopes of today

A new form determining we are only administrative office workers without prospects - oh, we receive a salary an original Bafana-Bafana shirt

All kinds of perks – like a computer on which to do our work; tears streaming I wipe them away, no-one to listen as I explain my disappointment regarding

Dreams that I used to cherish - the crocodile is depressed, reacting with flight as fight is not an option in a mammalian world, no confidant

My own fault of course, I do not offer a shoulder for others to cry on, why should they invite me to cry on them-as soon as a new dream takes shape

As soon as I escape dreary reality by dreaming - I shall feel better again...

Margaret Alice
Anti-bacterial lozenges, feverish, listening to an explanation that if we want to go left while we believe we have to go right, we shall all have our faces paralyzed - listening with a wooden face suddenly laughing, realising I am happy where I am going right all the time, knowing I can go left to follow dreams later on

I am learning all the time, love the familiar faces and serious intent of every incumbent, love the atmosphere at work, love my work station and adore my computer, I love my correspondents, everyone who shares space and ideas with me - I love hubby for screaming at me for messing up my face like a naughty kid, it shows he loves me

I love Tiaan for descrying my old-fashioned music lacking aesthetic value, I love Nici for her emotional maturity in dealing with life, I also love the autumn sun and the cool wind that led to my catching a cold, forced to lie down I love the lozenges that take the pain away, I love the lady who told us we need not make decisions today- just feel better

Don’t row upstream, put down the oars and let the current carry us to where all the good things we identified, are waiting for us...

Margaret Alice
'2010/05/11 Warm Organ Fugues

The strong silver sun of today dazzling bright changing trees into shimmering green, framing everything in glittering shafts of explosive light suddenly subdued, enveloping the world with a soft golden sheen

The visual beauty becoming tactile, becoming a song, silver notes of Saint-Saëns, fishes swimming, growing into Bach’s warm organ fugues, sunbeams dancing to Boccherini’s minuet softly folding into Peer Gynt...

Margaret Alice
No bright sunshine today, a magic forest outside my window, dusky sunshine filtered through clouds washing filigree ferns and broad Strelitzia leaves in soft fluorescent green

The blue baldachin of yesterday’s sky becomes a soft silver canopy enclosing a small enchanted slice of life, a Jack Russell and I sitting side by side enclosed nostalgically inside

Melodies, orchestral pieces bringing memories safe within grandma Alice’s meticulous care creating a safe space in which to read to my heart’s content, emotional events that made me flee from life, today I’m revisiting old tales to wean myself of their debilitating influence no longer willing to drag my shocked emotional self unwillingly behind my intellectual mind

always holding me down with its first impressions, today I know we are free to do and dream, physical pain is temporary, shock can be overcome...

Margaret Alice
Outlawed

Psychologically preparing for returning to work tomorrow, making lists, Production Sheet of everything I did during the month Month Sheet for everything we ALL did during the month

Work-On-Hand, a list of work to be done by me in the coming week, another list of work to be done by the whole Section during the □ coming week, sheet upon sheet, a list of lists to be listed

By the time we are finished listing I will have done so much soul-searching, seeking out shortcomings in my conscience, I shall know I am a criminal, guilty for being born, even more guilty for living on

Guilty for breathing and dreaming of a better world where freedom and joy, love and acceptance abound guilty for being a flawed human being who should be kept in the straightjacket of legislation, laws and regulations - guilty for being

A specimen of the species homo erectus - bureaucracy has been designed to strangle all humanity out of me - but I learnt to love breathing because breathing has been outlawed...

*

Let’s kill the world, let’s all die out, it’s my highest dream to become extinct, let’s kill the world, let’s all die out, my highest vision is one of extinction...

Margaret Alice
Energised by new instructions I jump up and run from the office wearing long black hose without toes, my boss, her eyes glowing, chances upon me,

Came her ominous declaration, ‘You look like you are going to the gym’. I knew it was not appropriate and as quick as lightning changed

She comes to my office, I see her eyes spying for the offensive hose – but I am wearing conservative black leggings, she looks non-plussed

Everything black but wrongness gone, my colleague looking me up and down seeking the dilemma conveyed as a complaint

Finding nothing wrong she leaves perplexed and I gloat...

Margaret Alice
Wishing to kiss the pain of another away - as long as you know I am thinking of you, night and day, offering you comfort, you may feel fragile when your dreams fall apart - let it go, let it go, there is a new one, lament the loss of your first dream as much as you like, cry unto me.

I am holding a vision for you, your sweet temperament and unselfish spirit bring new adventures and friends, your mind will create a safe place where you can be happy and free changes are inevitable because all people need to see the world for themselves, not through your eyes all the time.

Accept the affection and love offered to soften the loss of dreams, remember who adores you, allow yourself to be held, the only balm to cure all loneliness - rest in the care of our love, let us enfold you the way we always wished to while you were so independent before.

Formerly you would not let anyone near you, now we shall storm your citadel to protect you against the pain of self-doubt, we shall be your breastplate against the sadness that is stalking you, we shall lead you to beautiful places where you shall be refreshed and renewed.

Nothing more magical required than pure simple love all yours, take as much as you want, in delight it is offered as you have brought us so much joy, we wish to share all wonder and magic with you!

Margaret Alice
Reading demotivation articles - had to laugh, only reason I stay is because I oppose all attempts to demotivate me; though motivation is of the illegal kind

I love seeing the growth of more rules and regulations, more paperwork and meaningless statements, it gives more scope for breaking them constantly it creates clever people

Learning to look and sound busy while doing nothing, a ponderous bureaucratic machine going nowhere and I can sing sharing life in the trenches with fellow-soldiers surviving administration

I love fun and absurdities, large departments furnish the best example, I love all who while being mauled and fed to the dogs, shine with joy and create their own private lives though playing charades

Creating a beautiful expediency, though I sometimes dream of creative activity; self-promotion would kill my spirit, so I stay where I can support others who cannot escape...

Margaret Alice
2010/05/24 Dead Inside

Pitch-black despair, hopeless, nothing to look forward to, all ideas fail to entice, the TV series I watched drove all dreams from my heart, made me feel ashamed of being human, naked ape standing upright.

No sense of values, nothing to which to aspire the image of wealth tainted, picture of physical comfort is threatening, it all leads to perdition becoming self-centred morons, I need an uplifting vision as antidote to materialism.

Life is a nightmare without symbolical meaning when seen as pure hedonistic existence, it scares me, causes depression, I can project magic onto things as long as hope is alive in my heart, hope and trust that humans are spirits with souls.

After watching too many episodes of TV series I feel dead inside, if modern entertainment does this to me, I will have nothing to do with it to protect myself...

Margaret Alice
'2010/05/25 Psychics

Official documents, seeking acronyms to find the most applicable meanings, enjoying the fun, ‘PNC’ mentioned in the DRC* according to the Internet means

‘Pakistan Nursing Council’ - highly suspect, further investigation reveals ‘Partner in Crime’, sounds about right given the nature of politicians

My favourite is ‘Philatelic Numismatic Combination’ as it sounds so mysterious, I also like ‘Probability of Non Compliance’

After this useless search, on to the next acronym, ‘PNO’ stands for ‘Parents Night Out’ or ‘Pagans Night Out’ or ‘Poets Night Out’

Since both Parents and Poets are Pagans according to Me, I approve of all three meanings while preferring ‘Psychics of New Orleans’

Though nothing fits in my document, of course...

*DRC is the only one I know, Democratic Republic of the Congo

Margaret Alice
I love challenging other drivers, 
if they succumb by speeding it 
becomes a contest deciding 
who’ll play chicken first - I’m in 
my element in a battle of wills

Waiting to turn into my street, the 
oncoming driver deems he will 
NOT slow down or give way, I turn 
in a heartbeat with a miss of a 
hairbreadth’s width

Pedestrians stare me out while 
crossing the street, I dare each 
to try his luck, increase speed, fly 
on adrenaline trusting perfect 
judgement to swerve in time

Good practice for reality, nerves 
on edge ready to accelerate, duck 
and dive - to all pedestrians and 
drivers I say ‘Thank you for the fun, 
I enjoy playing chicken with you! ’

Margaret Alice
My father is going far away to an inaccessible place near Zimbabwe, I shall no longer be able to pop in and check on him, shall be unable to share and see the light-hearted mirth of the baboon’s bully-beef tin

Not able to watch André Rieu DVD’s while gossiping about family, not able hear him recalling Grandma Alice nostalgically, recounting his youth when he knew the local Mafia intimately, I had better make a list of final questions

I will record his answers before he leaves - about his memories of our childhood and his attempts to create a better life for all of us, compare his varying versions of recent history according to mood, context and place

I am going to miss him, sharing his boyish enthusiasm for toys and fine porcelain, drinking from a delicate cup is like kissing a beautiful girl he says with a wink – Oh, I am going to miss him...

Margaret Alice
I freeze in a dark cavern of this house
my room the black hole of Kalkutta
swallowing me, my jeans icy against
skin, the sunroom only is bright

but there’s no room for me and a book to
read, my beloved sun weak, like an old man
losing his powers, I cannot think
how did it come to this?

Coldness of this house threatens, I want
to run and hide at work, legs not strong
enough to carry me, a prisoner feeling weak
only solution is to dream –

Of brilliant sun in summertime, any dream
any wonderful fantasy, anything to escape
bleakness of today, the trenches infinitely
more interesting, with their casualties

Voices that sing inappropriately – spirituals
and kwaiato music, though I bristle in my seat,
I love energy, optimism, a voice calling “Ntsoaki”
and cell phones ringing

Activities outlawed, we must live in quiet
solitude, a nunnery – luckily my colleagues
don’t agree and no amount of scolding can tame
their spirits, I plug a headset into my ears

When I need to concentrate - life in that noisy place
is fun and games creating a feeling of grace!

Margaret Alice
the kitchen amplifies its power as sun
gilds wooden cupboards with a patch of
gold, ice-cold tiles acquire a warming
balm but feet still bare beware, cold is
yet intense, left my bed to find its warmth
and stand refreshed, my heart rejoicing,
white wall tiles softly glow

the sun, my constant lover, ever faithful,
loyally returns - laughter brimming in his
brilliant eyes though clouds obscure him
for too long, he knows he’ll overcome –
I ADORE the sun, I’m Mayan by consent
they worshipped him like me

though I will not tear out hearts beating
from living victims as they would have
done, we share the same fascination of
sunshine and delight in the sun’s velvet
touch, I wish I could stay here forever
dream of being the sun’s beloved bride....

Margaret Alice
2010/06/04 Beautific Ideas

I fully submit to and accept as my due
any punitive measures that are applicable,
I shall reread every document and if I cannot
master the art of studying unmusical stuff, I shall
expire quietly, seek the Bermuda Triangle and
disappear within its embrace, or sink into the
growing Black Hole in my mind

I shall persist in affliction and self-immolation
until I can desist from committing gross negligence
in failing to research the correct terminology for every
concept and grammar rule, for every thing that is claimed
in the source document.

I see visions of a future wherein I shall conquer the evil
sin of omitting to pursue my duty single-mindedly or die
in the attempt, let my spirit expire and my soul shrivel if
I have to in order to serve the community in expressing
their eternally valid, beautific ideas, in honouring every
word that was written by another hand other than mine,
in idolising the magnificent officials and brilliant authors
out there who so graciously honour mankind by putting
their stupendous and scintillating ideas on paper for me
to adore and translate without changing a single concept
or idea, magnifying the grace of their eternal creations by
translating faithfully, trying to probe obscure meanings
with supernatural force if I cannot fathom it immediately,
in short, I shall render my due unto Ceasar as behoves the
serving bureaucrat that I am.

I apologise for my inability to master administration and
bureaucracy, I know I am an unworthy official and accept
all censure as my rightful due and hope to humiliate my spirit
sufficiently to become an efficient bureaucratic official.

I am sorry that I did not idolise this status and ideal before and
will try to make amends by elevating it to the status of highest
objective of my life.
Margaret Alice
I got out my document, then you started the argument you finally realized the fault is all mine, I agreed, was met with contempt, how dare I like doing some things like creative writing – with no financial gain, given the poor quality – and not be able to excel in doing my administration, translating a noble, prescribed text?

You were quite livid, how dare I be lazy and not like cleaning the grate, sweeping the streets, that is what I am paid for, to toil with my mind on the end, a salary the only thing that counts where nobodies like me are concerned, I left the room, realized that your previous claim that one should not work on a Friday night was totally invalid, I should have been doing the work that scares me so much, I should have been checking my Production Sheet, not been chatting to you so you can work out the guilt is all mine, it is all my fault for being of an uncertain temperament, any good Calvinist who wants to be counted among angels and men would -

Work themselves to death for the advantage I enjoy so frivolously, how dare I insist on liking my hobby more than my job? This is unheard-of hypocrisy, I should be shot on the spot for opting to leave the whole Calvinist Christian system in the lurch – I suppose the only thing holding you back is -

The high cost of a paid assassin - we cannot afford to lose the insurance money by not putting on a good show and you are right, I consent, the fault is all mine, I really do like writing down my own ideas instead of rejoicing in translating the brilliant thoughts of better minds – I know I am guilty, yes, I agree, I am the most -

Undeserving human creature there ever has been, though if you give me time, I can become as resigned as Alfred P. Dolittle was in My Fair Lady when he said – “and I mean to go on being undeserving” – according to theology,
I shall meet him in hell in any case, we can be depraved together right there...

Margaret Alice
2010/06/04 Humiliated (Rev.)

A BAD work report, sick to the soul, ready
to die and then you belatedly admit you’ve been
experimenting with food despite my allergies,
adding a new sauce to all meat dishes

You tried Balsamic vinegar* and Worcestershire
sauce* before, earlier it was garlic and curry
and oil, now you only stop when I obviously fall
ill or go blind, this time I didn’t know

I suffered the pain in silence, THREE doctors
visits in a row, dying of discomfort but no
hormone problems thankfully, just chronic sinus,
I was the fool, could not do my work

A bad soldier at the office, let everyone down,
I had NO integrity, was disloyal, didn’t complete
anything because this allergy agonised to the
point of taking painkillers 24/7

If you want to destroy me, give me poison to
end my life, do not continually humiliate me like
this – even if I was a murderer in a former life
even if it is my Karma to suffer

Do not poison my food lightly so I linger on, do
it massively, kill me efficiently, speed it up,
I accept that I am as guilty as the worst criminal
and sinner that has ever been

So kill me QUICKLY. The conclusion is I was born
to be humiliated and I am thoroughly ashamed of
myself, I am an abject, useless human being,
too sick to go on with life....

*Balsamic vinegar causes my eyes to go out of focus
*Worcestershire sauce causes debilitating migraine
*The latest experiment caused chronic sinus and headache
Margaret Alice
Pretty, industrious stepdaughter, spinning until fingers bled, bloodstained shuttle fell into the well, she jumped in after, landed where bread were to be taken from an oven, apples to be shaken from the tree, she did everything happily

‘Mother Holle’ asked her to shake her bed well, making feathers fly for snow on earth, she complied, going home, she was covered by a golden rain; stepmother sent her own idle daughter down the well to ‘Mother Holle’ also, she refused to do anything

When she left pitch fell over her, stuck fast for as long as she lived – I read and blushed and blushed, I did not work diligently in the office, did not study the Assessment Form or the Work Agreement or edit a long, boring letter thoroughly when I fell ill

Just like the idle daughter I did not help to shake snow on earth for the season’s proper course, hiding my feeling of confusion, instead of admitting openly I could not carry out instructions, tonight I am covered in pitch for doing badly in my duties

And I’m sad, I want to do my job – and I cannot, I shall never attain the golden rain, however hard I try, inside I remain the same, tired and fatigued, the best intentions come to naught - what a terrible shame!

“Favourite Tales from Grimm and Andersen”
“Mother Holle” by the Brothers Grimm p.121 – 125

Margaret Alice
Mental cramp, when deciding, all muscles
tense, sharp pain shooting through my head
burning in my ears, suffocating slowly, forcing
me to stop, become catatonic, I need another
personality to lead my life, my current ego
is Damasio* damaged, cannot function

When life became too painful, Eileen Garret* fell asleep, I think I could sleep a hundred years, I need another shock to wake another personality to live my life since the me sitting here cannot work at all, every thought painful, every moment filled with fear, pain like lightning in my head

I’m on the brink of tears, now how to let a strong alter ego take my place, without help, nothing gets done, falling deeper down the Rabbit Hole*, spinning faster within the Abyss, the deep, ice-cold, pitch-black hole of Nothingness...

*Dr Damasio described how an iron rod penetrated Phineas Gage’s brain and he lost the ability to make decisions as he could not determine priorities, his emotional intelligence quotient was irrevocably injured

*Eileen Garret – Irish medium who discovered she could escape severe physical punishment by falling asleep

*Rabbit Hole – Now almost a universal symbol for the experience of losing control and finding a strange world full of unexpected events, originally created by Lewis Carrol in “Alice in Wonderland”

Margaret Alice
'2010/06/09 Curtsy

Feeling ever so much better with official punishment, it will not make me a better person, but it sure will improve my colleagues’ mood.

Just as Maria Von Trapp knelt and kissed the floor when superior sisters passed, I curtsy and leopard crawl as supervisors descend on me en masse.

Knowing nothing I do will ever be good enough even when I try my best, I am happy to offer them my efforts as they are, at first I was frozen in angst.

Trying to do it right, but the crocodile in my head played dead and my brain refused to produce, once I promised myself to accept being a fool.

Demoted to the level of lower devil, but still allowed to stay in administrative heaven - still suffered to wander the sacred corridors of holy bureaucracy.

I am so thankful for my punishment, so glad I may do my little bit to keep these lists rolling along and everyone singing their virtuous song while my discordant croaks of ‘Absurd, how absurd’ are drowned by angelic voices chorusing ‘Oh Holy Grail Of Sacred Administration and Sublime Translation The Sole Reason for Humanity’s Existence

Amen!’

Margaret Alice
Sing me a song on the precession of the equinoxes, sing me a song that will lift my heart above the here and now and give me hope for a revival of hope and belief, sing me a song about the sun’s ancient meaning to kindle the fire of passion in my mind:

‘Myths tell about stars and planets, the sky above, true observations by ancient peoples, says De Santillana, myths commemorate complex cosmological facts – the modern idea of linear time as an arrow flying for a duration in a certain direction, differs from ancient concepts of cyclic time

The ancients conceived time repeats itself – like a rotating wheel returning to a starting point in daily cycles, rising sun moving through sky, setting, starting again, the changing of seasons, the planets, moon and stars moving about

The cycle of life repeating itself governed by time cycles, the longer cycles governing shorter ones - therefore the equinoxes determine when seasons will come while the seasons determine what days will be like

Cycles govern all aspects of life, the precession of the equinoxes as the longest cycle of 26,000 years governs all other cycles, the driving force behind all aspects of life determines the fate of men’

I LOVE these theories inspiring authors like Zeheria Sitchen to interpret the meaning of
ancient myths, concluding modern astronomy is recapturing ancient knowledge; what a thrill to delight in ancient times being victorious over the limitations of modern theories!

Summary of information found at:

Hamlet’s Mill • Believe All Things

Margaret Alice
2010/06/11 Allegory

I have forgotten, only John C Maxwell is allowed
to air his ethical, moral opinion; individual feeling,
emotion or thought is outlawed, only consummate
superiority is recognised in this house

I forgot and explained how I felt, you bit off my head
how dare I fly in the face of Maxwell’s wonderful max-
ims, how dare I feel unsettled when reading certain
things, I should react as YOU and -

Your brilliant colleagues do, with total unconcern - how
dare I express a contrary opinion? What a total idiot
I am for telling you what I think, everyone knows my
thoughts and feelings are treason!

So I bite on my tongue and meekly agree with everything
you think, the ethical categorical imperatives are to be
obeyed as Maxwell claims, my idiotic feelings are fit
only for still-born deaths - just be glad

I did not insist on sharing “Hamlet’s Mill” with you, explaining
Samson is an allegory for the process of precession, once I
take on the Bible also you will really blow up, I suppose...

Margaret Alice
2010/06/15 Pitfalls

My computer closes documents without saving generally behaving like a naughty three-year-old until I report the problem to IT, as soon as email confirmation is received the experts are on their way, the problem ceases, making me look like an overzealous fool

Maybe one of Colin Wilson’s carefully delineated Poltergeists got hold of my computer’s soul and is now messing with me, using the energy of my dissatisfaction with my poor performance to carry out its tricks – whatever it is, machinery malfunctions whenever I appear

The screen of my notebook stopped functioning, modern-day life is full of unlimited opportunity for all kinds of spirits from the dungeon dimensions to play tricks on silly people like me who have not learnt to regard life with the cynical eye of a Douglas Adams

I shall reread the Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy to familiarise myself with the pitfalls of false hope and trust, maybe then I shall be able to take problems in my stride and laugh at adversity, especially the illogical behaviour of all kinds of machines!

Margaret Alice
Fed up following a regimen that is not working, I embarked on eating freely instant soup, packets of cookies, now my head belongs to the allergy

I can see why I need to eschew certain things, living life in a vice-grip with explosions in my head is even worse than the former distress

My road to Purgatory is straight, reached via cookies and bread, back to the straight and narrow in order to gather my wits and start again, luckily I know

About previous lives and reincarnation, I must have collected a terrible debt in my previous lives to have earned me food intolerance and allergy

Always forcing me to create new meaning, this lovely, beautiful world recedes while the pain grows, by now I should know not to play with fire, but I always do

Fire is so nice and things might have changed and I need to appreciate the health I enjoy, in spite of overreaction to emotion and food...

Margaret Alice
When I look at my dad, I see me, when I speak, I hear my mother’s voice, when I look at my hands, stocky and short, I see my father’s hands, when I sing, I hear my mother’s song, like my dad in appearance but like my mother in sound, my mother is music, my father poetry, yet the two

Never got along, no wonder I never got on with either of them, I have lived in my own world since I was small, when I try to leave sharing my thoughts with others, my sand castles crumble, my soap bubbles burst - feeling naked and sad, alone, abandoned; I immediately return to my mental citadel

Where no-one can get me, no feeling can reach, no-one can hurt me, I have a secret castle of quantum physics more mysterious than the lore of the ancients, legends and myths that feed my soul, a source of affection and energy that keeps me strong when reality strangles life out of me

Every time real-life events kill a dream, I find spiritual books assuring me a vision is more valid than physical things, I look at fearsome ghosts and scary phantoms conjured by fancy, I can make them real or let them go by offering them love and - I actually DO love them

For the role they play, keeping me ensconced in a dream that one day there will be a world of unconditional love in which spirits like me will exist happily...

Song:
“Listen to the ocean, echo’s of a million
sea shells, forever it’s in motion, moving
to a rhythmic and unwritten music that’s
played eternally...”
*

Margaret Alice
I love ancient minds, the grandiose
thoughts of bygone tale-tellers, their
sense of awe, infusing all they saw
with supernatural significance and
deeper meaning

I share their cosmological delight in
a machine too vast for mankind to
penetrate or understand, reject their
helplessness and despair in a
mystifying universe

To succor my belief I NEED a kind
intelligence as creative origin of all that
exist, ideas of malevolence as creation
kills my spirit; though I cannot
breathe in materialism,

the thin, cold air of cynicism, nor feel
joy in small three-dimensional reality
I will not face over-powering tragedy
of an evil universe blindly grinding
its unfeeling millstone

If I am to live as a useful, pragmatic,
hard-working human being I need to
rest my mind in beautiful thoughts of
harmony, benevolence and rational
self-interest

I won’t be the toy of harsh, unfeeling
powers else I die of despair, I admire
loving intent of a Christ-dreamer using
ideas of Precession to create a simile
of deliverance

for a suffering humanity ...
Overjoyed about the new computer you bought
a new laptop, my old one’s screen has broken,
I was stuck in the icy kitchen with a stationary
screen, now I can leave and type where I want
in front of the TV, at the little school desk

You are watching Leonard Cohen’s DVD ‘Live in
London’ on the new laptop, preparing dinner in
between, the sound weak, volume low, when
Leonard sings ‘Dance Me To The End Of Love’
I cup my fingers over my ears to hear

When he sings ‘Tower Of Song’, I cry, he looks so
frail, so debonair, so elegant, singing I’m crazy for
love, saying the answer to life’s question is open-
ended, leaving the mystery intact – he is a poet
to my own heart, he is smart, leaving it all

To the listener’s imagination, he is humble and
cool, I tried to capture the feeling in words, but
the words ran away, my cupped fingers made
recording the thoughts he inspired impossible
still listening while typing on the old laptop

Anchored in the cold kitchen, tonight I want to
watch him singing with surround-sound on the
big screen, toasting him with vodkatini, paying
homage to everything he has been and still
is and always will be

‘I loved you when you opened a thousand
kisses deep’*, sounds too good to be true
but I share the dream with him, when he
sings ‘So Long Marianne’ you say it is
one of your favourite songs

of all time – when we forget to pray for
the angels – they forget to pray for us
I DANCE for the angels to keep them
amused so they won’t forget to pray for me...

Leonard Cohen ‘Recitation’
Leonard Cohen DVD “Live in London”
Recorded live in concert 17 July 2008

Margaret Alice
'2010/06/21 Five Children

I reminded her she was not around
when we were small, yet yesterday
before I’d even arrived to say goodbye
she’d already gone

She never does it on purpose Mother says,
she’s popular but her orchestrated absence
proves the converse - going back all those
years nothing’s changed,

What made me think she’d wait to say
goodbye? Was I foolish thinking she might
care enough to be at home, a sign
of real feeling, but she scorns family

The message is she doesn’t give a damn,
my lecture on spurned children was
meant to make her play “caring mother” –
I was wrong, she could not be bothered

Long-distance trips with friends is priority,
yet she complains grandchildren do not visit,
why should they when she so obviously
doesn’t care about them

I do not wish my kids to feel unwanted by
her lack of feeling; yet the same woman
immorally rejected grandma Alice while
asking her to serve in all emergencies

She brought dad inebriated to see Nici just
three weeks old, he insulted her and me, I was
ill with shock, mother claimed she did not know
he drank though Grandma Alice warned her well

With “religious” friends support she claims she
plays a martyr’s role as her family rejects her
I wonder why WE are evil, starting with her own
mother, grandma Alice, dad and five children...
Margaret Alice
I shall always admire mother’s ability to surmount obstacles to her dreams, those things being my dad, my siblings and I grandma Alice and the rest of the family

Mother could have easily succumbed to defeat of marriage and five unruly kids, but she never gave in, followed her own dream-star, played the piano

Organ lessons at the conservatorium, playing Bach, church hymns, conducting choir, never allowing reality to interfere, else she might have been a drudge

But her grooming impeccable; if I had to choose between her and a defeated mom, I’d take her, not needing her affection, as is, she needs nothing too

Grandma Alice ran her household ’til we kids were grown while she flew free returning to bankrupt dad yet he claims he enjoyed living in her universe

Betray her – she’ll have you exorcised; I leave her alone, unsure what she’ll do next but I prefer a mother I can admire to a dependent invalid in need of sympathy

I’d rather be impressed than agonized by her sufferings, but she must remember when complaining why we do not offer the affection that she thinks her due...

Margaret Alice
At six starting school overcome by the most overpowering mystery of all: Where was I before I had become, would there have only been one long dark night of blackness where my mind was if I had never been born?

Could the World have become without me being aware of all-encompassing sensory embrace? Troubled deeply by an image of blackness that was me until I arrived in the light, tried to figure it out

If the vacancy that would have been me were never filled by light of my seeing eyes, if the World never came into being for me, did it ever exist – given that I would never have been possible or remotely aware of it?

Would my life have been eternal unconscious nothingness? How was it possible I escaped the blackness whence I came, and did I not come, would the World have been a non-event? I was deeply troubled, all strange new things

The school compound, large fir trees standing high, doves cooing morning greetings before class, bright sunrays flooding the passage, a wedding doll someone brought to school, the most beautiful thing I had ever seen

If I’d never seen them then for me there would not have been a World; where would I have been before then, where and how? Easy to see this perplexed state caused me headaches, had to stop thinking in order to rest

Nightmare ideas of non-being and vagueness without light – my consciousness just dimly aware of blackness for eternity, fatiguing
and scary, knowing in the end my perceptions
were the only door to the world I’d ever have

and I was scared not knowing whence
I came and where I was headed...

Margaret Alice
Overjoyed with a new computer just bought, a laptop, my old one’s broken; I was stuck in an icy kitchen with a go-nowhere screen, now I can type where I want, in front of TV, at the little school desk

Watching Leonard Cohen’s DVD ‘Live in London’ on the new PC, preparing dinner in between, sound weak, volume low, when he sings ‘Dance Me To The End Of Love’ I cup my fingers over my ears to hear

He sings ‘Tower Of Song’, I cry, he looks so frail, so elegant, singing “I’m crazy for love” saying the answer to life’s question is open ended, leaving the mystery intact – a poet to my own heart, he is clever, leaving it to a listener’s imagination, humble and cool, I tried to capture the feeling in words but they ran away, my cupped fingers made recording thoughts inspired impossible while typing on the old laptop anchored in the cold kitchen, tonight I want to watch him singing with surround-sound on the big screen, toasting him with vodkatini, paying homage to everything he has been, still is and always will be

“I loved you when you opened a thousand kisses deep”*, sounds too good to be true but I share the dream when he sings ‘So Long Marianne’; you say it is one of your favourite songs of all time –

when we forget to pray for the angels – they forget to pray for us; I DANCE for the angels to keep them amused so they won’t

*www.PoemHunter.com - The World’s Poetry Archive
forget to pray for me...

Leonard Cohen ‘Recitation’
Leonard Cohen DVD “Live in London”
Recorded live in concert 17 July 2008

Margaret Alice
When I first wondered about black eternity if I had never been born taking on physical form with five senses to take in the world around me, shattered by the idea of non-being, because I assumed I was my body

Religion made it all worse, teaching being human was sinful as a result of a ‘fall’ then requiring sinful me to love all sinful people, I could not, I studied the commandments and knew I was doomed for being unable

To love and serve people like Jesus did, if I were good, yet aware of being sinful, I would be given eternal life, the church claimed, and to add insult to injury, we might be preordained to be saved or not

The choice was not ours, a check-mate situation! When I discovered the spiritual teaching I am already a soul, an eternal spirit that always has been and would always be, regardless of events

In the script that is my life, and I learnt that we orchestrate the play ourselves and realized I had chosen an eccentric father and an artistic mother, bringing me to what I am now

And where I am, surrounded by love, by beauty and mystery while reading about electromagnetic impulses proving that everything in existence has its own form of awareness - oh joyous life

Magnificent consciousness, extending beyond my body to unending parallel universes - I adore quantum physics
for lifting the veil of being as energy:
loving, intelligent, aware –

Being, just Breathing and Being: The most
scrumptious experience there is!

Margaret Alice
Studying an uplifting text, contemplating spiritual solutions to every problem, smiling with the bliss of the uninformed - we create our own problems - how to solve them applying advice from a Cloud Seven guy who smiles when someone robs him, lovingly concedes when cars cut in, sends free gifts to those paying with bouncing cheques.

Strangely enough, the rest of us blighters find that we cannot wash and salve the feet of the black-guards we meet, we do not register an outpouring of love when people defraud us – but apparently the author of spiritual texts is the exception that proves the rule, he lovingly whispers sweet songs to his children and coos to his wife.

I suppose this is why I am not in the same holy league - I shout at my children and mutter under my breath when I have to serve hubby and them as a symbol of obeisance; my service is window-dressing because underneath I am just a normal human being who bit off too large a piece from life’s smorgasbord and cannot chew it.

I have a low boredom threshold disqualifying me from excelling in any bureaucracy - the author of ‘spiritual love’ books is leading me astray claiming nobody has to perform to another’s standard to be loved, nobody has to be mistake-free – hah, has he ever come across mistake-ridden me? My reputation at work is moth-ridden, attempt at improvement.

Ends in spectacular disaster, blissfully happy this spiritual master exclaims ‘I never had a problem that did not succumb to love and gifts of affection, affirmations of godly presence, insistence on absence of strife’ - I suspect a movie of his life would be too boring to watch - while a movie of my own disasters.
Would drive people to tears – of helpless laughter depicting my literal interpretation of all advice and clever dictums, my subsequent failure and consequent shame would cause such mirth, I might become a comedy queen; while I would be stuck with embarrassed red-glowing cheeks everybody else would enjoy the game...

Margaret Alice
After in-depth analysis it seems the only job which I would be able to excel in would be sweeping streets, done according to the principles set out by Beppo Streetsweeper in Momo by Michael Ende

I cannot be a nurse, I injure myself with hairpins, or waitress, hairdresser or beautician; the most suitable occupation for me as shamanistic reader of books, applying literal interpretations of all kinds of spiritual advice

But not dietary prescriptions; the universal water cure, drinking four glasses of water before breakfast might prolong life-span by making life seem so awful it will be endless, all bland diets supposed to let us live longer are carefully eschewed by me

I don’t want a long life, I prefer a short one full of excitement and fun – to give up challenge and adventure for a safe, boring life seems idiotic, though the only dangers I can negotiate are heavy traffic, dodging cars, eating junk food

Drinking stuff, taking medicine, swimming in the sea, driving a fast car recklessly – it is good enough, the challenge of staying alive while doing what I like is wonderful, being safe would be living death

I shall leave that for the undead among us with all due respect, my consciousness wants variety, visiting other dimensions, move on from life to life – to be trapped in one manifestation for too long must be detrimental

We all must leave physical reality for astral realms where thoughts manifest without delay; it would be such fun to think ‘kablam’ and see an antagonist
fall, ‘kazaam’ and see flowers springing from the soil, ‘beauty’ and see one’s own being bloom

To think of the Golden Section in song and create a dodecahedron by dancing, lift objects by happy thoughts, fly through the air like thistledown; there are so many new sensations to be tried in ethereal dimensions

I can’t wait to discover them all!

Margaret Alice
2010/06/30 Ballroom Gown

Dancing down the street, small pointed shoes
on my feet, the sweep of a wide ballroom gown
billowing around me in soft layers of pink, scores
of dancers waltzing with me to the sound of Strauss
waltzes playing over headphones in my ears

Entering the library, pirouetting in the non-fiction section
bowing to Charles Fort, Prophet of the Unexplained
curtsying to Hal Lindsay explaining The Future of
Planet Earth, smiling at James Redfield offering
The Tenth Insight, flying high into the sky

When discovering Lobsang Rampa’s Third Eye, ending
in the arms of Paul Twitchell seriously regarding us from
the back page of his Spiritual Notebook, waltzing in strings
to the check-out counter, a treasure-trove of books to be
our bulwarks against endless official texts

The promised joy in the scintillating thoughts of deep
thinkers offering emotional succour and spiritual upliftment
to help me through the waterless desert of unsentimental
letters to the President...

Margaret Alice
'2010/06/30 Dreams

My sachet of sadness burst tonight
while washing dishes, I cried about
what keeps me awake: within three
months a performance assessment

Scared of my inability to become an
expert, use correct terms rationally;
I prefer to sing and dance joyfully,
spasm when forced to contemplate

Ice-cold words strung in rasping lines
sandpappering my mind into bleeding
barbed-wire thoughts, every time a
sentence starts to sing it is wrong

Correct terms destroy possible rhythm
no emotional content to bring comfort
only headache and pain accompany me
on the dark, slow Via Dolorosa

I must learn rules, apply them consistently,
work briskly like a machine in the clang of
threatening ideas, boring repetitions,
ignore my heartfelt feelings

Act as if my shortcomings do not lead to
self-contempt, anguish and despair in
acronyms that refuse to sing – tonight
I cry for what I have to conquer

Tomorrow I shall be strong again,
take refuge in books and fairytales,
clothe my rebellious spirit
in dreams...

Margaret Alice
Last night I read Dante’s masterpiece
Hell and Purgatory is precession based
discovered delightful scary pictures of him
passing robed skeletons on precipitous
mountain sides depicting travels in space
he describes the Circle of Hell as Mars’
red ring in the sky

Enjoyed piecemeal reading ‘Hamlet’s Mill’
as I read I delet to create a
single narrative line – the authors mention
too much detail; their contention that all
ancient fables, myths and legends were
based on astronomical observation
becomes a siren song leading me on

I used to abhor irrational behaviour
and cruel immorality of these stories’
murderous characters; finding a golden
thread manifest in texts is a wonderful
discovery, my interest piqued by Sitchin’s
literal interpretations of the Babylonian
clay tablets

Thirst for more information awakened to
become a stimulating game, I shall always
be a Pyramidiot before turning to scholarly
works, the fun of free imagination lends
interest to dry academic material by
juxtaposing alternate ideas against
cool, boring evidence

hamlets-mill/#ixzz0qGOvODKd

“Hamlet's Mill” - An essay on myth and the frame of time
GIORGIO de SANTILLANA & HERTHA von DECHEND
David R. Godine Publisher Boston 1977
Dear Sis, I am glad you are moving to a farm delighted that love found you again, though it is sad that you have to go so far and also take mom and dad away, I miss the time we spent together, our conflicts and arguments

I miss not giving dad a hug, not seeing mom from a distance – it feels as if everybody is leaving at the same time, new romance and adventures, I like your beau and wish you so much happiness, but I miss you all too much

To stop crying right now, knowing you are all having a good time does not take my selfish longing away to share time with you, forgive me for not sending something more uplifting, sometimes life becomes too overpowering

I cannot get off the mad carousel...

Margaret Alice
I love the idea of falling in love, I fall in and out of love with sublime ideas and lovely music, words and songs, with beautiful objects and charming theories.

I love books, fictional characters and lyrical authors, I adore Charlotte Brontë and Jane Austen, Paul Gallico, Lewis Carrol, Hans Christian Andersen and Terry Pratchett.

I love family and people who love the things I love, I cry when I lose enchanted objects or beloved people, cry about losing you to a new lifestyle that takes you away.

From my little world of subjective fantasy, I know you lead a big life with grand emotions. I am glad you found new love with beautiful people who fulfil your dreams.

Losing you to happiness means I should be delighted with your good fortune – yet since it means losing your presence, it is a sacrifice that costs me a lot – I must learn.

To live lonely again, I have forgotten how deep the pain goes of not confiding in anyone, of not sharing my strange ideas, trusting you will remember you can lean on me.

In times of need...

Margaret Alice
I was born a caring person - took care of a few loved ones - now they are all gone there seems no job description left in my life

I am surprised, there is nothing I can do to provide for mother, can’t support my father, my twin sister refuses to listen to my advice

My friends are all independent, my kids are grown, I am redundant in this world born superfluous, one of twins with two elder brothers

Never had a goal in life, forced my help on others who found my presence more irksome than helpful; it finally transpired that everyone

Forced to suffer my help became self-sufficient; I managed to talk, write and sing myself out of their lives - it is time to go, I cannot stay

Concentrating on anonymous words while playing meaningless games to earn money I never use myself, safeguarding it for the spectre of ‘Old Age’

My idea of fun is reading and writing poems and philosophy, I do not know anyone on earth who shares my interest, I tried to correspond with people

Who liked poems - but my ideas were so very strange, they have all gone - the fault all mine I accept the blame for everything that ever went wrong
No-one needs me as I am; I have to serve by doing a useless job, paid to read words I do not understand, the money goes to whoever uses it.

In the world’s best interest - I cannot continue this way, there is nowhere to go and on-one who cares and nothing to say.

I was born a caring person, on my gravestone it should say: ‘I went nowhere, saw nobody and did nothing’ - although

I went into the life of Charlotte Brontë, the books of Jane Austen - also into Pygmalion; I loved my father so much...

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[My father introduced me to ‘My Fair Lady’ kept the music and score in his cupboard, he bought Langenhoven’s ‘Assembled Works’ - but my mother introduced me to them, pointing out the parts I should read - my father bought Mantovani’s rendition of Mozart’s sonata in C, my mother bought Jane Austen and ‘Die Lustige Witwe’ by Franz Léhar...]

Margaret Alice
I can’t stand it when people refuse other people human rights, I can’t stand it when a taxi is not allowed to stop, I can’t stand it when people are not allowed ablution rights to answer the call of nature

I can’t stand the people who enjoy privileges and refuse to share them with others because of race, creed or origin, I can’t stand my own people, hypocrites, I can’t stand the well-to-do inveighing against the rights of the poor and the less educated - to survive or live a decent life – but I must honour these horrible masters – I must bow and serve them, obey their rules, I cannot do that without damage to my soul, I am glad for the pain all this cause me

I am glad I am the least successful person I know it goes to show I do not succeed in serving repressive masters, I cannot sell my soul to the devil even when that is the condition for my survival and taking care of my loved ones – I am glad I am such a fool

Such a lowly paid official, it is the only proof of my inner fire against the oppressive system that favours the rich and lets down the poor...

Margaret Alice
2010/07/06 Charming

I was reading Lobsang Rampa while you were watching soccer world cup, I had just concluded that I must be related to the Lama from Lhasa when it was announced that the Dutch had won against Uruguay.

I recalled my maternal grandfather came directly from the Netherlands, Mijnheer van Wijk, my mother is Dutch in appearance – therefore I rejoice with the House of Oranje*, though my grandmother Margaret Alice came from Scottish stock.

Her mother being a lady Powell, while her father is from German origin – Puth – and my paternal grandmother is from French descent – De Lange – while the Botha clan came from ‘Friesland’ – and YOU are from Germany also, called Koch.

I am so happy – ecstatic – to claim the victory of the House of ‘Oranje’ as my own, I have genetic roots everywhere, and being South African, I also have African genes, go Bafana and Ghana; should a South American team win.

There are Afrikaans people in South America also in Patagonia, does not matter who wins, I am related to ALL of them, though the legacy of Jan van Riebeeck landing in 1652; and Langenhoven writing stories for Afrikaans children - predisposes me.

To adore the victory of the Dutch soccer team – I LOVE the World Cup as presented in South Africa, enjoying the way in which the continent of Africa presented this marvellous event for the first time in history - with vuvuzelas taking the world by storm –

This is what dreams are about, I love the whole tournament and who can blame me when everything that happens is charming in the extreme?
*Oranje = Orange

Margaret Alice
Taking the stones you gave me
to the office, removed the flowers
from my computer top, once before
when I was lonely and lost, I used to
fill my sad little space with shells and
stones - in my brick phase when I
pasted pressed leaves on them

I am building a monument to you, to
the turbulent times we knew - when
we tried to get along and often failed
to agree about anything – you insist
it was me who caused the problems
while I am firmly convinced you are
partly to blame, at least we tried to

Bridge our differences and you do
understand about my fixation with
important things like stones and
memories, I hope we shall both
be wiser when we meet again...

Margaret Alice
I like covering my notebooks with interesting paper
now I know why – because I want it to resemble my
idea of a positive aura, my clothes have the same
function, this is why I cried when Linah destroyed
my purple top

Today I found the perfect paper to create my aura, I
am not pure enough for a clear golden light, but purple
with pink and silver and yellow and white, with patterns
of butterflies, is just the right combination to entice me
to a special aura

If I could sew I would have created these covers from
shimmering fabrics to make them long-lasting, I would
have made bohemian dresses in purple, dark blue and
white with silver sparkles - I went to the craft shop to
stare at shiny ribbons

To decide on the perfect aura, I am in a purple-and-pink-
shining highlights phase, always finished with silver sparkles
to create the effect of iridescent reflection, I love clarity and
golden sunbeams, snowdrops with an opalescent sheen - I
wish I could dress according to my

Auric dreams – but wings would do just fine, I am sure the
halo around heads is the nimbus represented in
old-fashioned portraits of saints...

Margaret Alice
I read “Who Walk Alone – A Consideration Of The Single Life” by mission author Margaret Evening - recognising myself in what she wrote, have been caught in all the snares she describes

Human life requires strict discipline, has to be based on mathematical equations, the way she delineates ethical situations - I never mastered numbers and sums, therefore my relationship ratio’s are a complete mess, the story of most others also people hide this fact from themselves, a few great poets managed to describe the complete despair of our emotional entanglements

When we are born we are taught to fight the current of every instinct, need, emotion and feeling, we are taught the world is scarcity and lack of love, hatred and judgment from above - that this is a truly malevolent universe - but the only sad aspects are civilisation and false interpretation - when we are born people put our hands on a hot stove to teach us the world is bad and without love

Quite unaware that THEY are the cause, oblivious to the fact that they perpetuate the myth themselves, the pain we feel is the legacy of society as it is, the loneliness and isolation, impossible relations

Orchestrated by the powers that be, life is not a natural situation, the laws we create prevent all natural joy the kind of jobs we devise and the regulations to control everyone, killing inspiration

Lead to the cynical materialism spiritual teachers lament and New Age Guru’s inveigh against - people are born good, then taught to interpret the world as bad by others who convey their own failures
Making sure we repeat their mistakes and misconceptions that no mental progress takes place; the world only has the meaning we assign, we inherit the fatalism and despair of our forbears.

Childish illusions are just chimera, all is emptiness under the mists of dreams, yet illusion and mystery enable me to escape pain - like others do through wealth, success fame and appearance.

I create fictitious characters to experience difficult situations solving life’s equations under various conditions, no friend shares my ideas; dreams and miracles inspire me although they are impossible.

In reality, the three-dimensional world is limited, but we can keep ideas about alternative universes and probabilities alive, based on scientific research in quantum physics and cosmological discoveries.

Though being human means being brainwashed and mean selfish and limited, judgmental and self-righteous; trying to be spiritual does not help very much, we are faulty human beings with messed-up brains.

Living in limited human bodies, emotions chemically determined ideals unreachable - the only recourse is keeping fantasies alive, creating visions of magnificent realities...

“Who Walk Alone” by Margaret Evening
Hodder and Stoughton, 1974

Margaret Alice
Everyone has gone to bed - the last one still standing is me, confronting Margaret Evening, staid missionary she must be right, my heart bleeding by now; the blows from her experience estranging me from everybody else

She reminds me of ‘The Nun’s Story’ by Kathryn Hulme the nun leaving Jean, her beloved - asked to fail her exams to please another through sacrifice - while the envious opposing nun was never required to sacrifice anything herself

All those hours spent on her knees were ennobling - she never fell into temptation to love the surgeon she worked with, her thoughts were clean; I have given myself leave to investigate everything irrespective of priestly advice and godly dictum - thus ascertaining

The nature of reality for myself - all I can say as yet is the mind can go places where the body can’t follow, and I am willing to concede: There must be a sphere where power of spirit exist, a place where thoughts can meet and go anywhere - because our imagination

Seems to take us all over the world and then some, I can cry as much as I like, suffer the blows of life - when I lift up my head, I see a rainbow – a symbol of remembrance in the Old Testament, though loving symbolism of all kinds

I love parables and allegory more - I love poetry; but if I am cast on a desert island, I would take the Bible with me...

Margaret Alice
What is happening is not important, eight storylines, context and presentation make all the difference in a sunshine world of translucent blue

People with velvet eyes, music playing, a narrator adding multifarious dimensions and the moments happening quietly for people with happy smiles

Time-travelling for a young boy, lovely discovery of solitude, the means to inner peace meditating on the qualities of godliness

The world is a noisy and busy place, a stimulant I need time to analyse these impressions, words rolling on without singing a song in papers marching before my eyes

Yet feeling, emotion and sentiment keep growing shining and filling me even without champagne bubbling in my veins, though I listen to the wavelength of reality

I hear the golden music of solitude reverberating through purple halos whirling with silver threads while the silence of contentment rejoices in the mystery unfolding in a secret place

To explode in joy...

Margaret Alice
2010/07/16 Smell

For all people who love using
the word s..t, please come and
stay a bit in the Kingsley Building
a sewage pipe is bust, come and
smell this heavenly word you all love
so much, you won’t believe how deep
it penetrates the nasal cavities

The uplifting effect is amazing, every
time you use the word so lovingly you
will smell a whiff of this heavenly stuff
again, the modern fixation with all things
gross and disgusting will be fulfilled, come,
flock to our building and sing the word over
and over, embrace the smell which shows

How you can tell how great the modern senses
are to elevate sewerage to highest status, come
and enjoy the smell of your favourite term...

Margaret Alice
2010/07/17 Compassion

Sitting in icy cold in a deep dark place, no hope of escape, typing in frozen resignation black words conjuring images of despair and death, Siyanda Municipality demanding levies while neglecting to maintain roads between Kakamas and Riemvasmaak

Road deaths proliferating, Namaqualand’s newspaper reporting on the death toll of the nightmare road to death, from Gordonia to Kuruman people talk about the bad dirt road while Siyanda insists on levies, Omdraai and Sonvallei must pay for non-service-delivery

Valentin, Vaaldrif, Bakenrant and Oorkant all pay to maintain the road themselves, yet the district municipality requires levies for their non-service existence – it is cold, nobody is listening, nobody cares about Keimoes roads in the North-Western Cape

People from Verneukpan and Boegoebergdam, Kombersbrand and Putsonderwater have to fend for themselves; I am sitting in an icy hell reading devilish messages about incompetence and lack of service sending people to their death and I wonder what am I still doing here

on earth - where we experience hellish conditions teaching us the difference from heaven which is created through compassion for our fellowmen...

Margaret Alice
'2010/07/17 Third Stream

When silence descends
only a thin line of events
lighting up emptiness -
my mind switches back
to the wavelength behind
the physical world

The atmosphere becomes
overpowering as the world
shrinks to one shiny point-
when I put the book down
nothing is left, only black-
ness covering everything

I like the experience of the
third stream, background
consciousness - enduring
when the senses, the first
defence against the inner
world, are gone

Margaret Alice
Then the whole Spiel disintegrated into a ‘synthesized global spirituality’ where each religion supplements the others – a utopia that sounds so boring - and worse

James Redfield’s literal interpretation of Biblical vision with all religions and secular idealism coming together in a grand temple in Jerusalem - a vision of world peace

represents the flattest, one-dimensional, undifferentiated picture, no excitement in conflict and argument to lead to new consensus - just one big loving feeling

No way, earth could never become so tame, seekers of world peace will have to create it in other spheres, earth is meant for drama, intrigue - even when my heart is pierced

Even when champagne stops fizzling in my veins in resigned acceptance of a way of life that compresses the mind into the smallest space, the world is a much too adventurous, exciting place to be run by the sweet, no-conflict, all-loving vision, dissonance must provide a background for harmony, it is great to hate in frustration in order to see the difference between love and rejection - I cannot imagine a peaceful earth, this physical dimension is meant for valour, war and challenge and fighting and victory – not for smiling blankly in some kind of nirvana

Those are peak moments only, let them go, they are reserved for the non-physical dimensions where red-blooded, hot-headed conflict-loving humans cannot go! We are not ready for that yet!
“The Tenth Insight” James Redfield – Bantam Book
1996, quoted from p 211

Margaret Alice
2010/07/20 Reinstates Mystery

Does James Redfield’s vision enlarge the imagination - definitely, it offers an alternative view, energetic and refreshing, I enjoy his lyrical descriptions, but resent his forcing HIS view of world peace on us

All other views encompassed by his delineation of history as evolution towards consciousness whereas I believe consciousness came first, made the plans, laid the blueprint; convinced the universe is filled

With higher forms of intelligence than humans; his view is restrictive, yet he subsumes everything, though bigger than materialism, it is a local vision not taking millions of alternative life-forms into account

He reinstates mystery, but it is localised, limited to planet earth and one Afterlife, he wants all fighting groups to start discussing their life and views – it will not work because he uses Christian religion as the umbrella framework

He fills the contemporary Western view of human history with Eastern mysticism and calls it a new World Vision...

The Tenth Insight – James Redfield

Margaret Alice
Feeling alone and bereft with only James Redfield and Frances Hodgson Burnett for company, I turned to Goscinny and Uderzo for light relief, what a joy, Asterix and Obelix on their adventures

Yet I felt aloof until one of Uderzo’s masterpieces awakened the old deep-seated sense of wonder with his depiction of a Greek slave posing as the ‘Discus Thrower’ until he is attacked by Asterix

In the next picture he joins the rest of humanity as a shivering, inelegant, shocked human being, toes and fingers splayed, face contorted, neck and body deformed, hair standing on end

We read Asterix as children and the same sense of fun lightened my heart, time rolled back and I laughed till tears streamed down my face, how hilarious when classical grace is replaced by existential emotions like shock and fear

I hold these Asterix books very dear, a saviour whenever life becomes overwhelming, a tonic, a total delight!

“Les Lauriers de César – Une Aventure d’Asterix le Gaulois”
Text de Goscinny, Dessins de Uderzo, Dargaud Editeur 1972
Pictures on p 16

Margaret Alice
The most beautiful sunrise: clouds soft grey obscuring the sun, suddenly a pinkish hue indicating the sun breaking through, lighting fiery coals everywhere, changing the sky to the most magnificent enchanting blue

How to describe a translucent luminescence iridescent, opalescent, sublime, descriptive words depicting the scene is all that is left no picture or photograph can capture the feelings evoked by this scene

The colours seem wrong when recalled, the vibrancy can only exist in real life, becomes psychedelic when retained beyond their one glorious moment in time, a fabulous moment never to be recreated

Burning coals in the sky are too garish to be retained permanently, though the sacred memory lives on in the mind...

Margaret Alice
Junior was lucky tonight, I could scarcely eat a bite of the meat I prepared, Scotch fillet, I never tried my hand at that, your new red pan did not help, it did not taste nice, I fed my dinner to the cat and our Jack Russel known as Junior

I warmed sweet potato from last night and watched ‘Agent Cody Banks’ with Tiaan and Nici, a story reworking James Bond - ending in the same way, lovely - Romeo and Juliet - read Paul Twitchell claiming that ‘Imagination is of little use’* and I laughed for the irony

If I had no imagination I would never have read Twitchell’s “Spiritual Notebook” - he claims ‘Existence is a reality state separated from the imagination to become a consciousness requiring SELF-consciousness; a private individual universe to be kept for ourselves”*

His words echoing Margaret Evening saying ‘There needs to be a secret place kept for God’s ear alone, He should be special in a way no human friend can be because all else is dangerous - our security is only ever found in Him as He appears within ourselves, the perfect place where God abides”**

I just smiled coming across this synchronicity, I am sure James Redfield would approve as I am following my instincts such as he recommends in ‘The Celestine Prophecy’ - working hard at keeping my feelings to myself - crying secretly because my twin sister, father and mother

Are too far removed to visit freely- convinced I remember my ‘Birth Vision’ à la Redfield; *** that I myself chose my parents and siblings especially my twin sis - to prepare for my mission of spreading the message that the universe lives IN us, not the other way round: we do not inhabit external reality

Everything is illusion, best understood through stories and plays, books, movies and TV screens, in other words, the much-maligned IMAGINATION - I am happy with that, though
I cry for loss of family...


** “Who Walk Alone – A Consideration of the Single Life” Margaret Evening, Hodder and Stoughton,1974, quoted from pp 51,52 & 53

*** “The Tenth Insight” James Redfield

Margaret Alice
2010/07/26 Auric Light

An invisible string to thread my small crystal beads, even Tiaan helping because I cannot see to do it myself, it would take me a hundred years at least to complete one string

I wanted to make many strings to represent my vision of auric light shining out, but after an epic struggle I gave up and upended the beads in crystal glasses to enjoy the pristine shine

Without destroying my eyes, Tiaan commenting ‘After suffering for many years to string beads, I found the solution, dumping beads everywhere’ and I laughed, Nici only shaking her head

While busy with her bead-making craft - I also love the effect of beads in sea-shells, resembling coarse salt but with a new shine, no more threading for me I cannot see, it felt too much like torture

My new system brings us miniature rainbows without the heartache of threading invisible strings with translucent beads!

Margaret Alice
One dream, just one dream a week to keep me alive, one dream, just one dream a week to keep me sweet, does not matter how often I die, does not matter that I often cry, just one dream, one hour a week to carry me through the moments of death when all of life fizzles out, when all else desert me and I bleed inside.

It just takes one dream a week to keep me so vibrantly alive, to let me know that life goes on after the body is lost, I cannot wait to shed this shell and this life, but while I am alive, I shall live high with passion because I do not need much, just one dream a week, just one smile, just one secret glance and one secret touch.

Afterwards, when my mind survives my life I shall cherish the sweet thoughts I have known, I shall enjoy every secret sigh, every wonderful feeling of love – this is all it takes, reality is only illusion, there is nothing here, it all lives in the mind and mine is filled with enough romance to last for infinity, and while I am here, serving Penance for being born, just one dream a week is all it takes to fill my being with light...

Margaret Alice
No stringing beads tonight, watching fantasy films with the kids, Tiaan still repeats his joke about people like me needing pills for trying to string transparent beads on fishing line

The exhibits in a museum coming alive, to know that people still think like that, imagination alive and well, the producers of these epistles are my favourite people, the actors my favourite stars

When I was small I used to fear the fount of new stories and melodies would run dry some time, when I read official documents it seems a prophecy fulfilled but watching popular culture grow and unfold

Seeing new, exciting ideas, brilliant new dances; the reworking of old themes and creation of new universes containing new forms of life, finding ideas of quantum computers, time as a place, not a line

Today I jubilantly rejoice to know that there is infinite scope in everything and we shall keep on growing, as scientists go further into the past and look deeper into the starry skies, lengthening the time span

Mankind has been on earth, I know innovation will be eternal, what is before us is always more than what we have left behind, there is a time for everything as Ecclesiastes claimed; amen, I’m with you man!

Margaret Alice
I found the eye of the storm, warm and safe in Seth’s declarations, I have escaped from the pain of Margaret Evening’s lonely missionaries and Lobsang Rampa’s deprivations - in Seth’s assurance that we are creative spirits having an earthly experience, defining freedom as the ability to LOVE all aspects of life.

I am high above Paul Twitchell’s Living Master inflicting pain in order to severe the disciple from passionate involvement in physical life; delighted with William James Pragmatism - practical consequences are the test for belief in unseen entities and spiritual theories to determine whether they are worthwhile.

Happiness flooded my being as I read “Seth Speaks” - when I came into the kitchen after a long day at the office I was floating, still buoyed up by Seth’s words - We have multiple life experiences and problems not faced now will be faced in another life – I am trying to face all my ghosts so as to get ready to move to a Higher form of existence, I love the beauty of planet earth but people’s love for sadness and tragedy is too much I want to go to a place where living beings prefer being quiet and contemplative until I am strong enough to remain in equilibrium even when the world falls apart...

Margaret Alice
2010/08/05 Sweet Laughter

They looked up, Alligator and Crocodile, and saw the most beautiful face smiling at them, the lovely face of the rain queen softly laughing, they heard the copper rings clanging on the queen’s dancing feet, they heard her sweet laughter within the weather’s rumbling, she slowly advanced, spreading the grey blanket of her life-giving veil, spun of clouds thick and blue, building to purple and black, gone was the sun, its fiery hue quenched by clouds rolling on, and softly, mischievously, the rain spread its mists as the rain queen danced demurely at first, then wilder and wilder, more exciting, enticing, Alligator and Crocodile joined in the dance, the little folk of the plains, everyone, joined in the dance hands clapping, feet drumming, voices lifted in song: The rain is come, the rain is come, the rain queen is here and listens to our song – The rain is come Oh joy and love, joy and life, joy for evermore!

[Based on “The Dance of the Rain from Dwaalstories' by Eugène N. Marias]

Margaret Alice
Alet, angelic being that she is, brought the DVD now I can saturate myself in my memories, watch Daan Retief give his rendition of a super-cool secret agent, listen to Fanus Rautenbach’s amused voice making comments as narrator

Enjoy the antics of all the characters, Willem and Dada bickering, Oom Zack making political speeches, experience the atmosphere of Johannesburg in nineteen seventy-three laugh at the over-the-top comedy of the wild kicks and blows that would shame a Jackie Chan

Memorise Staal Burger’s nonchalant way of talking in order to tease Tiaan by threatening him with my GPS plans, embedding his airy attitude in my memory in order to replay everything in my mind as I make up my own stories, add-on to the original episodes relive the enthusiasm of my youth when

The world seemed such an overpowering magical place, mostly dark and threatening, but lightened by the flashes of stories and comedies and the companionship of my siblings....

“Staal Burger” Afrikaans DVD, originally released in 1973

Margaret Alice
Finished reading this version of The Mahabharata
must return to the beginning with insight regarding
the main character Yudhishthira -

son of Dharma, god of moral order and righteousness,
therefore Yudhishthira, eldest of the five godly Pandu
brothers, was honourable and virtuous

- and his enemy Duryodhana, eldest of a hundred Kuru brothers,
at his birth he brayed like a donkey and howled like a jackal while
wild winds blew and fires broke out

His father was warned Duryodhana would bring destruction to the
kingdom therefore he should be cast aside but he loved his son and
kept him alive; the end came about when

the hundred Kuru brothers made war against the five godly Pandu
brothers led by Yudhishthira, it is clear why De Santillana and Von
Dechend found a precession analogy

in this classic tale of men and gods and war: Mankind is represented
by the five godly Pandu brothers while the hundred Kuru brothers
represent the untamed forces of nature

unleashed through the Precession of the Equinoxes when the cycle
of 25 920 years reached completion, a new world age is ushered
in, chaos following in its wake

It is precipitate to jump to this conclusion, not having studied The
Mahabharata in depth, but a brilliant thread to follow in this grand
epic where so much is at stake

Ending on a high moral note - the Moral Order being victorious
after a cruel battle, revels are temporary, tribulation and pain are
fleeting, the story recommends:

Never go against the moral order out of fear or lust, foolishness
or rancour, anger or love; because the Moral Order, like our
eternal souls, will endure forevermore*

“Hamlet’s Mill” Georgio De Santillana and Hertha Von Dechend

“Mahabharata” literally means “Great Epic of the Struggle between the Bharata [dynasties]”

Margaret Alice
Every time I mention my feelings I get a speech about how other people do not have the right to upset us, every time I express my depression we have an argument about how I am in the wrong about everything

Now I cry all the time, knowing all I think and feel is taboo, at least I can write it down without comment as nobody who cares or thinks me a fool, reads anything on the Internet, today I cried once more reading about the young Aisha from Afghanistan

Unfeeling people claiming she has no right to live, they want her and Time magazine cremated for daring to call attention to the plight of women in that terrible land - you rebuked me, claiming I had no right to be bothered about these hateful people’s reaction

Now I simply cry about the stack of texts to be translated glaring at me accusingly from my bedroom, I try to open them, but the pain of self-doubt and rejection makes it impossible to take a glance at the hate-speeches directed at the President - another batch of things

I am not allowed to have any reaction to, why don’t I simply fall down dead on the spot, then nobody’s reaction to anything would ever disturb me again, especially you, clearly a person like me cannot be allowed to live...

Margaret Alice
Tiaan went off for a Potjiekos*-competition, armed with a recipe and his dad’s advice, with vegetables, mutton and cumin in a cool bag, he is growing into a great outdoor chef, gaining experience, he has more self-confidence than ever before.

I have accepted my little boy is gone, in his place a neat young man, I made peace with life, happy to let time go on, let go of the old to prepare for the new, but when he turned fifteen I could not write him a poem, too rebellious to accept the loss of my small one.

Tonight I am working on new visions for my kids, how to allow them to chase their own dreams, expand their horizons, become independent and self-sufficient; I am changing my view of myself, I am become a dignified matron with grown-up kids.

As of now I shall try to act with more style and finesse...

Margaret Alice
This morning lengthened my life by ten years, it is the most marvellous thing when joie de vivre springs without external cause, without hope for anything, simply the joy of being

Dancing to Colonel Boogie playing on the radio in the kitchen, the glass doors providing a smudged reflection, imagination conjuring troops of lively dancers joining me, stepping sideways

Then we got into the car to drive to work, you frowned, peace, please, you asked, I felt the wave of joy subside shortening my life by eight years again, but I still arrived at the office with the bubble of happiness

Floating inside, Sabrina found my black top at DIRCO – I must look up this acronym – and battered baby Marzanne is getting back her eyesight, everything is falling into place now to check on the one-eyed troll Interpol

His criminals masquerading with expensive clothes and sore-throat cars, more messages for chasing all kinds of blackguards Mistress Theosophist still waiting to be read; I have already forgotten your early-morning frown, oops, adding

Another ten years – at this rate, I shall never die!

Margaret Alice
2010/08/16 Safe Embrace

For the first time in ages we used the time we had to ourselves, I enjoyed lying in your lap, a lovely massage, you claimed if you were an Eskimo in a frozen land your people would have died out, you do not like to brave the cold

As the weather warms we have some fun, I love a good back-rub, if I can beat the cat and the dog to your lap, you are too much in demand, also have to contend with Nici and Tiaan, if they get there first I cannot claim my place - at least when we are in bed

I hook my leg over yours and hold you tight, when strange dreams mar my sleep and I grow scared, you are always there, the few times we are separate I cannot sleep at all awake all night as if I had eaten a million slices of bread: last night Willem brought me nine koeksisters

In a stainless steel glass as the fierce ladies in charge refused to give him a whole packet for himself – by the way, they were good, but not as delicious as those made by grandma Alice – yet I slept well, safe in your embrace: when I first met you, I thought you were an angel

Today I am even more convinced than before of your supernatural powers - grandma Alice used to thank you over and over for taking good care of me, she saw something no-one else saw: The angelic sign over your face, the bright aura of your being, she knew without a doubt

You would take care of her granddaughter who needed grandma Alice to take care of her when she stayed in a flat all by herself - in the end you took care of my dad also – another person who thrived under the care of my grandma...

Margaret Alice
2010/08/17 Gales Of Laughter

Peace in the early morning
open-plan office is destroyed
by the loud voice of Piet talking
incessantly, repeating inanities

He puts his brain in neutral and
lets his tongue idle, in true African
fashion at the loudest volume, joined
by a chorus of giggling colleagues

In gales of meaningless laughter while
my search for Dubrovnik’s dementors
sucking the life from its good citizens
is driving me nuts, I cannot find

The name of a company’s criminal CEO
the Internet treats me like public enemy
number one, refuses to reveal its secrets
- this is the right time to run away

Seek spiritual fuel to recharge depleted
mental batteries, make peace with my
incompetence when hunting for obscure
terms; I love speed and progress

Marvel at things changing rapidly, but now
I am stuck and not moving at all, the Internet’s
inscrutable face remains unresponsive under
my typing, questing fingers, best is

To take to my heels as the open-plan office
reveals my Achilles heel, an inability to stand
disagreeable noise, reverberating incessantly
in my head and heart...

Margaret Alice
Found a way to do administration
that works like a charm: I must tell
myself aloud what I am doing every
step of the way for my brain to hear

Then it maintains concentration, now
I can save electronically - when I tried
previously, my brain did not retain any
step executed in short term-memory

Whatever I did, forgot immediately, but
when actions are chained to each other
by a series of sing-song words, my brain
knows where I am; I imagine a little alien

Sitting behind the controls in a small
compartment in my brain, not seeing
very well, only by listening does he
know where he’s going, only sounds
guide and inform him - I have an alien
in my head who only reacts to sound,
no wonder noise is so unsettling, when
he can’t hear what’s happening

He can’t steer and screams in my ears!

Margaret Alice
Squalls of noise as the voices rise and fall
because the administrative personnel are
the only people with rights on earth, singing
at the top of their voice, discussing whatever
appears in their eyes, replying with eh’s and
ah’s and other guttural and nasal sounds
designed to keep the conversation flowing
even when they have nothing to say

Translators, idiots one and all, are interlopers
subject to their whims, listening while reading
illegible texts that refuse to acquire meaning –
since we have to keep ourselves happy I keep
silent while wondering what could possibly have
possessed anyone to put administration and
production together in one big space without
walls for privacy and reflection

But even the squalls die down eventually, pity
the happiness factor within me does not react
favourably as much as I wish it...

Margaret Alice
Also, einverstanden, alle zusammen: our dachshund is called Bruno, I willingly give up Schumi for this, he looks like an angel and slept in my lap, I read a book Ottoline and the Yellow Cat by Chris Riddell which framed life in fantasy lines of delight

Nici superciliously looks down her nose at my illustrated tale about a little girl who never wears matching shoes, plays in puddles and writes down riddles while solving crimes, I also found Margaret Mahy’s Blood-and-Thunder Adventure on Hurricane Peak

And The facts and fictions of Minna Pratt by Patricia MacLachlan, it made me feel secure until you brought a new GPS home - which also reads ebooks saved in Wordpad imagine listening to Hamlet’s Mill instead of Daan Retief’s languid Staal Burger charm while driving

I’m quite overcome, a GPS scares me, a touch-screen is a threat, now it can even play music and read us stories; how to master new technology step by step, I’m terrified and elated at the same time, to get through the daunting Hamlet’s Mill in this way would be great

But it is late and I only translated three letters today, must sink down to earth and start working again - listening to a book being read should be easier than reading on-line - I miss the intimacy of a book held in my palms...

Margaret Alice
I keep the James Bond superspy feeling alive in the open-plan office by carrying dishwashing liquid in a small fifty ml bottle of Smirnoff after dutifully drinking the vodka shaken not stirred.

James Bond has become a myth, created by Ian Fleming; when a dedicated modernist declared he could never understand the enchantment the general public found in this wonderful superspy.

I was mystified by so much ignorance or worse: such lack of ability to enter an anthropocentric universe where all factors are engineered to be at the ready to facilitate James Bond’s success.

Napoleon once said he looked for the ability to attract lucky circumstances when appointing a general, in the 007 adventures James Bond’s luck factor must be over a hundred per cent.

Though his expertise in various skills improves the chances of realizing his luck by as much also, it is his charismatic presence, laissez-faire attitude and stiff-upper-lip insouciance.

That constitute the most attractive aspects of this myth for me, I love it that the number 007 appears in my identity, it used to appear twice before ID numbers were changed, but once is enough, I have seen myself as a secret agent in my mind’s eye since primary school, playing at being James Bond himself not one of the female characters, yet a female Bond just does not work.

Now I am my own spy using Ian Fleming’s cast as inspiration only, I think I am Tiffany Aching*, a witch under Granny Weatherwax, the Discworld equivalent of M, and Nanny Ogg as Q, maybe...
*Terry Pratchett “A Hat Full of Sky”

Margaret Alice
2010/08/21 Vision

A professional dressmaker - reams of evening dresses, roses, all kinds of flowers, corsets with fairy scenes, glitter and butterflies; will ask her to create such a scene on a pair of wings - to bring me a colourful spring for an aura sublime

A mermaid’s green and blue dress with shiny beads like sunlight reflecting on watery pebbles, silver on rose pink and long blue water nymph tunics, a short brown tiered skirt for a garden gnome and a long black dress for the Queen of the Night

I am entranced, seeing the magical scenes I always paste on my computer screen created in expensive fabrics, one pair of wings for my bedroom and another for my office work station, I would add incense and perfume to them

Staring at them endlessly, off in a dream, wafting about in a vision...

Margaret Alice
I sometimes wish I had your animal magnetism, reading on the couch, two warm dogs nestling next to me, a sweet sleeping dog face on every side, making me feel comforted – and it was only because you had gone to bed, when you are here nobody else stands a chance, all animals flock to you, I am convinced you exude a kind of magic

I have been looking for dreams all over, seeking comfort against dark thoughts, and you are just happy sitting and breathing and being loved, even wild animals like hyenas and birds come to you unbidden, you can touch them without flinching, and I madly look for the inner peace and calm that is natural to you; I am one of the animals

I am also drawn to your side, you enchant and delight by your being, your total joy in existence, your refusal to enter lies and deceit, the warmth of your trust and love – and look, once again I have deserted the dogs to type a poem about you instead of staying with them on the couch, I have too much to say, think too many things

Maybe this is the reason I found you, without a searching mind I would not have discovered your magnetism and sweet love, though I wish I were like you, two of a kind might have been too much, me being an airy dreamer and creator of visions might be just the right one for you, you being the root that supports my soap-bubble thoughts

Keeping my body alive so my spirit can soar and bring back so much more to enrich our lives...

Margaret Alice
Since the rules of etiquette and protocol stipulate thou shalt not discuss the book thou readeth, or any other interesting subject with thy neighbour since these kind neighbours want to discuss their practical life, the price of oil, food and fuel, the content of breakfast and kids blood pressure, heart attacks and such

I have turned to strangers to share my wonderful books with them as no rules of protocol can prescribe what kind of conversation is applicable when dealing with complete aliens, the waitress in the Wimpy, the youthful manager softly smiling, everyone in the lift with me, I share the detail of my wonderful book with them because

There are no rules insisting we ask How Are You, I owe them nothing in terms of good manners and they owe me less in terms of appreciation, their enthusiasm is free and their delight in hearing my story is precious because it is entirely unselfish, as far as I go I explain to all and sundry how my book unfolds like chiselled pearls

Strung in a perfect row, so beautifully matched they resemble Indra’s heaven by each one reflecting the rest, the age of the Internet should be known as the age of the Bookworm, the proliferation of information, freedom of access, make it a true paradise just as I dreamt when I was small, a place where the fount of new ideas never run dry

A place where innovation in music, stories, forms, theories and dreams are infinite and inexhaustible...

Margaret Alice
'2010/08/26 Moisten

Once again I turned to that dour, but so funny, self-assured Scotchman, the morally pure and lovable William Topaz McGonagall, to breathe in the rarified air of his own little universe where “angels glare with love-beaming eyes” and he gazed upon the beautiful moon until “A tear of joy does moisten his eye” and Hanlie and I burst out laughing ourselves.

I am glaring at my rowdy colleagues with love-beaming eyes, especially those who fill the day with interminable gales of laughter until it feels as if the tornado from Hurricane Peak is blowing through the open-plan office and I get caught in the tourbillons in my mind, whirling and whirling in a maelstrom of thoughts; you said, a sparkle in your eye, I could not write a poem.

When I am happy, maybe you should cancel the visit to my dad so I can be sad and then I should be able to write a striking piece carried on wings of sorrow, I assured you I can bear with the pain of not writing rhymes on little themes as long as we are going to visit my dad, and thank you, now I am glaring at you with love-beaming eyes also…

Margaret Alice
A delicious day, I lay in the sun on the grass with the fresh, sweet-smelling wind ruffling my hair, reading my book, the soft perfume of honeysuckle and jasmine filling my soul

Pool’s water too cold for a swim, played with swimsuits, combining old ones for a new look; when we go to the sea, my best friend; I shall buy a new one, the old one already worn out

I want to look good for my rendezvous with the waves, for the magic of rolling in champagne, I feel thirty years younger when I think of my affair with the sea that started when I was ten

The first time I greeted the sea and spoke to it later started walking on the beach, serenading the waves, beginning a life-long relationship, leaving the beach after our honeymoon led to

An imbroglio: I burst into tears when waving the sea goodbye, you were surprised, promised me we would return every year and we did, we always go back to my favourite place where

I can play in the waves; even when I feel shy because I am gaining in age, the sea always seduces me again, ignoring other women my age standing to let the waves lap about them

I charge by rolling on a wave with seaweed and sand in my hair, I desire the sensual caress of the bubbling waves with a burning that makes me stay in too long, until you warn my skin is disintegrating

But I cannot choose looks when the sea is waiting - inviting us to come and play with a languorous and sinuous charm that fill me all over, spirit, soul and mind...
Margaret Alice
2010/08/31 An Incident

O-oh, colleagues sent me off to change on seeing me wearing running shorts, noses turned up in the air, disgusting, all in our doting old-age, dignity is most important, even with the temperature in the open-plan office at thirty degrees and I had been to the library in this heat, wearing my yellow Bafana T-shirt, already putting hubby’s heckles up when he saw me this morning

Why, oh why is it so difficult to conform, oh why do I do not try harder to hide my eccentric attire before being spotted? With my blood sugar at an all time low, I cannot concentrate and my stash of boiled sweets is finished, I had better get ready to fall into the black hole of oblivion waiting to swallow the unprepared insulin-depleted; if I have to stuff another peanut into my mouth I shall

Burst and it would not be a pretty sight – imagine the faces of the virtuous cohorts upon witnessing such an incident!

Margaret Alice
Took Nici to a hairdresser to plan a hairstyle for the ball, then visited a novelty shop and found a fairy dairy in pink that recreated all my auric dreams, a three-dimensional fairy within a string of pearls, flowers, coloured glitter, silver ink reflecting the light

Though the key is stuck without turning, it is the prettiest fairy picture I have ever seen, I shall lock up all my favourite poems in it, it shall be my book of secrets, I shall treasure it, a reminder of that beautiful dress I saw at the dressmaker, fuelling dreams

I must find a way to take the dairy everywhere I go on earth, I never want to be without this enchantment again, I adore this dairy as I have never adored anything before; bought coloured notebooks in the past, but nothing like this, it is glorious to be in possession of real magic

The most wonderful, bewitching blend of the sublime...

Margaret Alice
The kids and I are locked in mortal combat tonight; they are watching a noisy film on TV full blast, I am fighting for my sanity with earphones on my head, blocking the oppressive noise that hurts my ears oversensitive; knocked over a basket with shells and stones in my haste to escape.

Listening to the orchestra playing Olé Guapa makes me cry - I shall not dance to it tonight, when I have read Pratchett’s Reaperman again and I have cried for Miss Flitworth’s lonely youth, then rejoiced about Death dancing the tango with her before taking her back to her beloved to be together forever.

In an eternal youth, I shall cry no more, rejoicing in new beginnings and in the alternative universe I have constructed where individualism has been replaced by group consciousness, no judgment left; only joyous experience where Death is the personification of eternal happiness.

“Reaperman” A Discworld Novel by Terry Pratchett, Miss Flitworth’s fiancé died while smuggling to make enough to marry her, Death, a character, worked for Miss Flitworth and after she showed her worthiness, he gave her a night of dancing before taking her back to her young man; and I believe the tango they danced to was Olé Guapa.

Margaret Alice.
I love so many things, the sun, the sea
James Bond movies with Sean Connery
lovely music, stories, legends, fairy tales
dreams of mermaids who refuse to plunge
a knife into the prince they love to save their
own lives, visions of the alternative universes
of quantum physics, flowers, books

Sweet concoctions, babies, words that come alive
and sing and jump; though I know that neither the
sun, nor the sea, nor James Bond will talk to me in
words, I enjoy the shine of their wonderful presence
love singing and talking to them, sharing my secrets
with them, knowing that everything on earth, even the
does earth itself, has awareness, therefore

The love I beam to them is accepted and reflected
back to me - and that is magical and enchanting!

Margaret Alice
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Margaret Alice
I love the tapestry on the wall in my bedroom
staring at it to indulge in fond memories - and
beautiful feelings evoked by the wonder of its
composition, juxtaposing nine dimensions: the
main figure, a woman staring out of a window
looking away from the viewer, the footstool
behind her

The tiled floor in a pattern of cream and blue, the
draped table-cloth and its own still-life of wine and
fruit, the pendulum clock, the painting on the wall
of a boat on the sea against a white cloud, curtains
draping a window framing a scene of a few homes
in a street; all this in one picture, such variety in the
rich colours

Used in tapestries; the fond memories of my mother
embroidering the tapestry when I was small, we were
allowed to pitch in when we had time and add a few
stitches, an honour I relished and still cherish today -
mother complained the green of the woman’s bodice
was a mistake, it does not match the green footstool
with the right hue

Blue sky reflected in blue tiles, blue sea and the woman’s
blue tucked-up skirt, table-cloth and curtains in velvet red
quaint Dutch headdress in yellow matching the petticoat in
yellow also, colours harmonising delightfully; the serene
mystery of the woman staring into the distance with
her back to me is enchanting; while you are
falling asleep

I am still staring, wondering whether an original
Vermeer painting is depicted in this tapestry, I
love the picture so much...

Margaret Alice
Fingers sluggish, blue with cold, swimming in the icy pool, little electric explosions on my skin as the sun’s heat warms my frozen body, the wind sighing then rushing and sweeping, laden with secrets and passionate dreams

The wind’s touch is delicious, the soft caresses of sun and wind are fulfilling, diving back into the water to gasp for breath as the cold explodes against my body, I feel invigorated, alive, sensuous, rapturous and filled with delight

Margaret Alice
2010/09/06 Souvenirs

It is the greatest thing to share memories
driving in a Casspir to Khayelitsha, visiting
a shebeen, eating fresh fish on the beach
listening to a speech in English made by a
Afrikaans person whose accent sounds
Spanish and trying to render it all in French

Presentations of new military strategies, not
conversant with the terms yet trying to explain
to French dignitaries, a storm of emotions, a
delightful excursion to training facilities, talking
incessantly and enjoying a fresh sea breeze
while watching trained dogs giving impressive
demonstrations – those were the days

What fun that was, dumped at a Casino by Inspector
Mohamed and at a loss what to do, I cannot play a
game of chance and you cannot speak English, we
lost every cent and hated the smoky atmosphere
but our suffering was not at an end, indefatigable
Inspector Mohammed took us to a nightclub for a
treat and we were stuck, I cannot dance, you would
not being a good Christian, the Muslims emphatically
refused while all drinking spring water

We desired fresh air and important discussions about
requisite equipment, survival techniques and leadership
and remember the show by professional swimmers at
the training facility? I loved everything we did...

[Pour Général Baruku, Colonel Raus et le reste
de la delegation; mes amis de la RDC]

Margaret Alice
I did not take the new medication again, I have decided I can feel bad all by myself no need for prescription drugs to achieve that objective, one sandwich and the allergy gives the same effect, much cheaper and much more enjoyable also; feeling my head contracting

Because of white capsules, is kind of stupid while feeling bad because of the staple of life: bread, seems much more noble and inevitable here endeth the lesson, time to check my text and reflect on the meaning of life, the power has been turned on, Madame La Pompadour and her crew

Are working all virtuous and conscientious I am the only one who believes that life entails more than being ensconced within four walls retrieving my soul from Pratchett’s humourous touch to dive into the greyness on my desk – time to learn to laugh at life even when the labour of love

Converting one language into another, presenting the same lines, the same content; is not amusing the only joy I derive is knowing that the intended reader will derive even less joy than I did on first reading the text - and will take even less action than I did - what consolation!

Margaret Alice
I love the scene in Mary Poppins where all the stuffy bankers dance together to illustrate banking terms.

Terry Pratchett upped the ante by making venerable wizards dance in ecstasy to Buddy’s music with rocks in.

The delights afforded by watching staid old men unwinding in the dance a hundredfold augmented by the hilarity of this magical scene.

Wizards throwing one another over their shoulders, twirling around, somersaulting over people’s heads, swinging people around.

In contrast to Lord Vetinari, the Patrician, quietly reading music that never get played because it stays pure, written down in dots, caught between lines.

And Beau Nidle, Death’s new name, in the Katchian Foreign League, buried in the pit to try to forget, finding it extremely dull, not torture at all.
Driving the Sergeant to
distraction – and you
think life consists of the
text on my desk, rules
and regulations?

‘Soul Music’ – Terry Pratchett
Corgi Books 1977, Quoted from
Pages 167,171 and 172

Margaret Alice
I cannot read poems about love because
love is abundant, overflowing - everyone offers
arms full of love, but we lack communication
and understanding, explanation and insight
discernment and wisdom

If we use love for entertainment only, making
love without responsibility - flirtations without
follow-ups, we do not learn how to enjoy and
enlarge the love we already have; love is a
game indeed, but the game

Is but the introduction; comfort and mutual
support, sharing humour and helping each
other to grow and enjoy the world - that is
when the love that abounds like sand on
the shore becomes golden

Acquires meaning and fills our being with hope
and delight, if we do not work on the relationships
within which love can be realised, we lose the people
and things we love so much because they need a lot
of sustenance - and they want

To sustain others also, the lonely traveller who does
not bother to work for these things, blame others for
the frivolous nature of love in his life, but if he does
not water one plant and take care of it, just enjoys
romping with every beautiful flower

He finds that no flower belongs to him - love everything
unconditionally - but create special relationships through
sacrifice - to sustain you when you need it most

Margaret Alice
Brilliant, brilliant, brilliant, the brisk and brawny doctor who would not listen to me gave me antibiotics, I took it without checking to see what it could be, Augmentin, Amoxicillin and Clavulanate, names suggesting exotic mates, but as I felt worse and symptoms worsening

Checked Augmentin on the Internet – it is a penicillin antibiotic, and I am allergic to penicillin, a self-centred doctor who did not listen and did not check my file in which allergies are indicated, I drove to work with a derelict headache threatening to strangle my brain

Then I checked and discovered the cause of the strain, from now on I shall wear a bracelet about this allergy, never again run the risk of being overrun by a medical representative who does not make time to listen to the patient, writing dangerous prescriptions...

[I wish dear Amoxicillin and Clavulanate, clearly a prince and his consort, a lovely life and prosperity, many children and health – but I do not want to see them again! ]

Margaret Alice
2010/09/09 Privilege

That time of the day again when there is a stranger in the mirror, she looks good in my clothes and she likes me, she catches the setting sun and she sparkles in green adorned with silver, she smiles a lot and she dreams softly, whispering that she is my friend, I want her to take over my life but she will not stay, I enjoy her presence so much, when I play André Rieu she dances to every song and takes me along – only I am her only audience and she says that is enough, I wish I could present her in my place, but she says she lives somewhere else and people scare her, she is never around when others appear, but just having her to myself is privilege enough...

Margaret Alice
Tiaan curiously regarded the glitter gel ink scribbles in my fairy dairy and coolly remarked that the shiny blotches and curlicues were impossible to read, I burst out laughing, it is true, when held under the light the script is illegible, but I don’t care at all

I love the lovely colours and beautiful aura of my toy book, the mystery is invisible, cannot be discovered by anyone who does not read my diary on-line and does not know what it means when Death as Bill Door receives his own time as a gift

And delights an old lady by dancing the tango with her or why I love fun-loving desert tribes making war good-humouredly, Tiaan cannot decipher the shiny curls in my book and even if anyone could, my code is unbreakable and it gives me a thrill...

Margaret Alice
Washing dishes, dainty crystal glasses, lovely red cooking pots – works of love – listening to Mozart’s Ave Verum Corpus singing bel canto with the rising notes, my whole being vibrating harmonics, every fibre reverberating to divine frequencies – spirit growing stronger

Lesley Garret singing Smoke Gets In Your Eyes and Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again from Phantom of the Opera, taking me higher still, sweetness of her voice evoking unfulfilable longing for perfect beauty, sitting in front of TV with Lloyd Webber’s Phantom DVD, listening to Emmy Rossum’s youthful voice interpreting a young girl’s longing to see her beloved dead father again, the bell-like clarity balm to my soul, coupling symbolism of The Phantom’s total absolution of a lost man threatening her happiness with her fiancé, realising The Phantom suffered at the unforgiving hand of general society

Filling my little world with grandeur, I am glad the allergy prevents me ever becoming self-righteous as the Christian church requires its adherents to be, I can never judge the Phantom – I identify with pain and rejection he experienced – given I cannot meet any set standards no matter how hard I try...

Margaret Alice
The world is beautiful, sunlight filtered through light green tree leaves becomes fluorescent explosions of light, bougainvilleas are intense in their passionate colours, fruit trees majestic like brides, the world is a bee-hive of life

Here I am, sitting in a cozy little beehive, air-conditioned, with blanket, artificial flowers and dreams in my heart - a small part of the whole - I am bored, while the universe is rocking to the rhythm outside, while musical sounds

Set fire to the mind, I am reading boring missives in a local game of Monopoly, I love movement and sound, reducing these powerful tools to couriers of non-essential messages seems a waste of time, we should be dancing in the sunshine

We should be regarding the game of life in delight, not sit in lines, typing notes black on white...

Margaret Alice
Alice did not know what to do any more
nothing she saw resonated with her rest-
less thoughts, flitting about like an egret
looking for a place to nest, everywhere
she looked the world seemed alien and
cold, she wanted to talk to a friend, but
all were occupied:

The Lori was happily typing, the Crying
Gryphon was sobbing, the Little Oysters
were engaged in being disobedient, the
Walrus was encroaching on them, just
then she heard a call for the White Rabbit’s
maid Maryann and she set off, Madame
La Pompadour saw her leave and -

Called her back with a loud croak - Where
are you going, you naughty child - Alice
replied - To serve the White Rabbit, of
course - Mme La Pompadour cautioned -
Just beware of driving his Beamer, you are
a danger to yourself and all of society, you
should be removed from the gene-pool

Like all those animals who write letters to
the Queen of Hearts to complain about the
Court in Wonderland where the Mad Hatter,
March Hare and the Dormouse cause con-
fusion all the time - Alice curtsied nicely
and sped off to share half a cup of tea
with the much-maligned trio

Alice wanted to charge to the tea-party on
her trusty steed, her high-powered,
notorious Jeep...

'Alice In Wonderland' Lewis Carrol
Left without the fire of desire after taking in toxic poisons, starting the Russian roulette swallowing all pills in my possession, taking them in twos, any change is fine, even sinking deeper in depression is better than hanging in the space between the Dungeon Dimensions and reality such as it appears

There is nothing I fear more than being caught in boredom, even barbed-wire thoughts painfully exploding in my consciousness is better than ‘die Langeweile’ - one Taugenichts reporting for duty any feeling will do to take away the lethargy, aaah I am growing sleepy, this is much better, now to continue doing boring routine work

How other people remain sane while typing inane lines of useless terms is a miracle too high for me to understand...

Margaret Alice
I am so glad I learnt I was not intelligent when I was small, that I was made to see how humble I was meant to be because I could not master routine work, even when I manage to acquire some accomplishment it becomes a taunt because it always seems meaningless in the extreme to me.

I have to earn my living by overcoming many shortcomings - the inability to perform under conditions of extreme boredom - the absence of challenge and excitement, my system making mastering repetition well-nigh impossible; my life is dedicated to laws, rules and regulations which have no spiritual or moral application.

I am aware life is a game, we make up rules and follow them in order to fabricate root assumptions as a basis for reality, existence and ideas, it has no eternal validity, it is confining and restrictive, and the only reason I have to follow it is because I am in this physical prison until I die - while my entire entity - the complete gestalt of which I am a part.

Is unlimited, free, and waiting for this little personality I have become through so much pain and suffering, to catch up and fuse again with the larger being that is the whole me - being small and insignificant like this in order to understand the concept of self-made prisons is no fun at all and I am heartily sick of playing boring games...

Margaret Alice
The chemical depression is the winner in life’s game of chance and the Troll Interpol’s ceaseless messages of criminals defrauding each other

I believe only thieves have a lot of money they are willing to squander on other thieves because an honest person would not be involved in shady deals with conmen - my view of crime is based on the character Moist Von Lipwig created in Going Postal by Pratchett

Interpol is a Troll employing several Golems to chase down one group of criminals accused by criminals complainants of defrauding them through breach of trust – how on earth does any honest person who knows mankind’s weakness for money and wealth entrust their money to them

Unless that wealth has been acquired in doubtful ways - the Golems have sacred words written in their heads making them operate by stealth to do police work - Adora Belle Dearheart frees the Golems from servitude, enabling them to buy themselves from their masters

She would have saved me from becoming one of Interpol’s Golems - since my life is based on the sacred words in my head also, maybe she could unlock the iron safe in which allegiance to duty is locked so that I cannot break out of penal servitude...

Margaret Alice
2010/09/22 Film Stars

Went on a James Bond 007 mission during lunch in the sizzling sunshine, the clarity and brightness unbelievable, the sky a most intense blue, tree leaves emerald beauty among diamonds, felt so please to be alive, did not forget my mission, as I strode with firm James Bond tread, a guy in a suit wanted to shake my hand, I refused, knowing the warnings of strange objects concealed in hands

Then he said I only shake hands with film stars like you, and I knew my James Bond 007 aura was doing its work, recognized without saying a word, laughed at his improvisation, appreciated the compliment, the electromagnetic effect of the positive thoughts changed my appearance, when I looked in the mirror I saw a different person, all glowing and smiling and though she left when I sat down at my desk, it is great to know

She is around somewhere to return when no more boring work is to be done....

Margaret Alice
I cry as I think back to the first, heady Poemhunter
days when we all behaved like little savages and the
emotion was raw and the words flowed thick and fast
and this was our house, our playground, the secret
headquarters of poetic gangsters, playing pranks,
expressing thoughts that should be censored every-
where else, and now we cannot post or contact other
poetically-minded friends because the site is swamped
by reams of ancient poets as if their spectres are rising
from the grave and chasing the living far away, we all
find a new home somewhere else, but loyal me always
return to gaze at the past, fondly remember the begin-
nings and cry for what is lost, why did PoemHunter
make us log on twenty times before we may post
why do old poets rise from dusty tomes and shout
at us to flee `ere they strangle us? Where are those
beautiful first days when we stormed the sacred
portals of poetry, shouting and waving flags, a new
generation of rhymers and poetasters and writers
of limericks and everything else, having the time
of our lives, breaking each others’ hearts and thinking
we were smarter than all who came before – and then
suddenly one day, PoemHunter threw us away as so
much chaff, turning to old classical poets and over-
flowing in history, despising this generation as lost
stupid and overconfident, so when I pass PoemHunter
today, I cry and cry...

Margaret Alice
2010/09/27 I Cry (Rev.)

I cry thinking over Poemhunter days
we behaved like savages, emotion raw
words flowing unrestrained, it was
our home, our playground, a secret
headquarters of poetic gangsters playing
pranks, expressing thoughts censored
anywhere else – now we cannot post
or greet poet fraternity because its
swamped by reams of ancient poets –
spectres rise from grave excluding the
living, we’ll find a new home maybe,
but loyal me returns to gaze at the past,
remembering beginnings, crying
for what is lost.

why make us log on twenty times to let
us post, why do old poets rise from dusty
tomes and tell at us to flee – ‘ere they
strangle us? What of those beautiful days
when we stormed sacred portals of poetry,
waving flags, a new generation of rhymers
and poetasters and limerickers having the
time of their lives, breaking hearts and
thinking smarter than all who came before –
then PoemHunter threw us away as so much
chaff, turning to old classical poets and
over-flowing into history, despising the new
generations as yet stupid and overconfident,
so when I pass PoemHunter today, I cry
and cry...

Margaret Alice
Alice stared aghast, Vogon poetry all the rage
created by machines, heads exploding all the
time, everyone floating off to sea, people
committing crimes to escape from the
hellish sounds

Alice looked up to see Douglas Adams passing
by, pedalling a Penny-farthing and whistling a
toneless tune while on his neck the Cheshire
cat was happily declaiming the virtue of
Vogons as society’s scourge

Alice heard Ford Perfect reading aloud from the
Hitch-hikers’ Guide describing Vogon art, Momo
and Girolamo should have warned Alice not to
enter the sad Galaxy where Douglas Adams
held sway

A place of misery where a spacecraft, interrupted in
take-off, hold passengers and crew in eternal freeze
interspersed with brief take-off speeches before the
horror of being freezeed again, a ritual repeated for
eternity, Arthur Dent looking on

What nightmare world is this, can I ever escape?
Alice asked, luckily she was spared a reply by
the earth being blown up for a new by-pass
across the sky, Arthur Dent held Alice’s hand
as Zaphoid Beeblebrox

Stopped to pick them up, Did you find a way to
open your brain? Arthur asked, Zaphoid
laughed, Yes, an overdose of Vogon
poetry did the trick - now I am free
to live a new life...

Based on Douglas Adam’s “The Hitch-hiker’s
Guide to the Galaxy” and its sequels with a
reference to characters in 'Momo' by Michael Ende and 'Alice in Wonderland' Lewis Carroll

Margaret Alice
Alfredo fell in love with Violetta upon seeing her lovely face and kept watch by her window each night and when they were introduced, wooed her immediately and they went off to set up an establishment in rural splendour

Where Alfredo’s dour father Germondo self-righteously appeared to interfere and set his son’s life aright, he explained to evil Violetta that his angelic daughter stood to lose her beloved because of Alfredo’s illicit affair

Germondo expected this evil, sunken woman Violetta to give up his son on behalf of his half-wit daughter and the besotted Violetta, crazed by consumption, acquiesced and spurned Alfredo who denounced her

To all the world, darling Violetta went off to die alone and Germondo appeared to sing her good-bye just as the idiotic Alfredo also belatedly walked in to sing his contrition and so endeth the terrible song – I wish I could kick all of them!

A tongue-in-cheek summary of La Traviata in Terry Pratchett style

Margaret Alice
Away From Moorings

Everything irrelevant, got up a different person trying to climb into someone else’s life, nothing seems valuable or real, no activity worthwhile in an alien place, how to win back a sense of reality

Where is the bottle marked “Drink Me”, where is the cookie marked “Eat Me” so I may change my mental ambience to fit the unique space which is mine this morning - walking about like Alice

In my own Wonderland, I find all ways belong to somebody else, I cannot recite my lines correctly every word I read or hear drives me further away from my moorings, I have lost all sense of direction

I wish I could get back to being me, being a stranger to myself has never been fun - I never manage to please this unknown one...

Margaret Alice
If I don’t tell anybody how horrible I feel, they won’t get angry, they won’t blame me, nobody will know how impossible I find it to read meaningless words I should complete the job without bothering anyone with my thoughts and I will get the job done – right?

Wrong, I cannot go on, my quiet rebellion makes me ill, I’ve got to proclaim this: It is IMPOSSIBLE to work while I am falling through a bottomless hole with no end, no goal, no joy, no happiness I cannot recall a single story or fairy tale for inspiration

The harder I try, the deeper I sink, it is a quagmire of empty attempts to survive things I don’t understand, I cannot force the pain down, sitting like a frozen robot, making Marvin, the paranoid android seem like a happy clown in comparison, I need to shout my lament

Only after giving vent to the bewilderment driving me mad, I shall try again to hide my suffering: If it is true we create the circumstances of our lives ourselves, why did I choose to torture myself with a black hole in my head that never allows any intelligence to escape, feeling guilty

About liking the wrong things, I gave them up, no more fun books, no more fantasies, thinking it would force me to do my official work well – now I cannot do anything, even fun things are too difficult, I cannot do what I dislike nor reach for forbidden delights since they are gone – I can do NOTHING –

Surely this is perfect preparation for death; I used to live like this when I was small, without hope, ready to give up life because duty was instilled into me, life has come full circle, I am as dead inside as
I used to be as a child...

Margaret Alice
Thank you, you have revived me! I felt so meaningless writing without my friends, tried to cling to you all the time - yet you seemed so distant, so cool, my heart was leaking air until I was so deflated, I did not know how to get up again

With this you gave me back my joy and inflated my heart – you are a true cyberlove, when you seem to take your presence away and I cannot reach you with my words, I feel unbalanced lose the definition of the me that I am when you are around

Your presence changed me, added beauty and glory, when you seemed to pull away I felt that part of me was dying – as if I could not send it underground to keep it safe, I still need that tepee that you put up for me many moons ago

Where Alice, the crocodile and the little alien and everybody are safe, we run out and play with the world and then run back to that shiny definition you put up for me – I cannot let go of it, when it starts to sink, I drown!

When words do not sing, the harder I try to sing back, the more I lose the melody, but now you have given me this insight, I shall keep hold of your hand, does not matter how silent you are, because

The wonder of the cyberlove you have given me is mine to eternity and still reverberates in me – if you fall silent, I shall still keep in touch because you mean so much – thank you, I am still safe in the space you created for me!
Margaret Alice
My latest story is going so well - after losing its initial sense of mystery, everything coming to a standstill, all the excitement returned when Oom* Kulubas was brought in, when my heroine was threatened with exposure and she managed to explain her faux pas with reference to her youth

Hiding her admission of guilt, her interlocutor was dumbstruck, losing his sense of being a ubiquitous presence; with her firmly back in the driving seat after her losing it totally - much to my chagrin - I regained my sense of joie de vivre; it had been impossible

To reconcile her independence of spirit with recent events putting her freedom at the mercy of an untrustworthy element, when she inadvertently exclaimed upon recognising the villain and he prepared to denounce her, she lead all astray by explaining her sense of recognition away

The villain bargained on her revealing the truth, he wanted to gloat in the glory of being exposed without risking being accused of blowing his own bugle at the expense of another - when she managed to allay all suspicion he laughed aloud, his sense of humour being his one redeeming feature

Oom Kulubas became my heroine’s most successful refuge and she was delighted because his words are alive in her heart forever, recalling him in a new context gave him new life....

*Oom = Uncle

Margaret Alice
2010/11/16 Hollow Reality

Early morning starting my nightmare document
my colleagues arrive, we sneer about life and the
types who are admired today - sports stars and
film stars and jerks of all kinds, we are laughing
enjoying the fun, June mentioned a woman
hating book clubs, being a member due
to peer pressure, people trying to fit in

Madame La Pompadour called, a sinus attack
due to paint fumes, she will stay at home where
the painting is done; last week she caught a bug
from her domestic and stayed home also - with the
virulent domestic - sneering helps us to laugh at the
wiles of the world without growing bitter or sour

June cannot understand women devouring Mills &
Boon and Ena Murray, never having succumbed
to fantasy and romance herself, June enjoys reality
just as it is, Hanlie manages without rainbows and
dreams, I am ice-cold inside without the warmth of
a vision, life appears pitch-black to me

Without the colours of new fantasies, while realistic
people rejoice in the coldness of life, I am freezing
to death in hollow reality, popular culture is clear to
me, people provide the lower strata of deeper
meaning to anchor empty sensory structures
posing as reality!

Margaret Alice
2010/11/22 Crocodile Tears

Repeating the same routine administrative processes 
led to Paranoid Android Depression, repeating the 
same steps for millions of documents caused 
tears spilling on the paper in front of me

Hunted on the Internet, found the Arabian letter ‘hamza’ 
is written alone or with a carrier, becoming a diacritic -
gone the feeling of desperation in the wonder of
written Arabic, the crocodile is happy to play

In a Wonderland of New Ideas, I must indulge it to calm 
its restless spirit and get the Little Alien in my head to 
continue doing routine work, after this respite the 
reptile will chew on this new information

And stop crying crocodile tears for having to sit still 
without learning new things, repetition changes 
the primitive reptile into a life-destroying force 
enclosed within my head...

Margaret Alice
You know so many things intuitively, understand the kids’ problems easily, you always manage to explain problems with feelings, when I felt sidelined in their lives you told me to watch out for the surprise – and there it was, a small liqueur glass with sweet Muscadel

Your lopsided smile contritely confessing you knew you were in the wrong, but we can be friends again because I waited and did not say anything – when I explained and could not stop to indicate exactly what was wrong with the scenario of meeting fanatics

Wanting to take over one’s life and take charge of one’s dreams, and you forbade me to go on unless I took positive steps to put those fanatics out of my life, I felt the loss of freedom – then rejoiced because having the choice to be emotionally exploited by fanatics and

To be cherished and over-protected by you; I choose YOU all the time, thank you for being the strict, logical, pragmatic, loving disciplinarian that you are, saving me from a million faux pas...

Margaret Alice
Alice looked forward to see the use of Bistromathics, most powerful computational force known to Parascience. Computations done on a waiter’s check pad cause numbers to start dancing, Alice has always found numbers twirling with dizzying speed.

Bistromathics shows reality and unreality colliding on fundamental levels, anything is possible within impossible parameters, she knew why she never mastered mathematics. Her mind was already tuned to Bistromathics, a new understanding of the behaviour of non-absolute numbers.

Depending on an observer’s movement through life’s restaurant, ever since her first tea party with the Mad Hatter, Alice had knew something was fundamentally wrong with a world where riddles never resolved themselves, Alice learnt.

The First Nonabsolute Number was number of people for whom the Table of Life is reserved, there is no relation between number of people or creatures who turn up, who subsequently join them and who leave when they see who else turned up, summoned by the Queen of Hearts.

The Second Nonabsolute Number is time of arrival, a bizarre mathematical concept, a Recipriversexclusion whose existence is defined as being anything other than itself since time of arrival is the only moment at which nobody will arrive, depending on the Queen of Hearts, all ways are her ways and might take a day to traverse – or only a nanosecond of time.

The Third Nonabsolute is the most mysterious, Alice learnt, she loves mysteries of all kinds: the relationship between number of items, cost, number of people at the table and what each are prepared to pay (number of people who brought money being a subphenomenon).

Alice immediately understood why Peter Pan could not get the calculations right when he was asked to help pay the
cost for Cinderella’s delight, why Conan the Barbarian refused to be a King, why Attila the Hun refused to pay money to see the Queen of Hearts

Why the peppery-tongued Duchess hit the Queen with a croquet club, why Tom Thumb rode off in a huff on a bat, waving a needle-sword, vowing to kill the Duchess and all who took her side – the baffling discrepancies between what is and what ought to be

Revealed a startling truth: Every person in this play refused to pay what was required of them in the waiter’s check in order to share the spoils of peace of mind in life’s restaurant, Alice marvelled at ‘Interactive Subjectivity Frameworks’

Which made monks sing strange songs about the Universe being a figment of its own imagination, she looked up with shiny eyes and smiled at Lewis Carrol and Douglas Adams who explained her mysterious life so beautifully empowering her with their Bistromathics

To understand her life...

Based on “The Ultimate Hitchhiker’s Guide” Douglas Adams pp.343 - 348

Margaret Alice
Molten lead in my head, doing my duty
while falling – Alice still falling down the
rabbit hole while coping with keyboard
and console, watching the screen while
the world’s flashing by

Picking sweet things at random to arrest her
progress by growing and stretching, drums in
her ears all unnerving, the clock standing still
and meaning disappears while she cries without
shedding tears for fear

That the fall will take forever and she can never
stop and gather her wits, her thoughts are
scattered, she cannot make sense of the
events in this strange atmosphere...

Margaret Alice
The clouds form a map of the UK in the sky then morphs into a white Troglodyte, but due to an aberration in cloud formation and my fixation on all things English, I find another map of England up high in the shining white which also morphs into a white Troglodyte, clearly a regular pattern in Cumulus cloud

Again I wondered why all radio stations play horrible electric music without resonance, the piped voice of an alien being singing hallo-o-o-oh over and over while the electric keyboard repeats the same rhythmic pattern, the only word to describe this tinny sound is Ardentinny and my reaction of lightning destruction of brain cells can only be called Ardslignish

With hubby driving, I must endure this Araglin of hellish sounds so he can be happy and content while complaining endlessly about errant drivers not making way as he makes his imperial approach, I never use expletives like he does, I store my anger while listening how drivers incur his wrath

When I take the wheel I unleash my Ardslignish on my fellow road-hogs while singing happily at the top of my voice, no Ardentinny unleashing Araglin for me, I sing with the Beach Boys and croon with Elvis Presley...

Ardslignish, Ardentinny and Araglin: See “The Meaning of Liff” by Douglas Adams, I have taken some liberty with his dictionary, pp.6+7.

Margaret Alice
Must make a list of lists, cursing consciousness, embittered in hating auditors wanting to blight awareness – making lists fills me with disgust I cannot adequately express

Won’t allow positive feelings about it, with the requisite power I’d strike down spreading encouragement ruthlessly – were death an option I’d use it too or take it very seriously

How MUCH I hate lists is explicable though I’d have to explode in anger, destroy something precious the same way list-making lovers destroy me, I must show them graphically

I’d feel better proving they are destructive things but my job is to smile and swallow bile, dance a jig in joy; I happily devour the order to make lists with shiny eyes, a hateful dagger in my heart

I wish the Multiverse could be destroyed in one big conflagration – all lists changed into explosions, all forms of being becoming nonexistent, as long as there never is another list in all the eons to come;

As long as Life becomes extinct in order to bring about a list-free infinity

Margaret Alice
In a world where excellence is gone, 
everything subservient to quick profit, 
mature wine is thrown out to swine and 
money talks, it is amazing to see who is 
held up as role models

People revere those born rich; obviously, 
they are the darlings of the gods, to be in 
their good books must mean something, 
total absence of morals and portraying 
animal lust in public and

descriptions of depravity are admired and 
lauded with gusto - I feel like an alien, an 
outsider: luckily it means that the few who 
do not make a quick buck by exploiting 
immature talent

Manipulating budding promise and thus 
letting it rot, breaking the chrysalis to 
proudly display the butterfly - injuring 
its wings in the process; will be even 
less in number when

Future societies look back on our 
materialistic age, exclusivity is 
assured when profit is in 
charge...

Margaret Alice
2011/02/02 Delighted Fascination

With you around my boredom is gone, in delighted fascination I listen to your song and look at every icon with a smiley face you send, wondering what will happen next, happy expectation that each day will be blessed as you do your best to explain the mysteries of the universe to Alice sitting quietly with her book - I do not deserve so much happiness such fun as you plan and undertake voyages to the edges of the multiverse...

Margaret Alice
2011/02/11 A Word Game

Velvet waves of words in cascades washing over me, causing pain, I stopped reading when it was conclusively proven the missives were not intended to contain significant meaning

Were just a word game you played after mastering the technique of speech, you gurgled like a baby enjoying the romance with your newly born self, charming all who came to admire you

While I mistakenly thought the meaning I saw was inherent in your thoughts - only to learn to my chagrin that I added the meaning and importance to what I saw

You were just delighted that your thrilling song could entice and seduce without your having to think about anything at all...

Margaret Alice
I am happy that everything has subjective meaning or none at all, there is no objective truth out there that the determined seeker can find and apply, I appreciate the different meanings various groups assign to life, the challenge lies in discovering each one and enjoying the beauty and power of human creation, the most enjoyable search in modern time is the quantum physicist discovering the basic building block of the universe is energy - movement and magnetism, there is no physical minimum particle that can be dissected without reducing all to electricity, the invisible power behind every manifestation – reading the Dancing Wu Lee Masters was a discovery of the best poetic description of life ...

Margaret Alice
Feeling irrelevant, unconcerned and alien in my own life, a psychopath, lost feeling, lost meaning no doorway into reality left, locked up in my own head, mind lost, immobile, waiting for these moments to pass

So much time of my life I have spent in this way, waiting for meaning to return, for a sense of reality to surface, sitting in this state of catatonia, I wish to participate in the ever-moving tableau of activity - alas, my brain cuts out

There is nothing to do but wait while I take pill upon pill, hoping something will work - it is so dull, even the reel of fantasies in my head has come to a standstill, no spool turning anywhere, just an iron grip

Around my ears while the feeling of fatigue multiplies....

Margaret Alice
After the first unending kiss in Einsteinian time, continuing for several ages – eyes open wide to seek the light of reassurance, the warmth of certain love, hands reach out to pull one another closer in an infinitely tender embrace while hearts feel the increasing beat of loving delight in racing pulses, taking deep breaths deepening still

A preternatural awareness of supersensory being and sharing fills heart and spirit while the mind is set free and the body increases in electricity until supersensitive in an unbearable expectation of unheard-of sensation and mental elation conveyed by means of tactile channels, the touch of skin on skin - the soul breaking out of the chrysalis

Its wings carried on the currents of endless ever-increasing love...

Margaret Alice
Today is the last quarter, 
I’ve withdrawn, completely, 
waxing and waning with the 
moon, waiting for tides in my 
mind to subside, lost in the 
foaming illusion of reality –
an incessant activity without 
content until a bright and 
happy mind infuses empty 
Maya with meaning.

Today I succumbed to tides 
in my mind, sank deep within 
a shell until my brain’s broken 
paths healed, until associations 
and learning patterns become 
clear – until I could interpret 
what I saw, understand what I 
heard, know what tactile 
sensation conveys, until I can 
form words again.

Until then I am a lifeless piece 
of flotsam drifting in the currents 
of life without direction or 
meaning, without inspiration –
just aware of the choice for life, 
opposed to the state of 
non-being in order to taste the 
sweetness of delight when 
feelings wake again...

Margaret Alice
First plant a soft kiss on the forehead, trailing the temples then, crossing the eyelids softly tracing the outline of a fine profile - waiting for soft sensation as sensitivity is preserved and increased

Ever so slowly to savour every delicious moment, every sensuous feeling without undue pressure until the throbbing of the blood under an increased heartbeat becomes too much to bear

The fortress falls, storming and taking the citadel, the victory assured even before the first step is taken, the precious spikenard always releasing its fragrant incense - forever refilling with unending love...

Margaret Alice
Why do I ever hold a conversation with you without first cutting out my tongue, why do I share my ideas and impressions without consulting my list of forbidden subjects, how could I inform you of my recent email message without acknowledging the date of the original article; how COULD I refer to the tattoos of a singer resembling those of notorious criminals without placing all in context – I just give up, peace is all I want, no more small talk, no remarks, never comment on anything for fear of awakening your self-righteous anger – and why not, since you are perfect – see – I acknowledge it...

Margaret Alice
2011/02/25 Corpse In My Chair

In the black hole, right in, usually I’m outside, 
pulling back before losing my balance, lately it 
worked to repeat a positive mantra and hold onto 
a talisman - but today I fell right in

Repeating the mantra is not working, lost my talis- 
man, cannot find it anywhere after sinking completely, 
suffocating in the black emptiness, rising with a few 
bubbles, enough to cast about for a means

To return to the surface - finding none, I remain in one 
spot, nobody realises what is going on, I cannot reach 
out to them from the black hole caught in total darkness, 
at least Die Lustige Witwe is playing in my ears

Bringing my mind back from complete oblivion – never 
again shall I remain caught for so long as I used to be 
as a child, though I can only turn pages and look at 
pictures, I trust that the tide will turn

Rational thoughts will return, numbness will stop, then, 
though suffering the consequences of neglect, I shall 
catch up on my life and work, till then there will be a 
corpse in my chair...

Margaret Alice
2011/02/25 Whirlwind Storms

To make my misery complete, Nici sweetly requested I read her third vampire novel, unfortunately the author got carried away by the Baroque melodrama

The wealth of cluttering detail and first-person conversation, immature musing on the nature of perfect love; was just too much - I speed-read till near the end

Then gave up, disappointing my daughter, cannot take any more juvenile analysis of the intricacies of life; Nici explaining the horrors of her last year at school

You suffering through a rugby match; turning up the volume, your favourite singer*, lately deceased, describing his perspective on Everything – you insist I should listen

I cannot right now - André Rieu playing on my side of the house; just let me be in peace – I LOVE the carousel of rising feelings and activity family members provide; but need the freedom...

...to quietly compose my mind in the eye of these whirlwind storms of activity...

*Lucas Maree, South Africa

Margaret Alice
What is the point of pilgrimage?

Detachment from familiar things and domestic routine, submitting to hardship and uncertainty in foreign lands, throwing pilgrims into intense introspection, prayer and reflection

Though pilgrims traverse a physical landscape, it is the inner spiritual journey that counts because the quest for holy sites is an existential question, when Nicholas Shrady knelt before a holy relic

He felt at a loss, as if he had come to the wrong place and in the end Nicholas agreed with Rumi, the Sufi Mevalana or Master - communion with God supersedes the dogmatic doctrines

Of all organised religion – as I lay in the bright autumn sun, staring at the brilliant blue dome of the sky, listening to green fir tree boughs softly sigh in a breeze, I felt like

A pilgrim on earth, life a pilgrimage towards sacred insights; moments of understanding the deeper meaning of life...

“Sacred Roads” by Nicholas Shrady; Penguin Books 2000 - Quotes from pp126,155 & 199

Margaret Alice
2011/03/03 Wake Up

Life like a weak wave washing over my kaleidoscopic self, reflecting my fears in ever widening circles, inner gyroscope far out of kilter, smoky shadows crisscrossing my line of vision, scared to drift away from holographic reality, yet unable to stay

I wanted to explain, the words did not come, I stopped perplexed not even begun and already done though this is not the end, I cannot find the beginning, finally decide to return again

And wake up in my dream...

Margaret Alice
I am so SO fed-up with life, I am so So embittered, why should one person ALWAYS be bound to the requirements of others, why should freedom only be a concept, never to be realized; why should I

Try to imply I am a righteous person meaning self-righteous to my mind – when I am not; always on the side of the underdog, always wrong in others’ eyes, wrong all the time; do you think it feels good?

Well, it does NOT, I can assure you....

Margaret Alice
2011/03/04 Ruining Her Life

Alice attended an advanced class where Hitler was in charge, presenting a piece to read with numbers in it, of course Alice could not make head or tail of it, simply informed the class that preserving unused languages has curiosity value only, preventing those using it from communicating as if enclosed in prison

But Hitler insisted Alice had to answer questions about numbers; Alice still could not after listening to the lesson three times in a row, then Hitler and her only fellow student decided to stone Alice for her heathen, unlinguistic views of extinct languages and their immense value

Today Alice is at her desk in the office of Madame La Pompadour, a headache making Alice squint and she realised she had changed into Quasimodo ages ago, it was he who attended class for her, ruining her life – or what was left of it

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Attempting to live up to Hitler’s ideals of a well-rounded, modern person, Alice listened to news read in French on BBC Africa, the more she listened, the more she morphed into Quasimodo

Hands changing into claws, hunchback more prominent, nothing left of the original Alice essence as words on the terrible human condition and violation of human rights destroy original being

She fought back with L’Histoire Sans Fin enacted on DVD, no more BBC, no more Hitler, she will join the intermediate class where her stupid Quasimodo-mode will not make her the class dunce

All the time…
Margaret Alice


Underachiever that I am, I went into a state of shock
on realizing the depth of my underachievement, always
at work with my allergy acting as an oxygen-thief where
I fail to concentrate on routine documents

The i’s are not always dotted and the t’s not always crossed,
the spaces and full stops are not always filled in correctly
and my administration a sin, at work with migraine, taking
up valuable space, sitting in my Troglodyte chair

With three dislodged discs in my neck, failing to fall in love
with perfect diction to render letters by grumpy members of
public in perfect English for an obscure secretary of the
President, not careful enough about terms

For messages sent by the one-eyed Cyclopian Troll Interpol
to go hunting criminals all over the world, not word-perfect
at translating Arabic script into workman English, never
manage to meet with any requests

Yes, I can see how I underachieve, how my example in
being at work when feeling ill and filling in forms correctly
created a bad impression, how lacking in accomplishment,
most certainly I deserve serious punishment

The shock I received is SO good for me, they need ever so
much better people in bureaucracy, people who can serve
with an intelligence quotient in the one hundred and
seventies – I shall quietly assimilate

The label of underachiever, luckily my intelligence just fell by
a hundred degrees since receiving that appellation, being in
shock means I am frozen in pain of devastation, of guilt
and sin and all things awful

Therefore I toil in abject misery, sweat clouding my brow,
knowing now that I shall never be good enough for our
scintillating bureaucracy - but what a privilege to try
and serve in my underachieving, lacklustre way!
Isn't it wonderful how fast we become dumb
when labels are hung around our necks - losing
the little ability we had - so now we have none?
I thank everybody who took pains to make me
see the error of my ways and by labelling me
an underachiever, making sure I turn into
a gibbering idiot overnight, I can happily
assure you the therapy is working, I am
growing dumber by the moment!

Margaret Alice
2011/03/07 My Heart Beating

My thoughts were fluttering about without purpose, sad little birds with nowhere to perch, all the love and warmth I felt in my heart before had gone

I did not have the strength of conviction left, could not recall your voice, could not see anything worthy of a dream, I was growing cold inside – then you came

And spoke the words that mean everything to me: Did I tell you how much I love you? Your started my heart beating again, and when you added

I would want to crush you in my arms today, my feelings woke up and I became me again the fear of not seeing you, leaving, shedding the cloak of doubt

The fear that I was dead inside, lifting as I came alive and new vigour filled my whole being, you brought life back to me with the only words that set me free

From fear of turning into stone –
I love you....

Margaret Alice
When Gerhard came visiting, we had a ball, dissecting family, discussing all, tracing our youth, he showed me a photo of his six-year old self in our yard, ready with satchel to start school - I begged a copy

He told me the rumour his granddad, dad’s brother, did not enjoy his visit to dad at all, dad left him alone and uncle had nothing to do, Gerhard pictured my dad walking about, impatient with his sedentary brother

Two crabby old men snapping at each other...

Asked dad about the rumour of my unhappy uncle – Oh, I could not entertain your uncle, his feet swollen, he could not walk about, did not want to watch my favourite videos, nor listen to my music, nor read my magazines or special books, criticized the Cowboy book I offered him, print too small, reading glasses at home, nothing good enough

I installed him in an air-con cooled room and went walk-about, now your uncle complains I was a bad host, but he is such a difficult person, I made him wear your mother’s big rubber shoes (I cannot get this image out of my mind) but he wanted to wear his own pinching shoes which made his feet swell again; I went walk-about as I always do

Two brothers only one year apart, eighty-three and eighty-four, dad a Sagittarian Knightly Robin Hood; uncle a Scorpion King Of His Castle, Kill All Knights - never the twain shall meet – Gerhard and I laughing about the Tale Of Two Brothers - Two Billy Goats Gruff arguing why their mother could not visit uncle in hospital when he was a boy - dad says

Our dad did not allow our mom to do so - while my uncle woefully declares - But she went to the movies instead! Oi vey, that sounds very bad indeed, Gerhard and I
agreed...

Margaret Alice
Mom is supposedly, ostensibly, staying with twin sis and dad on a farm in Mussina, happily installed with air-con; mom used to complain grandma Alice pushed her out of her own house, but since grandma passed

Mom never showed a desire to stay home, she waves at us as she drifts past; now in Louis Trichardt, then visiting her lady pastor friend in Gauteng, moving along, by bus or by car, never sitting stil

I am delighted, say what you will, she lives her dreams though she blamed all mistakes on grandma Alice, she set out to prove herself wrong; sometime or another she will get her own message – grandma helped her

To live her dreams, set her free to roam the earth, live with her friends, home will always be only a pit stop on her eternal travels to reach eternity; I prefer her as she is – travelling, dreaming, living on cloud nine

Even though I know her fantasies and imaginings can be dangerous, as long as I steer clear of her visions and just cheer her on from the sidelines, nobody need ever fear for her happiness and safety and THAT

Is the best gift she can ever offer me!

Margaret Alice
2011/03/13 King Of Storms

No-one shall ever be able to make you feel the admiration I felt as a child when older brother met nieces - guitars playing in unison, singing songs I cannot recall - only the joy of seeing gods on earth charming each other

Nobody can ever measure the depth, height and size of the very young child’s admiration for their talented elders – later they trimmed my brother’s hair with a razor, the very same Susan and Ria known as ‘Sannetjie en Ria’

Susan with black, enticing hair, the blonde Ria - they sang like angels – together with Martie, their elder sister married to my uncle – a dreamer who bought a train set, painstakingly kept cleaning it when I first took an interest in him

Oh, wow, memories can be the best part of life - shivers and frissons, books that have been read, together form a wonderful memoir of dreams, a way to escape everything that did not chime with visions of a new world

A new universe where mother was Queen of song and music, brother was King; dad was King of Storms, Poseidon himself, causing waves of chaos to undulate through the lives of everyone who loved him

Even my Scorpion uncle and his progeny, Gerhard especially; played a role in this – my personal myth, my very own Odyssey – a quest for the golden fleece - or even – our Lord’s golden chalice...

Margaret Alice
It feels so useless to share my passions with others, it seems to be meaningless to show them the pictures I love, wonderful exciting ideas and theories that mystify me

My listeners were mystified, Newton’s mechanics would be enough, nobody inspired by quantum physics, no-one jumped up and down with me, everyone focused on pain and loss

Politics, earthquakes, tsunamis, conflagrations, contemporary events and lack of a clear French foreign policy; fighting, torture and death; while I am thinking of atom smashers

Leaving traces only when microscopic particles smash into each other – all spiritual New Agers agree that all people know subliminally when all kinds of upheavals will be

And willingly choose to participate; but I must hide this insight for fear of being crucified, people did not even exempt Sherlock Holmes and Arthur Findlay from disgrace and contempt

When they expressed their convictions regarding life after death - what can a poor little translator, suffering every political lecture where no-one has heard of Ayn Rand and her philosophy

- that the true altruist jumps into the cannibal’s pot to be eaten, sacrificing life for the well-being of fellow human beings - say; when confronted with Western materialism?

I sway under the attack of cynical Western belief in exclusive sensory reality, my spirit suffering as I strive to hide my spiritual convictions - my power spent - my heart bleeding....
Margaret Alice
Lost my dream, invisible to begin with, 
used to give me sustenance, without it 
I have no fire in my heart, I am become 
a dead golem without a sacred chem in 
my head; everything I think stays inside 
as there are no dream people to talk to

I need to revive the feeling that there is 
someone out there who cares what I as-
pire to - feeling apathetic and unheard - 
languishing in silence without the power 
conferred by hope, I have to pull myself 
up by my own boot-strings

Fabricate an alternative world where tele-
pathy provides communication – I cannot 
stay in this material illusion, loneliness is 
killing me, physical reality feels so empty, 
so absolutely, terrifyingly empty...

Margaret Alice
Went into this long weekend
totally unprepared, expecting
children to visit, cancelled at
the last minute

Only one book to read, finished
too soon; looking at quotes jotted
down from Deepak Chopra “How
To Live in a World of

Infinite Probabilities”, cringing as I
remember the derision of members
in French conversation class when
I tried to explain

“I am a holographic representation of the
universe, manifesting as a continual space-
time event in the probability amplitude of a
field of infinite probabilities”

“How To Live in a World of Infinite Probabilities”
Deepak Chopra, Random House 1998; p.36

Margaret Alice
2011/03/22 A Lifetime

Crashing into a wall of impossible text, legislation of the kind that only Mr Slant, a zombie of about four hundred year’s undead existence can stand without crashing into waves of nihilism

Casting about for positive focal points, consulted my favourite guru who kept repeating the mantra ‘keep thinking of what you desire and it will come to you’ suddenly a clown appeared with a whistle

Calling us to the foyer to receive chips and chocolate to celebrate the issue of our first newsletter, the guru’s words vindicated as I always think about stuff to chew, being the female equivalent of

Mr Tulip, I should be called Mrs Tulip, sniffing spearmint and peppermint oils, seeking relief from clogged sinuses and tinnitus, my brain as scrambled as Mr Tulip’s, I am dependent on Mr Pin – that would be Martin –

To make all the decisions in life, while I am closeted with a book trying to become resigned to being the village idiot wherever I go given the speed with which my thought processes disintegrate and scatter the little insight

I might have gained through a lifetime of reading...

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“The Truth” – Terry Pratchett – Mr Slant – a zombie lawyer, almost 400 years undead

Two characters, Mr Tulip and Mr Pin, who remind of Mr. Albert Wint and Mr. Charles Kidd two fictional characters in the James Bond film “Diamonds Are Forever”

Margaret Alice
Sedately walking the street, not as an anonymous and lonely soul, no, an exalted being clutching an illustrated edition of Through the Looking Glass and Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland

Cherishing my treasure, beatific smile playing on pursed lips, mentally preparing to partake of the most satisfying feast of mixed dimensions, the enchantment of irrefutable logic leading to

Insoluble conundrums and delightfully irrational ideas, walking in scorching sun accompanied by Lewis Carroll, and his fresh way of looking at old things my talisman, my guarantee

The world will appear new to me, life’s sweetness can never be dulled when regarded through his wondering eyes!

Margaret Alice
Oh, so easy to fall back into dangerous ways, to eat French fries and fast food, drink in evil dilemmas – then hide behind the eyes of authors who retained those unsophisticated minds of children.

Flee surreality of boring texts like bone-dry legislation bringing mental asphyxia and death – hoping there is a special hell for those forcing others with imagination and taste to read destructive legal documents.

Hoping they will be tortured by exposure to endless repetitions of children’s stories until they feel the same pain they made others endure, that every moment of suffering will be avenged in tables being turned and

Dumped unimaginatively on every boring person we were constrained to listen to – even when our brains fell out of our heads in attempts to hide high degrees of frustration we were subjected to...

Margaret Alice
2011/03/24 Magic Context

Last night I read Alice in Wonderland, once again her conversation with the Crying Mock Turtle and the Gryphon worked its enchantment

Gave me the feeling of being safe with Alice in a magic context, a safe social situation where wondering at marvels is all that is required

To love and enjoy life - and - I LOVED it!

I love this experience which is probably illegal – no grown-up has the right to experience so much joy in such a little thing – I am privileged

To tell you about it without being ashamed of this feeling, it would be unfair to demand I give it up as other compulsory joys do not work for me

Cannot be recaptured and relived in the same scrumptious way...

Margaret Alice
Described Alice lost in a cauchemardesque French class in which politics was the only topic of study listening to a French radio programme and Alice slipping down lower in her chair

Enormous pen poised to write in a gigantesque notebook to show willingness to compensate for lack of intelligence - Alice never discerns details when only listening, she hears the song

The rhythm, the beat, the rise and fall, tone and timbre of speakers’ voices, not the content, her brain cannot comprehend the value of listening to irrelevant details of international adventures

In which she cannot partake, stories that do not change the settings in her brain, she loves things that make her swoon by their lyrical beauty or amazing absurdity and surrealism

Which reminds of relativism and quantum physics and the illusionary quality of inter-subjective reality NOT politics seen as a succession of machine-gun fire facts peppering her mind until

She slides down in her chair...

Margaret Alice
The stranger of yesterday made a mess of everything, going to French class without reading glasses, sitting in the wrong chair and not listening at all as she hates news about political events, drove like a fiend, pointed out that “Alice Through The Looking Glass” provides perfect illustrations of Einstein’s relativism where time becomes something different for each person.

The White Queen lives life backwards and screams in pain before she pricks her finger, during the actual event when her finger bleeds she only smiles, already done with the emotion of shock, this is exactly how I live my life, when something wonderful happens I cry my eyes out in fear of losing it – then enjoy the wonder and when the event is over I can smile having cried already.

According to relativism including a space-time dimension we can move backwards and forwards in time, I always move to the end of every event before it unfolds in order to enjoy its dénouement without fear for the inevitable ending, it can be rather a drawback – now my kids do it too, never expressing sentimental emotion or fear of anything going wrong, saying they are prepared.

For everything going wrong all the time – I wonder, is it a good thing? Their cynical rejection of the excessive emotionalism of Romeo and Juliet is quite shocking to one who cried desperately on reading their story the first time…

Margaret Alice
The fault is mine, was unaware and wrong

to let the problems grow, dumb to need
replies when there were none to heed

Why should I criticise when I’ve been just
as off the beam and yet forgiven too along
with anger realised as my unjust mistake

Muscles tensed relax, Mickey’s face from
Inch By Inch has blessed my hope-belief –
horizons fill a-shine with sun again,

It’s when I can extend my hand and be
released – my child’s delight will feel
forgiveness as a ward of clemency ...

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Drama Queen

Drama queen playing a role to perfection, refusing
to explain her behaviour, crowning herself princess
of deception and enjoys playing her games, glaring
at everyone asking her what the matter is - too lofty
to explain anything, using freedom to treat all with
contemptuous derision; rather proud of her ability
to inflict hurt at will – we just wait and watch as
she devises her own show....

Margaret Alice
'2011/03/29 Darwin Was Adopted

.......(Darwin’s hangup because he was adopted)

Oh dear, the pain, the angst, the fear,
alone at night in bed - knowing what
had been done and said: Darwin dear,
you have been adopted, is that clear -
Mama Darwin said, little Charles felt
so abandoned in his lonely bed,
knowing he had been left
at an early age

As he stared into the gorilla’s cage, he wondered
what would have happened if he had been a little
monkey too, with apelike mien and lots of fruits
to chew, wondered why he could not live high up
in a tree, the world, the sad, sad world from afar
to see, wondering why he were not a single-cell
organism in the oceans deep, where the waters
would his heart-ache keep

So Darwin boarded the HMS Beagle and went
a-sailing to the Galapagos Islands to flee his little
orphan life at home, he looked here and he looked
there, feeling sorry for himself and this little world
where animals lived by stealth and ate each other
to keep their health and plants bloomed in abun-
dant wealth; and said to himself: I wonder how it
happened that a whale resembles an elephant

While a rhinoceros seems related to a hippopotamus,
why did eyes form in two’s on little fishes while they
proliferated into millions of little apertures on spiders
and other creepy things, I am sure there is a lesson to
be learnt, I feel like falling into the rabbit hole and
ponder things with the Lory and Egret, my thoughts
are reeling and writhing in circles and there is a porpoise
on my trail - such were his thoughts as he flailed about

Trying to solve the riddle of his orphan existence: Could
there be a reason why the little oysters failed to see that
the walrus were planning to eat them – were they left
bereft of rational thought such as Descartes said homo
erectus possessed – and where did this thought process
originate – could it be too late to wrestle the magic of
existence from invisible gods in the sky above and offer
it to evolution as a new godhead instead

A new fairytale to explain life as it is and was – and maybe
to determine why my mother and father did not take care
of orphan me, but gave me up for adoption – I should have
been drowned, but as I was not – does this not prove the
magic of my youth – I am so evolved and will expand through
evolution into the magic father of a new natural science
revolution? – the young Darwin mused, a happy recluse,
embracing his orphan life with the gusto of

The theoretical gourmand who devours theories for breakfast
and loves himself for being the kindred spirit of all modern
thinkers, happy to bring about the apex of atheism; there is
no god, only nothingness that creates life all by itself, just as
lightning applied to a boiling mixture in the sea, and see –
the world is an orphan, godless – like me!

Margaret Alice
After so many years on this planet I
still can't accept autumn as the birth of
winter's advent, a dread of decay and
death advancing small steps, the sun
lover's slow retreat sliding away as if
he knows we need surcease

Seasons' rhythms leave us helpless with
a cold inevitability of natural progression
despair increased by enlightened claims
human beings are free to change anything,
to be happy with inter-subjective reality
created by consensus in consciousness

But NO, death and decay, self-satisfied
idiots, slow dismantling is not my choice,
I find no freedom resigning to coldness
enclosing my heart, watching life-renewing
events slow down until too weak to die
without a fight

I HATE life dying despite beginnings and
endings presupposing life's repetition
suspicious of eternal processes entailed
in birth and death, chary of free choice for
life as a physical manifestation which my
real contemplation cannot surmise

My belief there's something amiss when
the earth tilts away from a life-giving sun
and cold invades my heart and my mind...

Margaret Alice
2011/03/30 Sun-Bleached Blue

A brilliant blue sky in sea-side holiday style with golden dollops of sunshine awakened memories of good times, then I broke down, admitted I am not a visionary who can keep herself happy, I need the sun and sky, the azure horizon and velvet green of trees

Without these props my smile comes at a cost, the beauty of today a gift reminding me how much I missed the sun-bleached blue during past grey weeks, thrown back on my imagination for sustenance, casting about for a happy vision to replace

A glorious golden sun – the only face that really fills the empty spaces in my life – I might have over-identified with the sun-beam imagery of childhood catechism, now to replace the power of the sun in my array of positive symbols – shall I

Still grow away from the sun in my current life – no, not while its touch means so much to me...

Margaret Alice
It is as if they’re intruding in my private mental space, forcing me to hide in my body; I’m exposed, cannot compose my thoughts, organize inside my head.

Brain frequencies and mental stations are estranged from their usual mental haunts, pressured to give thanks for kindnesses and blessings meant to improve health, promote ease, but confusion results, restless lack of concentration.

I don’t know what to write or say – I don’t know what to do. Since you are of the same strange literary persuasion can you tell me what you think is going on? Could you?

Are physical exercises incessant with talking too overwhelming? I want to go back into silence and soft feelings of gentle focused attention, where I’m in charge of myself and my feelings, safe from prying eyes.

Or is this just a physical thing? I have tried addressing corporeal dimensions – if you think I should not seek insight of a fellow poet, just tell me, I have to get through this one way or another, would understand if you’re baffled –

Though I suspect few things really do that. Why do I feel horrible when the world is peripatetic?
Margaret Alice
2011/04/13 Lovely, Wayward Child (Rev.)

To my Teenage Daughter

You will not leave me yet, you need my love protecting you to help you understand the need to see the world a place of joyousness – to learn perception and rejoice each challenge camouflaged as obstacles omnipresent

I’m glad you’ll still be home with us a few more years and not be forced to live alone, I love the prospect of your mock sarcastic voice reminding me of who I am, your room a mess without respite, your vexed entanglement in gauche imbroglios

It’s fun to help you sort the mess and solve an ambiguity or two at least of life, so worry less when faced with sore mistakes, it glamorises and excites my little life – I thank you much for that my lovely, wayward child!

Margaret Alice
Given a new lease on life, my daughter singing with me, all our old favourites, Puppet on a String, Wouldn’t it be Luverly from My Fair Lady, Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again from Phantom of the Opera

She thinks we should watch Bedknobs and Broomsticks again, Substitutionary Locomotion, magical ideas, she is young and dreamy again, gone the serious, tense face and the defeated demeanour, back is my little girl

Who used to sing and frolic with me, laughing joyously, grown-up responsibility and worry taken from her shoulders, she only has to be here noisily to fill my heart with happiness and light, we shall have a wonderful weekend

I am so privileged to have my little daughter to warm my heart and life whenever I freeze in anxiety about growing old and lonely – she will be here for a few extra years, capering all over in shining delight...

Margaret Alice
Nothing to say in my defence, no material offers to make amends; inner power enables me to mostly balance on the edge of the abyss - wishing life’s battle ended so I could rest, dropp my vigilance, exist just as pure consciousness without shame of eternal failure

Less intelligence all I cherish are feelings, a loving atmosphere, strong emotions, everlasting joy of constructing an ethereal bubble where I am safe, free to create my own dreams since the sharp lines, garish colours and grating sounds of reality cannot match luminous beauty of my visions

Nothing I visualise can be realised in holographic three-dimensional reality perceived through five senses, only stories entailed in narrative imperative are honoured and valued - attempts to infuse reality with meaning lead to deception, failure and rejection, I keep my ideas above and beyond...

... in an alternative dimension where thoughts manifest in pitch, taste, colour, rhythm, fragrance, texture, form and temperature; representing love, anger and fear - without intervening events....

Margaret Alice
Counting each and every blessing made me see
I am no boon to fellow men; my bid to lighten
burdens through an offering to carry some then
led to grumbling in my presence that I was the
biggest sorrow in their lives

I failed to succour those in need; I have lost the
meaning of my life, cannot find a sense in living –
am condemned to spiritual isolation and lonely
meditation, I am the worst aspect they have ever
seen in their otherwise perfect lives –

My only consolation is I tried my best to be a
blessing – herewith I offer my apologies to all
who feel that they were wronged by me in making
an appearance in their lives; at least by leaving
I shall bring you joy

I couldn’t state opinions less create anxiety,
made it impossible to consult so-called experts,
when I try to state my case I am punished for
recalcitrance – breaking out of the prison of
my own making without explanation

may be the only recourse I have left...

Margaret Alice
Found an absurd side to depression, wanted to resign because I suffocated, to run away from myself and be dejected somewhere else, but too disheartened to fill out a million forms

Bought a magic dish that worked before, evil sweet stuff diетicians warn about, wonder of wonders felt better – if for a moment, and my mind feels fantastic when dark feelings lift

Covered the French class notebook that breaks my spirit and collapses my mind, a new victory over blackness within, a white and black design to symbolise the contrast I see, the white-hot happiness and pitch-dark depression caused by horrible sounds killing rhythms and melodies that live in my mind – the sweet voices that express true rebellion against things I detest

Margaret Alice
Scrolling through document after document checking texts, looking for a dreamlike beginning to this day, trying to rest my mind in the enchanting verdigris of the dress with sequins, beads and crystals my friend wore to the wedding this weekend

Yet - the only thing that offers respite is Moist von Lipwig’s antiques in imprisonment, the conman with a love for mankind that enables him to exploit people’s foibles without any stabs of conscience because he knows there are no honest men

Offer anyone illegal profit and they will try to defraud a seeming fool, exposing their own treasure house ready for the plucking, only people who really love people can forgive humanity’s ubiquitous lack of morality while enjoying its benefits

Without feeling any guilt...

Margaret Alice
Mustrum Ridcully, Archchancellor, wore a special wizard hat with small cupboards, telescopic legs and oiled silk in the brim

Becoming a small tent, a spirit stove, inner pockets containing rations, liquor in the unscrewed tip for emergencies

With this James Bond from Unseen University I would love to see the world nothing would ever find him unprepared

The only gadget I rebel against is the mouse in the treadmill on his head, the mixture of honey and manure he rubs

On his bald spots – on second thought, this is one James Bond that had better stay within the pages of a book...

Terry Pratchett "Lords and Ladies"
Victor Gollancz, 1992 p.178

14 July 2009

Margaret Alice
21.07.2009 Special, Uplifting Love

It’s raining – it should not be raining
but it is, in the middle of winter, in Pre-
toria where winters are traditionally
dry with brilliant blue skies and lovely
sunshine, even if weak

Now it is raining, reminding me of my
high school years, we lived outside, our
room opened onto the rain and green,
luscious grass, my twin sister and I
enjoyed a quiet existence

While my two elder brothers were leading
the way, listening to Springbok radio, never
doing their homework while I slaved away
on my favourite subject, biology, life revolved
around practising piano, attending

Catechism and church choir on Sunday, the
best part being the trip to school by bicycle
I loved the freedom and exercise, the wind
in my hair, going into town by ourselves,
discovering the town library

Though feeling ill when I was at school, un-
treated allergy, the good times stand out with
more clarity than the fatigue, headache and
pains – rain always reminds me of happy
times, a heroine meeting someone

Who shows her the sun – that is what is
waiting for me after this physical life,
having dreamed of friendship most of
the time, having visualised love, I read
we become what we focus on

All of the time – I have been focusing on
becoming a discoverer of the meaning
of life - of special, uplifting love...
5 July 2009

Margaret Alice
Lost my Open-Sesame access card,  
left only holding the lanyard, now have  
to pray the security guard is at hand to  
open every door for me, must structure  
my comings and goings not to cause  
too much disturbance  

Head of Security said I should buy a new  
card at exorbitant cost – not even my fault  
the card was lost, the lanyard security pro-  
vided failed, luckily today’s security guard  
is very friendly, rejoices with me when I  
leave the open-plan office prison  

Laughing when I beg to be confined in the  
salt mine inside, resembling the Black Hole  
of Calcutta in my mind, I’m yawning fiercely,  
feeling sleepy, the stolen beskuit* I munched  
last night causing an LSD-trip, I’m spinning  
through infinity...  

2 July 2009  

*Afrikaans biscuit  

Margaret Alice
Safely ensconced in the office, working on map-making in an African country, already bored, marching through the day; listening to ‘Les Contes d'Hoffmann’ recorded by Nici, not sure I can concentrate with all this happening in my ears; clic-clac, cric-crac the tenor shouts flic-flac everyone joins him, can I translate with cric-crac and flic-flac filling my head?

Edita Gruberova singing ‘Les Oiseaux Dans La Charmille’ (Doll's Song), I’ve lost it completely cannot translate with heavenly music delighting my heart, triangles and bells, violins and flutes, a harp, a beautiful voice… Barcarolle brings back old memories, fairies dancing in a circle, little girls of seven years holding hands, weaving in and out, fairy glitter all around them…

20 July 2009

Margaret Alice
Our James Bond movie took a new turn
the air-con is set for winter, warm air is
pouring into the open-plan office redu-
cing us to doing a strip-tease every day

Coming from outside temperatures of 2
degrees Celsius into 24 degrees at least,
one air-con vent is set to spew hot lava
air every hour or so, how much

Can one strip off and still remain decent,
in the movie the sweet heroine and evil
femme fatale will strip off everything,
James, obviously charmed

Will remain cool, calm, fanning himself
with a device that Q developed just as
the film started, the device explodes
blowing the cat-loving criminal master

To smithereens, James orders a shaken
Martini to sip while pulling the sweet
Russian heroine into his arms – I’m
the evil femme fatale who dies in agony

Because I tried to kill James through
the hot air system...

21 July 2009

Margaret Alice
2 July 2009: Watched Moonstruck last night when I should have been tucked up in bed, Nicholas Cage when he was young, Cher looking absolutely beautiful, romance bloomed, the way it does not in life – but no matter dear, it blooms in fantasy all the time, just read the right kind of poetry and mix in your own dream – voilà, la dolce vita is created in our minds. Everybody I meet only consists in my perceptions, I cannot know you as you are, neither can you know me outside the framework of your personal interpretations of your own perceptions – heavens, I shudder to think what most people must think of me, given what I think of some people – luckily, we cannot read minds and thoughts only manifest in limited context – I’ll keep quiet about my ideas if you’ll keep quiet about yours – NO, this is much too boring, tell me lots of things so I can read between the lines; I LOVE reading more into reality than people claim there is!

Margaret Alice
26.07.2009 A Million Fathoms Deep*

So many religious songs reside in my head - declared my favourite to be ‘Jesus wants me for a sunbeam’

The Pharisees were shocked, I’d sing ‘From a million fathoms deep*, far from hell, where hope is lost in misery

I cry unto thee Oh Lord’, or ‘Kumbaya’, or Mario Lanza’s ‘I’ll Walk with God’, – but I still sing ‘Sunbeam’

when I dash about in a fast car feeling like a sunbeam of bright and joyful light!

[See translation of songs quoted at end of Afrikaans poem.]

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Uit Dieptes Gans Verlôre*

Ai, die gesangverse wat in my kop woon ‘n nimmeroëndige stroom, sommiges sal nooit religieus korrek werk nie, ‘Daar waar in vlekkelose wit die Koning van die wêreld sit’ is nou eenmaal deur Surfadvertenties oor skitterwit wasgoed gekaap

Eenkeer het die uwe ewe ernstig aan godsdiensfanatici verklaar my gunstelingliedjie is ‘Jesus roep my vir ‘n sonstraal’ - A nee a, het die beterweterige Fariseërs my betig, jy is nou mooi groot en halfpad dood, kies nou ‘n grootmenslied – Ek was vies
Moes seker ‘Uit dieptes gans verlôre, van redding vêr vandaan, waar hoop se laaste spore, in wanhoop bly vergaan’ gesing het of dalk ‘Straf tog nie in ongenade, my misdade, Heer, verdra my met geduld!’ eintlik ‘n nog beter keuse sou seker wees

‘Rus my siel, jou God is koning- ieder woelt hier om verand’ring, en betreur dit as dit kom…’ of dalk, synde almal die Ingilse taal orals insleep om grênd te wees, moes ek ‘Kumbaya, my lord, kumbaya’ voorgedra het – of selfs ‘Unto thee, oh Lord - let my not mine enemies triumph over me’

Synde ek my midde-in ‘n Sanhedriese addersnes bevind het; as ek mooi dink, moes ek ‘I’ll walk with God from this day on’ gesing het, die vyand se teenwoordigheid het duidelik bewys net die ou duiwel figureer in my lewe, die heel beste keuse sou seker gewees het

‘Wondergena, algenoegsaam selfs ook vir my, dieper dan die see van my oortredings, sing dit, groter ver dan al my sond’ en blaam – PRYS sy naam!’ - ‘Wil tog nie in toorn ontsteek nie en U wreek nie op my sond’ en sondeskuil…’

Na diepe bepeinsing en jarelange mymering oor hierdie netelige kwessie sing ek nog steeds klip-hard terwyl ek zirts in my vinnige blits: ‘Jesus roep my vir ‘n sonstraal, om elke dag te skyn’ – omdat my bloublitsstraaljaagtogte my net soos ‘n sonstraal laat voel!

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[* From a million fathoms deep*, far from help, where hope is lost in despair, I cry unto thee, oh Lord; from deep, dark nights, please harken unto my cry for pity]

* Uit Dieptes Gans Verlôre, van redding vêr vandaan, waar hoop se laaste spore, in wanhoop bly vergaan,
uit diep van donker nagte, roep ek, o Here, hoor,
en laat my jammerklagte tog opklim in u oor

******************************************************************************

Hallelujaliedjie: [Children’s Song]

[Jesus wants me for a Sunbeam - to shine every day,
to please him is all my yearning, although my light is weak,
let me be a sunbeam for aye! ]

Jesus roep my vir ‘n sonstraal om elke dag te skyn,
hom te behaag is my strewe, al is my liggie klein,
‘n sonstraal, Jesus roep my vir ‘n sonstraal,
laat my ‘n sonstraal steeds wees!

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Ou NG Kerk Gesangeboek: [Old Church Hymn Book]

[‘He is high and praiseworthy, see city and hill
shimmering in sunshine, and Zion to the North
glowing beyond the reach of words, the Lord of all
immaculate in white’]

- This song has been appropriated and corrupted by
washing power advertisements.- ]

Hy is lofwaardig en verhewe, waar berg en stad
in songlans bewe, en Sion teen die Noorde, blink
bo die lof van woorde, daar waar in vlekkelose wit
die Koning van die wêreld sit, het hy wat teen die
vyand waak, as rotsburg hom bekend gemaak.

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[Don’t punish my misdeeds in cold judgment, oh Lord,
be patient with me, don’t visit vengeance upon me
and my guilt in your fury]

Straf tog nie in ongenade, my misdade, Heer, verdra
my met geduld! Wil tog nie in toorn ontsteek nie,
en U wreek nie, op my sond’ en sondeskuld.

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Kerkkoor: [Church choir]

[Be at peace, oh my soul, thy God is King, all are clamouring for change, but regret it when it comes, yearning to see new things, but long for what is lost...]

“Rus my siel, jou God is koning, rus my siel, ieder woelt hier om verand’ring en betreur dit as dit kom; hy verlang na wat hy sien sal wens wat hy eens had weerom...”

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Kumbaya:

Kumbaya, my lord, kumbaya, oh Lord, kumbaya Someone’s singing my Lord – Someone’s praying my Lord – etc.

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Unto thee, oh Lord, do I lift up my soul, oh my God, I trust in thee, let me not be afraid, let my not mine enemies triumph over me.

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I’ll walk with God - Words: Paul Francis Webster

I’ll walk with God from this day on, his helping hand I’ll lean upon, This is my prayer, my humble plea, may the Lord be ever with me. There is no death... His hand will guide my throne and rod...

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Evangelieliedere: [Gospel songs]

[Wonderful mercy of Jesus, covering all my sin, how can I describe this, where shall my song begin, wonderful mercy of Jesus, I am freed of sin, ‘cause the wonderful mercy of Jesus reaches me.
Wonderful mercy is the work of Jesus, deeper than the sea and free, wonderful mercy, all-sufficient, also for me, deeper than the fathoms of my sinful deeds, all sing, high above all my sin and guilt, rejoiceth in the lovely name of Jesus, PRAISETH Him! ]

Wondergena’ van Jesus, wat al my sond’ omring, hoe sal ek dit beskrywe, waar sal my lof begin, wondergena’ van Jesus, ek word van sonde vry, want die wondergena’ van Jesus, reik ook my.

Wonderlik genadewerk, die werk van Jesus, dieper dan die see en vry, wondergena, algenoegsaam, selfs ook vir my, dieper dan die see van my oortredings, sing dit, groter ver dan al my sond’ en blaam, o roem verhoog die dierb’re naam van Jesus, PRYS sy naam!

Margaret Alice
27.07.2009 Young Doctor Serfontein

Checked the long-awaited book on my hero
Dr Serfontein, even more macho than James
Bond himself, more handsome also, with
high moral principles, full of integrity

Excitedly looking for my favourite passage,
oh, NO! - a moron, a complete and utter idiot
has removed it; the pivot of the book, left all
the stupid, non-essential bits

Deleted the part that became my lodestar
ideal: “Beauty is not an inherent feature of
anything, beautiful interpretation takes
place in the observer’s mind”

Bought it for this one sentence; abridged
version is meaningless, the most wonderful
insight destroyed by an over-zealous editor –
I always knew editing was an evil deed!

Theunis Krogh 'Jong Doktor Serfontein' Keurboslaan-
series Human & Rousseau 2009 - NB Uitgewers Kaapstad

An older edition still contains my favourite passage:

JL van Schaik Beperk, Pretoria 1973, p.17

Martin says: 'For those two oafs it was as in the poem:
'But the fool he called her his Lady Fair'.

Mr Schoobee answers: 'Such feeling derives from the man
himself, not from what he sees in front of him …'

22 July 2009

Margaret Alice
At least you say ‘shut up’
in the nicest way, explaining
you cannot cope with my
stentorian voice droning on, my
interminable descriptions of an
inner life that leaves your neutral
sphinx-like self in confusion

The mercurial fluctuations of my
emotional life, my love of physical
pain, concomitant spiritual ecstasy –
it is too much, you need someone like
yourself to keep the calm, the Eternal
Peace your soul longs for, not my
involving passions

I can see why you need to dam my
songs flowing in a suffocating
stream, you need not explain, I
understand, I’m glad patient paper
can receive my melodramatic
effusions of love and pain, soak
up the excess before it damages

Mine’s an inner world of characters
and tragedies, Baroque horrors that
fascinate, while you’re the root of life,
anchored in reality, on even keel, the
wind under your control; you only
flounder when forces of nature and
destiny escape your management

But your inner fire is proscribed, I am
much obliged that my barbaric
attitude to life has not yet
driven you away...

Margaret Alice
29.07.2009 Blessed By An Abscess

1. Contrite While Pain Lasts

Nothing like the blessing of an abscess
to make me repent, while it is throbbing
I feel bad about every nasty word I have
ever said, the religiously uplifting effect
won’t last long, I’m opting for antibiotics
tonight, then I’ll stop feeling contrite

For laughing at stuck-up snobbish English
expressions, stiff upper-lip pronunciations,
I felt guilty when the boss called me in to
give a rendition in my imitation English
accent, everybody laughing with me at
the caricature I had drawn of

An innocent colleague, quite a sinecure
for what ails us at the office, but at the
expense of an innocent victim – at least
I’m contrite while pain lasts, maybe I’ll
earn a few hours in heaven this way –
until I start laughing again, I suppose...

2. Turning Into A Lady

Oh my, the abscess is turning me
into a lady! I have to eat soft food,
cannot open my mouth, take small
bites to spare my injured tongue

Eat meditatively, ruminating quietly,
I feel elegant, one abscess and I
acquire some religion, polish and
decency, feeling almost willing

To meet up with strangers, though
it would be too much, a hunchback
syndrome à la Quasimodo is ready
to jump out amongst strangers

My speech would give my origins away,
the incessant noise will reveal the genes
of my Attila the Hun forebears, I will
stay here and revel in the feeling of

Refined composure and deportment,
smiling at everyone, especially since
the tie borrowed from hubby elicits
positive comment everywhere

Normally I am the local barbarian,
chewing loudly, closing drawers
with a crashing explosion, pushing
my chair back with a crash

Jumping up and down, climbing onto
desks to fix the blinds, ignoring
everyone with headphones
over my ears...

Margaret Alice
Told 'people will be illustrated'
during the meeting, I hope with
tattoos of fairies and angels - but
in the meantime I draw hearts on
my left wrist with black pen

informed our political principals
are serious, we should do everything
by the book; I feel good, I follow
Pratchett's rules of bureaucracy
religiously

admonished to breathe carefully in
a law-abiding way, extra effort will
be severely punished; conclusion -
most of us are statistically challenged

a special workshop will be held to
'get people illustrated' on book-
keeping principles – there it is
again – a fixation with tattoos...

Margaret Alice
Invitation From The Gods (Rev.)

"Kindly be reminded of today’s TE staff meeting, please be on time."

I am –
being in an exalted state
reminded that at 10:30 today
we have a joyous opportunity
to hang out with like-minded
colleagues at a mouthwatering
staff meeting –

This happy expectation corrodes
my powers of attentiveness,
sublimely reminds me of being alive,
a wondrous state of an incumbent
government official post,

how shall I assume my duties
with such mellifluous sounds
enchanting my ears,
elevating my soul
infusing my spirit with
unheard-of ecstasies?

Oh, joyous Bureaucracy, what
a superb invention of mankind,
oh, Procedure with your Hierarchy
rank and file delineated – all in an
attempt to stamp out existential

NOW I know why bureaucracy
is so important – to fence us in
safe places and plan our time
and deeds so as to never doubt
the existential premise of our
lives and being – we are not
homo sapiens, but homo
bureaucratiens!
'31/08/31 Still Savage

I felt so empty inside, without anchor, without visible horizons, like those long-lost pilots in the Bermuda Triangle who reported they could not use their compass, nor make out the difference between up, down, left or right

I felt like crying for lack of direction, then found André Rieu’s DVD ‘Live in Maastricht II’ a crowd singing enthusiastically ‘Clavelitos’ and ‘Aviators March’ - suddenly the emptiness was filled with sound, gone the sad effect of

A lecture on the need to become cool and calm, remaining detached - a feeling of solidarity with the mischievous orchestra and lively audience filling my heart, I danced down the passage on my way to the kitchen, gone all ideals

Of superior dominance, I am still the little savage enjoying life passionately, I am sure I shall wake up one day, as sedate and collected and in charge as you are, but until then I shall be me, laughing and crying surreptitiously

Margaret Alice
99 Unfolded Dimensions 5.8.2009

Performance Assessment and Review rejected for weightings not tallying with the Agreement. I trudged back to my seat for the arduous trek through ALL documents on the G-drive looking for the elusive Agreement.

With correct weightings as dreamt of in Plato’s perfect world of beautiful forms where reality consists of 99% dead, invisible stuff called administration which takes priority to colourful, melodious, tactile reality.

For every phenomenon we see, there is 99 unfolded dimensions to be covered administratively, now I understand String Theory!

Margaret Alice
A Beautiful Experience 2- 15 February 2009

Says George Smoot, cosmologist:
The gossamer night sky network is
a cosmic cobweb of shimmering dew
outlining structures all mysterious

Ripples in space-time fabric indicate
existence of primordial seeds, seen
today as wrinkles in time, proving
Big Bang theory and gravity

Explain formation of the universe within
15 billion years from a singularity, an
infinitely tiny concentration of energy
creating time and space

Cosmology, embracing physics, metaphysics
and philosophy, researches where we come
from: The truth and treasure of the universe
is in its own existence

The quest for truth will be eternal, we are not
a pointless cosmic accident - travelling back
in time cosmologists find simplicity and
symmetry, our universe exists

As a beautiful experience...

1. Cosmologists Seek Beauty

Ah, joyous delight, George Smoot
is good, vindicating my love for
cosmology; science expressing
wonder at how the universe
exists

Awed by the power and simplicity of
physical nature’s creativity, science
revealing beauty on all scales,
from the smallest to
the largest

Cosmologists, like artists - sculptors and
painters, seek beauty, one in the sky, the
others in stone and on canvas; cosmic
principles and laws fit
together

With a symmetry reserved for the gods in
ancient mythology; cosmology perceiving
bewitching enchantment in cosmic
evolution’s simplicity- the
purest beauty!

Georges Smoot & Keay Davidson
”Wrinkles In Time – The Imprint of Creation”

Margaret Alice
A Beautiful Relief

Just now, I have deleted my production sheet, must start over again, can't describe how horrible it is

I carved a beautiful relief of all the flowery things I had done; then gone and lost it all; nullifying

A beautiful morning; killing a perfect day, breaking the hearts of the angels, calling the wrath of Valkyries

Down on me; all sunshine left this day; I fear all the gods in the Pantheon will punish me for wasting

So much magical time by deleting the beautiful relief which they inspired me to carve so beautifully

Such delinquency cannot go unnoticed, lost all feeling of freedom, suspecting supernatural causes

For this dreadful mistake...

Margaret Alice
A Beautiful, Well-Trained Voice

Tonight we heard Cecilia Bartoli for the first time, saw her face light up as she sang Mozart - Vorrei et non vorrei - looking every inch the bashful young maiden, then sang Mozart’s Halleluja with the sweetness of an angel, the pure high note vibrated straight into heaven in a round, gold shaft of light, you cried, I was entranced, couldn’t believe what we heard was true, how much energy she put into expressing her feelings and controlling a voice stronger than a violin – what amazing joy a beautiful, well-trained voice can bring...

Margaret Alice
A Blow For The Manifesto...

Enough food is produced to feed the whole world, Africa included, but it cannot be distributed, infrasystem and political power is non-existent, politicians usurp foreign aid, police ordered to control an election aren’t paid because corrupt politicians pocket their money, police have to bribe and steal to eat

There is enough food, Europe has to destroy surplus production – distribution to needy nations is too costly and well-nigh impossible in Africa, like Ethiopia where stockpiling weapons and bad policies are guaranteed to create a starving population that simply breed more kids as fodder for political machinations -

What a terrible blow for the Human Rights Manifesto...

Margaret Alice
A Cadenza For My Credenza

Remaining in a social space, not enclosed alone in a lonely office is working well, brain stimulated, living in a fish tank lends meaning to every action, adding value to everything

Sitting at a cluster desk with a credenza, working on the cadence of my translation, not much room for improvisation, a permit for waste disposal, the only joy lies in rhythmically singing

Melodious-sounding terms strung together without thinking of meaning; conservation - operation, development and establishment, adjacent and appropriate legislation

Estimate maximum precipitation, compliance and non-compliance, a closed cup flash point, carcinogen, indeterminate, flammable, my heart so gullible, human minds are so malleable...

Herewith today’s cadenza - Oh my romantic spirit, hereinafter referred to as soul, under powers delegated to me by my muse, I dream of freedom and love...

Margaret Alice
A Champion Adds Zest To Life

First it was Michael Schumacher
now it’s Philippe Massa
who takes my heart away
at the Grand Prix
every second Sunday
I’m all for Ferrari
Jean Todd looks so happy
and the Italian National Anthem
sounds like an opera

It is such fun
to choose a champion
and hoping for success
whenever he is racing
handsome men and motorcars –
How can my colleagues claim
that Grand Prix is boring? !

Look at Massa’s eyes
as he is interviewed -
such sweet innocence
a very young man
he will go far
under Schumi’s guidance
- choosing a champion
adds zest to life!

Fernando Alfonso – looking
like Dr Serfontein
with his sculpted mouth
the former world champion
look at his brown eyes
- what a joy to behold
the men who live for
ever-present danger!

Margaret Alice
A Cocoon Of Faith

I have my little boy back
to cuddle though he is taller
than me; when Hendrik told
him that though he is twenty-
eight years old and six foot
ten, his mother still cuddles
him, Tiaan listened

Now he understands that he
will be my baby for evermore,
doesn’t matter how old he is,
accepts his good night kiss
and his mother’s embrace –
isn’t it great, I shall always
enjoy having a son

He might have to seek his
freedom like Hendrik did,
but if he can turn away after
looking into wild danger and
choose his values himself, I
shall know his life is built on
a rock - I believe

He is safe in a cocoon
of faith ...

Margaret Alice
Mr Reductionist Materialism declared with glee
when he’s dead he will be gone, no soul or spirit left; and he assured me joyously the same lovely fate is awaiting me also

Pity when he’s dead he won’t be there to enjoy my discomfiture on finding myself dead and without soul or spirit; ah, a conundrum there, I perceive – meanwhile

If his consciousness is still hanging around it might take several ages to realize he is still alive – guess who will be laughing then?

Margaret Alice
A Crocodile With A Porcupine

The crocodile with a porcupine on her head sidled down to the library at a temperature of 35 degrees, crying in abject self-pity, no water anywhere, no swamp nearby, walking on heated feet, a burning pavement, remembering all life supposed to be sacred, awareness is good

No more for this crocodile - awareness is terrible in heat like this, being a bureaucratic denizen of the netherworld of red-tape society in the 21st century means no creative work, no morality, only an ethics of serving the Moloch of a paperless Internet society

Smothering the soul, burying the passions, living the life of the undead – apparently, that is what we are, our soul lives forever, but in physical we are only undead while in non-physical we are truly alive – thank heaven, I can’t wait to progress from Mother

Earth, human society is an inter-subjective construct aimed at suffering to cleanse our spirit – from what I don’t know, probably the desire to live – I am almost totally cured, never wanting to live in physical ever again!

Margaret Alice
A Different Way Of Life

‘Which religion should I choose to believe in’, reads the heading of an article on Skeptic Website, I feel very superior for already having formulated my criteria to choose amongst religions and having chosen one, experiencing the results

Not being a prescriptive kind of person, believing in freedom as the highest creed and personal responsibility as the principle for a moral life, I shall never proselytize, all people should be free to learn through hit-and-run-accidents; I prefer trying out alternatives in my head

While most people prefer to learn through acting out their fantasies; still searching for an impersonal, outside authority to give them guidance, but I am content regarding this aspect, enjoying the way life confirms everything I’ve learnt

Hoping people who find out how it works will enjoy the humour of the human situation with me; we are so good at creating illusions; it is a pity so few have the ability to sit back and enjoy the show, preferring to get stuck in every possible snare

Their minds can offer – it is very adventurous and challenging to live that way, but I require something more, I have my sights on a different way of life....

Margaret Alice
A Fabulous Conflagration 5.20.2009

Since expression of true feeling is impossible, I survive suppression by extrovert talking, channeling emotions into other outlets to forestall explosion

If feelings of distaste were unleashed for boring, useless, political articles, my future would be a straightjacket, including permanent sedation; not a bad alternative...

May this world come to an end in a fabulous conflagration of exciting Armageddon proportions, may new life-forms evolve never conceiving of

‘Religion’ and ‘Duty’!

Margaret Alice
BUT I do not have to wear high heels or have Hollywood hair, I just use my imagination, look in the mirror and see a fantasy me as I would like to be, feeling beautiful

Experience the excitement of challenge and adventure, daydreams sustain me in a life of meaningless routine, boring rules against everything extraordinary; stirring my undercover agent personality into the mediocrity of statistics

My cover provided by official conformity, as long as my mind is free to transcend consensus reality where administration is my most challenging enemy, as long as courage does not fail me, I shall never change into a robot

My mind brings every fairytale character to life, my feelings rejoice in the experiences created by visionaries; all fantasies are safe in my hands, I cherish them all...

Margaret Alice
A Far-Off King

There comes a moment when a watershed decision has to be made, crossing the Rubicon: Shall I stay here in this secret place or openly admit my disgrace, head fit to burst, eyes hurt, muscles stiff

Our old friend the allergy acting up, what should I do, every step I took worsened the situation, I can’t stand feeling so bad indefinitely; whatever can give relief or kill me off

Is better than sitting staring at words like 'protocole d’accord' meaning a 'memorandum of agreement', though there is many a dream woven in there, diplomatic relations between

Royalty, the French Ambassador’s Daughter and a far-off King – but right now, it’s time to act, to get up and go meet my destiny, whether for better or worse – but sitting here not a moment longer!

Margaret Alice
A Feeling Suffusing My Being

As I surfed the Internet I came across the most beautiful words I ever read, staring in charmed fascination, feeling my heart swelling in elation, words kindling a dream - which is all I wanted, I'm scared of so many things and I had grown too scared to dream; then the ability to cherish beautiful ideals was awakened again, filling my mind with sublime thoughts and celestial images.

I had read that we don’t have to be abundant, beautiful, unique, special and gifted to attract well-being, but we must be able to feel these things; once I had lost the freedom to dream, I had nothing and suddenly I received a wonderful gift, the capacity to dream, experiencing the wonders described by the author, a feeling of such love and gratitude suffusing my being, a vision of ecstasy...

Margaret Alice
A Fever-Inducing Snow Queen

Allergy is a fever-inducing Snow Queen, when the Snow Queen takes me in her crushing embrace of freeze-burn, my head overheats while the rest of me freezes down to my feet

A sharpened ice shard cleaves my heart and all love and happiness flow away instantly, a glass partition springs up between me and the rest of humanity if I don’t start a food regime

The glass partition thickens, then grows opaque, my eyes go out of focus and I lose all perspective, my ears are compressed in a vine press until the shrilling of cicadas is all I hear

I run and hide from the Snow Queen by eating food that should make me impervious to the ice shards she is shooting at me, but increased stress levels at Kingsley made me seek comfort food

With the result that the Snow Queen locked me up in her frozen palace with ice shards cleaving my heart, I am losing awareness of freedom of choice and all consciousness, turning into an ice block myself

My head is burning while my heart’s growing colder and colder...

Margaret Alice
A Flashback Reaction

When father and daughter had words contracting muscles in my face felt like worms crawling under my skin

Daughter conceded, father was right, muscles relaxed, back to normal, a flashback reaction to early youth

When I held my fingers in my ears as mother and father conversed in angry words, grating on my nerves...

Margaret Alice
A Goose-Feather Pillow

Asked a goose-feather pillow
for Christmas, holding it tightly;
and a small handbag, I don’t
like to rummage around in a
big Mary-Poppins kind
of thing

My pillow goes everywhere with
me, like a teddy; I LOVE downy
pillows, dreamt about having one
of my own, the old one – about
thirty years at least, inherited –
disintegrated

Upon my washing it rigorously;
I’m so happy with this dream
fulfilled!

Martin chose a book, Nici wanted
a knife, Tiaan got a telescope, my
sister

Bought a chandelier – we
are all so happy about what
this Christmas brought...

Margaret Alice
A Grey And White Melody 62 June 2009

The clouds played a soft
grey and white melody in
a minor key this morning

Went outside just now
heard a loud clear blue
note calling, a crisp wind

Blowing into bright sun
I felt alive and ready to
tackle

New challenges...

Margaret Alice
A Heat–crazed Banshee

Gave free rein to blind, irrational, overwhelming anger and frustration, it was too hot and just as I jumped into the pool, Tiaan appeared like an avenging angel – Mom, I have to be at my friend’s in half an hour – just as he did yesterday – I got out in a helpless rage, the heat of my dry clothes driving me insane; couldn’t find sunglasses to face the sun’s glare; shouting, hurting in a temper as I searched everywhere; finally drove him off, so angry my head hurt; couldn’t cool down for a long time afterwards – why can’t he remind me in time of his appointments, give me time to prepare to be there as a loving mother instead of a screaming, heat-crazed banshee?

Margaret Alice
A Hollow Victory (Rev.)

Twelve years old and having fun writing essays, NOBODY gets full marks for composition we are told, but that was fine with everyone

When we hand them in she reads each out aloud in class without the author’s name; the class awarded the grades, when mine was read

I got full marks, was stupefied, yet silence reigned, our teacher remained speechless like the Sphinx, not a word of praise, I went home dazed

What could it mean, she said it never happens and it did, I was shivering inside, why didn’t she put the strange event in some kind of perspective?

It gave me such a weird feeling, when it happened again – full marks and not a word, no congratulations, I buried everything; unable to figure out what it meant...

Was she angry with me for breaking her rule? And if she was, why didn’t she say anything? Essay-writing became a hollow victory...

Margaret Alice
“quantum effects cause space-time to convulse wildly
the fabric of space-time becomes grainy - made of
tiny units like pixels”

“the graininess of space-time is discernable”

Holograms on credit cards are etched on
two-dimensional plastic films – light
bounces off them, recreating a 3-
dimensional image - the same
principle applies to the
whole universe

Everyday experience is a holographic
projection of physical processes
taking place on a distant,
2-dimensional surface

The holographic principle rules out
other approaches to quantum gravity,
boosting both matrix theory and string theory

Ultimately, it indicates
how space-time emerged
from quantum theory

[Some lines quoted directly from the article and
poetic license used in summarizing the salient
points. I like considering the implications of living
in a holographic universe and share the scientific
evidence on which the theory of such a universe
is based.]

Our world may be a giant hologram
15 January 2009 by Marcus Chown
Magazine issue 2691. Subscribe and get 4 free issues.
For similar stories, visit the Cosmology Topic Guide
From issue 2691 of New Scientist magazine, page 24-27.
Browse past issues of New Scientist magazine
Margaret Alice
A Hoyden Carefree

Sitting quietly, immobile, not fighting the rare experience of changed consciousness, no more putting on hold the long-distance call from eternity - accepting the line

Listening on the inside, respecting the existence of the nearly suffocated original silence, not sinking under the waves flailing hysterically, accepting quietude as

The right of my birth, though it comes and goes without consulting me, I love the feeling of sacred awe in its presence, tomorrow I’ll try again to run around

Like a hoyden carefree– today I’m spending time in the cathedral inside...

Margaret Alice
A Hundred Million Stars

A hundred million stars
in a rotating, disk-shaped
spiral galaxy

Thousands of galaxies
in clusters of thousands
forming larger superclusters

Structures larger yet
many millions of light-
years in extent

Matter is a foam of
soapy bubbles - vast
areas of empty space

Walled by myriads of
galaxies – yet the bright
stars in the sky

Represent less than
one per cent of
all creation

Most matter being
alien, invisible,
far beyond

The scope of physical
experience

Georges Smoot & Keay Davidson
“Wrinkles In Time – The Imprint of Creation”
Abacus, UK, 1995 – pp.11,12

Space-Time Fully Curved
Said Einstein,
gravitational attraction
is due to

space being curved
not forces all mysterious
between the various objects

space being warped
by planetary mass
curves all paths

motion that is uniform
shows law of inertia is
active in space-time

that is fully
curved

Smoot & Davidson
“Wrinkles Iin Time – The Imprint of Creation”
Abacus, UK,1995 – pp.31

Margaret Alice
'A Hundred-Millionfold! 24/09/09

Everybody deals with this in their own way:
My dad started to curse, words to make a
sailor blush, I sent a Bible verse, tuned
the piano

My sister traversed the hospital, in compensation
I pushed her about in the wheelchair, my brother
drove 600 km’s to see our mom, my uncle drove
to the hospital

Hubby sent cash and endless bottles of wine, my
colleagues discussed the case in detail; contributing
a unique opinion, all alleviating my mother’s pain
on splintered eye socket

A young Indian intern explained how perfectly God
designed bone structure to keep eye and brain safe
in case of grave injury, I am so overjoyed and surprised on discovering

Johannesburg Academic Hospital is worth its weight
in gold, the South African Government is taking care
of their own – can all my tears of joy and surprise
ever thank them?

Can words ever express my delight – never, never
in a million years can anyone say how wonderful
a society who took care of my mother who believed
Jesus implicitly

Scattered her bread on the wind, now I see it
returned – a hundred-millionfold!

Margaret Alice
There is no single, objective reality, but infinite realities without beginning or end

When ten people view a glass, ten glasses are seen, everyone creating their own universe

Within their own perspective in a different space continuum - determined by the number of observers in a Multiverse

Without a singular or absolute flow of linear time in relation to space - as indicated by Einstein’s Relativity Theory

Applied in quantum science - postmodern philosophers refer to the Myth Of The Given – the error of assuming

A modern Newtonian machine clock universe out there in which space-time is absolute, linear, singular, and primary

Which is wrong, of course - Relativity established the Subjectivity of Time’s Passage while Quantum Mechanics challenges Time as a Prime Concept replacing it with Causal Consciousness

Modern sciences have been transformed into postmodern sciences with a viable Theory Of Consciousness

The Outer Ego co-creates within its own Perspective, Space-Time Continuum,
Subconscious and Inner Ego

A unique Version of Objects and Space-Time called the MULTIVERSE, therefore our bodies and minds are a kind of Space-Time Machine

Paul M. Helfrich

Margaret Alice
A Life Of Love

Lack of love is estrangement from self, illegitimate life is lived without love

Love is the bridge between the inner world and the one outside

Love is a channel to receive other people’s gifts, relationships teach

What kind of life we create through our expression of love

A life worth living is a life of love

Stephanie Dowrick “The Universal Heart”
Michael Joseph – Penguin 2000

Margaret Alice
A Living Internet-System

Science now explains bodies are programmed by languages, word and thought

Human DNA being a biological Internet; DNA can be re-programmed

By words and frequencies, no need to cut out and then replace individual genes

Only 10% of DNA build proteins while 90% seemed to be a mystery

Then geneticists and linguists found that 90% is used for storing data and to communicate – we relay data through our DNA

90% of DNA follows grammar rules, syntax and semantics

DNA alkalines set up a language system, thus human languages are

A true reflection of our genes - DNA patterns in
our genes are, in fact -

Language programs -we
are a living Internet
system!

Russian DNA discoveries – Divine Cosmos – David Wilcock

Margaret Alice
I have nothing but a lovely attitude, nothing works, goes forwards, all at a standstill, but at least, I have a lovely attitude, at least people calm down when inefficient me blunders into the situation

Whereas June and Hanlie work with the utmost efficiency, I stumble on, consciousness swinging free of any responsibility, I warned everybody, my mind’s unhinged, but would they listen -

Would they see? No, of course not, stiff upper lip and do your duty, carry on, be strong, be like us, you have an easy life, enjoy and fulfill all arbitrary bureaucratic requirements

Don’t be dismayed when your mind becomes unhinged, just hide your high degree of stupidity behind a wide friendly smile and play the part of average citizen doing their part to keep the wheels of society

Well-oiled – guess what, I am actually preventing those wheels from turning, you idiots!

Margaret Alice
A Lovely Lavender Day

Purple, everything purple, purple
the colour I love, everything packaged
in purple – tile cleaner in a purple
container for lavender sweetness

Also power-cleaning cream for lavender-
fresh effects, the bottle appealing in a
soft purple hue, fabric conditioner in purple
too, accompanied by lavender promises

And my purple hot water bottle – I bought
Nici a purple fleece; a purple coverlet
on my bed, my favourite chocolate in a
purple wrapper

Purple is spiritual in the division of
seven chakra colours – red is earthed in
primitive desire, followed by orange, yellow,
green – the colour of love – and

Blue – the colour of communication, then
purple for third-eye enlightenment - purple
adds lustre and the sweetness of vague
mistiness to everything on which it appears;

Wishing you a lovely lavender day
in all hues of purple and blue!

Margaret Alice
A Magic Practice

Got to wait till three before I can get Nici from the expo at university, saw an expo with info on the Internet, globalwarming-

Informing us human cause forms but 1 per cent, the rest is due to natural emissions, my eyes are big, such thorough research done be kids?

Polyps form on vocal chords of those who force the voice in ignorance of bello canto and grate and ground their sounds; ballet shoes redesigned

To lessen pain when dancing on their toes; presented neatly within the box, hypothesis leading to logical conclusion simplistically, I’m so impressed

My mental block makes all practical research, set out in staccato points, a magic practice in my eyes...

Margaret Alice
A Magnificent Day! 5.13.2009

What a magnificent day! This morning I got a shock when I thought a special friend of mine was ill; then it turned out he is not ill at all and life has such good things for him in stall – that surprises awaited him as he traveled about and his life is turning out all right and now I know he is taken care of, no more fear on his account, special people – the kind of love he deserves – are there for him and everything wonderful in this benevolent universe will befall him; the sun is warming my heart as I laugh and sing in joy, friends and family alike are in the best of health, adorable – that is Tiaan – has a new school blazer, my questionnaires are done, I have several books to read, yesterday my administration sheet was sorted for me, I live in paradise and so do all my friends and family and I am so glad!

Margaret Alice
A Martinet

A Martinet to keep me sane, showing
the way while I play on the rainbow,
painting glitter glue on forms and lists,
burying statistics; Martinet compiles
budgets and buys the moon, its pearly
gloss showing me a beauty in reality
I never knew before, he shakes his fist
fighting dragons; creates a way for
dreams to flow, a Martinet needs to
see glow-worms at night also, I take
his hand, lead him into the night, show
him the lovely life he made, his bright
smile my recompense, his happy
laughter my delight...

-Wordsmith-

Martinet - noun: A strict disciplinarian. After Jean Martinet, an army officer
during the reign of Louis XIV in France. He was a tough drill master known for his
strict adherence to rules and discipline.

Margaret Alice
Without a new book to hold my mind and focus my thoughts, I’m at a loose end tonight; started singing my favourite songs in intervals of thirds or sixes; delighted by the vibration felt right through my being

I sometimes cry over the loss of song in my life; I never dissolve into a song anymore; still cherishing the melodies that used to drive me to tears when I was small – I SHALL become a song

A melody playing in eternity, my song shall include all the notes from high soprano to low bass, I shall feel the joy reverberate through all of me until the only thing left is the song - nothing else

Holds the same enchantment; to become my favourite song, crying with the notes of the sweetest melody, is my favourite fantasy....

Margaret Alice
He stands for everything I revere: honesty, truth, personal integrity, unique eccentricity and most of all a memory of undying love....

But I am fighting a battle lost to have the family reinstate his honour – where do I begin and where do I end the campaign?

The conclusion is foregone, I cannot hold on to a principle in the face of unanimous opposition but I shall cherish truth in my mind, making my father King and crowning him in my life, using him as my role model...

Margaret Alice
A Molested Porcupine On My Head

Regarding the daily disintegration of my bad haircut
in awed astonishment, the moth-eaten ends forming
the outline of a badly battered mop

No amount of hair-spray, coaxing and determined blow-
waving can save the mutilated hair from resembling a
molested porcupine nestling on my head

Even greater my fascinated discovery that hubby thinks my
hair looks good, I made five backward somersaults in my
shock at his heresy, how strange the world

That he should like my Last-Of-The-Mohicans outline today,
I suppose I’m not a crocodile any more, more an electrified
hedgehog from now on...

Margaret Alice
A Moment Soft, Rosy And Intimate

A moment soft, rosy and intimate, warm
and cosy, ate in front of the TV, watching a
BBC comedy – Black Adder – I lay in your lap
after taking the plates to the kitchen, laughing
about the Captain’s infatuation with so-called
Georgina, you stroking my back

Nici brought her essay written exquisitely small -
about a ghost, a story for tomorrow; feeling warm,
happy and safe, just doing the dishes and the night
will be ours, happy in household duties, just being
together, my tummy protruding from eating too
much, stealing a kiss in the kitchen...

Margaret Alice
A Music-Box Doll (Rev)  9 July 2009

A new act for my State Opera: government officials attending a course, blank expressions, an enthusiastic lecturer singing and dancing

Making pirouettes, asks the group to imitate, we get up, stiffly execute the goosestep we have been taught - NO! the lecturer shouts in despair

When you do minuets, you must enforce your authority, your BOSS may not be chairman, everybody must hand in their speeches typed neatly - JAWOHL

Herr Oberst! we grandly salute her more’s the pity, our supervisors are always chairman of every meeting and rejecting prescriptions means

Losing our jobs, the lecturer pirouettes again - we goosestep out of the door while the Boss calls - Come here you idiots, time to start

New performance agreements, herewith I, brain-dead official, undertake to agree with the boss, signed, the incumbent of this grave position

Making twenty copies, signing all for the rest of the day, the lecturer still pirouetting like a music-box doll...

Margaret Alice
Wishing to become a mystagogue practising Christian mystagogy, preferring experience to intellectual knowing

Surpassing the traditional doctrinal proclaiming a Tridentine godliness, decrying affective experience as ephemeral

Christian mystagogy offers an experience of the divine mystery, based on a small bibliography proving it is more than Mere homespun fantasy, Regan taught liturgy at the seminary and theology faculty, and studied missiology at the Pontifical University School of Spirituality; ancient practice was inculturated for Christian formation - a holistic approach based on experience

For the initiation and transmission of Christian faith religious education with a wider scope instead of learning intellectual doctrine only

Providing the Christian Mystery with a psychic substratum by which all of life acquires new meaning

Ah, Sweet Mystery of the Divine, I always feel your maddening joy when contemplating the most enchanting aspects of

Intersubjective experience!

A Non-Possibility Of Any Probability

Watched 'The Secret' on DVD
a quantum physicist explained
our dreams will come true if we
focus on them positively, never
fearing the non-possibility of
any single probability

We are authorized to feel good
about dreaming, the quantum guy
said not to focus on details, never
involving free individuals - just state
a wish, concentrating on the desired
result, not coercing others

We are free to dream as much as
we want about endless alternatives
in the multiverse – I love dreaming
so much, this must have been
custom-made just for me!

Margaret Alice
Agent Snowflake wrote a confession: Today
I was bored and hungry - thus went to a den
of iniquity and obtained

An illegal cheese griller pastry; I ate – guilt
always comes too late - now I shall
probably die

My head is jumping up and down and my
stomach is ringing bells of alarm, though
I am sorry

For messing with danger without glory, for
allowing hunger pains to be stronger than
brains -

The nefarious deed is done and I have to
sit through every strange fluctuation in the
quantum equation

That passes through the electromagnetic
graph in my head; it feels like every single
particle there

Is trying to force themselves through two
holes at once – and the splitting of atoms
is causing

A nuclear explosion in my head!

Margaret Alice
A Perfect Heroine

Writing a story about a sweet person, looking at my friend Carolyn, she is my model - her wide-eyed innocence and trust is the basis for my heroine, her loving attitude to her recalcitrant husband and all his moods, her kindness and generous disposition; she is the sweet person who loves and sacrifices so much in my story, so open in sharing her ideas and ideals; I never asked her permission to depict her; why should I need an angel’s authorization to describe her inner beauty; I love meeting people who smile and float about like angels on earth; I love seeing the shine of their aura when I’m with them; I love Carolyn for being a perfect heroine!

Margaret Alice
This morning a piano played beautiful roses
by threading a melody; violin strings sighing
together inserted velvet caresses, the Skater’s
Waltz created a sequence of dancers in shiny
sequins, forming exciting spirals in the mind’s
frozen landscape

My consciousness turned to a positive state
following these movements up-and-down, new
hope filled my heart, I swung high up in the air;
sleds with bells tinkled along, I saw it all in my
mind’s eye, the music weaving colour-coded
pictures for me

The musical composition turned into a loom
weaving the rounded notes into enchanting
images of a magic, frosted scene reshaping
my consciousness; an alternate reality that
inspires beauty as I traverse this day,
filling it with meaning

Transcending grey duty in melodious tones
of harmonics playing joyfully...

Margaret Alice
A Ploy Heaven-Sent

In honour of McGonagall –

I wish someone would glare on me with love-beaming eyes today, I’m afraid only my supervisor might glare on me with lightning eyes when I try to store my work electronically – not being sure how this process works

This morning when I quickly donned on my clothes, I never suspected how bad this day would be, the air-conditioning is not functioning, the heat is killing in Kingsley, therefore to leave the building I am bent, this might be a ploy heaven-sent, the government officials to annoy -

The electricians disrespect everybody and I’m sad to have to confess, from management we get no redress; therefore I shall take my leave early today...

[NB: From a Phantom-Phan, Pyramidiot, Fortrean and McGonagallist.]

Quotes plagiarised from McGonagall:

The Destroying Angel OR The Poet's Dream -
A New Year's Resolution To Leave Dundee -
........................William McGonagall

Margaret Alice
A Princely Reply

Air-conditioning off, sent email to Lourens
complaining of suffering in Kingsley Centre
open-plan office Purgatory

Please save the damsels in distress -
Hermien also emailed to this effect, a
sober request for cooler air

I received a princely reply; Lourens said
he had stormed the devil already and
clubbed him to death

Cooler air would soon waft us back to
paradise; while Hermien got her sober
reply, problem noted, matter reported

Trust all shall be fixed soon enough...

Margaret Alice
A Probable Self Poetically Corrupt 5.21.2008

A new probable self working nicely until allowed to write a poem, now she insists on poetry instead of the work she was assigned to!

Poetry is the opium of the mind!
Adorable stories, my heroines take my breath away, hero’s taking good care of them

A new probable self so enthusiastic about translations; then a friend in need of support, she saw me writing and tried it also

Fell under the spell, now she is running with a story, moved the fairies to the computer and there goes the work!
I am quite flabbergasted

By a probable self gone poetically corrupt.

Margaret Alice
A Radiant Mind-Glass

(Fundamental truth of conscious mind)

Thoth drew pictures of these ideas forming images in the mind to be read as pictorial reminders; travel in his truth space to learn the language of a mystic light traveler

Today it is called memory, a shared experience of inner light, mnemonic language glyphs as still resonators of meaning, traveling through energetic monoliths to find the meaning of language, its purpose in history of consciousness – the symbols like micro-portals which dot the dimensional landscape like a scroll in a player piano

The Scroll of Thoth – re-playing the information stored in the Halls of Amenti, finding the Emerald Tablet of Hermes, a radiant mind-glass cut from clear Beryl with only the colouring of Emerald and aquamarine...

[The inner connection between light patterns and outer forms]

Margaret Alice
A Replica Of The Inner Ego

Primary Construction is an attempt to create, in matter, a replica of the inner psychic construction of the whole self called the Inner Ego.

Primary Construction allows Consciousness to operate, manipulate and be perceived in the world of matter.

The physical construction of Consciousness cannot be completed by fulfilling inner purpose, Consciousness is never fully constructed in matter.

Consciousness fully imprisoned in matter cannot escape such transience; the Self, a thinking Outer Ego, represents only one portion of the Entire Consciousness.

Consciousness of Whole Self, the Inner Ego, is like a huge, infinite Light, with laserlike focus or widely diffused, with many switches turning it to various intensities and many directions.

Various conditions, roads and countries, require different beams to meet different circumstances, just as cars use high or low beams.

The Whole Self turns portions of its Consciousness on or off to meet the FIELD (Framework of Consciousness) in which it manipulates and projects itself.

Paul M. Helfrich
A Science-Fantasy

Finished George Gamow, planned to savour it, yet somehow went right through it

Thoughts carry feedback feelings, I’m thinking about creating interest and the stimulation of

The human mind trying to understand everything, from galaxies to elementary particles

Curiosity makes life livable, gives meaning to existence, using up the excitement of a science-fantasy

By burning this mental fire too soon, I’m left with such a longing for more, the story

Fired my imagination, now I burn for more information, and I have nothing new to read

I want to discover more marvelous theories like Dirac’s sea, ‘There should be holes in empty space’, the so-called vacuum is like deep water and we’re the fish unaware of
Water’s existence; I want to experience the delight of reading magical sentences such as

‘Quantum material can leak through obstacles, penetrating nuclear walls as waves, not particles’

And the sheer ecstasy of ‘When nobody is looking, nobody can know how particles behave...’ meaning that

Dolls might be moving when unobserved because the act of watching them prevents proving the converse

Oh, I must read again and play with all these great, wonderful theories!

George Gamow “Mr Tompkins in Paperback” Canto edition 2002; pp.166,162, and 89

Margaret Alice
Sitting in my chair from where I
can roam the Internet on my Via
Dolorosa through the universe, as
long as I don't move, talk to friends
or live; typing anonymously

Looking for things to appreciate
cherishing friendship messages
before engulfed by the abyss, the
black hole in my head, I face the
dark alone

I take my dreams with me, shiny
thoughts until all vanish in my
mind’s black hole gravity, only
one holographic image remains
shining like Indra’s pearls

A fragment of his name, Dr Serfontein
recreates the universe when I shine my
laser mind upon the magic of his words
he remains when all else fails, the world
sinks beneath the waves

Dragged down by judgmental
words, sinking in the sea of
criticism, sentenced and
imprisoned here
for eternity...

Margaret Alice
A Sea-Captured Dream

Chemistry Dictionary Burlesque

A flamboyant Strombolian-type eruption of cajuputene known as limonene, chrysoidine and chrysolamminarin, julolidine and juloline

Justicidin, juvenimicin and desmocollinite - chrysotile in a heterocyclic shorefaced-connected shingle and sand ridge

Deltoidal dodecahedron and tetragonal tristetrahedron crystallography of water quality variables in a

Sea-captured dream...

Margaret Alice
A Secret Affair Of Love For Life

Where will the glorious moment be today, at what stage shall we know epiphany, will it come by itself, shall we have to fabricate it?

I’m looking everywhere for the magical chant that will tease my heart to let out a torrent of supersensitive feelings, a wave of delight

Marching expectantly through the duties that will earn me my pay at the end of the month, waiting with bated breath for the event

That will trigger reaction in my neutral mind, that will create the joy of feeling affection as secret grace and private understanding

I have tried the feeling of prowess by diligently studying my NEPAD document, but that had no effect, other than passing the time

Instead of killing time, I would prefer to take every second into a loving embrace, making it a case of a secret affair of love for life...

Margaret Alice
A Sham Act

Came home, nearly dead with fatigue,
Oh, says hubby, I can see whenever
you have to do something for me you
look drawn and unhappy, this means
you’re doing it unwillingly

I tried to explain I’m suffering from de-
pression and anxiety, but remembered
these complaints are forbidden in this
house; so I agreed, Yes, I’m evil, arch-
evil; only when I have

To do something for YOU do I act as if
I’m tired, but you know there is nothing
to it - it is only my unwillingness to serve
you well; I’ll stay in the kitchen doing
penance, suffering illegal

Depression quietly, not where you
can take offence...

Women were made to serve, didn’t you
know? – Sorry, no... Are you willing to
learn? – Oh, no, thank you, I’ve been trying
to learn and all I came up with is a sham act
that never convinces anyone....

I’ll have to continue on my own, as I have
been doing ever since my brother punched
me when I was ten – I had a black eye –
I’ll never know why....

Margaret Alice
A Shiny Bauble Dragon-Fly (Rev.)

Lost a dream today, lost ability
to fantasize, buying trinkets
being dreams, wooden dolls
with happy smiles, little twirling
snake-like things, a shiny bauble
dragon-fly and purple strings

And everything is changed this
rainy day within the coloured
fizz of soothing smiles and James
Mokotong’s harmonies, a clear
soprano voice which resonates
cleansing turgid atmosphere

Life’s permit has no client right
to export pests and pathogens to
foreign climes. My dragon-fly leaves
line of sight, barred by need of
inter-governmental phytosanitary
border control contingency

My sour dour-faced fairy making
way without a smile, she has no
charm nor magic words arraigned
to help me through this torrid day...

Margaret Alice
A Sims Character

Nici said her SIMS character froze when she cancelled an order, couldn’t budge - she had to restart the game; I know when I eat allergy food, my brain freezes like SIMS characters; Nici says all the furniture is sold, when she restarts, she has to start from scratch

That’s what happens to me when I eat things my system cannot digest; my mental house cleared out, I have to restart everything, lately I am prepared to deal with falling into the Black Hole in my head: Restart the brain-game, replace everything - as Nici does when playing SIMS - retrieve my memories

I wish I could fill in forms saying “I’m having a SIMS day, please excuse me from all activity” then I won’t try to pay with the garage-card in the supermarket, won’t tell everyone my brain is unhinged; I would be staying at home, safe in my bed, not trying to smile

While being utterly confused; I would have been in SIMS heaven, especially when you see the houses Nici creates for them!

SIMS is a new computer game the kids are playing, they construct a family, then build houses and careers for them. I haven’t played it as yet.]

Margaret Alice
A Soft, Diaphanous Song

Intentions misread, why think I’m aiming for turquoise when purple is my goal in life? Why ascribe meanings not intended to my expressions? What to do to convince you of my motivation in life?

Alone in the mind, though part of an interconnected consciousness matrix, aware of own emotions only, illumed by thoughts shining forth; though surrounded by words on paper clamouring for life

Inside the mind lives in private ideas, measuring inner ideas with outside measures present unexpected equations, the inadequacy of communicating thoughts through symbols like words spelled out again

The world outside are merely props on which we hang our ideas, I love the props my life presents, endowing them with magical properties and superhuman strength; when one insists on discarding the mantle of magic

Harping on inadequacies for the enchanting role my mind assigned to him, I sigh in disappointment, not expecting any performance at all, simply joyous acceptance of an enlarged perception of the meaning of life

A willingness to be a harmonious chord in the melody of beauty, no changes or action required, only goodwill and inner fire; no real desire, only floating along in the dream of unconditional love, allowing all things good

To shine in a soft, diaphanous song...

Margaret Alice
To-do-run-run, to-do-run-run, Soul Music...
My all-time favourite Pratchett book is
Soul Music, the whole university staff
doing their work in a sing-song way,
the wizards waving guitars, the kitchen
maids sporting beehives and singing
at mealtimes, Ridcully driven out of
his mind- delicious! - Wishing you a
wonderful, song-filled, fairytale day,
To-do-run-run, to-do-run-run,
Mathalan, Pokkanai,
Mullaittivu...

Margaret Alice
Alice looked up and saw the caterpillar lounging on his mushroom, dreaming – she tiptoed to him and woke him with a kiss on his forehead; he looked up and admonished: “Where have you been, I missed you!”

Alice curtsied and said: ‘I missed you too, Mr Caterpillar, I got a job as government official and did some assembly-line translations and was stopped by a metaphysical conundrum.”

“Explain yourself”, the caterpillar ordered her, and she continued: “Nothing I do is ever true as in having happened unless it is registered in a list, every list must be taken up in a bigger list and every month we make a list of all the lists and every three months we write an account of every list that is part of a bigger list – and it is confusing…”

“Sounds perfectly rational to me”, said the caterpillar, “there’s no difficulty to see.”

“But I need to feel that I can be me without being enlisted and recorded, described and sorted in fifteen lists, I want to breathe without counting oxygen molecules! ” Alice insisted.

“That is easy to arrange”, the caterpillar airily indicated, “when it is illegal to breathe without official authorisation, becoming a criminal and undercover spy is your only survival and life becomes a piece of cake! ”

The caterpillar blew a smoke ring, looking triumphantly at Alice.

“Terry Pratchett would object, I know”, said Alice sagaciously, “but a spoonful of crime makes the
administrative medicine go down, and living without a list is the highest offence in a bureaucratic system.”

The caterpillar laughed and waved a kiss at Alice.

“Now you know the trick, go off into the wood, find the Wolf and Red Riding Hood and join Robin Hood in robbing the bureaucrats of all their controlling lists – and have fun! ” he told her happily.

“I shall also jump on a Merry-Go-Round and start a race against the Work-On-Hand automatic list and have it count all my rides, then go off to the library while turning cartwheels! ” Alice added as she danced away and the caterpillar continued his smoke-filled dream....

With reference to characters in: 

Lewis Carrol “Alice In Wonderland”
Terry Pratchett “Carpe Jugulum”
PL Travers “Mary Poppins”

Margaret Alice
A Sweet Fountain 05.09.2009

Finally your words spilled over me like a sweet fountain of life-giving water, you buried your problems and listened to me, the dam wall broke, I told you my sorrows

Though you explained my misconceptions and self-recrimination and offered solutions for every difficulty the relief was short-lived – lasting until nightmares invaded sleep

You explained that we cannot accept responsibility for the actions of other people, I agreed, while my spirit is agitated in me, tension backache and nausea belying my words

The fresh air of your words is washing over me, the light of understanding is dawning, I appreciate your intention to help while you have your own problems to solve

Though I cannot apply solutions immediately, the kindness you have shown me is an act of love that will stay with me always

Margaret Alice
A Text All Word-Perfect

Anger, blame, passion, emotions being an improvement on depression, after today I’m depressed, confused, the only challenge in office life is facing frustration calmly, my old escape routes have been blocked effectively, without traversing long passages reading a book, just looking up words, reproducing a text all word-perfect, my colleagues love translation for the sake of finding equivalents best for matching source texts, while I dream about changing the world into a place for nurturing ideals, tonight I’m tired, the only alternative left hanging on until things change again

Margaret Alice
It is impossible to hold a conversation with people who claim that only mainstream can be right; since current science declared evidence for afterlife circum-spect while religion only reveres ancient documents, they refuse to do their own research, read new books and surf the Internet.

When such a bitter person, an atheist with sad face dragging on the floor, was asked to check evidence that man is first a spirit invisible; he undertook to do his own enquiries within a period of about a hundred years, because first he wanted to reread the whole corpus of philosophy.

He refused to read all eye-witness evidence for life continuing after death, refused to read Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes and author of the book The History of Spiritualism, refused to read a book by Arthur Findlay On the Edge of the Etheric printed in 1931 -

A runaway success still in print today, to be downloaded free of charge from the Internet, he still claims all evidence for things spiritual is a game only, he rejects evidence on the grounds that it was not taught at university, his old professor knew nothing about it, and who is he to question.

The infallible authority of culture and tradition? He is so happy in his bitterness, he fears that if he loses it, he will be held accountable for his own choice of moods, as long as he can blame an outside force - in this case, AUTHORITY, he is not responsible for his dramatic suffering.

A tragic hero à la Shakespeare, his choices inevitably dictated by his character and the impersonal fate who endowed him with a faulty personality...
Margaret Alice
A Very Spiritual Infidel

Started the day by crying, the nightingale isn’t there, I’ve looked everywhere, a guru says think positive thoughts and your feelings will become positive too

I thought how beautiful the pink clouds at sunrise, how wonderful to have kind colleagues; yet my headache didn’t go away, I am not able to

Reach friends who seem to be drowning, there is nothing I can do, nothing but filling in forms and reading complaints about the Muslims trying to clear the world of sin

The only way to do this is blowing up this universe; Muslims are very bored, always looking for a cause to go to war, still the world knows population surplus

Healthy people try to die by visiting doctors for a fatal-illness diagnosis, reading newspapers assiduously to see if they can create the very same symptoms

Dan Winter claims young people prefer dying in an attempt to experience bliss, rather than living long, boring lives; religion offers bliss, much more exciting than sitting in an office

I’d much rather go fight an exciting jihad than reading boring documents, maybe I should apply for a war-time post and send infidels to their grave – oops, I’m an infidel too

But that doesn’t matter, I’m a very spiritual infidel and would build the morale of the troops – much better for my morale than manning an office, dreaming of James Bond
Coming to save us from living death!

Margaret Alice
Kingsley Building offers TWO restaurants, a waffle in the most promising one as a promise of things to come; as for packing, we’ve been instructed to write name and publication of old books before ditching them, allowed to be left in storerooms from where they will be destroyed, BUT we may not hand them to a new user – procedure forbids it – Can you see why I love red tape; why I adore bureaucracy, making it impossible to do sensible things, preventing common sense from mauling stupidity, the rule is old books shall be destroyed legitimately, NOT given freely to the needy, that would constitute theft, to play games so illogical makes people happy, keeps them occupied, creates jobs and distributes wealth, and boring text books are destroyed all the time - a waffle or two and I’ll smile at what bureaucracy can do...

Margaret Alice
A Warm Atmosphere

To live happily, in a warm atmosphere, 
I need a crew of labourers tearing down 
the ceiling, knocking down the walls and 
rebuilding them again, mixing cement, 
sifting building sand, erecting scaffolding......

Within such tumult I find a happy atmosphere, like 
our old home movies showing how my uncles and 
my father worked incessantly; my brothers joining 
them, constructing garden walls, the eldest always 
tinkering with motor cars and engines

For me seeing these activities brings back happy 
memories; the crew of labourers working at our 
office block today infused the boring work day 
atmosphere with the warmth of childhood joys; 
watching all in wonderment...

Margaret Alice
A Wasted Day

Monday 13 October 2008

The sun didn’t shimmer today, the sky
was not blue, only white and hazy, my
soul couldn’t soar, my spirit defeated
by the grey illusions of life

Withdrawing from all, being a recluse,
lacking energy to partake in their activi-
ties, wishing for painful moments to
pass, breathing with difficulty

Heat washed up in waves from the
pavement, couldn’t even drive a lift
to the sixth floor successfully, first
boarded the lift that stops on the

First floor, then boarded one to the right,
stopped at sixth much too fast, I thought
the ascent must still begin, suddenly the
lift descended again, stopped on

The second floor, boarded a third lift to
get to floor six, later the day couldn’t
find the post office, wandering the
street, too tired to concentrate

A wasted day...

Margaret Alice
'A: My Troll-Interpol Would Clobber Him To Death

Called a strange voice, Madam, you have won a great new cell-phone with unheard-of-before capacities, where shall it be delivered – I’m waiting for the catch – Madam, give me your bank number – the Madam refuses; mellifluous voice stating in dulcet tones - It is common procedure to divulge your bank details if you want what we’re offering...

But I never even listened to his litany of attributes of this intrusive new phone, happily I scare him with my Troll-Interpol who would clobber him to death should I reveal any personal details to a cell-phone-toting stranger; besides, a stranger who congratulates me for being simply a living human being will never win my confidence!

Margaret Alice
A: Run, Run Like The Wind

Run, run like the wind
catch a fast car stopping
outside that will rush to
pick up the kids, then
speeding on, to pick up
the other car from the
garage, a mad dash at
break-neck speed to beat
the afternoon traffic today
in total confusion, leave
early, grab your cell-phone
no moment to lose, the
car cannot wait, if you’re
late, there is havoc in
Wonderland make haste,
make haste!

Margaret Alice
A: This Day Is Gone, Discovered...

This Day Is Gone

Tempting and Wimpie calling,
the system is falling, we simply can’t email a
hundred pages today - and don’t you query
my spelling, I was only informed yesterday
“they” did away with the hyphen, this day
is gone and so is my inspiration, all that’s
left is a question mark in my head, what
on earth did I do with this day – I was
determined to go for all work and no
play, but somehow it did not work
out that way – but I am one
positive crocodile, if I fail
today, I’ll try tomorrow to
drive the car of my life
speeding down the
high-way of ideals
and dreams
galore...

Discovered WordPress Today

Sitting dutifully upright behind my enormous desk,
looking diligently at the computer screen in front
of me, staring straight ahead – at fairy pictures
found on Google to break the tedium, I’m afraid,
it is growing late and I have been playing on
Blogspot already, discovered WordPress today,
was busily occupied with an important document
Googling with utmost officiousness, then whoops,
what should jump up, but an invitation to join
WordPress free of charge, take a stroll around
our site, reads the invite, see what you like, but
not me, whoopsy, immediately I jumped in;
fished old stories and poems from my computer
started posting helter-skelter promising myself
one day I will do it properly, first learn to navigate
the site, then plan what to post with a beginning
and end and a perfect message in the middle –
but that day is still far away, right now I’m
running headlong crushing head-on and enjoying
the Dionysian joy of creation without stopping
to think or to plan!

Margaret Alice
Ability To Carry Awareness

Sometimes my mind turns into a dragonfly
hovering over the waters of reality, a glow-
worm with its inner light extinguished

I can’t rekindle the flames of interest by remaining
within the borders of sensory objects, I have to
spread mental wings and take off

To visit spiritual realms of vibrations manifested as
sound and light broken up into colours denoting
the electric power of feelings

The magnetic energy of love as consciousness
to replenish my ability to carry awareness...

Margaret Alice
Acalan Set To Win

Mandingo seemed to snowball, client call, please note, it is not Mandingo, but Mandiko we want, oh, heavens above, thought Alice, what have I done?

Did a Google search, Mandiko is the name of mountainous terrain, Mandingo is the language, search still on track, snowballing nicely, spreading like wildfire

From here to America, though our own ACALAN* looks set to win the race....

*ACALAN: African Academy of Languages
B.P.: 10 Koulouba-Mali Tél (223) 223 84 47 Fax (223) 223 84 50 .: acalan@
Site:

(See poem 'Looking For Mandingo)

Margaret Alice
Accomplished Splitting In Two 6.27.2008

I have accomplished splitting in two,
I have to turn my head and look from
various ‘viewpoints’ in order to focus,
from each spot I see a different view,
they are all valid even if some are skew,
I’m like that bull described by Pratchett

Who thought he was two and turned his
head so each bull got a chance to look
from one eye; that’s me nowadays
I swivel my head all the time to get
perspective on letters who insist on
jumping about; the Troll Interpol sent

Such a nasty-looking document I cannot
read without gyrating my head from side
to side, another proof for my conspiracy
theory: evil forces out there is driving me
insane...

Margaret Alice
I offered my services, an ad hoc task, as security guard of the air-con at terminology sitting right underneath to keep it safe against possible thieves, as I grew bored I made my swivel chair swing and created my own merry-go-round while I softly sing, but when it became too boring to remain

I returned to my chair next to the flaming window from where the heated air keeps rising, strangely enough, I manage to muster enough courage to express my pain in a poem, but the boring letter without any sense cannot hold my attention although my fear is intense that I might be sacked for lack of incentive

Lack of prowess and lack of common-sense but I cannot concentrate in this heat, feeling delighted when the ability to play helps me to pass the dreary day in this fiery furnace they call a work-place, but which should ultimately be dubbed Bridge Over The River Kwai!

Margaret Alice
Addicted To The Starlight

Dancing in the dark,
guided by the music,
following directions
that give the dance its
spark

Experimenting with
new designs for old
ideas, using well-known
building blocks to
construct

New ethereal creations,
working quietly, enchanted
by the music, addicted
to the starlight,
enticed

By dreams; bewitched
by powerful invisible
magicians, this is my
dreamtime, this is my
joy

Loving the magical
guidance of the divine,
finding inspiration in the
eternal swell of
Music

of the spheres...

Margaret Alice
Adieu, Sabc 5.31.2009

Koos Kombuis, gifted humorist described the beginning of decline of the Afrikaner race in the most amusing terms, to be completed when the only Afrikaans soapie ends

A process triggered by the demise of a photo series called the Knight in Black, continued by the tragic death of stripper Glenda Kemp’s boa constrictor, symbolising all the above

With the loss of a monument saying people might accept Springboks losing, finding final proof for evolution, or the postponement of the Second Coming, as long as the soapie continues

Without it, only two people can shield Afrikaners from the total destruction of South Africa and the world: Zuma and Obama; both Africans - Afrikaners no longer plagued by racist prejudice

They are re-educated by their soon-to-be-lost soapie; half the cast Africans, how could our nation survive without guidance of such an inspired soapie; a medicinal drug to spice up our lives

Thus remaineth DStv, Facebook, and Rapport, these three, but SABC, it is thee that we shall misseth...

Knight in Black: Ruiter in Swart fotoboekies

Rapport, Sunday 31 May 2009 Koos Kombuis
WEEKLIKS - VOORWOORD
'SAUK kan gaan, jammer van die Laan'

Margaret Alice
'Adrift 06/11/09

After spending the day playing with
notes jumping to rhythms and fitting
words to the tunes, I am adrift in a sea
of dreams, combining harmonies with
meaning changed my focus completely
I cannot concentrate, the bane of my life
is a mind brimming over the sides of my
little world...

Margaret Alice

‘n Suur Ozzie-onnie is ‘n wonderlike ding, altyd aan die raas en blaas, altyd kwaai met my, deeske dae alewig morrend en klaend in versmaat ook, polemiek en repliek oor al die onheil van die wêreld waarvan korrupte politici, onooglike skeidsregters en simpel sportreëls die hoofbestanddele is

Almal trap alewig op sy tone, die wêreld raak boos en die mensdom sit in sak en as; die politici is ‘n klomp booswigte daarop uit om die wêreldbepolking te verlei na totale vernietiging van die groen aarde; gereeld kruis hy swaarde met onbeskaamde digters wat verval in die moeras van moderne digkuns

Dit wil sê, ‘n spel sonder reëls en literêre voorskrifte, gereeld is hy kwaad vir die sensuur wat weier om growwe en eksplisiete taal en wilde liefdestonele te verduur; erger nog is sy stryd teen die elemente wat wyd en suid teen hom opruk; elke nou en dan beantwoord hy ‘n vraag onwilliglik

En duik dan weer in ‘n dam vol ellende en klagtes...

* A Pool full of misery and troubles
A Sauerkraut is a wonderful thing, always complaining about everything

Margaret Alice
Afr: Afrokkel, Met Ware Smokkel 7.29.2008

Opheffing in Afrika, kos en water en blyplek vir almal; ons gaan die goed van mekaar afrokkel, kibbel en knoei, met onwettige ware smokkel, konflik stig, mekaar verkla en oorlog voer

Verantwoordelikheid moet geleer word, etiese kodes moet waardeer word, materiële opheffing sonder kennis is sinloos - soos die Russiese kommunistiese revolusie geleer het

Die menseregte-handves sonder konsep van verplichtinge is ’n mislukkingsresep; mense wil groot getalle kinders hê en met niksdoen wag vir oudag; die land is mos ryk aan

Grondstowwe en edelgesteentes; ons wil dit verkwansel vir rykdom, sonder kennis en vermoë om self die land te ontgin; stomgeslaan kyk ons hoe oorsese lande ons ware uitvoer

Verwerk en terugvoer teen ’n heerlike wins; ons moet nog leer: Kinders bring slegs voordeel as rasionele eiebelang en integriteit hulle bemagtig om te werk en sorg vir mekaar, andersins

Het hule slegs waarde as middel tot eksploitasie omdat hulle hulself nie kan handhaaf nie; watter stappe ter verspreiding van kennis en etiek word reeds voorsien?

Margaret Alice
Keurboslaan van Theunis Krogh leef voort, sterk en helder in my verbeelding, vandag het ek my seun gaan registreer in 'n Keurboslaanomgewing, die rooibaksteengebou, die droom van edelheid, van eer en hoflikheid, selfbeheersing en nederigheid, van lojaliteit en integriteit – kortom, Dr Roelof Serfontein herleef

Elke woord oor hom gelees, elke droom oor sy skool gedroom - word waar vir my, eers Hoër Meisieskool Stoffberg – dit het begin by Jong Dr Serfontein, toe Dr Schoonbee nog viool gespeel het en die mite van Lodi die Gees vertel het – daarom dat Dr Serfontein daar ingepas het, hy was Lodi die Gees homself – nagte gedroom oor die raaisel van Lodi die Gees se verskyning, nou is Hamlet’s Mill* wat na hom as ‘Amlodi’ verwys, die grootste talisman in my lewe – wou Latyn en filosofie op skool neem omdat Dr Serfontein self daarin klas gegee het; filosofie en Frans op universiteit, Latyn laat vaar – vandag besef ek weer: My jeugrealiteit was net ‘n droom; die drome van my jeug is die eintlike waarheid

Die werklikheid is vloeibare water; ons drome bepaal die geometriese patrone waarbinne die ys kristaliseer, negatiwiteit skep vormlose waterformasies – met Keurboslaan as my riglyn, met denkpatroon-vorming deur Dr Serfontein, vorm my drome die mooiste geometriese patrone - en ek leef my droom!

*Santillana en Von Deschend “Hamlet’s Mill”

Margaret Alice
Ik hebben mij een grote geest gevonden, een ware dichterlijke man, hij heeft zelf geproclameerd hij zijn alreeds gewild by allemal dewijl hy schrijve in de stijl van de meesters, hij ben daarop uit die lezer te imponeren en dat doet hij wel, hij schrijve briljante kommentaar op de werk van andere dichteren, hij wierp zijn kosbare parelen voor de zwijnen die de vermetelheid heeft in versen te rijmen en hij ontdoen hem van de schijnen van valse dichterlijke woorden, ik ben helemaal overkomen met bewonderen voor zo een grote geest, was hij maar net Hoog-Hollands geweest; was hij waarlijk een wêreldmeester!

(Tong-In-Die-Kies)

Margaret Alice
Mooi-mooi! Legkaarte bou is alte wonderlik, maar onthou, die goed tuimel uitmekaar as iemand roer, plak die deeltjies aan 'n sterk oppervlak - maak dit integreit -

Soos dié van Saartjie Bauman - altyd getrou aan haar selfontwerpte reël om oor te begin as haar voet aan die gleuwe tussen die blokke op die sypaadjie raak

Meng eerlikheid en liefde in gelyke hoeveelhede vir superglue waarmee jy die legkaartstukkies vasplak; gebruik getrouheid as spykers om die legkaart teen 'n muur van wysheid

Vas te kap; en siedaar; jy kan maar legkaarte bou - kom wind, kom reën, kom oseaan – dit is die wysheid waarop my legkaart staan!

Margaret Alice
Afr: Mens Se Innerlike Kind 7.29.2008

Tewe verveelde Ingelkmanne en ’n vriendelike dame van Indië, somtyds my neef – terwyl hy tussen planete en syfers rinkink met sterre in sy oë wat hom verblind

Nou en dan ’n onnie of twee, een met verbeteringe; die ander ’n hoogdrawende, sarkastiese pedagoog; die Koning van die Noorde; somtyds ’n vrolike hedonis en ’n gawe pragmatis

Selfs ’n enkele maal ’n Stoïsyn, een keer ’n musikus; dis die mense wat versies lees en somtyds ewe bedees ’n opmerkingtjie maak; ek verlang na sarkastiese kommentaar, om lekker te stry

Om iemand se siel uit te trek - die lewe is andersins alte swaar; dis lekker om met taalperde rond te jaag en ritrympies en limerieke te maak - dan weer

Pseudo-filosofiese stellings as poësie te laat poseer soos die kwaai onnie uit Ingeland my leer; maar die lekkerste is Yuri in Kwa-Zulu-Natal - want sy gaan mal, die lewenslus lê nog vlak in haar oë

En sy skryf wat sy dink, sy het ontdek om te doen wat jy wil in plaas van etiket en konvensie na te streef, maak mens vry van alle bande wat bind; vul die leë, grys kolle van die lewe met kleur

En laat ruimte vir mens se innerlike kind - om te huppel en dans en kaalvoet in die reën rond te speel...

Margaret Alice
Afr: Nici Word Vyftien

‘n Feëtjie dans ligvoets omheen, dartelend en vrolik,
was die visbak, sing sorglose liedjies saam met haar
ma, lag guitig vir haar pa en raak skoon stuitig wanneer
haar gunstelingprogramme verskyn op TV

Gee haar ma drukkies en soentjies en sit styf teen haar
pa; vyftien vandag,12 September 2008, veels geluk Nici,
wag tog net ‘n bietjie met grootword vanjaar; met MXit
en ‘n “grass party” daarby is sy gereed vir feesvieringe,

Kuiltjies lag ons toe in lewensvreugde, liefde wat spreek
uit elke gebaar, liefde wat almal omhels en orals heen
skyn, opgewek en propvol idees, selfstandig, onafhanklik
en heeltemaal beslis oor wat sy wil doen

Waar sy wil gaan en oor elke tree wat sy gee; ‘n miljoen
teddies in haar kamer op die gordynkap uitgestal; met
die goeie grasie om korter te bly as haar ma; moet haar
smeek om nuwe skoene te koop

Word betig as dit lyk of haar ma ongeskik is met mense
om haar; moet aanvaar sy glo in haar pa en voel dissipline
is goed vir haar; maak take en leer ongesiens en vertel
agterna hoe het dit gegaan

Wen silwer op die Ekspo, neem ‘n wenfoto van ‘n blaar
vir die skool se Artes, hou van tennis en swem en
oefeninge doen vir die vale; vra ons telkemale om te
kuier by haar maat Renate; sterk morele begunnels

En ken die verskil tussen Reg en Verkeerd...

Margaret Alice
Soetste minnesange

‘n Dag sonder sonskyn -
is verslaande champagne
Coke sonder brandewyn
seewater sonder skuim

Ontvlugting in ‘n droom
ek skep my eie Doktor
Serfontein, ‘n coulage
van edele mite en
legende

Soetste minnesange
mooiste liefdesverse
so onafwendbaar
soos die draaiing
van die aarde
om sy eie as

So betroubaar soos
die sonsopkoms
so onstuitbaar
soos die springgety
so seker is die liefde
wat in sy woorde
skuil...

Margaret Alice
Dis doodstil, my gedagtes speel met die idee van die blou baldakyn van die hemel bo terwyl die arme kleine Mouche steeds deur die strate van Parys aanstap, haar oë na binne gekeer, haar gedagtes in die dieptes van die Seine, totdat Worteltop se stemmetjie haar stop – Waar is jy op pad heen, kleinding, weet jy nie die bodem van die Seine is nat en koud waar mossels aan jou beendere vreet?

Mouche - ontsteld deur sulke familiariteit uit ’n onverwagte oord - kap terug; hiermee is sy teruggepluk uit die bodemlose put van wanhopigheid, en al beweeg die storie voort, die beeld bly vasgevang voor my geestesoog; die tafereel speel oor en oor: Mouche alleen, Worteltop die poppespel-Kaptein wat haar uit die kake van die dood terugruk – dit terwyl hy self die smarte van die Vagevuur verduur...

[In the twilight quiet of Paris, Mouche walking to her death when stopped by Carrot-top warning her against the coldness of the water in the Seine, the picture indelibly imprinted in my mind – Carrot-top, the Capitaine-Coq of the puppet-show, also suffering the pains of Purgatory...]

Based on Paul Gallico - “Poppeliefde” - originally “For the Love of Seven Dolls”

Margaret Alice
'Afr: Taalverskynselpyn - Doodneerslaanglansend

- Daar’s ‘n slang in die gras wanneer die aftuimelkieslys verskyn -

In die vrolike Afrikaanse kuberwoordeboek soek die Puriteinse ossewa-brigade na die korrekte term vir ‘dropp down menu’ en kom met ‘aftuimelkieslys’ vorendag; dit klink soos ‘aftuimel-melkie-ys’- smaak my jy gaan ysmelk kry as jy iewers aftuimel

Wat sal die ossewa-brigade in die plek van die term ‘drop-dead gorgeous’ voorstel, miskien iets soos ‘doodneerslaanglansend’, hoe sal dit klink as manlief jou as as ‘doodneerslaanglansend’ beskryf- ek sien die woorde slang en gans in daardie term

En ‘doodneerslaan’ klink asof iemand jou met ‘n knopkieplatslaan of met ‘n panga uit haal – die ossewa-brandwag moet dalk eerder In die rooi lingua-franca-Ferrari klim en vergeet van ambisieuse aambeiterme

Wat almal laat besef hulle ly aan taalverskynselpyn...

Margaret Alice

Sukkelende deur die dorre woestyn, baklei teen die onwilligheid in my brein; ek wil nie sonder inspirasie bestaan nie, hierdie leë oomblikke in tyd word genegeer; uitgewis;

Die tjek wat tyd my gee vir vandag is gekanselleer; niks bereik en nêrens gekom nie, geen nuwe gedagte gedink of uitkoms gevind nie; tevergeefs gegrawe na Juwele van insig en glinsterende begrip – niks tot stand gebring nie; geen kosbare vreugde van wysheid om te wys nie; geen voordeel uit hierdie bewussynsgerigtheid

Op die werklikheid behaal nie; geen skoonheid daargestel nie; geen wonder dat mense hand aan eie lewe wil slaan nie; om so in die leegte van onwillige doelloosheid

Aan te sleep, is bittere verydeling van ideale en wense, visioene en drome...

[Today is a cancelled cheque, no jewels found on the digs, no beauty created]

Margaret Alice
“Ek slaap in die rus van die statistieke gesus, ongesien, ongehoord,
en dof en loom in my syferdroom...” met apologie aan A. G. Visser

Sê oom Suurklont –
my kind, jy praat mos nou strond!
En 'n feëtjie op 'n webwerf?
Heiligskennis! Morele verval!
Babilon is op ons, die volk
moet murmureer!

Oom Suurklont is 'n Ingilsman
met eersgeboortereg op heilige
sarkasme, toe ek liefies antwoord,
Haai oom Suurklont, oom is reg,
'n bose feëtjie moet dadelik weg,
toe brul hy van onplesier:

Wyk satan, ek soek nie jou sarkasme
in my lewe nie! Moet die jeug aljimmers
dwars wees? Nogal volksverraad, dié kind,
foto met 'n donkerbril, hoe moet ek nou
weet hoe die Afrikanerkind dan lyk? Is dit
nou 'n foto van haar of haar ma of wie?

Haai oom Suurklont, antwoord ek gedwee,
Ek sal maar vir jou 'n ander foto gee;
Maar wragtig kind, blaker oom Suurklont
aan, ek het jou wanskapige rymphie net vir
die aardigheid gelees – net omdat dit
DAAR was, en ek wonder – is jou ander
versies ook so swak en vol simpel twak?

Ja, antwoord ek in alle eerlikheid, Maar
toemaar, oom Suurklont, troos ek gou,
Met die hulp van die berou hoef jy nooit
weer my pynigende, nimmereindigende
doererympies ooit te lees nie, nou is oom
bemagtig, en ek kan dit bekragtig, om
versigtig verby my woeste – nagemaakte
halfgebraakte - filosofiese ritrympies te mik

En oom se eie limerieke te meet aan die
statistieke van al die ander Ingilsmanne
wat al giggelende, met vreugdetrane
biggelende; sal voortlees!

* When Babylon leads us into moral decadence,
it behoves a Sauerkraut to express his diffidence.

Margaret Alice
Westerse denktradisie, literatuur en aanames is geestelik en filosofies bankrot; soos geïllustreer deur die twee wêreldoorloë en die huidige wêreldpolitiek, asook die samelewing gebaseer op die gebruik van kalmeermiddels en anti-depressante

Bestudeer kwantum fisika as 'n alternatief op Westerse materialisme; lees “The Dancing Wu Li Masters” van Gary Zukav; ontdek Oosterse tradisies as alternatiewe denkwyses; lees Leo Buscaglia soos “Born To Love” oor onvoorwaardelike liefde om uit die slaggat

Van romantiese literatuur te ontsnap; wat liefde as 'n selfsugtige, selfgerigte, sinlose opwelling, en die mensdom as veroordeelde lewensvorm uitbeeld – doel en betekenis word nie aan ons gegee nie; ons moet dit self ontwerp; besef dat samelewing en godsdiens

Menslike konstrukte is en aanvaar verantwoordelijkheid vir die toestand waarin die wêreld verkeer; dan kan ons alternatiewe op die werkelikheid ontwerp en visioene van 'n nuwe aarde optower; “The Secret” wys HOE ons drome en ideale kan realiseer; maar verskaf ons nie

Die inhoud nie; ons moet self ons drome en ideale ontwerp; verlustig jou in relatiwiteit en Zen-Buddhisme; dit maak nuwe wêrele oop en toon dat die Westerse samelewing maar net een alternatief op duisende ander variasies is; alles kan verander in 'n positiewe rigting

Wanneer ons dit so verkies!

Margaret Alice
Afrikaans: Sterregordels, Stilsonjare, Tydsbroekspypdinge, Haarsliert

Sterregordels

Cosmology in Afrikaans is an ode to joy, the terms form sing-song strings with delightful sounds “ewigbewegende elektron” continuously spinning electron

“elektron in die hart van die atoomkorrel” electron in the centre of the atom particle - what a song!

“Triljoene Melkwegstelsels waaromheen ons Melkweg elke tweehonderdmiljoenjaar wentel – ‘n mallemeule van sterregordels…”

“Dobberende patrone, mesone en elektrone, ’n konfigurasie van konvekse novae”...

- these terms are singing to me!

A merry-go-round of star systems

Quotes from Adriaan Snyman “Die Messias Kode” (The Messiah Code) pp.9,10

Bombardement Van Frekwensies (English Explanation)

Waarmee sal ek hierdie leë oomblikke, ankerloos, betekenisloos; aan die ewigheid vasmaak - die gevoelsruimte in my hart

Is leeg, alle gevoel en denke het gesamentlik in die donker duisternis van my brein ingeval ‘n laserbrein wat die hologramwêreld

Self moet konsituteer uit ‘n bombardement

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
van betekenislose frekwensies – maar
vandag is die ligstraalfokus uit

My pendulumgedagtes swaai ongefokus rond
die opgerolde, ingevoude ses-en-twintig of
meer dimensies van die virtuele werklikheid

Wil nie vir my oopgaan nie...

All thought and feeling fell into the black hole in my brain and the twenty-six or more rolled-up frequencies of reality does not want to open for me today...

Geloof In Liefde - Faith In Love

Die huis gee my die ritteltits vanaand, die kat
al dwalende, jy slaap alreeds, net ek hang
rond soos ´n dwalende gees

Met al die simptome van rinnitus, nek stywer as dié van ´n Egiptiese mummie, gemoedstemming
swart soos die donkerste nag

Verstikkende verveling - ek is nie meer lus vir
lees nie, selfs die magiese betowering van
kinderverhale is my verlôre

Kyk weer na my gunsteling-DVD, Phantom of the
Opera, die musiek en lirieke sal my weereens
bekoor, Emmy Rossum se klokhelder stem

Sal my allengs meesleer, Gerhard Butler - die
tragiese phantom - sal nuwe drome ontvou, die
wonderbaarlike einde van begrip en vergifnis

Van onvoorwaardelijke aanvaarding geskenk aan die
phantom deur ´n ongelooflik liefdevolle Christine, sal
weereens my geloof in liefde versterk

My inspireer om die illusie van die werklikheid
te transsendeer...
Bored tonight, watching my favourite DVD Phantom of the Opera, the way Christine forgives the Phantom unconditionally will once again inspire me to transcend illusionary reality.

Ivan Rebroff

Ek en Minette sing uit volle bors
ons eie weergawe van Ivan Rebroff:
“Lief Blompies in die Maanskyn” wat
die sanger so mooi kon sing

Koesterende, fluweelsagte basnote
net om dan tot ‘n falsetto op te klim
dit was weergaloos – ons nabootsing
van die Rebroff-lied was uitsonderlik

Terwyl die skoolhoof ons meewarig
betrag - dit was ontoelaatbare gedrag
om op die skooltrapte te praat – maar
toe ons die hoë note jubelend sing

Begin hy te lag – vergeet toe skoon
om ons te betig vir ons lawaaierige
gedrag!

Oorlewing van die Bewussyn

Die klein bietjie lewe wat myne is
stukkie realiteit waaruit ek opstyg
om droomhorisonne te verken

Tussen “Vier mure teen die
Suidewind” voel ek nie tuis nie,
in die grysheid van die realiteit

Bou ek nie my huis nie - as jy kla
ek is ‘n bywoner in my eie huis -
stem ek saam ja, “Die wêreld
Is ons Woning nie”, ek is ‘n pelgrim
op reis na die ewigheid; wat die
wêreld my bied

Is nie die moeite werd nie, slegs
die visioene wat ek snags nog
sien, verskaf hoop

Vir oorlewing van die
bewussyn...

'Ivan Rebroff': We imitated one of his songs in the school passages and the headmaster was so amused by our brilliant rendition of the singer's exceptional voice, he never scolded us as he should have done.

'Oorlewing': I'm a pilgrim on earth and live for the visions I see at night, hoping for the survival of consciousness.]

Jakkalsdraaie Gooi (& English Explanation)

Daar's niks fout met jakkalsdraaie gooie nie
solank mens die passies net geniet, maar
wanneer verwarring aanhoudend toeneem,
speletjies meer argwaan as afleiding bied

raak dit net 'n gekke gejaag na wind –
die dag so grou en nat, sonder sprankelende
glinstervreugde omdat ek al weer verkeerd
geleef het, maak my moedeloos raadop

draai my gevoelens op hul kop, maak my
sit en opstaan 'n syn in sak en as; ek kan
vandag nie weerstand bied nie, slegs een
wete bly: Jy gooie allengs meer jakkalsdraaie

as die meeste ander mense in hul hele leeftyd,
solank as wat jy staan en val by wat jy sê,
elke woord beterweterig verdedig, sal ek net
wysneusig swyg; my slegs verkneukel in
verklarings wat die bekoorlike in goed geplaste woorde wil verdoesel en versmoor - gaan maar voort, vermorsel elke woord, my denke word nie bepaal deur jou sienings nie

Ek kom tot die gevolgtrekking, jy weet nie meer wat jy self bedoel of wat jy wil beheer nie...

(It is fun to run around in circles as long as everyone consents, but when the players lose sight of the meaning of the game, it makes no sense and communication comes to an end.)

Te Veel Verbeelding (English Translation)

My kantoor is 'n slagveld vandag - eers speel Tiaan met plastiekspeelgoedmanne gooı hulle in die lug op, nou skop hy my tafel wyl hy op sy maag lê en lees - kort-kort wys hy my hoe die papierklamp die bloedtoevoer afsny na sy hand

Ek lees van Kanada en die Kongo terwyl hy Harry Potter geniet, my dokument droog en vervelig terwyl hy soek na koeldrank – lê nou al op die tafel en lees; kan hom nie eens verkwalik nie – hy is bloed van my bloed

Vlees van my vlees; ek lê ook altyd en lees; hy antwoord my vrae met dramatiese opmerkings vol sinlose misterie – nou voel ek hoe andere my soms ervaar - ek hoop om hom eendag te help om sy kruis van

Te veel verbeelding te dra...

Too much imagination – Tiaan is visiting my office today, changing it into a war-zone, throwing plastic toys about, kicking my desk and reading while lying on his
stomach; I can’t even blame him because that’s what I also do at home, he answers my questions with riddles like I do and I hope to help him channel his imagination one day…

Sterrekundewoordeboekdinge, Lieflikheid, Reptielbreinsindroom, Flirtasie, Stilsonjare

Stilsonjare, Eilanduniversum
Sirkel -van-voortdurende-Onsigbaarheid
Tempoverandering van Horlosiedwaal
met my Astrodiekton vir Sterrenavigasie
en Sterrekatalogus
gaan ek op reis
vind vreugde in
middelpuntvliedende Versnellingkrag
steek die Chandrasekhargrens verby
soekend na ‘n Sterrebeeld
vind vreugde in Byekorfswerm
en Knipoog van Katoognewel
speel met die korpuskelêre Ligteorie
en juig en dans van vreugde wanneer
die ingeboude Siklotron
die subatomiese deeltjies
van my hart versnel…

O Die Liewe Lieflikheid
(Sing op die wysie van 'O die Liewe Martatjie' - Du Lieber Augustin)

O, die liewe lieflikheid, loflikheid, heerlikheid
o, die liewe werklikheid - wat nou gedaan?
Werk van my, droom daarby, pligsgetrou
sal voortbou -
o, die liewe lieflikheid, wat nou gedaan!

Skielik onthou: 'Kersie brand sag en flou
in die stroopblikdeksel nou…'

'O Goedheids Gods' driestemmig gesing,
sopraan, alt en deskant - vir juffrou Malan
soveel jare al my droomweergawe van
Doktor Serfontein - Theunis Krogh
ontdek in standerd twee
Onmiddelik die huis en Blommeland verlaat -
wou nie meer Liewe Heksie wees nie -

In Keurboslaan gaan bly en gedroom
oor 'Jong Doktor Serfontein: Toe Lodi
die Gees op die berg verskyn het...'
saam geluister terwyl Mr. Schoonbee
op sy viool gespeel het

Vreugdevol saam Tessa uit die Kaap
wegge loop en by die Hoof gaan bly,
Krynauw was my beste vriend, jong
Spaulding was my grootste maat
Helen Bielefeld het

As goudgeklede koningin in my hart
kom woon, ek het wenede saam met
Dian gesing op die Eistedfodd,
saam met Richard gehuil
toe hy saam met

Doktor weggery het, saam
met Josef getreur toe hy sy
pa se nuutste roman in die
vlamme gewerp het in 'n
vreeslike woedebui...

O, die liewe lieflikheid, loflikheid, heerlikheid
o, die liewe werklikheid - wat nou gedaan!

Die reptielbrein-sindroom

Ek lees op oor hoe Atlantis gestig is
deur buiteplanetêre wesens wat toe die land laat sink het
met hul onheilskennis
en hoe groot reptiele eens hul DNA met ons gene gemeng het
en daarom het ons almal 'n reptielbrein –
ek 'figure' net my reptielbrein funksioneer nog
want my hele lewe is net
'n bondel primitiewe angs
en oorlewingsgevegte....
...dis die rede hoekom ek met my nagemaakte mensheid
net helfte van alles doen wat ander mense gewoonlik doen.

Flirtasie

O flikkervergelyker
jy bedwelm my met jou knipoognewel
met skielike blouverheldering
die groenflits van 'n blouson - gevolg deur
beeldvertroebeling

O aanjaagvuurpyl van pyn
in boegskokangs en breuksonesmart
vernietigende uitbrandingsoomblik

O my koolstofster sonder glans....

Stilsonjare 2000

In onderste verduisteringstydperk
groot die kosmologiese afstand
groot die kosmologiese rooiverskuiwing
wenend in my kraterkuil
o my sekelson
o my sekelmaan se punt...

Kom jul krepuskulêre skemerstrale
vasgevang in dwarsbeweging

O siklotrongeliefde
o versnelde subatomiese hartdeeltjies!

.................................................................2000

! Tydbroekspypdinge En Superstringe / Down The Trousers of Time

Ek huil emmers vol water omdat
Mr Adorable-Lovable op sy eie
donkerwolk-dooie-aarde-kaasdraak-
ellende-vuur-en-swael-planeet sit
en niks met feëmense en toorkrag
uit te waaie wil hê nie –

Maar ek sweef terselfdertyd op die
wolke omdat Okfenokee-Alligator
vir Shahrazd-Nyl-Krokodil reptiel-
breinvoedsel verskaf - en op mag-
lev-treine rondjaag, al met die
“ley-lines” langs – en omdat

Die multiversum verskeie broekspyp-
alternatiewe bied langs die tydhelling-
broekspyp af! Ek skryf sommer ‘n
Afrikaanse blog om al die tydbrok-
ypdinge en superstringe bymekaar
te sit, en meer moontlikhede te

Realiseer - hoe gaan dit met die skrywery
met die goeie, kontemplatiewe, kompulsiewe
Mnr-Landdros-Die-Slaaplose en sy
digerlike opwellinge in die nanag,
vroegdag, middag en aand?
Vriendelike groete,

Die Nylkrokodil

Down The Trousers of Time: Crying and laughing a the same time about
crocodiles, mag-lev trains and ley-lines down the trousers of time...

Die Haarsliert – The Hairstring*

Hier is ‘n lang haarsliert wat
my aanhoudend kielie, wat
soos ‘n swaard my oog deur-
boor, ek wil gútig daardeur
loer en laat my hare groei

Maar die haarfrustrasie is
haas ondraaglik, my linker-
oog raak blind soos wat die
haarpunt gedurig daarin
steek, hoe op aarde

Hou ander vroue dit? As
dit so aanhou, sal ek
hand aan eie lewe
slaan!

* A string of hair keeps falling into my eye and irritates me to death!

Margaret Alice
'Agitation, Confusion 10/12/09

Sank into a deeper layer today, below the fear that you infused with hope and trust, a layer of agitation and total confusion, I felt so ridiculous I could barely control my face - muscles twitched, it was brain-freeze, feeling ashamed of being me

Shantaram says p.432 humiliation makes us feel ashamed, striking the heart that wants to love - when violated we feel shame at being human - I become the hunchback of Notre Dame, cannot work or think, I flee from my existence into being a crocodile

Gregory David Roberts “Shantaram” Abacus 2004
p.432

Margaret Alice
An antidote to cosmologists claims of
a hostile universe, strengthened by
consciousness creating magnetic fields,
ourselves as illusions of time and space

beauty I can embrace, taking a
freezing alienation of whimsy
cosmologists play as domino
blocks falling before fate

their interpretations are dreams,
theories without proof, simply serving
to amuse and intrigue less than
1% of an observable universe

I seek final answers from the
spiritualists who deign to speak
of a 99% invisible cosmos, known only
by its effects as consciousness

I chose them on for life-
endowing characteristics!

Margaret Alice
All Beguiling

The crocodile is smiling,  
life is all beguiling while  
reading the true story of  
the greatest cataclysm to  
shape our civilization

Moses, Tutankhamun and  
The Atlantis Myth, told in  
ACT OF GOD by Graham  
Phillips - crocodile in pink  
with magic wand in purple

On the crocodile computer,  
affixed to the screen; purple  
fairy wings bewitching the  
rest of the office also

This is a day of magic, the  
crocodile found a book on  
the crumbling foundations  
that shook our civilization...

Graham Phillips “ACT OF GOD” 1998 Pan Books

Margaret Alice
All Fears Replaced By Broad Smiles

After many a discussion, talking and explaining, clearing up misunderstandings, sorting things out, briefly won the feeling that life is fun and all will be fine if we keep on working at our relationships

Came to the conclusion we all love each other – we can forgive our shortcomings, Nici still loves her recalcitrant mom; hubby realized he over-reacted when his colleagues asked him

Whether Madeliefie would have to write a report about this incident – in a meeting the speaker told them to compile reports just like Madeliefie has to motivate when she wants gadgets for the house

Now the match-box of the soul is flushed, last night I still had nightmares about moving walls and sighing monks; hubby was plagued by trains and people lost; tonight the sun came out and all fears and suspicion

Left our minds, to be replaced by broad smiles!

Margaret Alice
MyBabylon English toolbar has infested my computer, I turn it off, it turns itself on, don’t know where it’s origin is, it lurks in my computer’s programs ready to irritate me with its begging requests to buy the program since its expiry date.

I never intended to buy the insistent program, how I managed to acquire its free trial version I’ll never know, now I’m saddled with its Intrusive presence for eternity, it seems - now you see why positive things can’t happen to me – I grumble and moan all day long, need some drink.

To change my complaints into a song, I must learn to love my computer and every circumstance and situation in which I find my unwilling self before positive changes can come about, my positive book declares earnestly; but I DO love being victimized by modern technology.

Enjoying all the pains it causes me, all mental anguish is welcomed – so when, dear positive book, will you bring new events about where I’ll be freed from all this strife - and just become a happy vegetable?

Margaret Alice
All We Have - Our Dreams 6.15.2008

Watched a political program called “Carte Blanche” about crime in South Africa, about a club for parents who lost their kids to violence

The worst is the kid who survived, a nine-year old raped then thrown into a fire where half of her face was burnt; the program-makers

Called the President’s Office - received the reply “Too busy to talk to you...; ” people with expertise have been ousted from office

The desperate poor is growing more destitute – ALL we have left are our DREAMS...

(I am not defeated, I believe in the power of dreams!)

Margaret Alice
'Allergy Enemy Friend 13/11/2009

Something affecting my eyes, I suspect
the curry hubby added so happily to our
food, eyes swollen, vision blurred, cannot
read my book, allergy symptoms in tinnitus,
unending fatigue

Allergy is my greatest enemy and friend: forcing
me to work like mad to overcome confusion and
lost opportunities, it developed my character into
a rock-hard entity to keep fighting the symptoms
with humour

Driving me into isolation and inactivity – yet it
brought me the greatest joy: forced to seek
relief in mental activities, I read the most
wonderful books and feel compelled to
write poetry!

Margaret Alice
Already Written Off...

Food is a way of processing the pain of daily existence, whenever my latest shortcoming is discovered and your voice rings out in healthy denouncement; whenever Nici proclaims me the worst mother a child ever had; I pop another piece of chocolate into my mouth, another slice of dried sausage called “dried wors” in South Africa; when you asked whether I wanted rump ripened for 22 days; I declined, the first time I tried it, I was ill for five days in a row – food always reveals my best-kept secrets; since Nici decided to show me I was a bad parent, all food has me gagging – so I had better fix my act and learn my lesson once again: There are no solutions in life, no enduring relations, no hope – BUT – I place all my hope and joy in a future existence in another universe – this one I have already written off..

Margaret Alice
Altered States Of Consciousness

Fascinating thing – altered states of consciousness, meant for experimenting, drawing all curious, adventurous kids, getting hold of drugs for hallucinating, at a specific cerebral frequency people see mental pictures of geometric patterns resembling ancient designs in prehistoric caves and paintings on pebbles – how can the older generation wonder why teens are always into something – they have youthful enthusiasm for trying the road not taken, for finding a new way, to break away – this is how reality is remade all the time, some even speculate paradise myths imply the primordial existence of a unified mind encompassing all of humanity – the thought is scary and magnificent at the same time – if it was a living, pulsating web of telepathic interconnectedness through which a current of universal love flowed...

Margaret Alice
A bad report, a terrible blow and a question asked sadly – am I stupid; I rewrote my notes, didn’t know a thing. He and me, both failing, my translations also amiss – No, I say, you’re clever enough just totally disinterested...

I see my efforts were a literal translation, preserving the formal tone of the original without an idiomatic rephrasing – I took no part in the presentation; a son and a mother equally bored by the mindless formalities

Tiaan, you've inherited all my worst attributes, how can I force you to live as miserably as I do; always yearning for a different life?

Margaret Alice
'Ambassaddresspeak (Rev.)

So concerned about our need – offered Embassy protection, all the needed services for one whose Norwegian left him without right to self-defence

Emails we exchanged were full of pleasantries – his concern was in preserving Norway’s fine, untrammelled reputation as a worthy nation – while

I had to kept a covert operation under wraps; as much as guilty secrets can inflate the way one sees an enemy or friend, policing my excitement really pleased

He was a stranger, yet his words were pure diplomacy, messages that sang with circumspect yet pure respect; we agreed a truce of privacy on who was who

It has agreed with me so much I float on ambassadorial air, a dream come true unusually - translating in a world of words, I seldom see magnificent grandiloquence

“...ambassadorial addressadorial classiquespeak…”

Margaret Alice
America, Here I Come!  11 July 2009

Dreaming of traveling one day
a holiday agency offered a highly
discounted vacation and I said yes,
trusting dreams will come true once
everyone sees what we can do

If they say no, I’m willing to go on my
own, talk to strangers all alone, gamble
against my fears of the unknown, when
I prayed for a son I followed the old wives’
tale of eating salty food

To show the universe my desire was deep
and real, accepting this holiday offer is a
gesture of trust in a benevolent universe,
that gave me the coveted son, sustained
me in spite of what I’ve done

Taking life-threatening risks, ignoring safety
I want to LIVE, not simply exist, we were born
to overcome old boundaries, create new dreams
boldly go where our parents did not dream it was
possible to venture

America, here I come, ready or not, may God bless
America, keep them safe against the shock
of my existence!

11 July 2009

Margaret Alice
A dream – all things possible in love – and it must be so, as spiritual guru and romantic poet both assert, should we believe and desert the cold logic of rational thought and the grey sobriety of intellectualism?

Why not indeed, all things spiritual seem so much more colourful and interesting than faded common sense and dreary duty; I for one will believe in love and fairies because smiling while I’m working is the spoonful of sugar that fills

Concentrating on the job-at-hand with an element of fun!

Margaret Alice
An Emissary Of Positive Light

Dear Mr Dyer, today I delight
in your advice to bring light by
thinking positive thoughts and
surrounding people with an
aura of bright shining light

Standing in the sunshine,
smelling the jasmine, feeling
the dreams you ignite, growing
stronger in my mind, knowing
I’m still far from keeping out

Of the clutches of despair, but
finding your words becoming
more precious to me; today
I avow that although I cannot
remain above other

People’s evaluations, I hear
your clarion call growing louder,
making more sense than before,
inspiring me to try harder to
become an emissary

Of positive light, bringing an
intense golden light to all objects
in a beauty that shines them into
a new, scrumptious delight!

Margaret Alice
I love the places authors build with words,
I love dimensions in descriptions of those
characters fictitious, the places and events,
the scientific theories and intuitive ideas
that match a quantum essence of our physics

I love abilities creating other choices on
beyond a basic three-dimensions where I live;
I’ve been to places fictional, been entertained
creatively by thought inventions in their
many forms – but best of all this is...

A Quantum-Physics theory – Many-Worlds foretells
an endless space with choices infinite and time
unlimited, eternities in which ideas are
realized without redefinition; I wish I had
unlimited capacity

To set my mind to magical dimensions of infinity
but a heavy present limits me, my head begins to
throb, I’m bounded by the orb of physicality in
a visible world; I shall have to keep on trying
to contact greater consciousness, encompassing

more than little bits of knowledge in the
possession of my small awareness...

Margaret Alice
An Inner Alcatraz

Now let’s see, what was it like to be a child; oh no, scary, can’t see, can’t relate to anybody

Multiplication a nightmare, feeling no love, life meaningless, pointless activities, being nauseous

Listening to stories, reading wonderful things, gaining brilliant insight the only feel-good-things

Fingers and eyes not synchronized, do not like school, can’t sleep at night, always get up feeling tired...

* * * * * * * * * * *

Change the scenario, create a fantasy; allergy treated, pain-free diet & energy, special tuition and schooling

Seeing perfectly with the right glasses, loving parents and siblings – no, can’t conjure this vision as yet

Can’t see me as this child, see me as a personification of Alice in Wonderland, Dian Serfontein

Saartjie Baumann, Vicky Villard, escape from an inner Alcatraz, fleeing fear, fatigue and listless depression...

Margaret Alice
An Instrument Of Torture

The new couch is a hateful travesty of former happy times, I have to fold up like an accordion to fit my head on you and catch a nap like I used to do, it is an instrument of torture; if the kids want to join us there I have to sit up straight and I hate that - - the only thing to do is setting fire to the hated couch, enjoy the flame and buy a bigger one, what say you...

Margaret Alice
Anaesthetics, Escapism And Oblivion 6.9.2008

Prepared to deal with physical pain with pictures of fairies and books on states of consciousness; but sometimes the pain is stronger than the mind.

Like today; no matter where attention is turned, the pain is there first; a suffocating sensation in my head, I am determined never to give up the struggle against physical reality; to transcend the material world, create a purpose for existence - reality ‘per se’ still is my worst enemy.

Got five books from the library to be used for anaesthetics, escapism and oblivion; can’t continue playing the charade of

Hard-working employee with swollen eyes all unfocused; head too heavy to hold up; it seems the gods have not yet decided to do a miracle.

By removing my reaction to food, though I firmly believe they could if they would; all I have to do is - convince them they SHOULD!

Margaret Alice
Anchor In Foreverseness

My ideal is learning to see and feel perfection in everything and everyone, my dream is love unconditional through acceptance of everyone and everything

Without the boredom of world peace – respect for the need to be different means focusing on a personal path ignoring all not wanted without judgment or fighting

While respecting those who need to reject and judge to justify their own existence; secure in the knowledge- life is lived on mental islands, safe, untouchable by opposing ideas

I’m free to let them be without fear, without forcing them to fear me – this is wrong with all creeds; using teachings meant for quiet contemplation only as a basis for

Enslavement, but man is FREE, we CAN respect ALL freedom, most of all; let’s respect our own freedom without living in prisons for false security

Freedom will change society, by making rules, problems are proliferating, a faulty formula can’t be fixed by adding more steps to the administrative process

Bureaucracy teaches to locate the problem’s source and implement a new solution, not add another authority to the faulty procedure in order to

Anchor the failing status quo in foreverseness...

Margaret Alice
I have no anchor points for my free-falling mind,
reading Pratchett’s ‘Witches Abroad’ with Genua
in an uproar, contact lost with the here and now,
confused and threatened by secrets and witchcraft
and revelations; once I’m desensitized by reading
this tale over and over, I’ll be able to focus
on the cute bits - but this first reading takes
away all feeling for the upcoming holiday

I’m adrift in a sea of new ideas, more magic than
I can manage easily, playing with tradition and
fairytales more than I can file away, I’m confused –
though in the past I’ve coped by focusing on things
I’m not interested in, like sewing – ghastly – and
stones with dried leaves and flowers glued upon them –
tonight I’m surprised that the old habit of drifting
away from reality is still so strong

After practicing to stay marooned in present beingness –
but just to open up new vistas, unfold new landscapes
of thoughts where my spirit drifts, I’m left bereft,
alone in strange territory – should I stop reading,
ever drift again? – Impossible, staying at anchor in
the bay when so many mental adventures are waiting to
be experienced – I shall have to pay with strange
stirrings and uncomfortable thoughts

For these unusual occurrences are always solved
eventually by desensitization through repetition,
eventual return to current reality – right now though,
on the eve of our holiday, I wish I were anchored
safely in some peaceful mental bay ...

Margaret Alice
Depression, quarterly reviews,
depression, I am obtuse,
depression, the only news I have
is I’m crying all the time,
my credit card is out of use,
account overdrawn

I have done so wrong,
Mapula believes I did the right thing,
putting esoteric concerns ahead of physical survival,
mothers are important,
she will vouch for me

Discovering mother’s face crushed in a fall,
fearing she would not play piano again – her lifeline
I spent life-sustaining money on aesthetic frivolity

I am wrong trying to live in a materialistic way
while I believe the opposite,
that spirit is more important,
I live inside the theories I love,
the poetry, pushed underground

While I exist in materialism,
I love the people but can't fit in,
I’m alone and wrong all the time,
and I cry

Margaret Alice
Snowflakes, water crystals, Indra’s pearls and you,
Andre Rieu, a Strauss Waltz or two, Die Fledermaus,
Ballerini, Andra Pradesh and the Bay of Bengal –
all over the world in pictures, the French Ambassador’s
Daughter is in thrall, waltzing to the melody of the
Blue Danube with her eyes closed, falling into the
lake, dreaming and laughing, looking at pictures,
translating, looking up every word, Ludmilla and
Semjonof obviously live on a Lilypad, their happiness
reflected in Indra’s pearls, I must return to the document
in front of me, see what Ballarini says of the Maldives,
but my eyes keep looking for more words from you...

1 July 2009

Margaret Alice
Another Visionary

Attitude creates experience, joy and suffering are created by focusing, freedom is choosing to experience only those things we find appealing.

We cannot choose which things will appeal to us, we learn by experience what feels as natural as breathing, other things always remain unreal.

The powerful impose their ideas on nature and ethics on others, forcing all to become dissidents to protect being unique, freedom is a prerequisite.

To discover the dictates of our own nature, we live on islands, aggressors and victims being together, dreamers splashing love around, some creating problems.

To enjoy their happy misery, visionaries follow the creative urge burning in them, breaking away from all prescription to do something new, when relinquishing power.

We cannot imagine how a visionary came into being: whenever anybody opens to freedom, throwing off the manacles of expectation and local tradition.

Another visionary comes into being...

Margaret Alice
Anxiety Unbearable

I think it’s stress, the reason I can’t sleep, it doesn’t matter what I eat, or when I go to bed, if I fall asleep at all, sooner or later I’m wide awake and sleep takes flight, I’m so tired I don’t want to sit upright, the only explanation for this exhausting occurrence is unconscious stress about returning to the open-plan office, repeating the experience of last year, fighting for my sanity in a chaotic, stressful situation, the specter’s looming larger every day, John Maxwell’s book on Leadership points out that problems reveal our inner nature; school where we were forced to sit in class was bad enough, but sitting in a sea of restless, noisy colleagues is worse than anything I’ve known before; with my senses raw, trying to see it as a form of persecution, a challenge to be overcome, to meet it with endurance, my conscious mind is trying while my subconscious is shriveling up in unmitigated fear and angst, anxiety is making life unbearable...

Margaret Alice
Apologia

Came home early, Tiaan looking angelic in his schoolwear, Nici looking like a pixie, me with a new book ‘The Ship That Flew’ because I loped off to the library in the rain with the umbrella all new, much-too-big.

Clutching my book, a talisman, remembering my distress upon first becoming a Government Official, how I found my niche by borrowing the music of the opera ‘Carmen’ from the music library, running down the street.

Clutching the music score I felt like myself again; another day I missed the bus reading ‘Thomasina’ by Paul Gallico – you angry when I got home late; when I read ‘The Fountainhead’ by Ayn Rand my mind could not return.

To present-day reality, you complained I had dived to a cave under the sea and left you alone on the beach, nowadays, making notes, keeping a diary, I come and go between books and dreams and routine acts with much more ease.

Though much of what I present right here is just for show, to hide the fear of trying to force my mind into doing jobs I cannot do, creating the impression that I earn my salary, though my soul is heaving in my chest.

I’ll read my book and just forget...

Margaret Alice
Archangel Hanlie 24 June 2009

Suddenly my colleague sent me a Performance Agreement a beautiful legal document, perfect epitome of bureaucratic perfection

I regarded it with grave suspicion thanked her archly, tried to fill it in immediately, only to discover to my infinite joy and eternal gratitude

She had already filled it in for me! My heart stopped beating in delight, life is so much better than anybody ever said; I work in heaven

Hanlie, my wonderful colleague, is one of the archangels! She saved my heart from black despair & red perdition, her loving deed

Fills the whole open-plan office with sweet incense; my heart is singing in joy, I feel like capering & turning cartwheels everywhere!

24 June 2009:

Margaret Alice
Being a Creator in a Multidimensional Reality of
Reincarnational Existences and Probable Realities,
instead of using paints, pigments, words and musical
notes, experimenting with Dimensions of Actuality

Imparting knowledge in a non-physical formation,
manipulating Time - like an artist working with
pigments, but gathering Space together in
different ways, using Time as a structure

Mixing Space and Time, creating Beauty impinging upon
Dimensions of Reality creating an Art Multidimensional,
Free and Elemental, appearing simultaneously
in our Physical System

And several other Probable Realities also...

Paraphrased from Jane Roberts “Seth Speaks” p.196-197

Margaret Alice
As Grey As Everybody Else... 7.25.2008

One sleepy Nile-crocodile in the swamplands of her office, floating about between the debris of her documents; surfing the Internet to check possible translations of scientific jargon

Dreaming of floating in the Orinoco, far from the Nile of her birth; wishing for a respite from sitting up straight in the most un-reptilian fashion, in a bad imitation of mammalian cortex life-form

Her saurian mind filled with images of dozing off in lengthwise elongation like all good crocodiles should, while listening to the eternal song of sun and wind sighing in freedom, telling of a time

When planet earth will return to pre-civilization and nature pristine will reign supreme, where crocodiles and alligators will be free to wander without limitation, realizing reptilian potential

Without wearing superficial refinement, without playing charades to hide original ideas, without norms to force all into conformity, without peer pressure to be as grey as everybody else...

Margaret Alice
As Her Teacher Would Do...

Covered my notebooks in pretty paper today, self-adhesive plastic, while Nici jeered at me, she is the local celebrity regarding plastic coverings, my first attempt was rejected with a school mam voice, pointing out the bubbles and other shortcomings, I refuse to imitate the pedagogic fraternity like this, that superior and modulated voice pointing out inappropriate behaviour – I prefer to treat my kids differently

Martin thinks it dangerous not to insist on more respect and discipline; but if they should feel about me as I felt about my superiors when I was small, I won’t feel happy at all – a child should have freedom for development and teaching me about love; seeing my blustering Nici undertook to practice being nasty on MXit, the local chatroom, though I enjoyed her goading very much, by book four my work was good

Even though she still commented on protruding edges – just as her teacher would do...

Margaret Alice
The crocodile spirit drowns soul in fantasy to release its mind from gloom but magic claims a price, allergy grows worse as the spirit breaks free through enchanting words

Crocodile returns catatonic, immobilised, thanks fablers for creating fantasies relieving pain passing crises in high jumps to heavenly realms

Poetry’s magic too dangerous flying high plummeting to earth returning an ungainly reptile after soaring in the sky like a bird

Rather to ascend in fantasies that never end in disappointment when reptilian reality asserts itself

Margaret Alice
Ashamed Of Myself 5.28.2009

I can’t hold up my head, everybody is running full-speed, the office is a beehive of activity, only I am left behind, too tired to lift my head and take part

Why should fatigue be my biggest enemy - inferiority is eating into me, I’m a nobody, cannot type a full day’s work, everybody is achieving

Only I am sinking into a well of self-pity; I’m too tired to fight this feeling, my head expanding into a big, soft blob of sponginess

I become useless, too tired to fight this fatigue, maybe when I’m well, I will be able to look myself in the eyes again, but until then

I feel ashamed of myself...

Margaret Alice
Astronomy: White Spiral Arms

Stuck next to the fax machine with escape in my hand – a Visual Universe Dictionary presenting an overhead view of our lovely galaxy in yellow in blue

With white spiral arms protecting the centre lovingly – our solar system hiding within the Arm of Orion while being persecuted by Perseus as well as Centaurus

And preceded by Sagittarius – then the most beautiful illustration of the whole universe that began in a yellow explosion, a fireball of hot gas expanding for

One million years, followed by a dark cloud of dust and gas, condensing into protogalaxies, a universe delineated in a purple sphere indicating how it would have appeared

Five billion years after the Big Bang; quasars containing Black Holes appearing as shiny white dots, galaxies spiralling and spinning, then a bigger sphere to represent

Today’s universe – some twenty billion years after the beginning in an explosion; gravity being the loving glue binding galaxy clusters together for ever - in a magical crystal sphere

As well as a microwave map of cosmic radiation in dark and pale blue, with pink and red added in proof of the Big-Bang hypothesis through the existence of cool radiation

Streaming equally from all directions in support of mainstream scientists’ speculative theory of cosmology...
Margaret Alice
Attend Fairytale Event 12.09.09

Says my positive book to script desired
events as I wish them to be, I often script
a fairytale poetry event where poets ancient
and contemporary convene, from Shakespeare
to Eugene Marais, from Goethe to Lamartine

I am a protocol officer, doing undercover
spying of course, since the event is so unreal
and based on impossibility, my positive book
says it cannot take place, I derive so much
joy from this daydream

I have not been able to script a real poetry bash
those I have read about taking place in Las Vegas
scare me too much; my fairytale event rarely gets
underway, my spy character usually discovers a
stall offering swimming activities

Then makes a long detour before joining the academic
thing, buys a new diving suit and goes surfing, when it
is time to stop daydreaming I never even created the
fictitious convention

Sometimes my fictitious character will board a flight to
attend such an event and gets sidetracked at the air-
port, discovers a magic toy shop and the rest of the
dream concerns the exploration of that wonderful
Aladdin’s cave

According to my positive book it means I am not focused
enough and my authorship ambitions cannot be realized
because I am more determined to have fun, sometimes
my character ends up at a musical festival instead of an intellectual poetry conference

Once or twice I even succeeded in making my character
attend the fairytale event, but as an anonymous spy, I
become so involved in the plot of this mystery that the
discussion of poetry does not develop at all, says my
positive book we shall get what we dream about

My conclusion is that I shall end up as a spy and never get to attend an academic event at all but I may grow up yet...

Margaret Alice
In courtly tradition Kingley took pity on our fate, switched off the air-con, rather let us suffocate than freeze to death, I bought more auto-sun-shades, blocked the sun, now we’re sitting in a world of blue, everyone! Also got me a book, On Being Sarah by Elizabeth Helfman, a positive perspective to help me survive my current head affection which makes it almost impossible to work, quite impossible to have fun; even as a character in my fantasy – I think they departed, I have no stories left in my head, I’m blown about by the things being said on TV, in books, in my documents; I’d give an arm and a leg to be myself again, only halfway awake in this world while living challenging adventures in my own fantasy...

Margaret Alice
Background Of Softest Blue Sky (Rev.)

Rainfall in thin silver slivers
crystal drops cling to rails
sun a radiant shaft through clouds
gleaming strings stream down
thunder rolls in deep-throated delight
rumbling contentment, satisfied

Rain plays percussion on roof iron, grass
glows in phosphorescent green
sunrays form dragonfly wings in my eyes
as I gaze into a rich, baritone thunder
a symphony in silver

A mint imperial sun winking
playing crystal drops twinkling
on blades of grass, raindrops in chords
on roof counterpoint to thunder’s
comforting booms, sunbeams glistening in
silver clouds, background of softest blue

Margaret Alice
The crocodile, boredom and scales, sitting
at work to survive a day 33 degrees Celsius
discovering her slacks, specially chosen for
keeping cool, oh horror of horrors, got holes
in – not of design, but wear and tear, this is
awful, my clothes are unlawful, I’m guilty of
public indecency, who saw me? ! – if only I
can get home in one piece – the shorts in
my cupboard at work is a public menace
also, orange shorts with purple ink stains
I’m stuck with this, sophisticated image of
black T-shirt and lipstick all shattered
The mirror shows me a barbarian reptile,
not mastering the concept of clothing!

Margaret Alice
As a child I tried Fundamentalism to replace the lack of miracles in our brand of Protestantism impressed by Revelations’ expectation of Armageddon, using toothache to prepare for the persecution of believers

Suffering torture in silence, when pain became unbearable I could not be a martyr for God, my endurance used up my powers, I could not sing God’s praises in prison as Paul did, I confessed the pain to my parents

Discovering hedonism, happiness and fun are more important than suffering for a good cause today I refuse all irrational suffering, enjoying the fun of creative freedom, I am impervious to the ethical imperative of sacrifice

My attempts to follow this moral dictum proved it unnatural, believing we are born with a flawed human nature convicts everybody to eternal damnation, living life on this premise creates hell on earth, rejecting the idea we were born to suffer

We are free to choose the exciting pain of intrigue or the sweet joy of golden happiness, I always prefer bright opportunities to be joyous...

Margaret Alice
Beautiful Explanation Of Creation

Georges Lemaître thought
the whole universe developed
from a ‘primordial atom’

Presented his ideas to Hubble
and Einstein, scientists were
stunned, Einstein gushed

Most beautiful explanation of
creation; Lemaître blushed,
space itself is expanding

A living universe, implying
a beginning, therefore
an ending also

Where would we be then..?

Martin Gorst “Aeons – The Search
for the Beginning of Time” p.222

Margaret Alice
Experts say so-called evil things and all we fear are only illusions; therefore my fear of persecution suddenly unleashed is only a remnant of childhood’s traumas unsolved

By acknowledging the validity of my fear and promising myself I am safe as long as I respect and accept all people, being certain my enemies bring untold gifts

Whenever I behold angry faces, undertaking to love all threats and menaces out there as undercover friends - when the fear in my head starts to see the world through pitch-black Glasses, dotted by frightening spots of blood; I surrender and accept its verdict that I’ve been banished to hell already, while insisting that I will love the devil and demons themselves

As good agents helping to improve the strength of my character; rectifying mischievous behaviour, correcting my tendency to reflect all insult and sarcasm back to the originators -

The fear gradually subsides while unquenchable hope deep inside me takes over direction, turning my eye towards all forms of perfection, creating the most beautiful images of a safe future world

On my scared behalf!

Margaret Alice
Ecclesiastes mentioned three great mysteries, but I have found one more overwhelming; why do popular and successful poets solicit comments, directing the eye to often-evaluated and highly rated poems?

Maybe their poems are so exceptional, they will bring about the highest good for the highest number, or they want to share the secrets of their success by teaching others how to write in their own style, or

They want to brag with their accolades; but writing ‘I concur’ as a comment seems redundant, if their aim is teaching, I’m a lost cause - unless they can teach me how to sing joy and beauty into being

I love poems singing about the sublime; I write to make words dance and sing for the joy it gives me, not to gain an audience by ascertaining what subjects and styles are popularly prescribed; I express the emotions

In my heart; statistics cannot determine what feelings will bubble forth, I’m seeking flowing melodies to express the philosophies spiraling in my thoughts, I don’t like forcing staccato words to march in military style

I respect history, pessimism, cynicism and criticism - but don’t interact with them, even when presented as beauty through the excellence of poetry; I prefer discovering the divine presented in sing-song form

A poet singing a new world into existence, changing the universe by applying Golden Section harmonics and recreating Chladni’s beautiful vibratory forms by sighing like a violin or contrabass...

Margaret Alice
In quietude of total solitude, 
early morning in the office 
conditioner humming, trying 
to arrange my mind to meet 
this day; looking for comforting 
thoughts with which to attack 
the documents on my desk. 

Trying to decide which fantasy 
would enlarge the weary limits 
of reality; still caught in the 
nightmares of last night – 
husby had to wake me as I 
was calling out for help – 
wishing I could run away 

From the thick mist enveloping 
my brain, all sockets and circuits 
blocked; wishing I could reread 
Douglas Adam’s Thanks For All 
The Fish and share his irreverent 
take on life, the universe and 
everything - maybe 

I should take my purse and set off 
somewhere until the gyroscope in 
my mind is straight, until the 
periscope through which the 
alien in my head watches 
the outside world has been 
blessed with feelings sweet 

Until the dream that eludes 
me now comes alive and fills 
the empty dreariness of my 
thoughts with other-dimensional 
joy in which happy souls are filled 
with meaning and light, in which 
frolicking clowns 

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Are telling jokes; sharing their comedies with me, in which reality falls away to reveal the beauty and wonder within...

Margaret Alice
Beauty And Wonders

I feel like Alice in Wonderland, every time I eat or drink something I feel different, but where she grew taller or shorter, my head grows heavier or lighter, bigger or wider.

I wonder why my head contains a balloon inflating like that, it is quite annoying, no control over what I feel, creating an intention inventory for myself doesn’t work because.

My energy quotient moves like mercury up and down, in winter my energy level keeps falling and staying down; if I could reach a positive state of mind and keep it steady.

I could achieve my ideals, sending rays of happiness to all I love, help my colleagues with their daily grind, turn people’s eyes to the beauty and wonders surrounding us.

I keep staring at my picture of dancing fairies, playing I am one of them, dancing a new world into existence, creating beauty and harmony by dancing in circles in a magical forest.

Where words like ‘agriculture’ and ‘self-righteous complaints’ and judgment’ do not exist, where the fun lies in covering the world in the most enticing colours, singing enchanting melodies.

While creating geometric forms, vibrating and shimmering in total and eternal delight!

Margaret Alice
Beauty Of A Whispered Dream

Sitting quietly while my heart is flowering within me, while full orchestras are playing majestic symphonies in my head, looking at meaningless terms, storm-water runoff and small island developing states, a storm of joy welling in my heart forming a runoff that fills my mind, elevating it above this earth moment into the realms of the godly beings flying around on wings as depicted on Babylonian clay tablets, wafted on the beauty of a whispered dream created from luminous thoughts of love and hope...

Margaret Alice
Become A Monadnock

I’ve got a new ideal after the visit to Kingsley, to become a monadnock, rising like an isolated hill, resisting the erosion of lack of privacy in an open-plan office, everybody asked me whether I was going to sing and I promised them that silence would never reign supreme

I baptized my new chair Heigh Ho Silver, have to tip it backwards and keep my feet on my desk to keep it from throwing me off, my little corner looks out over the rest of the office, I’ve become a Jack-in-the-box jumping up to take peeps over the room divider, African languages next to me

June and Hanlie moving cupboards for more privacy, I ran down to the Wimpy and had my waffle – perfect – now I know I will be very happy at Kingsley!

Margaret Alice
Becoming A Different Being

Being born wrong means never singing one’s own song, adapting to others who know what is best, accepting unconditionally I am in the wrong, thought I was a crocodile, found I was a dinosaur, a species extinct, yet here I am, an anomaly, a thorn in the flesh of humanity - listing all interaction variables in dealing with mammals, criticism accepted at the cost of rejecting myself

Covering up when the air buoying up my prehistoric spirit is let out, accepting deflation and condemnation as conditions of biological life, refusing to conform in condemning others, sticking to my own precepts at the cost of having no friends, inured to loneliness, trusting that life after physical death will bring the companionship missed in sensory life, secretly harbouring visions of becoming a different being...

(Become a normal human being, living in animal joy, not caring about spiritual things)

Margaret Alice
Bedouin Style In His Desert Tent

Life abounds with unexpected happy endings  
more successful romances than I ever supposed: 
Consider the life of Lady Ellenborough, born Jane  
Elizabeth Digby, a gay divorcee in eighteen thirty

She went to live in Damascus and the Syrian deserts  
where she met Medjuel, a noble Bedouin - became  
Jane Digby el Mezrab, spending six months a year  
Western-style in her Damascus villa, the other six

Bedouin style in his desert tent, for a happy marriage of  
twenty six years – in the desert she milked the camels,  
served her husband, waiting on him as he ate, like any  
Arab woman; called the White Devil by the Bedouins

Because of her courage, she killed an enemy sheik;  
this beautiful love story satisfies my appetite for  
happiness after being shocked by stories of sadness  
and hatred – long live Lady Jane Digby el Mezrab

In love with and adored by her husband,  
Medjuel, till the day of her death...

Margaret Alice
This is the reason why Victor Frankl had to relay his dream of writing a book as if it were written already – his concentration camp mates could not stand the possibility that their cherished theories about the impossibility of realizing dreams could be proved wrong, fearing responsibility for mastering the technique of dreaming – so they reacted in scorn and forced Frankl to hide his dream behind a studied front – I’m doing the same, it is a lovely game; I keep people off the scent of my real dreams then they cannot monitor progress and persecute me; each time they smile in victory, having destroyed an acknowledged dream; I simply come up with a thousand more; carefully weaving a web of conscious strands to hide the unconscious wishes underneath; all my highest ideals stay intact and unscathed while I get to practice the technique of dreaming – I call this process Beeblebroxing my brain – closing up that part of my brain that dreams and keeping myself unaware of my real dreams to prevent me from revealing them inadvertently!

Margaret Alice
Beer Bird Grilling – Oi Vey...

After our latest foray into the magic and mayhem of beer bird grilling*, hubby excited as a child, I’m feverish and ill, wishing I could transcend my food limitations to become a better person, to become loving and good, instead of scared and fatigued

My dream is the release from physical constraints to reach the emotional wisdom and loving kindness I strive for, to attain maturity and insight, fighting physical symptoms in silence is not the best way to go when one wants to grow spiritually

Tonight my head is swelling in pain and instead of planning how to apply love in the work-place tomorrow, I’m nursing muscle pains in sorrow, other people are kind and loving without reading a whole library on relationships – from Dr Phil to Martha Beck and Stephanie Dowrick – but I keep on reading and studying to imprint a good attitude on my brain to control my asocial behaviour when I experience pain – all to limited effect, having to repeat everything endlessly to apply when

The allergy short-circuits my brain...

*Beer bird grilling: A brilliant system of planting a chicken upright on a beer can and let the beer fumes and added marinade produce a succulent meal – lovely to eat indeed, oi vey...

Margaret Alice
Being Invisible 4.18.2009

A terrible afternoon, playing at being invisible, not saying or doing anything to attract attention, listening to desultory conversation made by people recalling shared experience, wholly focused on the sensory world, beyond that cricket and rugby, that is the sum total of the general conversation, no-one’s allowed to discuss their field of interest, sitting uncomfortably outside, cold, even had to take my own food, keep quiet, make polite remarks and nod my head – I’d rather be dead than go through this again; since hubby refuses to visit my colourful, boisterous family, I shall refuse to visit his quiet, immobile relations in future, such boredom is indescribable, serves no purpose, nothing in reality had any deeper significance, all was empty, no symbolical value, no allegory, such experience kills the spirit, it is impossible to flow love when we have to be dead mentally and spiritually...

The Flow Of Love

Inter-subjective consent reality, people agreeing on sensory interpretation of physical manifestation, is such a lonely place, a source of existential fear

Inner mental experience is non-verifiable, expressed in symbols and sound, emotions are intensely personal, alone in our minds we cannot share personal symbolism

We cannot prove anything, thus symbols, music and words, are the best company
revealing everything the physical world hides, distorts and disfigures

Spiritual, religious and scientific material, revealing man’s best aspirations and ideals, have a special place in my heart, realism belongs in photography and film

I prefer to read hearts and minds, seeking new heights of love and understanding as found in some fairy tales, legends and mythology

Gossiping and conformity never enchant me, even when it is elevated by learned experts, I focus on ideals, dreams and visions, by which we have created the current world

We can image new versions of everything, especially of emotions and feelings, love and affection, I strive to make the flow of love my ambition in life...

Margaret Alice
Belladonna, Eva Ibbotson (Rev.)

Belladonna tried to do black magic, she wanted to create a nest of vipers - but begot a pot of begonias, she wanted to smite and wreck and blast

Saying every morning: ‘Every day in every way, I am growing blacker...’ Whiteness being a curse - then raised Sir Simon’ spectre, True Necromancy

Denoting her as black as can be, black enough for Arriman, Dark Wizard of the North, but when she woke, blissfully in love, it was a disaster

Her room filled with snowflakes, music played, gold and silver tinsel showed - her brief spell of Necromancy was over, she could not be the wife

Of Blighting and smiting and withering Dark Wizard of the North, she could not meet his standards of blackness...


Margaret Alice
Beneath The Flimsy, Diaphanous World 7.9.2008

A brilliant aperitif, Roy Stemman’s Spirit Communication, together with Maria Augusta Trapp’s Yesterday, Today and Forever as a salad on the side

All rounded off by the sweetness of David Hughes’ Star of Bethlehem; I’ve prepared a sumptuous meal for myself, can’t stand the books

Awaiting at home, I’ve borrowed appetizing books from the library, making my mouth water and lifting my spirit high above

All high-brow academics will look down on my meal of fun, consisting of the weird and wonderful, but I look down on them, the indescribable boredom

Of much-acclaimed realism is not for me, I want to contemplate the unknown and mysteries, however presented, style is irrelevant, the only thing that counts

Is the content – a book on Evolution and one about Indian Masters to make sure there are bon-bons also; now I’m elated, ready to face my little life

Beneath the flimsy, diaphanous world of routines are whole universes of thought to be discovered - whole ecosystems of emotions to be experienced!

Margaret Alice
Best-Kept Secret

Back from a trip to Kingsley again, 
mission successful, Thokozile and 
Agent MK victorious, discovered 
a new clause in the procedural list

An RQ-number may be assigned 
before signature is obtained – nobody 
knew, it was the best-kept secret since 
the Cold War has ended

I love ferreting out secrets and sharing 
my knowledge so everyone can gain 
by my arduous trek through the 
tortuous ways

Of mystical new procedural rules...

Margaret Alice
Topgear - BBC, an Italian-made Alfa favourite
instead of cool German-engineered cabriolets
even if handles fall off the temperamental
Alfa and the car won’t stop

For sheer passion and driving exhilaration
even as it falls apart - reminding of Guareschi’s
tale, a passionate mechanic, Peppone, down-
trodden in WW II by a nasty Lieutenant

now a struggling salesman with broken-down
car, needing Peppone’s help - offering a chance
for revenge, but Peppone’s love for all things
mechanical had him restore the car for free

An emotional decision by the fiery Italian
temperament, story forever embedded in my
mind, I LOVE the Italian spirit symbolized
in Grand Prix Ferrari’s exploits through history

Manifest in opera, Puccini’s Madame Butterfly
sobbing over her little boy before she dies, Verdi’s
tragic Aida and desperate La Traviata - enchanting
Italian temperament illustrated by Alfa’s infamy

bewitching my mind...

Margaret Alice
Stuck in limbo, can’t get up, the spark
is gone, chills and fevers all I know,
doctor says virus infection, nods
her head, back to bed, burning
perspiration

I have nothing left, read my books, Von
Däniken, Don Camillo, never feel so
terrible for so long, the world has
stopped, flames living in my
head

Tried to work, had to put all away, being
vertical is not on, can’t hold up my head,
how to survive feeling ill, to me it is
unbearable, anxious about
everything

Will I ever feel energetic and excited again,
when will strength return, when will I stop
to burn and freeze under strangling
blankets, feeling tired and
discouraged

Give me strength or let me die in peace;
stuck in limbo I know no happiness,
too tired to dream up fantasies –
the biggest loss
indeed...

Margaret Alice
Billy Goats Gruff

My Dad in a brusque voice said those ‘bloody fools’ sent me on a stupid course, I start typing – head office calls, ‘get that fool off, he’s messing up the system using coarse, uncouth diction’

beneath the bravado I could see a small, helpless man too weak in the wrists; although he did very little at a time he had to work incessantly to get that little piece done, and I cried...

weak and scared as me inside facing a terrifying world as a man who never mastered modern technology, takes one wrong turn and is lost, totally confused - no wonder we felt no security

he had none to give...

Margaret Alice
Birth Of A Mystery 5 July 2009

Spirit renewed, heart rejuvenated, filled to overflowing by the energy stream, a mystery hero came to a heroine in a dream

Whispered of love and delight to the tune of celestial music, too beautiful to describe, the beauty of love replacing all darkness

The birth of another mystery, energy inexhaustible, forever new, the new dream always better than the one which came before

This is the meaning of infinity: Love never grows stale, perfection will be replaced by something better, the world will never

Stop evolving, the heroine still feels the kiss of the mystery hero upon her lips...

5 June 2009

Margaret Alice
Bitter Brilliance

Feels like a legion ants crawling
under my skin - every thought
triggers a feeling which causes
a mini-explosion in my body
sharp aches in my wrists

Lime cordial - that is the thing
never drink it again, whatever
I ate and drank tonight shall be
taboo, these symptoms are
terrible, being eaten alive

The bed an uneven rock and
my back so sore, bitter brilliance
of an allergy attack, skin shrinking
while my mind is blocked - cannot
find a pleasing thought, though

I have magnificent and light-hearted
obsessions enough to motivate me
all the time I can't access these
while the allergy holds sway
no sympathy sought

I have succeeded to make a mess
all by myself therefore I must extricate
myself, using the values and principles
I have found yet it feels as if I am
buried, arms bound

In a concrete cage, far from the knowledge
and help of human companions

Margaret Alice
Blasphemy

Nici is visiting a friend, Tiaan
off to a party, I’m at a loose end,
no more excuse for eschewing
the exercise apparatus arraigned
in the sunroom

The stationary bike, which I despise,
I want to go places, the rowing machine,
equally immobile, and the sit-up one
hundred - not for this crocodile;
I’d much rather swim

A sunroom as a gym, blasphemy, and
the Lord and Master of the Crocodile
Castle has decreed no turning them
to watch TV – since then,
I’ve been too angry

To exercise anyhow, just watching
four enclosing walls – unthinkable,
no self-respecting crocodile would
ever stoop that low!

Margaret Alice
Staring at my book with its enticing subtitle creating surprise:

The Satanarchaeolidealcohellish Notion Potion from German: Der Satanarchäolügenialkohöllische Wunschpunsch; translated by two bewitching names: Schwarzbauer and Takvorian

Beelzebub Preposteror, a sorcerer extraordinaire, all of a pickle because no time to complete his annual share of villainous deeds; what is a wicked wizard to do?

Tyrannia Vampirella makes a fiendish plan to destroy the world; unless stopped by the intrepid Mauricio the cat – creating a tale of magic and mayhem

– while supposed
to translate miserable letters
directed against politicians assuming they are just waiting for complaints;
can you blame me for taking my mind into the blessed realms of magical mayhem?

Quoted from Michael Ende: “The Night of Wishes” (Subtitle: “The Satanarchaeolidealcohellish Notion Potion”) Scholastik Publications 1993

Margaret Alice
I haven’t found a single Dutch term
IRC and lurisnummer, in vain I trawl
the internet, I bet Hanlie knows where to
find police terminology, the Dark Middle
Ages represent a lighted sharpness com-
pared to the sluggishness in my head

Have you ever experienced absolute conviction
you cannot master a task, it is so high above your
normal thought process, even while you hack at the
seams, you keep sinking deeper and deeper into your
own subjective experience of inability? Why I always
end up in these situations

Instead of sweeping streets, washing cars, writing
tickets, serving at bars, I cannot understand; why a
Dutch document should have fallen into my incapable
hands for translation, cannot be fathomed, maybe it
is a lesson that life is random, chaos reigns supreme
embrace materialism with abandon

Flee because death will set you free

Maybe the total destruction of death means it is madness
to do anything, just lose consciousness and never know
anything for eternity, maybe I could turn into a stone or
a rock and sleep through the ages of infinity, maybe
reincarnation means I can become a mineral in my
next life, existing in blessed

Unconsciousness – what a great prospect

Just right for me!

Margaret Alice
Margaret Mahy, one of my favourite children’s authors, wrote “The Blood-and-Thunder-Adventure on Hurricane Peak” - which sounds ever so much grander in Afrikaans: “Die zoep-zap-en-zirts-hom! -avontuur op ORKAANPIEK” - just like my father’s Afrikaans version of Spaghetti Westerns “Skiet-Skop-En-Boem-Boem” – is better than the English.

His description of an unkempt fellow, namely “Ramajaffel” is amazing - and his description of a bad-tempered woman “Shrew” is absolutely top of the pops: “Je lelijke oude micrijvel” I’ve never heard it anywhere else – there was an Afrikaans program with the Van Helsdingen and Jan Salie who sent his antagonists home in his own wheelbarrow –

Then found to his astonishment that they wanted to prosecute – could it be some archaic form of Belgian, Flemish, or Dutch that gave rise to these enchanting terms?

“Skiet-Skop-En-Boem-Boem” = Shoot-Kick-and-Boom-Boom “Je lelijke oude micrijvel” = You-Ugly-Old-Woman

Margaret Alice
Blue Afternoon

The day had been prancing about like a wild horse
and threw me off unceremoniously; I fell and
rolled in the dust, here I am, still stunned,
trying to gather my wits, I must pack up
and return home to continue in another
segment –

First the mad dash into the street, the wild ride
through traffic, dodging and diving, cursing
and surviving between wild projectiles of
impatient, angry drivers, me being discreet
while hubby uses expletives that make
strangers blush - picking up kids;

A quick shopping spree, then the calmness
of the kitchen - until dinner preparations
must begin; vegetables and meat, a salad
or two; eating in front of the TV - a
loud act of rebellion against all
educational literature

Then the tidying of the kitchen
listening to Classic FM... rest
my weary soul...

Margaret Alice
Blue French Into Red-Hot Benchmark English

A somnolent Nile-Crocodile regarding the antics of the Ministry of Humanitarian Affairs - How Great Thou Art - meeting needs and lending agricultural implements and handing out medicines and walking about tendering a helping hand to everybody and being amazingly genial and good and kind and wonderful, supplying corrugated iron sheets

To translate correctly from blue French into red-hot benchmark English, the crocodile drinks sinupills to bring down allergic swelling of the primitive crocodile brain, to make it possible to remain reasonably sane while reading desultory lines conveying dreary messages in a mind-numbing document with a stupendous lack of excitement

Contrasting badly with the fun of the goblin party; the crocodile dreams of dancing upside down with trolls and gnomes against a background of screeching and howling imps and leprechauns...

Margaret Alice
Boks Lost To The All Blacks 7.05.2008

Hubby is angry, I did not make him coffee today, it is half past eleven on a Saturday, the Boks lost to the All Blacks because of my not serving him coffee; rugby makes his life a living hell, he must share the pain with his loved ones, so he hands on the pain to everyone who has the amazing luck to cross his path –

Lay your burden on my shoulder, let me carry the yoke for you, I’m your Calvinist wife, we were born to serve, especially making endless cups of coffee for those who suffer the indescribable pain of losing a match against the All Blacks....

Margaret Alice
Bond Would Freeze Here 4.24.2009

Started the day with hot chocolate, the temperature a bracing hot Siberian 16 degrees in Kingsley, Hermien is measuring it carefully, but she pleads - Please don’t complain, every time we say a word the air-con breaks down; Jane and I in parkas all wrapped up in woolly blankets

Poor James Bond would freeze to death here, we would have to defrost him before he would be able to continue his amorous conquests in the movie to be filmed in Kingsley; oh dear, those scenes will require a different title role Bond girl than me, I don’t go in for that kind of scene, I prefer being an Ice Queen

Much safer and more sensible because life is not all that it seems; the physical world is but an allegory of deeper meanings, I am really a musical note, a minor b played on the piano, with harmonics in thirds and sixes and deep bass accompaniment, my signature tune is Cross-Hand Boogie….

Margaret Alice
Books: The Trouble With Magic

Pleiadian Perspectives by Amorah Quan Yin
Teaching Yourself Astronomy by Patrick Moore,
The Universe and The Earth - MacDonald,
Book of Pyramids, Stars
and Atoms

Then in 2004: Harry Potter And The Order of the
Phoenix, Help! I'm Trapped In My Teacher's Body-
Todd Strasser, Men Are From Mars, Women from
Venus – John Gray, Time Tangle – Frances Eagar
Ragdolly Anna Stories – Jean Kenward, Yo-Yo
Relationships – D.L. Virtue

Get A Life Without The Strife, Johnny and the
Dead – Pratchett, Granny the Pag – Nina Bawden,
Step By Wicked Step - Anne Fine; The Self Matters
Companion – Dr Phil, Pick-Up Sticks – Sarah Ellis,
Maskerade – Pratchett

The Rescuers – Margery Sharp, Sophie's World –
Jostein Gaarder, Lords And Ladies – Pratchett
For The Love Of Seven Dolls & Thomasina –
Paul Gallico, Helen Keller's Teacher – M.
Davidson

The Hitchhikers Guide To The Galaxy – Douglas
Adams, The Field Guide to Extraterrestrials –
Patrick Huyghe, The Interrupted Journey – Fuller,
Prison to Praise – Merlin Carothers, Reading To
Heal, Bibliotherapy – Jacqueline Stanley

The Joy Diet – Martha Beck, Between Love And
Hate – Lois Gold, Only You Can Save Mankind –
Pratchett, Aliens In The Family – Margaret Mahy,
The Worst Witch – Jill Murphy, Anne Of Avonlea –
Montgomery

2005: More Alice – Yates Wilson, They Must Have


The Night-Watchmen – Helen Cresswell, The Trouble With Magic – Ruth Chew … the trouble with the magic of reading books is – I’ve got to stop in between!

Margaret Alice
Bored With Own Consciousness 5.15.2008

If ever I leave a suicide note, it would read;
died of boredom, couldn’t stand my own mind
any more, bored with my own consciousness,
bored with routines, with limited awareness

Couldn’t penetrate psychic realms, couldn’t
experience the magic of the subconscious,
only read and heard of the delight of inspiration,
while held in the cold clutches of bleak

Motivation; this physical life is not worthwhile,
only pointing me in the right direction, making
it clear there is more to reality than physical
materialization, yet imprisoned in my mind

I have been a prisoner forever, never once did
a clairvoyant moment invade the coldness, I had
to stand outside longingly staring at mediums
and spiritualists in contact with non-physical

I’m too lonely in my mind, I’m dying of loneliness,
words from people outside is not reaching me,
either legal euthanasia in Holland, or illegal
mushrooms found in the garden

This lonely mind cannot go on, too much
coldness, too little epiphany...

Margaret Alice
Afloat in jacaranda clouds
perfumed with sweet white
jasmine, another universe
a heroine in a lovely dress
converses with a protagonist
who does not exist

My book about a kidnapped
prince, slave to servants of a
rich man’s whim, heart broken
when unrecognized by wizard
and ogre demanding to see
the rich man’s son – not him

My refuge from reality where
I bury fairy dust that magics
life into something wonderful,
determined to stay bound and
gagged until all my work is done

Margaret Alice
'Boy Soldier Son 31/12/09

Shocked by the crude facts of civil war portrayed in ‘Blood Diamond’ but I adore the theme running like a golden cord throughout the story

Leonardo DiCaprio, a cynic, smuggling diamonds, so deeply moved by an African father’s love for his boy soldier son that DiCaprio gives up his life

And entrusts a rare diamond to the African man to create a new life for his family, turning his exploitation of diamonds into a great story, thus enforcing

Legal protection for African countries and win global support for the African cause of freedom from mercenary involvement in civil wars, rebel groups fighting for control of

Rich natural resources, Africa destroyed by invaders as well as her own citizens...

The film called “Blood Diamond” portrays civil war in Sierra Leone 1999

Margaret Alice
Brain Exercises 4.27.2009

I think my brain engaged in military exercises last night, firing neurons, checking minefields of barbed-wire thoughts, making connections and launching guerilla attacks on innocent dendrites with dopamine, brain cells ambushing each other, creating new pathways of meanings – no sane brain in normal operational mode could create such nonsensical hallucinatory images – unless I visited an alternative version of me in a parallel universe – a very scary place indeed!

Margaret Alice
'Brave Literary Attempt 18/11/09

Shared my stories with Alet
a fantasy of a government
official off to attend
a convention

Derailing the scene by her
having all kinds of exciting
adventures, the stern, grim
convocation

Turning into a fairytale of a
damsel in distress, a brave
literary attempt destroyed
as weI digress

By creating a melodramatic
scene in which the heroine
is unmasked as a female
phantom of the opera

The scars to her soul turning
her into a stone, ice-cold and
without feeling, no sympathy
for human failings

As her soul had been turned
into a snowflake when she
was small by events beyond
her control

But as Alet and I envisage the
scene of her hitting the head
of her victims into a pulp while
screaming

‘I order you to be my friend!
Be my friend, you scum, or
die! – drawing an axe from
her handbag
We roll around laughing so much, colleagues threaten us with eviction!

Margaret Alice
Break Down On A Dirt Road...

I wonder, when I do such bad work, why the earth don't open up and swallow me, why do I always end up with the most illogical choice, the most objectionable idea? If I did not have such a thick hide, I would have been wearing sack-cloth and ashes all day long – no, wait, I am wearing them, still strewing ashes over my head- my work is clumsy and reads like an old Ford car ready to break down on a corrugated dirt road, hanging my head in shame...

Margaret Alice
'Break Free...14/12/09

Lady Bertram in Mansfield Park, lazy, indolent, her sister, if I remember correctly, raised her daughter, taught her manners, but never taught her love – it is impossible

Consideration is an attitude, character revealed, it cannot be learnt, I presume, her daughter led astray by Mary’s insouciance, while Fanny refused to join in the fun

You cannot teach people goodness, when another raises your kids and you criticize them for it, you should know that disposition is something inborn, blaming the caretaker is

The most awful indication of ingratitude; why did you not do it yourself? Do not tell me your were ousted, impossible to do if your decision to raise your own kids is strong

Stop criticizing others, accept responsibility for the consequences of what happened and you will break free of the darkness inside...

“Mansfield Park” Jane Austen

Margaret Alice
Breaks Your Heart

For Andrew With The Broken Heart
in "Sometimes You Say"

When someone breaks your heart
by an inconsiderate remark, first ask
before walking away with a broken
heart

Communication is a difficult art,
misunderstandings proliferate all
the time; don’t retaliate before you
have ascertained

What the person meant, don’t threaten
to desert a loved one simply because
it seemed as if they did not act with
circumspection

Or did not respect you enough, don’t
brood on assumptions – always ask
and explain, otherwise, you will plunge
daggers

In the hearts of those you love!

Margaret Alice
Bright White Beach 03.09.2009

To my great chagrin I have to admit
the only person who made use of
Tiaan’s hospital bed was I, the sorely
tried mother, when hubby found my
black humour and attempts to look at
the bright side less than savoury

I gave up and stretched out for a needed
rest in that emergency room where people
with short-cropped hair walked up and down
while all the rest stood about, looking forlorn
and staring into the distance - I am sure I
did the looking forlorn extremely well

In the X-ray department I paged through two
magazines intended to alleviate the boredom
of a rich, bored, pampered, idiotic woman
with so much time on her hands that she
crochets covers for her water tumblers
embroiders her handbag

Pasting beads and gift paper on tissue boxes
and wastepaper baskets, makes idiotic dishes
for superficial friends who arrive en masse
and hang around on a windowed terrace
looking out on a bright white beach, men
wearing blinding white suits

All hanging around sipping blue concoctions
looking extremely unpleasant and suspicious!

Margaret Alice
Mr Budesonide asked his wife, Mrs Formoterol Fumarate Dihydrate: Would you like to use the Symbicord Turbuhaler? No, she replied, I much prefer Corticosteroids and Analogues in order to write about them on Blogspot - because of that

Mr Budesonide nearly had a glucocorticosteroid, his wife had to play an anti-inflammatory role to calm him down, just then their son, an adrenergic agonist who frequently causes relaxation of the bronchodilating effect leading to pharmacokinetic Interactions between parameters of monoproducts, sauntered into the room, looking for his magic broom so he could zoom into the wide blue sky flying on to Hogwarts to join Ron, Harry and his friends....

Margaret Alice
Burning Or Crucifixion 6.11.2009

This is overpowering, I’m running away,
Godzilla, sorry Mozilla, showed me most
graciously her favourite sites are Craigslist,
Yelp and Facebook – the very same site
which has been blocked by Squishguard

No beloved friends like Google, Yahoo or
New Scientist in sight, I shudder to think
what became of my old friend Dan Winter;
Facebook hates me, even refuses to open
at home where Squishguard does not exist

I’m in Internet prison it seems, my freedom
seriously curtailed - I’m only left with crackpot
letters to the President, I shudder when thinking
of them, when translating, sweat starts clouding
my brow, suffering from anxiety I know

This must be the Biblical End of Days; I don’t
fear death, only the manifold ways in which its
advent might be painful – like
burning or crucifixion...

Margaret Alice
'Burning Volcano Inside 16/11/09

Positive books recommend enjoying sadness as much as joy, tonight I apply their advice, trying to enjoy the tears I cry, hoping to sob my way out of sadness, facing a situation I cannot master, trying to overcome fear of my incompetence and lack of control, inability to conquer the dark in my soul, the rebellion against repetition

Why, oh WHY is it so difficult, why is it so painful to conquer myself and draw up lists, I am guilt-ridden, duties others carry out with resignation cause war in my heart, I can’t share the isolation of fighting myself, I HATE my weakness in not overcoming my character flaws, every month the same macabre ritual repeats itself, struggling to complete

Documents that bore me to death - as I near the end, repetition of boredom and meaninglessness handicaps my effort to complete all my projects, only by hurting and hating myself do I manage to become so unhappy I finally do what I intensely detest, losing my self-esteem once again, yet for all that my passionate nature never cools down

Burning like a volcano inside, fighting to keep up appearances, seem one of the crowd, not revealing the mutilation of my rebellious spirit, confiding the pain to diaries in words I have been assured will reach no-one, I’m sick to death of my false smile, wish I could show how I feel – but that would be suicide...
Margaret Alice
The business course is a joy, to learn how to handle argument, the delight of streamlined sentences, polishing long-winded confusion until the essence shines, chopping away unnecessary clutter that muddles the issue.

To write poetry to gladden the heart, I need this course to refine thinking processes because to uplift and entertain others and myself, I must be able to define my ideas and state them in a charming sequence of Melodious words, let the wind of insight blow the chaff away and leave the main idea like a shining pearl of wisdom, though realizing the extent of my ignorance is painful, the course is my chance to improve, I pray.

The gods may help me to profit so that I may create poems as beautiful miniatures that will convey my sense of delight and wonderment when beholding the marvels offered by our magnificent planet and all the lovely people and angels who enrich my life....

6 July 2009

Margaret Alice
a Business Writing course on Monday,
laying poetry with its rhythm and
melody aside to report facts without
a lilt in the voice, without special words
of choice, following guidelines and
rules to make our business proposals
lack lustre jewels, subject, verb and
object in firm connection, short, numbered
lines and logical sequence, controlled
less colour or feeling, black and grey
correctness crowned with red tape,
love of music crucified, sacrificed on
an altar of bureaucratic expediency
and administrative efficiency, newspeak
with no loopholes for adjectives to
mess up descriptions of an hierarchy’s
perception of what reality should be
while fat cats laugh all the way to the
bank as the gravy train speeds
on its way...

3 July 2009

Margaret Alice
But I Must Return

Voices, refined, modulated
talking, talking, explaining
repeating refrains, on and
on and on – reverberating
in my head

I cannot find the silence in
my mind, reading about the
environment and sustainable
development, the voice keeps
talking

Even rhythm, without passion
in expression, without imparting
anything of interest, monotonously
enunciating phrases - this is
prison indeed

A prisoner of circumstance am I
captured within a space of cultivated
voices droning on, I can flee a while
but I must return, the insomnia
of last night

Has worn my patience thin, nowhere’s
safe when fatigue takes me prisoner –
then thrown into the genteel company
of talking voices that
I can’t escape

Sitting quietly in a hidey hole, a
moment of respite, but I must
return...

Margaret Alice
Call These Evil People...

Let me call these evil people once again, Direct Medicare probably directly descended from old Nic himself, the evil spawn of mad genius, they will deliver only after sending the poor applicant through hell, must furnish proof of everything, a new prescription from a medical practitioner which costs an eye and an arm before the transaction can begin

Proof of star sign and shoe size, being a human being classified and colour-coded, numbered and approved as Dimension Prime or One or Two, these evil people should be sent to the Dungeon Dimensions Prime themselves, my positive book promised I can have anything I identified once I felt good myself, obviously there is something wrong with making such wild promises

Unless I fail to qualify as a subject of such joy because I chose to be born with an allergy which keeps me perpetually balanced between the joys of heaven and the fires of hell....

Margaret Alice
Camouflage To Hide Behind

Read my book on feeling good, it insisted I must feel good before good things can be obtained through its use; I felt the grave injustice in all of that, if I must first feel good before the book could have effect, why am I reading it?

But I went out and skulked amongst the cars, playing at being a secret agent, ducked behind the stairs, filled my cool-drink bottle with another drink as if I were a-smuggling, all these shenanigans gave oomph to life; I returned with a face all smug

I felt really good all by myself, now back to the book to see what they promise me when I feel this way, apparently all my desires will be met; I need camouflage for my growing flab before hitting the beach next week, surely after all the ducking and diving

I've done lunch-time, the universe will deliver perfect camouflage to hide behind when tackling the ocean!

Margaret Alice
Can’t Imagine It For Myself

Seeking release in tears, reading about the suffering described by Wurmbrand, priests forced to serve holy rites with human excrement is too much

Never cried at school, the first time I read this I kept the shock inside, felt like dying of sadness, crying helps to release the pressure building up inside

Cannot share Wurmbrand’s experiences and return to my own place and time, my mind remains in Romania, in a prison where men are dying in pain

Reading to extract the spiritual message from the author’s account; though this morning washing came first, I couldn’t break out of the red, violent atmosphere of

Brutality flecked with the grey of betrayal and deprivation, washing became a rite of sadness, followed by an abortive attempt to seek solace at the mall

Tried reading The Choice For Love by Stanton and Rodegast but their inane repetition of ‘always choose love above fear’ did not assuage the fear engendered

By Wurmbrand, the loving Pastor, suffering simply because he clung to his faith under religious persecution; didn’t matter how often he chose love

Prison circumstances kept growing worse; luckily the end of the book is in sight, I’ll be enriched by sharing the events with Wurmbrand and fellow believers

Wondering what I would have done under religious persecution, this is the scary part – would I have been brave – I can’t imagine it for myself...

Richard Wurmbrand “In God’s Underground” edited by Charles Foley, Garden City Press, 1968
Margaret Alice
Can’t Stand Such Cynicism

Chalk it up to experience, but this day has been one of the dreariest I’ve had in a long time, the more I tried to cast my mind into a positive stance, the worse the pain in my heart, I tried to reach for better-feeling thoughts; but the feelings were determined by Pratchett’s sad end to Moving Pictures, couldn’t lift myself out of the doldrums, couldn’t get the fog to lift in my head, all remained enfolded within a cloud of despondency – all because Pratchett destroyed the Discworld’s moving picture industry in his book, I can’t stand such cynicism...

Margaret Alice
Cannot Take Revenge

Practicing virelangues – tongue twisters in French – in order to surprise Hanlie and June: « Didon dîna dit-on de dix dos dodus de dix dodus dindons « = They say that Dido dined off the ten fat backs of ten fat turkeys

Nice and nonsensical, just the kind of thing to irritate them into finding a new job for me – maybe I should find other victims to entertain with my virelangues, Sue and Spector - driving them nuts, they cannot take revenge on me!

Margaret Alice
Cantabile Discussions, Pianissimo Remarks
11.12.2008

Drifting quietly at work, the cantabile discussions,
pianissimo remarks of my considerate colleagues
forming a strange background to my tired mind that
cannot be forced to focus on lists and statistics, all
meaning and significance of symbols flowing away
until only lines and smiles, forms and sounds can
calm my disheveled thoughts

Listening to the music of James Mokotong while
following the trail of the fairies traced by Google,
checking on opals as the king of jewels and stage
costumes in between, made it seem as if time started
to fly and ere long the long, buzzing afternoon was at
an end and I took my dying succulent – too little sun-
shine for my desert friend – and fled home

Singing "Blue Spanish Eyes" as I went, feeling the
need for a nostalgic atmosphere to enrich the day
wearing a shroud of rain clouds blue and grey...

Margaret Alice
Capricorn’s Wonderful Habit

When I feel ill, I look for comforting things, I grab my astrology book and reassure myself on the sensitivity and sweetness of my Virgo friend, and the grumpiness and undercover need for flattery of my Capricorn boss, I’m Cancer myself – speaking astrogenetically –

And must be quite a trial to my nervous Virgo travelling companion, he has a first-aid kit stashed away, taking up all the space on the boat in which we drift downstream; leaving very little place for my honeycakes and tea – while stubborn Capricorn has sworn never To support my hare-brained scheme of writing a dream into infinity, I send messages to him on paper, folded as aeroplanes; all the while communicating intermittently by owl-post with my Virgo friend when he goes away and I’m alone resting on the shore, looking through Recipe books for making pies and baking cakes, I seldom get around to try any of those, my Scorpio friend comes around and quite impatiently bakes an enormous pie that leaves very little room for anyone else, I’m quite glad he’s so happily occupied, it leaves me time to retreat within myself □

Making up stories concerning mermaids and fairy queens, based on the pictures supplied in Arthur Mee’s Encyclopedia – but feeling ill today; I read about Capricorn’s wonderful habit of helping a friend in need whenever he’s called upon, I took my headache to bed and dreamt of help...

Margaret Alice
Caressing Contrabass

Speaking with the eyes, real admiration shining in a stranger’s eyes is light-years ahead of language, when eyes talk, your heart comes to a standstill, it touches you at a level words cannot reach

Puppy-dog eyes are powerful, eye-speak changes your feelings – I have to rework every scene when the effect of a significant look had been left out, if I hadn’t stopped to allow my characters

Enough time to stare at each other for a period of time - expressing feelings verbally is meaningless, language only works in written form, your physical presence relies on power of sight

Without that, the tactile sense of touch – satin skin, a voice caressing you with contrabass, highlighted by golden sunshine, will also do the trick – but that I have only heard in ‘flicks’*

Therefore, my stories rely on eye-speak and contrabass; appearance, cheekbones, lips and half-closed eyes - youthful stupidity as found in muscle hunks - doesn’t work for me, doesn’t work visually

It is sound and touch and puppy-dog eyes that will do it all, but I have only seen it on three occasions, a Portuguese, a Frenchman, a Greek; how big the chance of seeing it ever again?

Very small, I suppose, other nationalities cannot communicate through their eyes...

Margaret Alice
The Cat Attacks

I don’t like the new couch, it’s bulky and strange and much too small, I can’t lie in your lap, the kids can’t fit in with us,

I loved the old one where all four of us squeezed in, even the cat, you complained we might just as well have lived

In a one-roomed flat when we all joined you on the couch, now those days are gone, you perch on the floor

While I sit alone, I wanted to fall asleep in your lap as I always do, now I’m sitting upright, Tiaan took place

At my writing desk, Nici with you on the floor, I’m alone on the couch – This is not right!

Alone on the couch, watching TV, hearing strange noises, when I investigate the cat attacks

I can’t even lie down comfortably on this new couch, and the cat’s attacking – it just goes to show:

This is not right!

Drive Someone Nuts With Ridiculous Fun
There is a fountain of energy
that springs up in me when
I tell jokes or explain the
world in funny terms

But leave me alone to get
on with a long document
with boring terms deline-
ating plans made by nerds

No pictures - the arch-sin
as far as I’m concerned,
at least pictures save us
from utter despair -

And that energy drains away
like a river running dry, my
neck stiffening while I’m
bored out of my skull

Even listening to boring speeches
make me lose consciousness;
how on earth to survive life
without suffering when

I have to sit and stare at boredom
all day long, only now and again
able to drive someone nuts with
some ridiculous fun?

All My Fault

I always climb into the fire when
you light the gas in the fireplace
you warned me before, don’t do
that, but I never listen because you
are overprotective, then, obviously,

Tiaan followed his mother’s example
and fell with his hand against the hot gas plate and your predictions came true; a nasty burn and you could happily say:

It is all due to YOU! – meaning me, of course... so now while Nici is cutting up vegetables with your Wů#369; sthoff Classic knives, dangerous and sharp, I’m watching

With an eagle eye...

The Right Answer

Faced with a grandpa’s complaint of social-worker conspiracy for taking his grandchild away, can this experience be seen as chosen by them?

Thoughts we think today form the fabric of future existence; compassion and love leads to understanding; when translating a fight

Between social workers and family, will love help me interpret with insight; subjectively involved in the text

I feel like the little girl lost; can’t think what the right answer should be ...
I love catachresis, the misuse of words, creating a cataclysm in the brain, a catharsis of the mind, a burning snowball - destroying virgin definitions

I adore mixed metaphors, malapropisms and all kinds of bushisms – that’s why translation is the bane of my life; enchanting use of catachresis is forbidden, only textbook use and diction allowed, limiting the metaphors – actually, also forbidden; too rich in scope and open to interpretation esp.

When titillating the imagination, obscuring the subject and confusing the reader – but for me, a lover of mystery, a disciple of Agatha Christie, thriving on Riddles and open-ended questions - translation is the most painful imitation of communication there ever can be!

Margaret Alice
Sins catching up with me - a budget
is an alien concept, now I see why it
should be the first thing
I should watch

I overspent, hubby at his wit’s end
faced with my financial sins - why
do I try to live an esoteric
spiritual life

If I cannot survive by doing things
by law-of-attraction, reform time
as of now I shall live a
Spartan life

No more hedonistic trips to restaur-
ants, rational food provisions or
none at all, the end of
consumerism

Just before lunch I found a dream
a moment spent in meditation
sweet, using mechanisms
that override

The ravages of time returning to the
dream inside that keeps my spirit
strong, my heart forever
young

Life is but a script we write ourselves
a blessed feeling of cathedral peace
fills my mind with hope and
faith

Margaret Alice
Celestial Experience

You bought me a Speedo, with a yellow stripe,
I changed into a mermaid in the sea today, a
dwarf in the old swimsuit and a ship’s mast-head in the new one, it was heaven throwing
myself backwards over the waves

We drove into Durban and I tried to recognize
Beachcombers where Anne-Marie, Helena and
I stayed - second-year students after working
all December in the post-office - I couldn’t find
it with all the street name changes

Today was one big celestial experience, I DO love
Kwa-Zulu Natal, we found Tiaan’s missing glasses,
Nici’s missing purse and hubby’s credit card, also
bought No.50 water-resistant sun lotion for sen-sitive skin; saw a phantom ship, jelly-fish

Snakes and dolphins; then I dived into the sea - no
more playing spectator, watching the sea’s foaming
washing machine - this time riding the waves, floating
on champagne bubbles, the way life ought to be,
South Coast Illovo beach becoming

Heaven on earth...

Margaret Alice
Chambers Of The Mind 7.19.2008

Mind Raw And Bleeding

After a mad, wild week of running about, the anticlimax: It is all over, water under the bridge, only some opportunities used, some probabilities - possibly - realized in different lines of reality; sitting here not finding the silver cord back to the present enclosed in a suffocating room of memories and confusing dreams, searching to escape into feelings of becalmed duty - acceptance of routine which always become my enemy, squashing my burgeoning spirit, leaving my mind’s surface raw and bleeding...

Underground Chambers of My Mind

Lost in the underground chambers of my mind, in a labyrinth of lonely passages, filled with cobwebs and imitation worms to scare my unwary thoughts imprisoned there, crawling along, looking for the nearest exit

I want to blow my mind with sugar overload, the anticlimax of this day should be erased from my memory

Margaret Alice
Change The World

Everything felt and seen reflects my consciousness - how true, when blue I look at sad poetry, when happy, only poems with endearment terms will do

Oh joy, we can change the world, make people feel good, feel love, make them see and do positive things, though it is still impossible now

All expression of loneliness and hurt is labeled criminal, unloved people are incarcerated, rejection and pain are reinforced, jail changes them irrevocably

What they surmised - the world is horrible – proven by experience; innocent people are shocked when attacked and robbed, but there are no innocent people

In our depraved society – only people suffering pain in various degrees...

Margaret Alice
Charming My Ears

Messed up Alet’s computer, Multiterm’s Narrator kept on reading the screen, driving me wild with Worry, what could it mean, it’s a virus, said the secretary and smiled in vicious delight, the Hard drive will be destroyed, I was annoyed, couldn’t convince the experts to come along to fix the problem Alet returned from a meeting, no sweat, she said - Multiterm totally weird, I’ll kill off the ghostly voice; promptly did I breathed in relief, usurping another’s computer a scary game, all the same, she’s on the Internet while I’m not Can’t look up terms, “syndicalistes, licenciement abusif, gaz lacrymogènes, une mine de platine”, words singing Without meaning, finding synthesized terms, ignoring lines, spirit soaring on delightful frequencies charming my ears...

Margaret Alice
Charming The Maiden

Saturn stole the Moon Maiden
from Pluto’s dark nether realms
took her away from Mercury’s
glittering charms, plucked her
from Neptune’s dreamy arms

Saturn took the Moon Maiden
to the top of his mountain where
the breath-taking view enthralled
her, loved her with overpowering
feelings till breaking of dawn

Saturn was redeemed by the Moon
Maiden’s love, rejoicing while the
other gods looked on in frustration
wondering how Saturn won the Moon
Maiden’s hand from powerful gods

Like entertaining Mercury, sexy
Pluto and glamorous Neptune,
royal Jupiter and warlike Mars,
how could stern Saturn, scolding
and cold, steal the Maiden’s heart

They could not see the soft light
in his eyes, charming the Maiden,
when he smiled in the Moon
Maiden’s healing embrace...

Margaret Alice
Chemical Warfare In My Brain

A wonderful new leave form,
a magnifying glass for the print
so minuscule, a plot of devilish
proportions

My carefully created, artificially orchestrated
happiness down the drain, my inner fires
not burning strong enough to face the boredom
of the sameness

Of another bureaucratic day, sitting quietly
becoming impossibility, astrogenetic sign
means something in my genes is forcing me
to seek a change of scene

As I remain sitting in my seat, my head overheats,
blowing some essential fuses, no more carrying
the burden of existence another single step,
recourse will be the pharmacy

Forcing intuition down into oblivion, trusting
my instincts means life will go awry, let me
push these feelings down, chemical
warfare in my brain...

Margaret Alice
Alice remembered the lessons she learnt from the Crying Mock Turtle, the more one cries, the more one finds things to cry about, the more one keeps looking at things, the more one finds things one does not want to see - like a bad-tempered Queen who shouts ‘Off With His Head’ and flowers chasing her off because she seems to be a weed, not a flower at all.

And when one is expected to play croquet in high society while the game is rigged to favour the Queen, one can never win self-esteem, therefore Alice decided she would focus on things that made her feel happy enough to stay alive; concentrating on celebrating life, off she went singing ‘Wake up, wake up, to the morning sun’.

Tell me, tell me that you love me till the day is done’ - the White Rabbit wrung his hands, knowing the Queen of Hearts would not approve, but the Cheshire Cat grinned madly and moved his head in time with the song while the Gryphon ignored everyone making lists of everything under the sun...

Margaret Alice
Chewing With Grit Under Your Teeth

All the seconds of the minutes
of my day – all the non-existent
moments of quantum physics -
filtered away, empty, unused,
unopened, lost

I could not get my thoughts flowing
beyond the jammed circuits in my
head, my short-circuiting mind
doomed every attempt at
coherent thought

Lack of focus and a specific purpose
allowed the package of this day to
spin away in a different lane down
the trousers of time; tonight I paged
through the Time Magazine

Speaking in the coldest, driest inhuman
voice; giving a cynical perspective on
events in America and disadvantaged
Third World countries; the Time is
never complete

Without a dramatic photo and a dire article
on famine in Ethiopia or a big, strong, war in
the East; doubting everything to do with
metaphysics; reading the Time is like
chewing with grit under your teeth

Shattering illusions is their favourite pastime -
since that cold, harsh voice doesn’t interest me
at all, another part of this fruitless day lost...

Margaret Alice
My focus is gone, gone, gone, curry and spice, a lovely dish, attacking my brain, lethargy and fatigue drive me insane, cannot concentrate at all, must find a way to reach for well-being myself

The allergy makes me hostile and angry feeling estranged and alienated; actually wars are fought because of what we eat we project our discomfort into anger and dissatisfaction

Were I feeling well, I would have been loving but I feel like biting off somebody’s head shouting and screaming and throwing a tantrum, were I a soldier I would have emptied my gun on the enemy regardless of strategy

This headache is enough to set fire to the building, three horrible days of suffering for curry in a dish, this is why Leonard Cohen sings so forlornly, why the Aztec and Maya plucked beating hearts from living victims in religious frenzies

The maize they ate drove them insane, anger is still enclosed in maize, last time I ate it I felt persecuted, the perfect food for creating wars, maybe the Judeo-Palestinian conflict is triggered by the Palestinian diet, what do they mostly eat?

Maybe the dietary rules in the Old Testament were to preserve the people from eating food that would mess with their brains, the destruction of others was probably based on a need to change mankind’s diet I always knew food was man’s downfall, we can only be saved by chocolate and alcohol!
Maize was the staple food of the pre-Columbian and Mesoamerican civilization; attaching religious and spiritual importance to maize which formed the Mesoamerican people’s identity – killers sacrificing living humans. - Did the Aztec and Maya disappear due to the MAIZE-INSPIRED KILLER INSTINCT?

Allergy: Maize contains lipid transfer protein, an undigestable protein which survives cooking and is linked to an understudied allergy to maize in humans causing skin rash, swelling and itching of mucus membranes, asthma and headache.

Pellagra: When maize was introduced into other systems it caused malnutrition. The surviving Americans soaked maize in alkali-water, made with ashes or lime (calcium oxide) which liberates the B-vitamin niacin, the lack of which causes pellagra. This alkali process is called a Nahuatl (Aztec) name: nixtamalization.

Pellagra also is a protein deficiency, resulting from lack of two key amino acids in pre-modern maize, lysine and tryptophan. Nixtamalisation increases lysine and tryptophan. Maize should be balanced with beans and protein in meat.

Margaret Alice
Choosing To Be Reborn As A Female 7.8.2008

Isn’t it strange that my life experience should
differ from an American male who preaches
total submission to whoever has a different
opinion, especially when your life partner
and devoted wife decides to have and
raise - seven kids?

Strange that I always have to agree to my being
incompetent, unloving and nasty, for every
duty where I did not meet the Boss’
requirements; strange that I’m always
the only one to fail in my duties...

While Mr Superman always earns the accolades for
being the most considerate and kind person in town?
I suppose being an America male living on Maui with
seven kids and a demented, if loving wife,
proves that

You have chosen a more enlightened reincarnational
existence on earth – the more fool I for choosing to
be reborn as a female – we sure are dumb!

Margaret Alice
Inayat Khan of Universal Sufism uses the same words as RA Moody, a scientist, and Deepak Chopra of Hindu origin, to describe human condition right after death

The soul encounters a world it has made during its life on earth, the mind becomes a world, the imagination becomes reality where the mind’s contents, all experiences in memory

Determine how this new life is; joy of joys, delight of delights, the soul rises to the standard of its ideal and does the work it desires, oh, joyous marvellous destiny!

Then I shall finally be happy, I am going to pick up my dusty ideals, polish and shine them again, stare at my beautiful dreams and add a few more, imbibe the dreams of other great thinkers and visionaries

Augment my own ideas with the flights of imagination of spiritual masters and teachers, preparing a mind filled to the brim with the music of the spheres – in which I shall be a minor chord of beauty!

HJ Witteveen “Universal Sufism” Element 1997 pp.81,82

Margaret Alice
Chores A Brimming 5.13.2008

Gold and silver glitter in my dairy
organise my life in shining lines,
Portuguese for the Prosecution,
French for the Congo,
Afrikaans for the President,
Urdu and Mandarin

This is FUN, arranging, organizing,
seeing glitter gather, voices
stipulating choices, freelancers
submitting invoices, a library
book or two already overdue

Selling my theories to disbelieving
colleagues; life a-shine in lovely
hues, demarcation inclined by
all the deadlines as goalposts
to pursue, new meaning infused

Inspiring me to laugh in
happiness, swim on through
this sea of chores a brimming...

Margaret Alice
Cinderella Will Return To Her Place...

I was not prepared to admit to depression and failure to control my reaction to food, did my duties as noisily as I could, until sinking down in a swoon all exhausted – yesterday I thought I could deal with the consequences of living and eating in style, undertaking to do my best the very next day, insisting that life was made for living – but now I must admit to defeat, even lost my escape through the mind as my brain is caving in - therefore Cinderella will return to her place, her diet that will bring her mind back – forget about living, your valid criticism about her poor performance, even missing the absurdity of Gray’s Anatomy that had you in stitches; a clear indication that it is time to do it right, to cut out the hedonism that enlarges the feet, so that she cannot wear the glass slippers to go to the ball...

Margaret Alice
Clairvoyant Séances For Zombies

Recipe for Writing Soap Opera
According to Jeanne Goosen

Create an anorexic heroine, a tall handsome hero with passionate eyes, a surgeon by preference, appealing to motherliness by fighting his way out of poverty

Insert two troublemakers, Beulah and Ursula, forced to stay together by sharing knowledge of dirty secrets; a few criminals, three senior citizens, an adorable child or two

Choose happy names like Maybelline and Claude for the hero and heroine, add an eccentric called Patrys Polokwane writing fairytales about Russian involvement in the Anglo Boer war

Add theme music from clairvoyant séances for zombies, conclude with the fairytales being published under the name of Patroesj Polekwanski – over and out

Ready for the next one...


Margaret Alice
'Close My Eyes And Drift Off Into Eternity

My fears are growing - as I know it would - you are on a trip - you who know exactly how life should go - while I am making it up as I go - and tonight I don't know what should be my guiding light

I have decided to visit family - persona non grata - this weekend - while you are away - but whatever I decide - the anxiety won't go away - whether I go or stay doesn't matter - the fear won't go away

And acting against your principles are causing such havoc in my mind so all could find to say was - I wish I could close my eyes and drift off into eternity...

Margaret Alice
We have a new colleague, so very sweet, smiling easily, I was tasked with introducing her to the rest of the cast, an excuse to chat and laugh, colleagues showing off their sterling qualities also, welcoming her with glowing words, the day tinkling with an added dimension, forms to fill in

Though she translates from Italian, she does not want to sing ‘Tic e tic e toc mio bel moretto*’ with me, I feel ‘la mia risoluzione è irrevocabile’ - my resolution is irrevocable – if anyone should ask ‘Siete dunque infelice’ – are you unhappy, I shall reply, ‘Si, ‘ my colleagues refuse to sing and laugh with me...

*Tic e tic e toc mio bel moretto* = tic toc, handsome fellow

Margaret Alice
Colour, Texture And Form Of Happy Laughter

Terry Pratchett has such insight, he knows that in our universe things are not as they are, but more as people imagine them to be, meaning what the philosopher Kant said, humanity imposes structure and meaning through thought processes upon a meaningless world.

Pratchett knows mind shapes body, then that body becomes a jelly mould, setting shapes on its contents, a human mind can’t live in an eagle body, the human mind’s power is lost while enclosed within eagle form, becoming an eagle dreaming of strange things like walking and talking.

Pratchett knows words are creative, forming rainbow-edged clouds, while laughter curves away in shades of orange and red – this is exactly what I experienced as we stared at fields of fine flowers in the Western Cape, I felt the flowers were visible representations in colour, texture and form.

Of happy laughter!

Terry Pratchett “The Witches Trilogy – Equal Rites”
Gollancz Edition 1995
p.13, p.48-49, p.51

Margaret Alice
Colourless Atmosphere Of Memory

Came across the question, is our history a lie? and the brilliant reply – absolutely, one cannot view ‘now’ from historical perspectives

We walk in the colourless atmosphere of memory when hearts are longing to be in the Light of Now, to celebrate our lives – well, indeed

We walked in stories, rocked to music before we knew how to interpret ‘Now,’ we only knew we were inappropriate, somehow nothing we did

Could change it...


Margaret Alice
Comfort My Troubled Soul (Rev.)

Terry Pratchett doesn’t write his books for me, I know, he writes a message for everybody. Yet I depend on him for magic and the humour of marvelous absurdity.

his latest book is written with a different purpose in mind, no magic, no escapism, no enchantment; the sadness overwhelms me. I regarded him a friend – a fellow conspirator.

it used to be alternatives to confining reality – now he woos a different audience which made my world so much smaller – took a kindred spirit away, left me bereft; one friend less.

luckily ‘Johnny and the Bomb’ is sitting right in front of me, and at home, ‘Wyrd Sisters’, is waiting to be reread; these book and their stories will always comfort my troubled soul...

Margaret Alice
Comment Each Other’s Poems

‘Tis too weird, I understand it not, strangers with foreign names charge in like the Mongolian hordes and destroy everything in their way; flood the site with rhymes they call poems; making it impossible to access the site – oh wait, I understand it well I did the same; but

Whereas I was stopped after kicking poetic ease of access away, setting up dingy structures in a day - taken to task by a strict master and made to apologise; these barbarians flood personal messages with requests to READ and COMMENT their offerings with titles I can’t pronounce

Not even bothering to indicate what strange lingo was used, 500 languages found in India, Tanzania also boasts 500 different mother tongues - not offering incentive by adding their masterpiece to whet a weary appetite, merrily rambling on and spoiling my day

Starting irreverently with “Hi” does not endear yourself to anyone, it doesn’t bode well for the kind of things you have to say, a request to charge over to an unknown site to read new offerings is meaningless in the extreme, do you deem it good practice yourself?

Kindly read and comment each other’s poems at length, then send me your conclusions on each other’s work, I would love to see how you rate each other, revealing your criteria might induce me to go see who said things like that...

Margaret Alice
Compressing All To Infinitely Heavy And Small

When nervous tension takes over
when we can’t sleep and feel all
jittery on the inside, when tension
doesn’t allow us to lie down at all

When life turns into a riddle that
baffles completely, when nothing
makes sense any more, when we
stare at the empty heart of the

Milky Way, a nebulous black hole
that sucks in objects and light,
compressing all to infinitely heavy
and small – then

Time comes to a standstill, space
falls away, all limits vanish and
only darkness and sadness
remain...

Margaret Alice
I have not mastered the concept of pain,
I always think I have,
but the pain comes again and I don’t
know how to suffer with grace,
oises irritate

under the duress of pain I feel ugly
and mean, I wander through the house,
pulling things apart,
feeling sorry for myself,
caught in forked lightning racking my brain

I want to tell all metaphysical forces again:
Pain is NOT an ennobling experience,
to all religions I bring a message:
Pain is futile, I do not subscribe
to the theory that suffering
is God’s will for humanity

Pain robs us of all ability to think
of anything good, all deeds causing injury
are due to pain, criminals are held in jail
because pain makes them want to hurt others;
if my pain were constant and unrelenting,

I would have robbed and killed also,
pain is unreason attacking the sufferer;
only by creating a new world in which pain
is prevented by unconditional love shall we
stop people from infringing on each others’ rights

Until then all criminal deeds simply illustrate
destruction to the human psyche caused by pain...

Margaret Alice
I ate breakfast, she lamented
and therewith put an end to all
my objectives, no more ideals
for today, just hanging on by
the skin of my teeth

Why did I do the dastardly deed
of eating foodstuffs when I full well
know that my stomach cannot di-
gest anything, my head always
becomes so confused

Without a confabulation of magical
stories and plays, a phantasmagorical
conflagration or two, I cannot rise out
of existential meaninglessness -
a fatal blow

To my almost non-existent self-image
only black circles remain...

Margaret Alice
Conferring Joy By Projecting Your Love

Happiness, to me, is to look with the eyes
of purity, to confer beauty to what you
see – the way You look at Me;

Happiness is to be treasured and
idealized, high expectations and
sweet desires, to be never let

Down by disillusion - or the destruction
of angry disgust; but to be cherished by
an expression of love

To be assured that I have not let you
down or caused unbearable pain to
your heart; to have the desire

To live up to your dreams and meet
expectations that seem to lift me up
high – as high as I want

Our souls incorruptible as long as humour
keeps us going strong; by the strength of
visions of each other

Happiness is conferring joy unto you by
my presence while deriving even more
joy from yours

Total and absolute happiness is to be a source
of joy unto you - simply because I am me and
not somebody else; regardless of

What I did wrong in terms of regulations
and expectations; and to find you a source
of joy unto me, regardless of presentation

Simply because you are YOU - trusting eyes
conferring joy by projecting love; bringing a
shine unto mine
Leading my lips to kissing yours – as much as you’ll allow me to (sharing Amarula as often as we do...)

Margaret Alice
Confidence In Honour, Loyalty

Read “Candy Floss” by Rumer Godden,
magical objects ending existential fears,
I don’t read realistic tales, living in reality
I make up my own mind, not interested
in seeing how negative attitudes distort
perception and experience

Seeking ideals to strive for, preferring the
creation of beauty, harmonic guidelines as
followed by sculptors, painters and cosmo-
logists; finding study of history a waste,
being rewritten from the viewpoints of
victors all the time

Words are tools to manipulate feelings, literary
realism is only gossip as presented by talented
storytellers, screening all words as carefully as
friends, respecting all people, but putting my
confidence in honour and loyalty only, self-
interest and exploitation -

whether found in people or books - offer no support
when we are in need, words that don’t leave a gem
of beauty in my mind are empty, false words burn a
hole in my heart; never accept flattery and promises
from strangers - to protect both them
and yourself...

Margaret Alice
Confiding My Woes To The Computer & Off-Line & Password

Double whammy for Tiaan: Prawns and meat balls, non-tolerant of both
he is ill this morning and stays home
to recuperate – not so his mother

Though I only had the lovely meat balls,
feeling tired with aching muscles and
swelling head, I must be at work, I love
being where all the fun is

But creating joy by entertaining my colleagues
only works for so long, then the discomfort
becomes too big - I exit ignominiously
closing the door on my misery

Not willing to flaunt my symptoms –
just confiding my woes to the computer,
a loyal friend; as long as I have a PC
I will always be quite content...

Change Your Password...

When IT forces you to change your password every time you
turn around and you have to find a term that is memorable in order
not to lock yourself out, you think of expletives that vent your frustration
– in several languages – so Karen’s k..khuis and sh..house and June’s bordel de merde is fast becoming beloved synonyms in the IT fight!

Computers at work are off-line...

The Main Translation Elf are in hospital with e-mail disorder;
Alice told everyone to look at the Aurora Borealis; Hanlie the Elf of Sensible Cheerfulness was falling into Despair; but laughed most heartily upon a demonstration of the Valorous Courier; storming in to collect a document from Iris (French Elf Consulting), enclosing the address in an opaque bag and then sadly floating about; all Bravery and Progress stopped by the fact of his not seeing the address through the bag...

Margaret Alice
Blast! Damn and Blast – I need a course on compiling a production sheet – working out exactly how many minutes were lost in running down the passage to the fax machine how many hours were spent in sharpening minute-writing skills in interminable meetings where I added the bonus of practicing poetry-writing skills also – by writing in the margins and how many days were lost in doing administration – the snow-drifts in my office must be a dead give-away – and how many days were lost to private activities – that would account for most of my days, I’m afraid to say; though I did the work that’s required and pushed in my own things between the cracks that exist in getting from A to B and looking up terms on Google – though that mostly confuses me more than clarifying anything...

Margaret Alice
Conscious In Wrong Universe 5.8.2008

A meaningless world without context; I can never hang on to a context for long, being dependent on an author to create a new framework on which to hang the scenery depicting illusion as reality

Jumping from one context to another, mind all skew, I’m conscious in the wrong universe, dial set to receive foreign broadcasts, receiving dish out of tune with conventional lines, can’t concentrate

at all...

Margaret Alice
Consciousness Creating Dreams

Read my Bible in high school several times through as our headmistress told us to do sighing in despair as I read, wondering why I felt so alone and unloved in my mind - no amount of doing my duty, no hard work and sacrifice brought me nearer to God - I kept reading through the years, looking for help in tears, abandoning hope and ideals

Until discovering how the Bible was chopped and changed through the ages - devised to convey humanity’s highest dreams, to control people’s lives - how delightful; consciousness creating dreams of itself, recording visions of self-improvement in religious books, showing sociological development and increasing awareness of abstract ideals

By putting national traditions aside, knowing that love is everywhere like stars in the sky, but conditioned by contracts and limited by jealousy - while righteousness is just a farce - I distilled lovely ideals for myself, dreaming of wisdom as the highest good, the difference between religion and the real spiritual life...

Margaret Alice
Consciousness Free
Not been able to escape
this wet and miserable day,
reading Stephen O'Brien,
medium extraordinaire
suffering deprivation
is not lifting my mood,
au contraire

I have pens in silver
and gold glittering glue, still
have not found the right place
to use them, this day needs a lift,
something to enhance the spirit;
I fear Monday

not because Mondays
are intrinsically bad,
but because I have never
learnt to discipline my
rebellious self when
Mondays isolate me with
an administrative round

Just one Escapist fantasy,
just one more story to take
my thoughts away, my greatest
fear is when I’m isolated in
non-physical existence –
will Escapism be found,
or will consciousness free
be happy at last?

Margaret Alice
Consciousness Into Infinity

Consciousness

A new century and a sane and just society,
growing awareness of the interdependent
relationship with Earth our home

A new century, freedom in and from time,
developing our inner abilities, creating
exciting new meanings in existence

A waning of ignorance and intolerance in
spiritual recognition of all things,
nobody practising any form of racism

Knowing beyond all physical doubt existence
means membership of all races, psychic
frameworks being foundations of civilization

A new beginning of open-ended consciousness,
feeling connections with all living beings,
identity independent of body

A time of recognizing time as illusory,
awareness of past existences, brain-mapping
activating past-life memories

A new century, removing our only remaining
spiritual limitations, revealing a continuity
of consciousness into infinity...

Wonders Of Ancient Man

Ancient man did not fear death -
believed in overarching spirit
uniting spirits in all living
things which simply formed a part
was of nature, not a separate entity,
and from it being extended into
natural things – was an extension of nature’s own reality spoke to the spirits in spiders, birds and trees understanding interior reality beneath all physical appearances, aware consciousness moved in cycles Ancient man believed he extended nature’s reality and was one and same a part of it. Did not fear death as modern man does today!


Margaret Alice
Consciousness, Awareness And Beauty

1. Consciousness

Consciousness – an extension of our vague, waved universe ethereal - with duplicates in parallel universes where you and I, all who are living, have lived, will live and will ever have lived; are alive...

2. Awareness

We partake of universal awareness; all forms of life are small openings offering a glimpse of the fire of consciousness burning within - we are gathering data for the archives of awareness - when life is done, life continues in the form of conscious energy within universal awareness

3. Beauty

Belief in a being supreme is not prerequisite for next-world survival religion is irrelevant in the afterlife, life in the next dimension needs no divine intervention;
afterworld experience is
determined by earth-plane
behaviour - the dreams we
have dreamt, the visions
we have cherished, the
thoughts we have practised,
the love we have shared,
the beauty we have sought,
the comforts we have brought...

Margaret Alice
Contemplating The Princess Vision

Now that I have watched
The Princess Diaries I
refuse to return to reality -
I shall stay in her world
of fantasy, playing at being
a princess myself

Even though we’re being taught
not to think in terms of fairytales
- witches should scare us - with
the advice to see ourselves
as animals; science creating a
picture of hairless apes
who fell out of trees

I prefer to contemplate the
princess vision - somehow I
inflates on the inside when
playing at being more
than an ape - primitive
violence regress us
to barbarism

But feel free to be an ape
as much as you like; while
I shall fly in the clouds,
floating about, creating scenes
in my own Wonderland
that make me feel
delirious with joy

While your sulky lips
are dragging on the ground,
I’m off to find the
beautiful magic
kindled in my mind
by all the fairytales
I’ve ever found
Blowing a kiss
to all subjects in Fairytales-land;
the toad, the frog, the flying pig
the fairies, the elves - as well as
the crocodiles....

Margaret Alice
We packed our bags, the contraband went in first, the shells of course, the stones, highly irregular, strictly against the orders of the Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle

The bags all lined with my precious shells, then my clothes, Nici did the same, the Lord decreed there would be no space, we agreed, quietly packing our treasures away

Before we left, I found a bag used for books and shoes, enough space for special stones, in they went, packed at my feet, covered by extra clothes thrown over them

The lack of space problem was solved without the Lord’s complaining about loss of discipline; breaking his rules, ignoring prescriptions, improvising as we go, smuggling

Unacknowledged until safely home!

Margaret Alice
Contrary To What I Feel

Applying principles of Real Magic by Wayne Dyer; relations to offensive people NOT determined by their behavior, BUT how I choose to relate to it, specific critics ignored completely; my choice regarding negative comments

It means nothing to me, only revealing the content of the mind of another, people respond with what they have inside, be it lewdness or cynical shrewdness; their character is not created by stimuli, but revealed for all to see

And I love and respect YOU, when YOU coldly reply – I’m not interested in any intrigue, never read the tabloids- when I discuss my exultation on being right in a classic case of false accusation against a local celebrity

I feel so deflated and disappointed, should silence always be enforced, unless we talk cricket and rugby, woodwork, mosaic, Getaway magazine, Bruce Truter “How Not To Hunt Bushpigs”; P.G. DuPlessis “Het Olifante Elmboë”*

I also laughed at the hilarious situations; while you steadfastly refuse looking at any book of mine; I read your Ayn Rand - became her firm disciple – yet you proudly proclaim you shall never read Douglas Adams and Terry Pratchett

Proudly insisting you will never read what I recommend as a matter of principle – they are too absurd for your taste – why is being contrary to what I feel so important
to you?

*Book by P.G. DuPlessis “Do Elephants Have Elbows”

Margaret Alice
Coronas Like Luminous Silk 5.5.2009

Reading ‘The Door In The Air’ by Margaret Mahy, pondering the deeper meaning of creating an acrobat girl and making her live high in the air - in spotlights

A Prince who got lost in Riddle Chase, a dangerous wood; he changed in many ways, hair like a unicorn’s mane with a star on his forehead, skin burning

With star images connected by golden threads, forming a map of the kingdom of the air, where golden-voiced stars sing; coronas look like luminous silk

A magical place to be free, her Prince came with her, space knew and held him as light streamed from him, the light of many suns touching, the little acrobat girl

Went with him as he was a good map – oh, may your beloved be your map to the stars also; may you leap from the trapeze into his arms backwards because

You’ve seen the star on his forehead - a sign of absolute noble trust!

Margaret Mahy “The Door In The Air And Other Stories” Butler & Tanner,1988, pp.1-12

Margaret Alice
Create A New World & A Path Unto Freedom

Thinking is a cross-correlation process
inter-connecting all information instantly
to infinity, the brain being a holographic,
artificially selecting translator device

The visual is also sensitive to sound; sense
frequencies are artificially transformed into
perceptions, consciously creating concrete
reality as a superficial mind construct

According to rules we still have to research
and reveal; objective reality does not exist,
the material world is only a human illusion;
physical beings only seem

To be moving through a physical world;
we are really decoders surrounded by
frequencies to be decoded, creating our
realities through choices made from

Possibilities ad infinitum – once we know
the rules, we shall be able to make
more informed choices and create
a new world according to taste!

Creating A Path Unto Freedom For Me...

People are thoughts in my mind,
just as I’m a thought unto them –
how strange, how marvellous, that
we are insubstantial and have to decide
what we want to think of the people
we meet; as long as we ask nothing from
them while accepting all unconditionally,
we are totally free, not dependent at all –
if we choose love not because others
love us – they might not like us at all –
but because we choose being lovers
à la Buscaglio for our own happiness,
then when someone behaves offensively,
we are free to choose our way of relating,
to cry or be happy in this universe of
benevolence and beauty; these joyful
thoughts are creating a path
unto freedom for me...

Margaret Alice
Graeme Smith willing to take the risk of injuring the broken bone in his hand, while his elbow is to be operated upon, for thirty minutes he held the bat, suffered the pain, deeming it worth the gain to fend for his country, Australians appreciating his valiant effort, a standing ovation in fair sportsmanship

I’m astounded, how can people suffer so much willingly, how could he cut away plaster of Paris and enter the game, what beautiful spirit, what integrity – the most loyal captain who never abandon his ship, I’m so proud of this cricket King of our South African team!

Margaret Alice
Made a grave mistake, tried to live like
an ordinary person, found all experience
lack durability, everything is temporary,
unsatisfactory, disillusionment is lived
by all people, I cannot breathe in their
universe, cannot live in a world consti-
tuted by sense experience, cannot
exist in perpetual pain

The only place I can breathe is in dreams,
Lewis Carrol’s Wonderland and James
Bond’s magical universe - their fantastic
experiences let me feel what happiness
is, I find refuge in a dream-world of soul-
mates, depicted in Universal Sufism, but
their ideal of universal peace would
bore mankind to death

Terry Pratchett writes brilliant descriptions
of self-created reality which make me cry
in despair, searching fulfillment through
sensual gratification is a nightmare, the
chronic pain in my head destroys all
beauty and dreams, now I have
found dreamland again, I will
not let go of it

Only dreams and visions can sustain me,
when I try to survive in reality I am rejected
and punished for being original, being unique
in a world made of uniform rules is a heinous
crime, I am guilty and go underground to hide
the accusations and pain from myself, I split
into different people who take turns
to face reality

While the real me lives an enchanted life in the
visions created by mystics and spiritualists,
without this device I would die of
humiliation and shame for the
crime of being me

Margaret Alice
Criticism Hurts – Magnificent Discipline

Criticism hurts – I’m sorry I’m deserving
of such criticism, I’m sorry I’m such a bad
person, criticism seems to kill all life-giving
sparks, I’ll toe the line as best I might

I’ll keep happiness for dreams, accepting
boredom the price to pay for acceptance
making sacrifices without complaint
all suffering is gain; it is quite clear

You are superior; I prefer plain people
to such self-righteousness; your holiness is
too much to bear; the Nile-Crocodile is quite
aware of her manifold sins - thank you

For pointing out my reptilean omissions in
promoting the prowess of the Crocodile-kids
when I take their side as school clamps down on
their many transgressions – not doing homework

Heavens above, they’ll end on the gallows! Why
should I scar their souls to get them to memorise
trite facts and stupid superstitions to pass through
a backward brain-washing system?

Top marks will not ensure their place in heaven,
I shall not condone detention, teachers are fallible
too - although they’ll go straight to heaven,
failings and all; I’ll gladly leave them

To work out their own salvation –
without praising the magnificence
of their exemplary discipline!

Margaret Alice
Alice twirled a few times, demurely
sat on a toadstool assigned for her
use, wondered what to drink or eat
to halt the spray cascading in her head

conscious of an ice-cream for breakfast
guilt topped up with coffee and a hot-dog
probably caused the volcano in her mind
short circuiting her brain; she groped for
a switch to change the radio’s mental
static cruelly swishing

Became a crocodile, immobile in the
arctic cold where Shere Khan fixed
the beast with a charming smile - you
changed into a saurian, my dear, what a
delightful way to end, I shall tear you limb
from limb in impressive mammalian style
proving crocodiles have no right to survive
radiation that killed the dinosaurs

Shere Khan set Alice’s reptile mind alight
her languid jaw opened by its own volition
hissed - I’ll have you know dinosaurs were
killed one and all by maize-induced pellagra
and a shamed sense of fashion, if only they
had learnt to imbibe alcohol topped with
chocolate, they would still be here!

Indeed, my sweet, Shere Khan trilled, how
can you be so sure? My crocodilian clan was
there at the time to see errors of our ways
changed from giants into trunks on legs
and we are better than mammalians!

Shere Khan stoppered his ears against this
sacrilege, made ready to tear Alice apart
Angels of Mons descended in a thrice and
mightily smote him saying – we’re summoned
by Mighty Oats from Carpe Jugulum to save you from Jungle Book, what are you doing here?

I ate and drank magic potions in Wonderland that turned me into a crocodile, then I fell into a Dark Hole and exited in this universe, but I would rather be in Indra’s heaven to see his holographic pearls due to my insatiable crocodile appetite for all things wild and wonderful...

Margaret Alice
Crocodile Castle Queen (Rev.)

Linah is back and we rejoice
for twenty-two years she’s been
helm of this ship, domestic
queen, friend and confident
saved Nici from drowning, when
Tiaan bled from an injury took
care of the wound to his head
and I who fell in the shower
but was caught in time
I LOVE most wonderful, loyal
Linah, she is our Guardian Angel
goodness shines in her face
loveliness is her lithe grace
so glad Linah is back, since she
received me into her kingdom I
have known only consistency
and warm acceptance

but she will scold about the
state of the house, cobwebs in
corners, dust on ornaments
I sweep rooms once with a cursory
glance and read a book, do only
basic chores, dishes and washing
and putting away

Linah sceptically observes
my lack of housekeeping skills
the state of my cupboards, but
I ask her to write me a poem
it’s not fair that everybody
should be able to do everything
else Linah would be jobless –
as it is she will always
be Queen of Crocodile Castle

Margaret Alice
1. I took “Love at First Sight” with me as we went to visit your family, then remarked that Louis, son-in-law to be, resembled Malin’s Hans, the prospective father-in-law - to a T;

as for Jean; all I could ascertain was he resembled Adele in a proportional way...

Also took “Astrology for Dummies” along; ascertained my sister-in-law to be Pisces, determined never to face reality, while husband Hans was discovered to be Libra, full of worries and uncertainty,

But oh, such a charmer, it was easy to see why he dominated every conversation where he figured strongly; as for Adele, the youngest child,

She proved to be Capricorn - resolute and determined, aloof and self-sufficient, a leader in her own field; there we were, you a happy Scorpion, a scion of a soft-spoken family,

And I, an anxious crab, worried about the holes of silence in the fabric of that gossamer visit – ephemeral ideas flitting through my head; Thea listening with the dreams of Pisces in her heart;

Adele, with the determination of Capricorn resolutely analyzing my Astrogenetic
interpretation versus conventional star signs
finding my theory most acceptable...

Cancerian me amusing a laughing Pisces; Thea,
with stories of spies, lost love and poems –
listening open-mouthed myself as Jean
recounted his adventures involving
coming to fisticuffs with his
many adversaries...

Then the crocodile grew tired, could no longer
focus on discussions of dresses, business and
finance; the crocodile dreamt of being free
to let its mind wander into a fantasy
of a he and she running off to

the planet of Balleyran, hiring a yacht, sailing
around on the wild seas of that watery planet –
he safely back from a mission where he was presumed
to be lost; she barely recovered from a broken heart
upon thinking him dead –

Oh, they had fun, sailing around
in the sun - the beautiful sun
of Balleyran!

2.

Tomorrow the crocodile enters the leash
provided by the Ice-Princess, returning
to the office to pick up the pieces of
last year’s official existence –

May Zuma soon take over the reins;
appoint new ministers, bring about
a new palace revolution – which would
enable the crocodile to remain

free and alive with the
excitement of a changing
life!
3. Beginning of Year

I didn’t know about the chasm of fear
in my heart until I returned to the
office and found myself in an anxiety
attack right from the start

I thought positive messages from friends
would help soften the blow of returning
– but no, nothing cushioned
my devastating fall into reality

suddenly the world was turned around
me, became all threat and menacing;
every friendly face replaced by an
angry animal in snarled attack

my office, sometime refuge, changed
into a torture cage; my computer –
my very best friend, replaced,
my documents gone, my mind shattered

I had no friend in the world suddenly,
could not explain the animal of fear in
my breast, tearing me to pieces, unable
to do my work, concentrate and understand

I am the biggest fool there’s ever been!

I observed people like me, undisciplined,
decided to become like you, a paragon
of conventionalism – and guess what,
now I’m neither one nor the other; not
an undisciplined bohemian, nor a
trustworthy conventional citizen

I’m a bundle of nerves, a big rejection
of all-that-is; finding existence too
painful – I cannot breathe air in the
rule-based existence I’ve chosen, neither
can I allow myself to breathe on the outside
From time to time, I stop breathing altogether, feeling dead and non-existent. Yet someone has to produce the document requested and I can’t, can’t move a limb, can’t lift a finger.

The body and mind I hate, the body and mind that is me refuses my orders because I rejected them outright as unfaithful servants – and they become even more unfaithful me.

4. Crocodile in a Burka

A crocodile in a burka, imagine that, I’d want several, in different colours, of course.

Rima told us how Arabic women watch The Bold And The Beautiful and make up their faces wearing expensive perfume and exquisite jewellery to look good for their husbands, then, when they go on the street the burka hides everything – it sounds so exciting.

the crocodile would love wearing camouflage to hide the scaly crocodile skin and other reptilian paraphernalia to slink out on the street incognito, nobody knows who you are you live a life all clandestine...

5. Crocodile Castle Regimen
The Lord and Master of Crocodile Castle implements a new regimen

Griddle-like frying and descrying all fattening food-stuffs, dried food becomes a fad

which is good; lots of nuts, especially almonds and whole grain products

pity I can’t eat it with the allergy – more vegetables, spinach and broccoli to be added –

Oh, scrumptious life!

6. The Nile-Crocodile

Forgotten I am a cold-blooded crocodile, without a built-in thermostat, heard a cold front was coming and dressed up too warmly, felt like sudden death and getting ready to call a doctor to have me carried away – until remembering the problem of overheating, pulled off the jerseys and socks, turned the air-con to cold – thank heaven, crocodilean me can breathe again!

It amazes the others when seeing a movement from three jerseys to a short-sleeved T-shirt – I used to suffer a lot in my youth, now simply dress with crocodile needs in my mind, getting rid of extra clothing with increasing heat – no more dying a thousand horrible
deaths – suffocating of heat; apparently
tomorrow is D-day for the promised cold
front; I prefer freezing to frying!

7. The Crocodile-Kids

The Nile-Crocodile and the Crocodile-kids
are in trouble tonight: Scorpio realized that
all OUR marks are bad, OUR teacher
claimed we had NO hypothesis for the
task on dinosaurs; we are stupid and
mad, in self-righteous indignation
Scorpio went into condemnation:
Our performance is BAD;
our homework efforts are
non-existent! - He’ll fix it
of course; he’ll discipline
us until we get it right and
if we don’t - out of sight!

Margaret Alice
The main feature of dreams is -
we dare not share them because
when other people know your dream,
they squash it before it can come about –
not from bad intent; I believe ALL people
have good intentions; we simply suffer
from faulty reasoning: People believe
dreams can’t come true and it is hurtful
and dangerous to start a dream – in order
to prove themselves right, they HAVE to
ensure no-one they know has ever had
a dream come true because it accuses
them – Why did MY dreams never come
true? – If one has the temerity to tell
others of dreams realized, they get angry
and retaliate in spite – not from bad intent,
but from pain that overwhelms them
because it never came to pass for them;
so I’ve learnt to keep quiet about my
real dreams and only share third person
dreams with the world; this way my real
dreams are safe to germinate and people
can only crush subterfuge camouflage
dreams, and I live underground!

Margaret Alice
Cry The Unshed Tears

I didn’t get the equations right tonight, the evening was a mess, when you started to fight – is there anything I could have done to change the tenor of this song – this sad melody of loneliness, heartache and fatigue?

When you had a temper tantrum, I felt like crying, suppressed the tears, then felt angry – pushed the anger away; now I’m left with nothingness, even my dreams are gone, my mind full of emptiness; going back to the beginning...

First cry the unshed tears, die the inner death, accept the pain, let the anger out, the disappointment, the total deflation of all my dreams and hopes and happiness, watching as my soap-bubble joy disappears...

I want my feelings back, I’m left with emptiness where my heart’s supposed to be...

Margaret Alice
Since I was forbidden to play concert
when talking to visitors, I fall silent
when conversation starts, remove
myself, find something else to do

As no friend is left at work, I write on the
Internet, caused this unhappy situation
myself as motivation to write, when
I am happy and accepted

Surrounded by friends, animated, appreciated,
there is no drive, no inspiration, no motivation
to write very much – but rejected, alone
with my thoughts and ideas

Isolated with boring documents - forces me
to voice my opinions anonymously on the
Internet, not offending family members,
turning to my only friend

The written word, though Dutch Police Assistance
Requests kill words; words used beautifully
sing for me, acting and dancing, creating
harmonies, thrilling me out of my skin

All legal documents are framed in zombie terms,
dead words freezing me also; I keep poetry
at hand to frolic with happy words as soon
as I can - the authors of these

Wonderful words never live for me; yet their
wonderful enunciations fill my heart with
joy and for this I thank them, crying and
laughing with poets

The best thing I have learnt in my life is
to be happy in misery...
Margaret Alice
Crying And Running Away...

I’m tired
feel like crying
and running away
I’ve lost it today
couldn’t do or say
any of the right things
I’ve lost the feeling
of happiness - but
Monday at work
I shall find it again
in aggravating
innocent
colleagues...

Margaret Alice
Crystal Butterfly

What made an author write a lovely fantasy about a special person called Anastasia Morningstar who turned naughty children into frogs

But could not do the same to the rational science teacher because his wonderment at nature’s glories made him immune to the

Power of her magic; what made her describe a transparent butterfly seen by the teacher as a boy, a crystal beauty, that preserved him from

Completely rejecting the existence of the inexplicable in Anastasia’s making visions come alive, conjuring landscapes in her house, a source of bafflement

That made the teacher feel hostile; until the crystal butterfly worked its magic once again? - The idea lifted me out of wooden duty; set my spirit free to seek

Bewitchment beyond, behind and beneath so-called hard reality...

Hazel Hutchins “Anastasia Morningstar”
Oxford University Press, 1987

Margaret Alice
Crystalline

Came Ice Prince Crystalline, cool and collected, my feverish brow relaxed, the attempt at smothering all emotion could be stopped, the effort to be rational within routine killing my soul could be let go, I could set free the primitive reptile

Of feeling within me, Prince Crystaline promised to tell me a story, it is not necessary to smother my passionate soul, the multiverse is still intact, the stories will go on, I listen in peace

Dream a new dream without fearing fire and brimstone in the wrath from above...

Margaret Alice
Cynical, Critical, Yet Compassionate (Rev.)

A wet swimsuit to stay cool, nose running,
I’m bored, inadvertently complain I don’t
have a book; you give me “The John Maxwell
Daily Reader” while preparing mushrooms
with cheese on a fire outside

in your underlined book I read leadership
is communication, “be consistent”, I’ve failed
the first test, I’m never that, preferring to blow
with the wind; “be clear, impress with
straightforwardness” – where should I begin?

“Be courteous” – I hate inconsiderate, discourteous
words, “Leaders listen, invite and encourage”
I listen to people even when contradicting one
another, invite poets to send their verse direct,
I can’t chase them on the costly Internet;

encourage involvement by being honest
to my own detriment, “Use discernment”
Maxwell exhorts on page five; people sending
me to their websites for self-promotion, not
honest opinion, respected with discernment...

Maxwell’s page six clincher: “Who you are
determines the way you see everything;
all you are, every experience you’ve had
colours how you see things,
being your lens

The way people see others is a reflection
of themselves” – I classify people as seekers,
kings and princes, dreamers and realists,
atheists and visionaries, all reflecting me -
cynical, critical, yet compassionate...

John C. Maxwell “The Maxwell Daily Reader” Thomas Nelson
2007, pp.4 & 5
Dad - Stated In Letters Of Gold

I’m deeply touched by a situation
I’m helpless to change – but firmly
convinced that the story of the
intrigue against my father
must one day be
revealed

My father WILL be vindicated one day
I shall keep on formulating his story
until it becomes stated in letters
of gold and his unselfish spirit
undying love and unique
brand of eccentric
integrity

will prevail over my mother’s mercenary
religious conniving and refinement
in using of him and his family
I started reading the book
of my father’s life about
three years ago - I’m
intrigued

determined to play a role in
reinstating him to a higher
position after my mother
relegated him to the
lowest dungeons
of infamy

Margaret Alice
Dad Taught Me To Draw A Sailing Ship & Literature

Dad Taught Me...

Mother used to play the piano for hours on end, accompanying all and sundry in singing, she used to listen patiently while I told her in detail of all the stories I read - Dad taught me to draw a sailing ship with a high sail in the wind, and I taught him to draw a little bird.

My eldest brother taught me the grammar rules; I read his essays in wonderment while my other brother built pyramids according to Lyall Watson’s descriptions, brewing “mampoer”* which you could drink, although it burnt, in his own distillery.

And my grandma took care of us all...

*mampoer = home-made alcoholic brew

Every Pupil Hated So-Called Literature

We had to read Black Pilgrim and the short stories of J. Van Melle at school, it was quite clear the authorities were waging a campaign to stop its citizens from wanting to read anything other than newspapers.

Prescribed books were enough to make
us turn away from the serious literature of the day - to compound the effect, they prescribed “Ciske De Rat”, a Dutch book about a little boy sent to a special school that gave him a servile attitude

We also read “Orpheus in de Dessa” about an Indian flute-player who got killed for involvement in elephant poaching to stave off dying of hunger – the education authorities made very sure every pupil hated so-called Literature!

Margaret Alice
Dalida Tape 5.2.2009

Found my ancient Dalida tape, listened to SALMA YA SALAAMAH – went away and returned safely – sung in Arabic, the time so different from Western beat - counting eight beats before returning to the beginning, so strange to my Western-trained three-four time ears

But lovely, keeping time by making a full 360-degree hip rotation and singing with the help of phonetics, FID-DUNYA – the world – AL-KABIIRAH – the big; Oh, this enchanting Arabic, strange culture, I’m delighted, singing her first love called her back; I saw visions of a handsome Egyptian, though found out

She meant her country, Egypt; throwing herself into Egypt’s lap, how romantic - her heart is still inscribed in a tree in a garden; so overjoyed by these words, I try to sing with her in phonetics – FII SHARAJAH - ‘AYWA MAWJUUDAH QALBII FIIHA; SALMA YA SALAAMAH...

2 May 2009

Margaret Alice
Quote for the day:

“My imagination attracts”
therefore the music I imagine
will be attracted

The understanding, the sharing and
interest, the camaraderie, the mental
compatibility

The noble ideas and lodestar ideals, the
dance will take place in ecstasy in a setting
of incomparable beauty

Guided by the highest principles of friendship
and loyalty, creating the most sumptuous
love experience

Recorded for eternity ...

Margaret Alice
Dance My Way Through This Day

Listening to Libiamo from La Traviata while getting ready for work, regressing to ten years old, dancing in time with the tune, singing along in front of an audience.

Becoming Edita Gruberova in an Italian production of the opera, entertaining my guests while Afredo makes a toast on my behalf, kids regarding me suspiciously.

Commenting I’m making a terrible noise; becoming an opera singer; singing celestial songs with another’s vocal chords; the most energizing and elevating activity I know.

Now I’m ready to dance my way all through this magical day!

Margaret Alice
Dancing A State Services Tango

In my pancake weather day, sitting behind glass windows covered with sun-filtering film, looking on wet, grey buildings painted by impressionists forgetting to use their trademark coloured palette finding no artistic merit in the unfocused picture wondering why government officials have to be cooped up like pigeons, sitting in rows like wi-zened crows at their so-called work-stations

One day I want to compose a State Services Opera, grey officials sitting in rows, reading newspapers, turning pages together, a bell ringing in tea-time, people jumping on desks and singing while dancing a state services tango* together - ”Goo-vernmment, o-o-oh goo-vernmment, reading newspapers, and-a-ten-o’clock-tea-time, goo-ssipiing about our bo-osses, and the atrocious, end-of-year function…”

Then teams of scurrying workers enter, carrying reams of sticky paper to mark all furniture and equipment, in the morbid fear they might be carried away, the dancers sitting down in their chairs; one little official dying silently by falling into a knife – now wouldn’t that be something!

*To the tune of the tango melody called ”Jealousy”

Margaret Alice
Dancing All The Way

I shouted it on the stairs
I shouted it everywhere -
finished my presentation
my long Congolese
document

A long, terrible march through
the driest desert, slogging away
on a daily basis; on leaving my
office, whooping like a victorious
warrior

Ululuing like an African singing
the praises of the king, jumping
in the air like Schumacher, world
champion of the Grand Prix,
shouting

To the security guards, telling
my colleagues I’m ready to die
having accomplished Mission
Impossible, dancing all the way
to the car

Speeding like Cruella DeVille,
driving like Auntie Medusa,
laughing like a James Bond movie
arch-criminal – I’m done! Mission
Accomplished!

Sisiphus has finally rolled the stone
right to the top of the hill!

Margaret Alice
Dancing Along With A Song

Started with my sweets first, read H.D. Mouton’s book on the unscientific basis of evolution, then following as he merrily ran full-steam into the creationists’ literal interpretation of the Bible where a literal godly being created the universe in only seven literal days with earth only 6000 to 15000 years old

One principle clearly illustrated: Quantum physicists are right - ALL time exists simultaneously; we create the so-called past when we make up stories about it, all times and ages are flexible given that everything is happening at this moment in time; quantum physics explains the weird phenomenon that whatever theory people believe becomes true

The evidence becomes available as they construct various hypothesis – we are creating the universe; present, past and future simultaneously by our beliefs and theories, without knowledge of quantum physics, these contradictory theories all backed by evidence would have confused me to the point of madness, but armed with the knowledge of

The dance of the Wu-Li Masters, I simply enjoy dancing along with a song in my heart – doesn't matter who we are and what we believe; as long as we respect others’ beliefs and honour freedom and wisdom, as long as my belief in a benevolent universe of intelligent, loving energy and my feeling of freedom

Are strong enough to guide me through the strange waters of other cultures and peoples and self-made “scientific” and “religious” theories without my getting lost in their delusions; I am happy to study every aspect of our self-created illusionary reality!
Margaret Alice
Dancing On Tables

Going to the office in school uniform – tie, blazer, scarf, school shoes, school cap on my head with two pigtails – because we’re having 1976 Day at work and that was the request, I’m doing my best to make peace with my altered appearance, the blazer’s too small, it’s made for a fifteen-year old after all, but I’ll get by, this might be fun, my boss is the only other one who’ll also be in her school wear, maybe Karen and I will make a contribution to the commemoration at work, I used to dream of dancing on tables at school, now is my chance - arrived at work, NO, school day is tomorrow! - to my sorrow, I take off everything, tomorrow my kid needs her school uniform, at least I had a dream...

Margaret Alice
Dancing To A Melody

I’m floating and dancing to a melody, swimming in the open sea of an open-plan office, creating my own ice floe, my own sacred space, typing a trade union document is not for me nor will it ever be, can’t be forced to become something I’ll never be

If I stop trying so hard to be a word shark, just become me, an undercover crocodile dreaming of freedom, creating things of beauty instead of destroying words in denouncing labour practices, one term for every idea, one single line of scientific meaning - opening infinity by indicating

 Millions of connotative emotions and visions contained in every word, a million songs and rhythms created by stringing them along in new frequencies, cadences unique, change them into actors on stage, shimmering like the sun, presenting a play of snowflakes swirling in song...

Margaret Alice
Dancing Zorba

Where is our CD of Zorba The Greek?
I want to dance it again, going round in a circle
one leg in front of the other, one step
then moving the other again
faster and faster - my twin sister and I
used to dance Zorba together
one step, a jump, then another
I shall always remember the good times
dancing together, going faster and faster
laughing and dancing till we were
out of breath - we shall dance again
when we've solved the problem
of the narrator-mother who told us
our lives when we were young
and told it all wrong
now I see it from a new viewpoint
with my father all strong
I must learn to deal with mother and sister’s
rejection of him – then we’ll be singing
and dancing together again!

Margaret Alice
Darling Alet

We all go to visit Alet, early morning Hanlie goes chatting, later the day, Hermien goes talking, then tea-time at ten, I rock up with a handful of poems

Alet reads avidly, making delighted comments, feeding my soul, understanding my spirit, being a haven for everybody who needs to talk

Never turns anyone away, her eyes lighting up in emotional reaction, happy understanding making it clear the light radiating from all facets

Are caught and enjoyed by an intelligent mind, messages deeply embedded in her sweet heart, her enthusiasm is balm for our weary spirits

Warm consideration creating a safe haven for the heavy-laden heart...

Margaret Alice
Darling Idiot Savants (Rev.)

In their zeal to prevent usage of terms deemed unsuitable, PoemHunter directors wrote them themselves to make sure we see them every day – thus we’re encouraged to not use them while we stare at them and never forget them – a brilliant strategy!

Like using pornography to show what we aren’t supposed to see, like drinking whiskey to show us how to not to be inebriated; if those words are not to be used, kindly remove them from the screen you darling idiot savants!

Margaret Alice
For the first time I read
about the problems that
beset Darwin’s attempts
to formulate his theory
of natural selection

The problems he faced
with the age of the earth
and species which must
have given birth to man
and all the cataclysms

That formed canyons
and mountains - I love
what he did, forging on
against as formidable
a foe as Lord Kelvin

The difficulty in wrestling
the facts of nature from
ancient records, looking
for truth in geology and
later even astronomy

The record of man’s quest
for the origin of the universe
is the best mystery
there is!

Martin Gorst  “Aeons – The Search for the
Beginning of Time”  Chapter 9

Margaret Alice
The Demon escaped from the bottle in Daskalos’ private sanctum, looking like a satyr from myth – dark green with red eyes and horn-like protrusions on his forehead. Daskalos and the Demon became affectionate friends – and Daskalos explained: Demons are archangelic emanations in the opposite side of existence, creating the realms of separateness - it’s fine with me, I am happy with the nice green demon visiting Daskalos...

Colin Wilson “Beyond the Occult” p.308

Margaret Alice
Daydreaming Diva, Prima Donna Of Melodrama

Taking pleasure in the inner world
less looking around and imagining
more - oh boy, as the Daydreaming
Diva, the Prima Donna of Melodrama
and enchanting inner imagery; I play
with ideas, aligning with the desire for
joyful thoughts – nobody else required
to join, because I cannot force choices
on others, we own our visions and
dreams, I choose looking only at
things that make me feel good when
I look, so then today is a fount of
joyful dreaming to me!

Margaret Alice
I’m scared of Hermien, a Pastor’s wife, she declared her mission: To help me to live more from my left-hemisphere brain so I can translate every day, without day-dreaming or wishing for more –

She says my right-hemisphere is way too strong; I should move over into the cold brilliance of the left-hemisphere - I’m sorry, Hermien; I cannot do that a life without peak experience

Would drive me to suicide, and you as a Pastor’s wife would not like to have that on your conscience, though it does seem that religious folks have a lot more issues than other people –

I knew two professors of Bible Studies who had affairs regularly – they probably lived the Calvinist creed: No amount of good deeds can save you, it’s useless to try to be better than you are

You are either predestined for life everlasting, or you are not; no single deed from your side can change your fate anyhow; so you might just as well be as bad as you like, the bigger your sin

The greater the gift of forgiveness you freely receive from the God of Predestination the bigger your humility (it being the highest virtue!) - In that case; I’m up for receiving the biggest gift of them all –

Though I have mostly sinned in my thoughts, my daydreams are terrible enough to make the devil recoil – at least I’m in good company with
all the pastors – and their goodly wives...

Margaret Alice
Dead Content In A Dead Monument

I’m scared of my document, I’m scared of the words that form lines and sentences I can’t understand, I see no meaning in all the cold words that have not been compiled with an eye and ear for how they sound, for their rhythm and beauty, for their acting ability

For their natural aptitude to paint pictures, perform magical rituals and create lace-like structures of beauty, to become stories and parables and symbols of enchanting ideas and promising theories and glorious visions – cold, cold words, defaced and scarred

By their demeaning position in grey sentences; to be relayed in ice-cold and lifeless constructions; by scientific terms that must be ascertained by consulting ice-cold manuals and legal dictionaries; words bound up and trussed and emptied of subjective connotation and denotation

Words without song and rhythm and dancing; I must string along dead, dead words, without melody or movement, without feeling or power or beauty, without the right to be unique - I must render the same dead content in a dead monument to legal ideas bereft of emotion, vision and dreams...

(I don’t care what the words mean, as long as they sing – said Alice exasperatedly...)

Margaret Alice
Dear Miss Maureen

If you saw my profile today you will know that I am six foot tall, a very handsome alien male, a multi-billionaire, and I don’t like poetry at all. My name Margaret Alice is a dead give-away that I am not a woman, most men are called Margaret where I come from, and the number of poems next to my name clearly indicates that I don’t like writing poetry very much.

You have a discerning mind and a brilliant intellect for seeing all these things from the meagre information at your disposal. How nice to know that Margaret Alice, the six-foot tall bloke from Mars, have been discovered to be just the man for Miss Maureen and that she is attracted by my manly features and great biceps and manly interests.

You must be my angel of the morning and I am sure many other men will email you now that you have kindly furnished the world with your precious email address. I am glad colour does not matter because I am green but I grow red when I get angry. I prefer blue girls, but purple will do, and I prefer girls from Venus, but Jupiter is also okay.

Do wait for my reply, what a great idea!

I recommend you subscribe to PoemHunter and post your picture so we can all admire you.

Warmest regards
Margaret Alice, green Alien from Mars at your service.

COMMENT FOUND TO MY POEM
I wish to share this precious gem with all the aliens out there:

23597795 - ' 2010/06/17 Fire Is Nice

'My name is Miss maureen am 24yr old. I saw your profile today and it really attract me a lot i believe that you are the man i have been looking for to share my love; How is your health? i hope all
is well with you. I believe that we can move from here; but remember that distance; age and color dose not matter what matters is the true love and understanding; in my next e-mail i shall include my picture; i been waiting for your reply mail me with this mail address (maureendesmond2008@) for further introduction. Bye hoping to hear from you soon.

p Ls contact me with this mail (maureendesmond2008@)'

Margaret Alice
Dearest Thief 8 July 2009

- - Lamtietie damtietie hush my baby
Robber of your mother's heart, dearest thief - -

Listening to the music language makes
listening to the way words reverberate

Remembering the lovely songs my mother
used to sing, listening to Dalida in Arabic

The French of Edith Piaf, Ay Mariek Marieke
by Jacques Brel, the most beautiful

Still remains Langenhoven’s Lullaby for
Liefstetjie...

Lam-tie-tie, Dam-tie-tie (English)

Lamtietie damtietie hush my baby
Robber of your mother's heart, dearest thief
Listen to the wind whispering through the trees
It lulls the trees across the streamlet.

Go to sleep, all the leaves, time for sleep is coming
Go to sleep, all the flowers, night is coming
That is the song of the wind for all the leaves and flowers.

1. This song was written by a South African writer, C. J. Langenhoven.

2. The words 'lamtietie damtietie' are pet names for a baby that are
untranslatable.

Afrikaans: Lamtietie, Damtietie

Lamtietie damtietie, doe-doe my liefstetjie
Moederhartrowertjie, dierbaarste diefstetjie
Luister hoe fluister die wind deur die boompetjie
heen en weer wieg hy hom al oor die stroompetjie

Doe-doe-doe bladertjies, slapenstyd nadertjies
Doe-doe-doe blommetjies, nag is aan’t kommetjies
So sing die windjie vir bladertjies en blommetjies

Source:

8 June 2009

Margaret Alice

PoemHunter Troll is on the blink, we are sadly bereft by the death of it, our only link to poets who would-be, who have-been, some who could-be and all iterations of everything in-between; what ails it, shall the mangly Troll rise again, where shall we take our pain and our joys, play our games with the ploys to survive this thing called life?

Margaret Alice
'Death Only Release 14/12/09

Through my family’s ridiculous behaviour
I have been robbed of a compass to evaluate
my own behaviour and the appropriateness of
anything I do and say, there has never been a day
when my behaviour was not open to censure, I can
never trust my own judgment and for all people I meet
I am inappropriate – death the only release I can think of...

Margaret Alice
Debate: Those Who Believe The Pleiades Important

Absolute Acceptance, total unconditional acceptance of everybody, of every unique experience:

Why does the person who levitates reject the person who materializes spirits from beyond the grave?

Why does the person who believes in God – never having seen Him - reject the person who photographs fairies?

Why do those who believe the Pleiades important based on an interpretation of pyramids reflecting the constellations Reject those who believe in the Pleiades based on psychic interpretations of earthly ruins?

Although one set of assumptions is complemented by the other’s research; they reject one another -

on the basis of - debunking reviews

I reject you given the dubious origin of your evidence; you reject me on the basis of mine even more obtuse - never the twain shall meet

Only when I offer you unconditional acceptance can I expect unconditional acceptance from you

Nobody wins unless everybody wins
Sings The Boss – Bruce Springsteen
Margaret Alice
'Declaring Blood Flow 16/10/09

I blame Terry Pratchett for the bureaucratic confusion in which we live our lives: Spiritual books claim every thought ever thought exists somewhere

His new devil replacing torture by hot tar with reading legislation, rules and regulations, in an administrative hell compiling lists in coloured pens, graphs and statistics

Our Human Resources Section are under his dominion, every new whim must be satisfied without their victims receiving feedback, we are stuck in a web of forms declaring direction of blood flow

Capacity of ventricles, the state of our lungs, the function of the gall-bladder and number of corns...

Terry Pratchett 'Eric'

Margaret Alice
Deep Freeze Feelings Of Infinite Sadness

Stuck in deep freeze feelings of
infinite sadness – sunk so deep
it cannot be brought to the surface
to be faced and maybe overcome

Sadness about something out of my
league, a thousand fathoms deep,
therefore I have no right to be
concerned about it, no right to

Lament in my pain and distress;
a sadness that stays in my deepest
psyche, manifesting in recurrent
nightmares and chronic fatigue

In my experiencing shock upon
learning the tabloids suspect Angie
of being ill – and that President
Mbeki’s positive comments

To President Nicolas Sarkozy’s
remarks that Africa’s culture leaves
no room for progress; are seen
as a racist slant by Africans –

A sadness I am not allowed,
but that puts my feelings in
deep freeze...

Margaret Alice
Deep Sentiment Relayed In Terms Most Irreverent

Got this day off to a good start, laughed so much my force is quite spent; I put my heroine to bed and left her there – but let me tell you a tale that might regale on this day:

Read elevated poetry of deep sentiment and then relayed it in terms most irreverent; an Angelina appears suddenly and sees a Brad most attractive appearing from afar

Right there she realizes her morals are loose and the Brad knows he has no other option than to choose to cavort and make sport with the Angelina before he can snooze

He has been cast as Mr Smith and she is the lusty Missus; he goes all cross-eyed while he sways to the tune that he feels in the swoon cast by her lips as red as the pomegranate

He runs up to her and clasps her to him and she begins to sing – forget thy nightingale Jen, just think of me and Max and the rest of my lovely ménage, I’m Lara Croft and I have oft

Regarded thy manliness from afar, leave thy door all ajar, let us toast the joys of the chalice of love all night long, life is a song, let’s sing it together for ever – or at least

As long as the tabloids prescribe; should they feel that our Spiel has been running too long we shall part as by decree till death do us part; death of fame, of course, my heart!

Margaret Alice
Ah, delicious theory and magnificent speculation giving birth to scientific progress and innovation. I adore learning more about visions, such as:

Descriptions of earth-shaking events encoded in the first five books of the Bible - the codes* inspire my imagination to investigate.

All speculation offered by quantum physics on consciousness and awareness and sub-atomic particles in communication.

Experiments indicate our holographic universe is constituted from vibrations by our human minds functioning like laser beams.

These ideas provide perfect explanations for the Bible Code phenomenon, observation creates and changes what is observed.

Therefore the human mind is free to create a Bible Code also, these theories are exciting and extends the range of my dreams.

Enlarging the range of awareness unto infinity, M Scott Peck describes the mind as a permeable membrane* penetrated by Karl Jung’s collective unconscious.

I rejoice in this enhancement of immaterial existence forever invisible to the five senses, leaving space for ALL probabilities.

As long as we are free to study all theories and respect contrary viewpoints, we can all enjoy a magical existence of

Infinite visions and dreams...
*Jeffrey Satinover “Cracking the Bible Code”
*M Scott Peck “The Road Less Travelled”

Margaret Alice
'Delight In Being 13/10/09

‘Tis strange, nobody needs me as myself with my strong points and shortcomings, they need service and care of a certain kind and if I provide they accept that I am there

But the words that gurgle in my throat and the laughter that bubbles on my lips, my sense of humour and view of the world, my questions, thoughts and ideas are outlawed

This is why I write, to communicate the feelings and thoughts that live within, never verbalised, expressed in writing and pictures, the real me delight in being and seeing

Listening and thinking, escaping the bonds of humanity!

Margaret Alice
Delighted To Be Alive 4.2.2009

Playful moments in my heart,
flashes of sunshine through the
trees, promises of warmth and
birds that sing; singing while I’m
working, a heart all light and glad,
delighted to be alive and listen to
another’s song also, words that flow
so beautifully smooth, like stones
rolling in rocky pools reflecting light
from above with jewel brightness,
the wonderful world imparts
joy unto my heart...

Margaret Alice
The house is in good taste except
next to my bed, a water hyacinth
and white flowers, a riot of pink
a little doll, glittering fairy
wings in a purple hue

Books and pictures of fairies
stuffed animals, sea-shells on
a string, a shiny butterfly, purple
beads, no-one can take my kitsch
away

No-one can criticise my taste in
my room, I am rich when I look
at my treasures, as precious as
beautiful thoughts, my production
sheet was correct

For the first time ever - I am
so glad, so delighted
so delirious!

Margaret Alice
'Delightful Joyous World (Rev.)  20.09.09

Trying to meet norms – not mastering skills I aim for spiritual development loving people talented where I am deficit

Yet you make room for me I do not prepare meals am not a homemaker cannot climb the corporate ladder hang only in the trenches

Through my colleagues’ loving help, counting all these advantages, I fall on my knees thanking universal consciousness

Overactive mind causing concentration problems receive help from all in my little world to cross every obstacle

I love everyone touching my life with their golden goodness, especially the unique few who like what I write

Making space for my illegal thoughts and feelings what a wonderful delightful, joyous loving, world!

Margaret Alice
Delirious Myself 6.3.2009

Was going to work tonight, brought my documents home for a preliminary study of all I have to do - then my characters continued their adventures

English Lions arrived, hubby delirious in front of the TV; I made a salad - Tiaan happily coughing; Nici making a video with photos from Namaqualand

Playing to the song of “Forgive me Delilah, the world will never be the same and you’re to blame” to replace the video lost in the theft of December

I’m delirious myself - dishes to be washed; we read Wintersmith; Annagramma turning into a real witch, she saved Tiffany’s life; I’m bewildered - where should I stow

All the joy - how should I fall back to earth, reading stupid, boring letters addressed to the President as if he would be reading the hackneyed advice of the self-satisfied...

3 June 2009

Margaret Alice
I am a phoenix, rising victorious from the ashes left after the flames of my anger, self-hate and mutilation, pain cleansed a way to concentration, mind stabilised at one single point

I completed my document, followed the argument right to the end, at one stage I realised what was happening, focusing on one thing only, the rays of attention usually scattering

In a million directions formed a laser beam of clear understanding, fear and rebellion cleansed from my soul, grim happiness in my heart, mark phrases in blue, working straight through lunch

Eyes focused and bright, when I reached the end I was ecstatic, delighted, aglow with joy - THIS is what life is all about: meeting challenges, suffering and sacrifice, then victory

My biggest fear is lack of focus and boredom, when I succeed in giving meaning to my little projects, I am delirious with joy!

Margaret Alice
Fritzl is his name, “protection” is the game he played, simply cashing in on the lack of respect for freedom that our society displays; worried about the life-style of his rebellious daughter – when parental force was out of the question to limit her freedom at age eighteen, yet society is for discipline and making decisions for others

He came up with a plan allowed him to play god: Incarcerating his daughter to protect her against the dangerous world outside, while he himself, the world INSIDE, became power-drunk and he gave in to his own inner devils; the biggest danger, he discovered and illustrated to us, is the devils we ALL harbor within...

I cried when I read why the man locked up his child, and the pathetic scene of his underground family where he enjoyed himself, marveling in the idea of a secret, happy family – the sadness is too much, the monster is a man deluded by a warped idea of love...

Margaret Alice
Depends How We Use Its Presence

I like what the higher intelligence
says in “The Choice For Love” by
Rodegast, offering to be a teacher
whose value depends on how we
use its presence, not taking sides
because ‘right’ and ‘wrong’ are not
absolutes

Echoing the ideas of Giovanni Guareschi
in his Don Camillo series, where ‘Christ
am Hochaltar’ reiterates to the supplicating
priest He does not take sides in football
matches against Peppone’s communists

As well as the theories of Ayn Rand who
says context and situation will determine
what is the right thing to do, not some
absolute criterion followed blindly – so
dear spirit voice, full marks to you!

Margaret Alice
Descent Into Hell

Oh, scary thought – ended up on the floor, couldn’t breathe after two slices of bread and mountains of croutons, suffering allergy symptoms, the nightmare repeated: Chemical depression while sinuses and arteries in my head are constricting, spasms in my back and neck making lying down almost impossible

Yet Wurmbrand was able to remain joyous and positive while suffering torture and deprivation in prison – why doesn’t religious faith work for me? When I had hallucinations of a strange presence strangling me after four years on a wheat diet, sunk into chronic headache and fatigue; I could not even pronounce the names of God or Jesus as I struggled for breath

Yet Wurmbrand prayed right through the night, even danced before God, then recited sermons in his cell; I shared a dormitory with twenty people, was kept under sedation, all my youthful preparation to face torment came to naught when I succumbed to the allergy - I admire Christian saints from afar - but keep on reading various spiritual books; my own body feels like a worse place

Than human prisons where Wurmbrand was beaten, locked up in spiked cupboards; God’s presence filled him while I never experience help when struggling for breath - it is unfair; I only hope there is a benevolent godhead because it is such a beautiful thought, I am thankful that I’m always kept safe whatever happens, my loved ones are safe also

I trust this denotes Godly care, my belief is based on admiration for joyful believers who overcame all forms of persecution; yet I wish I could feel such supernatural help when I’m suffocating, I’m scared of visiting and travelling, too much allergy food negates medication,
I’m so alone in the descent into hell...

Margaret Alice
Desired Demise Deferred By Myself 5.15.2008

Karen wants her document, June will check it,
I will translate it, looking up every term, saw a
baby at lunchtime running away, with a bubbly
nanny chasing, I knew it was a moment of
epiphany, once again my happy schemes
foiled, my desired demise deferred by myself,
at this rate, I'll be living until a hundred and
ten – what an awful prospect, hope I can die
peacefully in my bed and wake up in the astral
realm, surrounded by the golden light of love
such as the mediums say – if not, I'll be back
and hound them to death - the whole lot!

Margaret Alice
Destroying Affection 5.8.2009

The silence between us is alive,
a threatening Gorgon’s head with
snakes and tentacles suffocating
me - I’m to blame

I drove home in an aggressive
frame of mind, having pushed
myself at work to finish checking
all documents on my desk

My mental engine could not stop,
like a Grand Prix Ferrari in overdrive
I could not slow down, speeding
everywhere, kids complained

The feverish feeling was jolly and
we were laughing, joking about
your love for destruction when
we saw the tree you cut down

You exploded in fiendish anger
on hearing us, the expression of
hatred on your face was a shock,
yet I confess it was my fault

My aggressive driving indicates that
my brand of humour was out of place,
but it bugs me that you could project
so much hatred in your anger

If this is what anger does, I would rather
not indulge in that emotion again, how
awful to assume such an expression,
use that tone of voice, cutting off life

Undermining trust, destroying
affection...
Margaret Alice
Destroying Inner Composure

It is delightful to find wonderful things to believe in; worthy ideals to strive for, but I’ve lost it, life seems meaningless – devoid of mystery, I need to mix magic into the mixture of life, yet can’t find the magic required, suffocating in the harsh light; imprisoned in a cage, my world shrunk to a work station comprising a computer and chair, I used to decorate my office, create a sacred space, danced with the fairies, cried when something touched me deeply, painted and spread glitter everywhere, now my world stops at my ear phones to block disharmonious noises from creating chaos in my head, without personal space life is lived on a stage, bright lights blinding my eyes, I need privacy to find spiritual forces; the cold, one-dimensional lines of the visual world is clogging my mind, my nerves are on edge – I can’t close my eyes and meditate, the lack of space to compose my mind in the open-plan office is destroying my inner composure...

Margaret Alice
1. Determine What Sin

I discovered to my delight
that I had a bad headache
while having done everything
right – so I came to the conclusion
the headache is an indication
that I will do something wrong
and I decided to indulge in an
illegal waffle with forbidden
ice-cream before the universe
could determine what sin it
would like me to engage in –
so here I am; after my undercover
excursion into the wicked
den of delight; now I can face
the headache with satisfaction –
at least I have earned it myself;
I never want pain without reason
to give meaning to my existence
in a free universe!

2. I’ll be Sorry for my Insomniac Ideas

Oh, I can’t lie quietly in bed with all these
thoughts in my head! I need a pensieve
such as Dumbledore has, to take out my
thoughts and store them someplace; one
needs focus and these thoughts interfere,
a pensieve is the best idea I have ever come
across, without that device life feels just like
Askaban, with Dementors sucking my soul
out of me; when I can’t sleep I write Vogon
poetry, I need to Beeblebrox my brain or obtain
some magic sleeping potion from the Half-
Blood Prince; I wish I could travel by leaving
my body behind and putting my mind behind
an eagle’s eyes like Nanny Weatherwax does;
tomorrow I’ll be sorry for my insomniac ideas!

Margaret Alice
Developing The Plot Of My Very Own Story

Oh what fatigue, collected my kid sang as we drove along, happy and loud, told her about my heroine who can sing opera well, into the shop with no-one to stop the tune in my head, sang as we went along the racks and the wares, came back to work, determined to concentrate, but of course the voice kept on singing in my head, especially when Alfredo, a tenor, joined my heroine in the opening scene, I listened enraptured as they finished the theme, now I’m back at my President letter - but it fails to intrigue me, it would be ever so much better to see what my protagonists are doing, will she get the role after auditioning, how will she deal with the pressure of stardom – or will she be ousted by a glitzy pretender who cannot sing but present well on a stage? - Please give me leave to continue the event, it is impossible to concentrate on other things while so much has to be said in developing the plot of my very own story!

Margaret Alice
Dhammananda’s Quest (Rev.) And Beauty

Dhammananda’s Quest
for Compassion and Wisdom,
guidance towards the intellect’s
emotional perfection
and wise loving

concern for life,
seeing all as they are,
acting nobly,

Happiness Everlasting is
not in brief sensory pleasure,
not found in material wealth,
power or fame,

it is located in Goodness
and a clear conscience;
happiness is always anchored
within the contentment
of quiet mental tranquility

A happy, peaceful life
is founded on allowing
others to live happy, peaceful lives,
ever expecting the Rose of Gratitude,
to be loved and protected
lovingly accepting that humans cannot
appreciate what comes naturally

Ingratitude is an ingrained
weed, doing good
for inner joy only...

Dhammananda’s Recipe For Beauty

Endowed by the natural beauty
of kindness, love and simplicity
loving kindness works like

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
inexpensive cosmetics, more
effective than any beauty cream

Internal charm and beauty exude
irresistibly, radiating outwards in a
glowing aura growing in intensity
translating noble virtues into loving
kindness, polite speech and gentleness

K. Sri Dhammananda, 1989 BMS Publications, Malaysia

Margaret Alice
Dhammananda’s Tiger

Strive to help others, but
train the understanding
to see things as they are
not as they seem to be,
know who and what they
are - their attitude - to
handle them with care

Beware of whom you help,
a man released a tiger from
a net on receiving a promise
of safety, the tiger promptly
attacked him, a wise old fox
heard his plight and made the
tiger re-enter the net

In illustration of the argument,
warning the man to beware of
wickedness making promises
they never intend to keep...

K. Sri Dhammananda, 1989 BMS Publications, Malaysia

Margaret Alice
Dial Is Stuck, Tachyon, Forgiving Love, Victim, Eternal Confusion

Dial In My Mind

Sitting quietly, softly singing Schubert’s Serenade, turning into the melody, rising up with the notes, with a twist sliding down, filling the cathedral in my mind

A mind unfocused like mine, can’t be tuned on the subject at hand, I need to escape from the broadband setting where the dial in my mind is stuck

In an unreal realm where the world as it is seems foreign and mean, I cannot engage in conversation with anyone, can’t even start on the document

Staring at me in mute supplication to set it free to be ingested by its intended recipient in a language he can understand

But still I tarry, listening to the song playing in my mind, immobile, the dial still stuck...

Lord Tachyon

The Queen of the Dawn caught the best wishes, followed the beam of the moon sent down by the King

At the very top saw the face of the King of the Night, velvety smooth, happy and sweet, so
forgetting all

Leaving the world down below,
soaring up to the heavens with
him, flinging her arms wide and
far, floating on stars

Singing in the wind, enjoying
the happiness and laughter
of the King of the Night,
King of the North,
Lord Tachyon!

Her Forgiving Love For The Phantom

The original Phantom-story by Gaston
Leroux - Christine living in the Opera
House, bringing light into the lives
of its inhabitants

Her beau, twenty-year old Raoul De Chagny
is no match for the bitter phantom, devising
magic torture devices in revenge
for his rejection

At first forcing Christine to accept his advances;
she prefers dying to staying in his catacombs,
but in the end, her heart is moved by his
plight

Accepting him unconditionally, offering
him love and forgiveness, covering a
all his sins, redeeming his soul
from bitterness

He loves her enough to let her go free
to an innocent life with the youthful
and unscarred Raoul – now THAT is
TRUE LOVE

The unselfish love the Phantom felt for
Christine after all the pain he endured
and inflicted himself; and her forgiving
love for the Phantom

I must confess I have not succeeded in
playing Christine, no scarred man
redeemed by any efforts of mine;
but I can dream, can’t I?

Based on “Phantom of the Opera” by Gaston Leroux

Victim to Conditional Love

Today you had to admit you can’t
get along at all with mom - what
useless love, what cruel deception,
what disillusion...

What use is love – just a mean
deception, an eternal illusion,
a useless convention, nothing
doing, all is lost...

I shall keep my dream of unconditional
love intact, beyond temporal reality,
within a special realm, never falling
victim to the sadness of

Conditional love – having earned the
scorn of a beloved person because
Dad could not fulfill an impossible
dream...

He is forlorn, nowhere to go, nowhere
to stay, no home of his own – gave all
away to win the love of the woman
who still spurns him today...

Cope With The Same Eternal Confusion...
The sadness of the autumn chill
is exacerbated by the inevitable
loss of Tiaan’s cell phone ending
up in the wash

The phone is ruined, back to a
basic model without music and
chat room – the problem could
have been prevented

If only the crocodile had been
more demanding regarding the
tidiness of the crocodile kids –
but how can she -

being a notorious slob herself?
Her cupboard is a view into
hell itself, any attempt at
rectifying the problem

leads to a worsening of the
situation - how then can she
discipline the crocodile kids?
They’ll learn by following

another inspiring example –
or spend their lives doing
their best to cope with
the same eternal

Confusion...

Margaret Alice
Diaphanous Wings Of Dreams

Dreaming of my own Phantom, dreaming that he will come and sing a song with me, teaching me to sing a sweet duet with him, dancing an old-fashioned minuet, before he fights a duel with the Vicomte de Chagny

I’ll choose the Phantom every time, to redeem his soul by endless love and tenderness, by meaningful discussion of life’s mysteries, by kissing his scarred face, the symbol of the scars in his heart and soul, redeeming him from cynicism and bitterness until his eyes shine with new glory; until he knows happiness and joy and become the personification of goodness and beauty, until the songs that play

In his mind take him up into the celestial spheres high up above, until new melodies of infinite sweetness and delight change me into a musical theme and I float off on the diaphanous wings of dreams...

Margaret Alice
Thank heaven for Terry Pratchett when I feel down, after reading A Song in Siberia, wondering where these wonderful people have gone I read on page 11 of Carpe Jugulum:

‘Agnes sang in harmony with herself, NOT with her mirror reflection as she would end up singing a duet with Mr Bluebird then a flamethrower would be the only release in spite of feeling depressed

I burst out laughing, the infinite cheek to depict my beloved Mary Poppins in such a way - but whatever he does, he cannot extinguish the joy I find in fairytales, I suspect Song in Siberia is another one such

The authors describe a horrible life, women with eight or nine children, the horror of that idea! - suffering hunger and deprivation and willingly taunting atheist while increasing in peace and joy

I also cannot give up my beliefs in spirit and soul and life after death and virtue and love but I could NEVER imagine having so many kids, inculcating strict discipline and finding my joy in the Bible only

I never try to convince others to follow my ideas, religions always want people to live in loving groups, I prefer being alone, want to read thousands of books, study a million stories - They are described as happy

With their love and integrity met by persecution I hate being rejected for my convictions, never enjoy ridicule by my fellow-men, inner religious
fire never burns in me, I want to be free
and wish freedom for all others

Free from pressure by religion and atheism alike
free to follow my inner convictions and dreams
without obeisance to the opinions of others,
these persecuted Christians were saints -
I would have prayed for death

Were I in their place!

Margaret Alice
Did It Please You To See Us Cringe?

Did it please you to see us cringe?
Did it enhance your self-image?
Was it fun to feel your power over us?
Was it satisfactory to diminish us in your sight?
Was it great to know your might?
I’m glad for you, for all the great things you can do, for taking care of everything, especially for keeping us in a state of humility!

Margaret Alice
A beautiful sunny day, I worked on my document, then tried an experiment, ate some fish just to establish whether I’m still allergic and to desensitize myself; an ancient King became inured to all kinds of poisons by imbibing small amounts of poisons daily, therefore I must overcome by the same means; but he had to kill himself by falling in his sword when his death was required; were he but still vulnerable, an easy dose of poison would have served him well - maybe I should keep the allergy as a last resort when things go awry and life becomes unbearable; I’m happy to report my stomach burns and my head is sore; I’m still as allergic as before – I shall be able to die quite easily whenever required!

Margaret Alice
Diets Only Work When They Contain Cadbury’s

A new diet craze: You typing foodstuffs with fibre value, vitamins and minerals; threatening me with a new regimen – while I’m trying to compile a story about Vladimir the Insane -

It is so nice to write with another author, he came up with Vladimir, infusing a bright ray of reality into the tale; I immediately countered by introducing Nutmeg, the Dragonfly-Fairy

Who caused Vladimir to experience epiphany by bringing him magical honey - but I digress: Your new diet entails compiling a special routine for the kids and me

I flee in despair: Diets only work when they contain Cadbury’s and lots of icing on cake!

Margaret Alice
Digging For Diamonds And Gold & Looking At Jica, DFID And BiRD

Digging

Me, alone with my thoughts in an office – not a good idea: For a short while I dream of being in a sacred space and my mind becomes a cathedral

Then, I look at the lack-lustre document – MONUC looks like someone in a monastery PNUT looks just like sputnik going kaputnik UNFPA sounds like umph said in pain

While colleagues are bristling in righteous anger about Management telling a Minister they refuse to serve him because officialdom is trying to prove they are supreme

All is conflict about me, charcoal hearts burning in anger, I go digging for diamonds and gold to purge in the fires burning around me ...

Looking At JICA, DFID And BiRD

My emotions are my very own Global Positioning System; Abraham states with great conviction

The universe is reflecting back to me the essence of how I’m feeling about it, oh dear, this means

I feel the universe is boring because right now boredom is all I see, maybe the solution will be

To run off and drink a cup of tea while
perusing “The Messiah-Code” by Adriaan Snyman – at least

This sounds interesting - thus the universe promises to start reflecting colourful interest back at me

Once I’m free from boredom in my office, I’m tired of looking at JICA, DFID and BiRD – while not a single one

Of these abbreviations are singing for me!

Margaret Alice
Discomfiture With Discombobulate

It added to my discomfiture when I found the word discombobulate this morning – how disconcerting that such a word should be used to confuse the reader, the only way to deal with this occurrence is to use the word to describe a world gone mad - where Zimbabwe falls to pieces, people decimated by cholera, the Kongo erupting in sporadic violence, while politicians twiddle their fingers and whistle a happy song, probably hoping Peter Pan from Neverland will come along to solve the world’s political problems...

Margaret Alice
Dishonest Deserter...

Crying in desperation, thoughts of Monday fill me with fear, tried on Friday to do my duty; impossible to concentrate, I’m so far behind I should resign and die of hunger somewhere – made no headway on my plotted course through documents to be translated, could not keep my mind on it, sank into pitch-black despair, focused on being sane, irrespective of pain - yet keeping my eyes glued to the paper did not bring any advantage; I’m a dishonest deserter, the worst employee ever, I should admit my guilt and accept public shame, can’t play the game of a production sheet when I’ve nothing to show on it!

Margaret Alice
Some respond – I don’t believe in spirit communication; then Stemman asks – Have you investigated? - Noo...

Stemman says he experienced and saw convincing evidence; he is amazed when others dismiss things

They know NOTHING about on the grounds of lack of interest, as if that is the measure for science

Some people even crusade against spirit things, rather than question the origins of their own beliefs

Skeptics are skeptical about everything, accepting sacred skepticism unquestioningly; while TRUE science

Shouldn’t prejudge anything before studying thoroughly – but skeptics summarily dismiss nonsensical

Things like evidence as the most superfluous, impractical thing imaginable...

Margaret Alice
Distant Horizons Improvisation 4.13.2009

Medley:

1. Distant Horizons Improvisation

It’s time to get ready for bed - don’t want this feeling of freedom to end,
sitting with the Fairy Tales as back rest on a high kitchen chair

Dreaming while reading ‘Soul Music’,
kids listening to Slade’s CD, perfect foil for Buddy’s Music With Rocks In,
Mustrum Ridcully would have been

Just as mystified if he heard ‘Get Down And Get With It’ & ‘My Oh My’ & ‘Run Run Away’ - it is easy to see why the wizards of Unseen University

Were mesmerized by this new kind of music, the bemused Archchancellor would have understood why the Bursar got high without dried frog pills

And I must go to bed to rise bright and early to sit at a desk, type questionnaires and play corporate politics in a red-tape state institution, changed every month

Personnel played by human resources as if we were an accordion, ridden bareback by every new-fangled invention of bureaucratic persuasion – I could pray for resignation

To reconcile me to my role and station in life, but I’m scared my prayer would be heard; I don’t want to be resigned, still want to rant and rave against my fate
Still want to dream that all this might change
as soon as I find a golden key or magic flute
that would open the chute – Open Sesame –
that will let me take off and fly away

To distant horizons of improvisation...
13 April 2009

2. Not Satisfied At All

This has been a most distressing,
most depressing, tiring day, totally
discouraging, tired from attempts
at helping a colleague struggling,
trying to defuse the mounting
conflict between two strong
personalities, tired from
lack of sleep,
emotionally
deplete

Completely squashed by evaluation
procedures showing me to be an
average human being - marked
like sheep, rated and graded –
found wanting, see the
comparisons between
the hard-working sort
who never gets bored
forging on happily
through the day

I am counting blessings, the main one
being I still have a job in spite of the
fact that I’m the most pathetic being
alive; the worst administrator that
has ever been, usually I’m quite
keen to point out to people I’m
so deliciously low, a squashed
cabbage – but when they
concur, saying ‘Yes,
we know, you’re up
to no good’

My glass self-image shatters into a million pieces - the boss, placated within my limitations, indicated she was not satisfied at all...

3. Refuge From Reality

A quick summary of the history of pop and hip-hop, heavy metal and blues, especially the commercial types who zoom in and take charge, the exploitation of the talented, the stupidity and gullibility, it is a marvel of delight to read Terry Pratchett’s rendition of the beginning of modern music in the 20th century, I’m sitting here with a smile right round my face, Chrysoprase the troll, a Mafia boss, Buddy Holly or really called Imp y Celyn, and Susan, Death’s granddaughter forced to take account of Buddy’s imminent death – what a wonderful magic place in which to take refuge from reality, created by an imaginative writer with the best imagination that was ever seen!

Terry Pratchett “Soul Music” 1994

Margaret Alice
Doing Boring Work Is A Form Of Masochism...

Well, another day gone, maybe after composing this elegy to my feisty heroine I will be able to do some translating and focus enough to do filing, otherwise another day spent in daydreaming - it is not of my choosing, it’s getting out of control – though it has never been different I was just more used to stopping myself before I got lost in my imagination but nowadays I just lack the motivation to stop indulging in stories evolving in my head – besides, doing boring work without inspiration is a form of masochism...

Margaret Alice
Got my proper chastisement today,  
I had assumed Nathi had resigned  
when he disappeared, but he was  
only on leave

It irked him that I conferred only with  
his underlings; I apologized profusely,  
in all honesty, so many people had  
died and some

Had been escorted outside by the special  
police, I did not know why Nathi wasn’t  
here and I suspected the worst - but I  
received a serious e-mail

Instructing me to deal with him directly; now  
I know he’s alive and not under arrest, I shall  
do so with pleasure, always doing my best  
to please Management -

Or at least, some of the time...

Margaret Alice
Marvelous, in the jittery phase of over-insulin
at least physical symptoms are more interesting
than sitting like a statue registering nothing -
feeding myself peanuts with jerky movements
another chocolate or sweet juice and I might
pass out, that is always fun

That one has to go to such lengths to lighten
boring life with exciting events, I really should
look for a more adventurous job, riding the lift
with harassing security guards and singing
songs on the stairwell is no way to live a
glamorous life, no wonder

The naughty James Bond girl refuses to come
to work with me, sitting like a prisoner, immobile,
my head tired of doing all the traveling while my
body is held in the stocks by super-boring docu-
ments, spirit to be enthralled by fantasies, or
it runs away saddening my doleful soul...

Margaret Alice
Dollops Of Golden Buttery Bits

It is a delight to have goals unfulfilled, I strive for them with all my might; as long as there is desire, life force flows through us and all around –
Be happy in unfulfillment, celebrate the desire of human kind. It gives wings to the mind, provides goals that cause energy to ebb and flow, low and high, set a clear tone that gives vibrational access to only-good-feeling-things – the only success I know is the joy I feel in that flow, if that is my criterion, my joy is complete.

You are so sweet, the sun dishes out dollops of golden buttery bits that I wish to lick off the buildings and eat, the dreams we can dream and the visions we have seen are too beautiful to frame in words; life is a treat, nothing can beat the feeling of sweet love – while in my mind where I'm listening a melody is playing there...

Margaret Alice
Douse-The-Glim

For Alet

Pavane for a pervert, permission to be promiscuous, thinking perhaps ‘tis pernickety pumpernickel interspersed with pink popsicles and perspicuous place names

Douse-The-Glim, glow-worm glimmer, dance a romance and shimmer, permit for the purple pantaloon and a pilfering Brigadoon, when are we going home, real soon

I’m knackered, need mollycoddling for my soul, all dappled and chequered, caught in a time warp, burn, oh mine heart, for days of warm delight, much too sweet to leave, be everlasting

Flow unto infinity, take me with you, let me float down the stream of time, let me drink deeply of the heady wine of laughing fun, dance on the ceiling and touch the lovely dreams shining there

Evaporating effervescently before keelhauling drags me down and buries my cobweb heart beneath reality’s steelwire hard down below suspicious minds...

Margaret Alice
Dr Lugubrious

Dr Lugubrious sketched a scenario so sombre, a future without hope, her knee will never improve, brain damage, no doctor in private practice would accept her as a patient with her multiple fractures

The lines around his mouth pointing down as if he were about to burst into tears, cold with fear we listened - then came another surgeon, explained the situation, said she was stable, ready to be

Transferred to the best hospital where his good friend Zondagh was in charge, gone the goose-bumps of angst, went off to find this wonderful doctor, a whiz kid, after driving up and down

Doctors conferring, a special ambulance, we entrusted Carine to Zondagh on a Sunday knowing she would be all-right; he chewed while studying her X-rays, pronounced her a good candidate

To walk normally again, no brain damage, the dire predictions of Dr Lugubrious seemed false, nobody knows what despondent sadness propels him to prophesy the end for every patient

Unfortunate enough to fall under his care...

Margaret Alice
Dream Of Sleeping At My Desk

Once again went astray, left the straight
and narrow of diet prescriptions to dabble
in black territory: I felt the urge to taste
samoosas again, I had some at the ACALAN
conference; they were SO good

They did not kill me – I didn’t die – just fell
asleep during a speech or two - so when I
saw samoosas inadvertently, I wanted to
taste them again; now the power for rational
decision-making has left me completely

All that’s left is a red-hot searing travelling
through my head while everyone’s commenting
on my sleepiness - I’m yawning my head off
can’t keep my eyes open, instead of visualizing
a work day tomorrow

I dream of sleeping at my desk, though I
detest such weakness - it makes me so
much less than all the others
working at their desks..

Margaret Alice
Dreamers Burnt Or Hanged

Drawn like a moth to a flame, when reading words meant to carry the intent of an ardent poet, I’m so relieved to be a total recluse – how could anyone withstand such beautiful invitation to get involved if accompanied with soulful eyes and brilliant presentation? Luckily I’m far away from anybody, all on my own, taking care of dreams, happily ensconced in sweet visions – of people I am scared, I believe they have good intent, but I never see it realized anywhere, wherever I look I see broken hearts and people scared – I shall always believe in the goodness of humanity, while full well knowing that they have no wisdom or integrity, knowing I have too little myself – softly crying about our shortcomings, but enjoying the enticing light of their ideals, singing their glorious songs with them, dreaming of meeting souls in the afterlife who will not reject me for being a dinosaur or a modern crocodile, unable to conform to twenty-first century society; luckily a ban on dreams has not yet been realized, though I suspect that literary society and the philosophical fraternity – maybe traditional religions also – would insist dreamers be burnt or hanged as soon as possible...

Margaret Alice
Dreaming Of Being Christine...

Of redeeming
the phantom himself
lifting him up
from loneliness
and self-loathing
into acceptance
of the sacred
beauty of
life

Both my attempts
to lift up two phantoms
scarred humans, one
on the outside
the other on the
inside, came to
naught

Life is fraught
with disappointment
of this sort - because
all have free will
to set their own
course

I cannot give
unconditional acceptance
probably because
I have never tasted
such things
myself...

Margaret Alice
Dreaming One Day Escaping...

While one colleague is organizing church affairs, another
two are discussing work-on-hand and duties for the week

I’m sitting here, wondering where the little bits of meaning
gone I had prepared this week-end, why I feel so wrong

And out of sorts sitting in my chair, looking out over buildings,
a boring picture, green trees to the left yet distortion so bad

The view presents no beauty, the disturbing sunfilter-film adds
a feeling of dust and depression to everything seen through it

I sparkled a while, but thoughts of beauty are evaporating in
the clinical atmosphere, I cannot dream here, only solution

Reading Terry Pratchett illegally in order to escape the
feeling of being me, don’t like what I turn into sitting here

I don’t like the monsters growing in my feelings, I don’t like
the way my ability to visualize is reduced, then destroyed

Came to work with a vision in my mind, enchanting
the senses, now it is gone, could not retain it within

The lack of a personal sphere, lack of space to create
a magical circle in which my thoughts can expand

Only by dreaming of one day escaping from this pigeon-
hole so-called work-station, can I struggle through the day

Sitting in a cold space, no coziness, no warmth, no
softness - stifling my spirit, burying my soul...

Margaret Alice
Dreams All Packaged 5.27.2008

Want to collect stones and shells, little space, many books, dreams all packaged, knowing the limitations of reality: I cannot sit and stare at a fire, so gathering driftwood and leaves to construct interesting things to fill fire-moments, impatient until escaping from one-dimensional reality as represented by fire and sand and dinner and eating and staring – when I want to discover the secret nature of different reality systems, one physical reality being too small, my brain is constrained, mind all tied up, no experience of metaphysics; New Age Literature enlarges the imagination, teaching this is a benevolent universe and we make our own decisions within the choices life offers, reading esoteric books hoping someday, dreams and theories will turn into reality...

Margaret Alice
Dreams And Possibility Meet Instantly

Nearly time to go home
another memory stick my only link
with life at the office
as I march away
with the spoils of the day:

The work of a new poet
a book to read
a document in illegible handwriting
a mind wiped clean - and emptiness
where my heart should have been

The memories that flooded me
during the course of this day
the remembrance of things
that might have been
if only I had known

How to use the opportunities
that chance offered me
but I did not understand
turned off into another direction
and today the question surfaced again

Could it have been different
if I had been willing
to follow my dream
of doing interpreting
for a living?

No, maybe not, I prefer
anonymity in making a living
to sit quietly and dream peacefully
about another dimension of existence
where dreams and possibility meet - instantly!

Margaret Alice
Confronted with a stack of papers, a dispute about land reform matters, each time I start in earnest my psychosomatic headache appears, we need the living dead, a confirmed zombie to work through these files.

I cannot club my spirit unconscious every time I wish to do my job, if only something could make me angry or scared enough to find zombie words the lesser of two evils, but I suspect life beckons and beautiful words are waiting to sing.

Lovely stories are waiting to be told, beautiful dreams are waiting in the wings, ready to fill the seeking mind, visions of a new world are on the verge of consciousness; how should I knock myself unconscious so that

I can use the magic of life and time to stare at empty lines repeating themselves in boring uniformity, how to enjoy my job, create fun for everybody if I have to cut my wings on a daily basis – no wonder.

Humanity has become a psychological case to be managed by chemicals and medication to deaden mind and spirit, kill initiative, douse the fires of passion before they start...

Margaret Alice
Contemplating wonderful words; doesn’t matter who they are meant for, it never bothered me before, when Paul asked Debby whether she liked roses with thorns, she replied ‘Indeed I do, once I’ve got hold of the roses, I can evade the thorns’ – I made those words mine

Whenever a strange voice speaks, saying – ‘It’s your image I keep’, or a known Biblical character professes love in Proverbs, I accept it as meant for me; especially as all the admonishing against sin is accepted as directed against me also, I balance everything with positive statements - I’m delighted by

These loving words which will go straight to my heart; after watching a scary program on TV, reporting on medical neglect and spiritual energy seeking revenge; I return to positive words - the dice of life lies in making choices; though I’m not offered choices at all, never having been offered such beautiful words

I only dream about soul-mate concepts and spiritualism... Barbara was here, we drank too much, me trying to gloss over my shortcomings; she simply enjoying her life – my dreams being enclosed within unreal dream space, no-one has ever voiced the words of my choice – which is fine, I have so much to do

Keeping kids at school, it will be enough until dreams turn into reality...

Margaret Alice
Dreams Of Fantasy And Enchantment

Lost this day to nothingness; thought
to save the remnants by reading in bed –
how wrong could I be, I had forgotten
the book was all sadness;

My heart ran on empty all day, untouched
by empty banter and meaningless laughter,
the meeting was marked by a total lack of
innovation and fun, not once
did my thoughts take flight to
take me away, imprisoned within
an opaque lethargy, not a single dream
on which to soar to lofty heights

I could not conjure a feeling of
glory or get hold of an escapist
theory; tonight my object is to
manually change mental gears
to a positive setting - if I fail
tomorrow would be a repetition
of the same misery - Where is
the magic switch that will

open the doorway to dreams
of fantasy and enchantment,
adding depth and colour to
one-dimensional reality?

Margaret Alice
Each Fresh New Minute Like An Unfolding Rose

I’ve forgotten about the other scourge waiting in the wings:
Office Scan Client, insisting on scanning my PC, with scary terms
like Trojan programs, malicious code – this whole scanning process
sounds fiendishly malicious to me, then the only thing that I like, nay adore:

Spyware – I so hope the enemy (whoever and wherever they may be)
will spy on me, it would add such excitement to my little life;
then spyware is followed by grayware...

That’s probably what’s wrong with Beyers from IT: The
Time-Thieves* have convinced him to save time to put in
the time-bank; there they dry his fresh, new time and roll
it into cigars and smoke up his life until only ashes is left

Beyers doesn’t know each fresh new minute is
like an unfolding rose, each successive
minute more beautiful than the
previous one...

*From "Momo" by Michael Ende

Margaret Alice
Early Morning - Our Request Is Always Heard

Reality is
a moment brief
that we keep repeating

Every time we
praise and appreciate
we’re telling the universe:

More of this, please,
more of this! - and our
request - is always heard...

Margaret Alice
Early Morning At Work, Laughter And Fun

Early morning at work, laughter and fun; talking about TV last night, how a team had to guess the next words of characters in old Afrikaans movies and older photo book stories;

Waiting for final versions of invitations indicating the venue – but since Corney had been abducted by a group of aliens and has been seen no more, being in charge of accommodation;

Nothing is happening – and happenstance I have heard the address list of invitees are incomplete containing no e-mail addresses – none can be sent until the addresses are ascertained

And you expect me to work with all these wonderful things going on?

Margaret Alice
'Early Morning Meditation

“There was no beginning and there will be no end” – this concept is too big, I cannot fathom it

Consciousness is forever, has ever been-how can I comprehend when everything begins and ends

Reality is only one of an infinite list of probabilities; the Creator is bigger than the sum of all probabilities

Sitting in my office, life seems much too Small to contain me and these thoughts that seem to loom over me...

Margaret Alice
East Of The Sun...

Come home in the heat, feeling tired and fatigued, feet burning, the sky looking hazy and weak, the grass grey and dying, temperatures soaring, the rain stays away, a dusty horizon, the sun wilting like me

A reddish dust everywhere makes for striking sunsets - lack of fresh air, remembering mistakes in spelling, repetition of instruction by an impatient colleague, wishing the homecoming over, wishing for peace; late-night TV

Need to buy cat-food, need to start dinner – sitting and staring, too tethered this moment, wish I could conjure a positive thought to act as a compass – turning emotions to Wonderland, East of the Sun and West of the Moon...

Margaret Alice
Eat Sour Grapes For Breakfast

My solution to boredom is anger.  
Confronted with false holiness in  
a sanctimonious, old-fashioned  
Pharisee, my blood starts to boil.  
The preacher gets into stride,  
begins to chide Dr Anne-Marie and  
me for our unbecoming laughter –  
oh, my holy friend, you might want  
to end your life in heaven – but  
not me, I would die of boredom.  
I prefer fun and joy to your cold  
judgmental ‘banter’. Calling us  
unsophisticated? Really! Your malign  
attitude would ruin any kind  
of happiness – go drink vinegar,  
eat sour grapes for breakfast!

Margaret Alice
Ecclesiastes Tonight

I wonder about Ecclesiastes tonight:
is everything just a repetition of the past
a repetition of the things that had been
and will be repeated again

Is there nothing new under the sun
and how can we go on
knowing it is so -
I feel so weary by what I see

And by what experience brings
it feels as if the only time I know
is the time to throw away stones
the stones of memory

In every dropp of sweetest delight
seems to lurk the pain of deceit
the bitterness of deception
bringing more pain unto me

Why should false expectation
and deceptive positive reflection
always be followed by
cold retribution

And bitter memory?

Margaret Alice
Problems, storms, a turbulence existing discontented, protagonists’ unleashing their hostility in thunder lit by lightning scenes exploding wild and furious

Criticism wreaks an irksome murky anger, rejection of my essence says I have no right to be myself – cannot own my temperament within this atmosphere

My choice; to stay here where I don’t belong, repel attacks, appease rejection, reach perfection, reinforce the lesson duty needs with sacrifice and pain suppressed

Attempts at home and work to serve were doomed to fail although I truly tried, I am unhappy waiting death’s escape from life I loved in passion of its ecstasy and pain

Margaret Alice
Ecstasy Of Excellence

The ecstasy of excellence is the only worthy kind to cultivate, to play at being Salieri, promoting one-self while admitting that one’s myrmidons are rather tone-deaf with an unmusical mind

Is self-destructive in the long run, instant celebrity status and overnight fame is a self-contained game that leaves one with a bitter taste in the mouth, later generations will laugh at one’s self-glorification

And consign such work to the oblivion of mediocrity, while the pursuit of excellence brings a reward infinitely more satisfying than anything puny man can devise, to make music that sings right into the heart

Stirring the soul, will make future generations swing higher in their pursuit for perfection, celebrity status based on self-elation is meaningless - did you ever play chess and win by cheating

That kind of hollow victory is senseless, injures self-worth and undermines self-respect...

Margaret Alice
Egocentric Holographic Spirit Selves

The golden spiral unwraps
our holographic spirit selves,
unlocking an egocentric
3D perspective
of reality

Becoming more holographic,
experiencing quantum fluidity
within, expanding into the
infinite nature of
all creation...

Margaret Alice
Emotional Hell Of Dead, Frozen Feelings

The Nile-Crocodile is alone in its vigil - everyone else is asleep; almost midnight; the only purpose of reptilian life is joyous existence in immediacy, therefore, the Crocodile is experiencing death

It turns into a statue of ice, an Ice Princess who can’t feel anything; calculating the meaning of life like an ice-cold machine, unable to FEEL her way, all emptiness, the body surviving simply because reptiles are

Too primitive to choose physical death after the total demise of the emotions; though experiencing death of idealism in crocodilian despair; without the sun to thaw its blood and give it strength

The Ice Princess only feels the utter desolation of crocodilian nihilism –wondering why she has to repeat the same sufferings so many times – why does she have to pass through hell and purgatory

Over and over again? Why experience heaven sometimes - if the price to be paid is always another descent into an emotional hell of dead, frozen feelings?

Margaret Alice
Emotional Thirst

People in pain
describing situations
without considering
we don’t want such

Intelligence

Caught in a spell
compelled to tell
their tragic stories
to re-experience

Powerlessness

Repeating histories
for transient relief but
missing the comfort of
lasting, healing

Empowerment

Dying from thirst
symbolical of
emotional thirst
expressed in

Restlessness

Forever enduring
emotional wounds in
Coleridge’s Curse of
The Ancient Mariner

Stephanie Dowrick “The Universal Heart” Michael
Joseph – Penguin 2000, pages 56 & 57

Margaret Alice
We can’t be forced to join what we abhor
I shall rejoice in the good luck of friends’
success in being bureaucrats effectively
without berating me for failing to succeed,
but such success entails an abnegation
of the me I know I am

I can’t conform in meeting norms, accept
the pain and shame of tacit punishment
conditionally to keep an independent mind,
I’ll never get the accolades I didn’t earn
while I’m confirmed the office dunce

Everything I do and say still contravenes
the rules of protocol; one day, maybe, my
writings will empower the dissidents who
wait for stirring words to make them brave ...

Margaret Alice
'Emptiness Is Everything 23/10/2009

Explained to my friends how we
were taught to write lovely words
like dainty ballet steps in elegant
business writing course

When I applied the lesson, words
twirling on their toes, I was brought
up short, forced to stuff the words
back into heavy boots

Make dissonant lines goosestep again
an official high in the hierarchy makes
a rule without any relevance to reality
forces all words to march heavily

In a battered parade of frost-bitten
moth-eaten lines without meaning,
beauty, rhythm or imagery, true to
the grey ideals of bureaucracy

Emptiness is everything!

Margaret Alice
'Enchanted 02/10/09

If all you require to fulfill your longing for someone is a good romp, anybody will do go ahead, enjoy yourself

If you long for the presence of a special person, without thinking of doing anything feeling has value

Sex is meaningless fun and should be treated as such

Loving someone for their essence is so different, there is no comparison

Loving means perceiving a different person and a new world as you look through the perspective of your love

Loving means feeling like a different person in the beloved’s presence and does not demand anything in return, hoping for reciprocal feeling, but demanding and according total freedom of choice

Loving means feeling enchanted by the way another person’s being and essence touch and influence you

Desire means admiration and need and requires nothing but immediate satisfaction, gives nothing in return but momentary, fleeting pleasure and leaves no mark, impression or memories, no scars, pain or regret

Loving which leads to sacrifice and hard work, leaves a lasting impression and changes you so you are never the same again

You become a more wonderful, richer person once the beautiful feeling and memory of love enters and nourishes your heart, and you allow it to sweeten
your thoughts for ever more.

Love as good old momentary fun cannot take you high or bring you down, it is nice and can be enjoyed without any problem or thought.

If the one you had in mind is not available, any congenial person will do.

BUT when deep love is present, your heart will be different and you can go as high as you allow yourself to go.

Margaret Alice
'Enchanting Word: Star-Wind!

Betowerende Woord: Sterrewind!

Woordspeletjies – Word Play

Ruimte-
skip met hitteskild
eenmanvegtuig, stortduik en lig-
jare, slagvleuel, keurkorps, skeurtuig,
keurkorps, dinosaurus, molekulêre newels,
diepruim, nikoniumstaal, straalgeweer, beheer-
paneel, stuwer interplanetêr, Kuborg – kubernetiese
robot; dempveld, sigskerms, ligvaart, ravyn,
kragveld, sterrestelsel en ontbrandings-
enjin, vormstoeel en legioensoldaat
kataklismes en 13.7 dui-
send miljoen
jaar

“Dag van die Sterrewind” – Douglas Hill - 1980

Margaret Alice
Enchantment - Dancing Wu Li Masters

Physics is pure enchantment
wondering, searching, asking,
answering: The world consists
of energy patterns, my love

Physics is pure imagination
dancing with the whole world
revealing a sparkling creation
continuing ad infinitum

Time-space is a mental
construction, without
independent
existence

Physicists quivering in
anticipation, feeling
radical change is
imminent

Physics has now become
the study of - human
consciousness!

.2. Dancing the Universe into Existence

New physicists are mastering the dance by
differentiating perception in so many ways;
rational - irrational, assertive - receptive,
masculine - feminine; not rejecting anything –
they only dance

A dancing lesson for quantum mechanics:
objective reality isn't separate from experience;
when observed, a thing changes immediately;
choosing among probabilities

Energy is dancing by processing information
within wave patterns, the creation procedure
consist of observation creating particles in a dance; dancing the universe into existence!

.3. Man Dancing with Himself

Physics Masters know that religion and science are only dances; the practitioners are dancers only dancing

Physics Masters know that man is dancing with himself; MAN is the key to understanding the whole universe

.4. Poetry to Physicists

Relativity theories are poetry to physicists

A Black Hole is a time machine gobbling energy

Culminating in a White Hole spurting energy

Into a parallel dimension

.5. Seeing the Dance

Physicists see the world as a beginning-less, continuous and endless Dance

Particle physics sees sparkling energy forever dancing with Itself...
Particles twinkling in and out of existence; when they appear in our universe

They disappear from a parallel plane of existence

When they disappear from here, they appear over there

Therefore, all atoms and molecules lead several lives all at once

Reincarnation is a fallacy as chronological life - we have several existences

At the same time; please merge my separate lives, I'm lonely without my Selves!

.6. Twinkling in and out of Existence

We are twinkling in and out of existence colliding with consciousness, transmuting, then disappearing

If only we could own a continuous awareness of the sparkling beauty, geometric lines and harmonic
perfection

Of the
dancing probabilities
creating possibilities
in endless
formation...

.7. Remember the Particle Zoo?

The particle zoo is only pretending
the dancers can exist
separate from the
dance

Subatomic particles only exist
in a never-ending dance
always changing

A dancing proton changes into
a neutron, then back again
into a proton, see the
illustration

in a Feynman
diagram...

.8. Remember the Quarks?

Once thought to be the
smallest particle as
building block of
the universe:

Up, Down, Strange,
Charm, Truth,
Beauty

A Quark for Mr Mark, taken
from Finnegans Wake by
James Joyce
Yet, there is no real quark
only the dance, the
energy, is in
existence!

.9. Blending in Exquisite Harmony

If you don't follow their dance; physicists
won't dance with you, their dance
requires proof for every
assertion

Everything you say must be
logically consistent;
physicists are
masters

Dancing with Kali, the Divine
Mother of Hindu
mythology

The Dances of East and West
are blending in exquisite
harmony!

.10. The Dancers

Who are
the
dancers -
who are
the
dance -
there
are
no
attributes
other
than
the
dance;
all things
are
dancing,
all
things
are
dancers!

.11. Seth Rejoiceth

I am sure Seth is rejoicing
upon reading about the new
physics - about man's realisation
that consciousness is the basis
of all creation;

Seth overpowered me with his
delineation of the concomitant
lines of reincarnation; that several
aspects of the same personality are
living several lives all at once;

My brain began to pain, short-circuiting
in attempts to learn all about the
various layers of one Gestalt personality -
Seth must be overjoyed that humans
are beginning to understand

The true nature of reality - even if
some of us suffer from burn-out-
brain syndrome...

Gary Zukov 'The Dancing Wu Li Masters'

Margaret Alice
Oh, the enchantment
of bureaucratic speak
is bewitching me again:

“When preparing a request
for funding, put the Acting CFO
on the route form for approval”

My question is: How will he fit
on there and would he be willing
to stay there - until approval?

You must also indicate “IN which
budget the funds must be taken
FROM”; as I said before

The job description of our administration
should include the right to patent new
metaphors on a daily basis

And I happily approve...

Margaret Alice
Enchantment Setting Me Free

I need to lie down in the bright sunlight outside
to be alone in the cathedral of my mind
the sky watching me in a blue intense
the wind touching me in the softest caress

I need time alone on my own, far away
from action and sound, I need to sink into
the reverent feeling of a beautiful dream
with only the wind sighing in my ears

Creating visions that call to me
while drifting on the warm kiss of the sun
in this sacred space that opened up
within my mind, where enchantment

Is setting me free
from my limited
space...

Margaret Alice
Endurance (Rev.)  14.09.09

If my inspirational book is right about everybody appreciating everything my employer should be grateful for me sitting here in 35 degrees, mind empty, spirit broken, defenceless against the allure of increasing temperature

Giving up the good fight, giving in to temptation, being sinful and evil, doing nothing, too tired to plague colleagues, too hot to read or surf the Internet, maybe catatonia is the objective so others can work while I stare at the roof while I must take my work home

Tonight when cool I shall concentrate a heat wave from the superheated window is burning my skin and searing my mind, changing my thoughts into mush; I am tough, I can die standing at my post, I just cannot think when my cortex turns to Jell-O

My characters left ages ago, refusing to entertain me in temperatures that are deemed deadly by those in the know why we should be forced to work in a volcano I’ll never fathom, the only thing left is to endure without bothering the soldiers who suffer with me

Margaret Alice
"The only redeeming aspect of the French is 'Le Malade Imaginaire' and 'Le Petit Prince' by Saint Exupery, the rest is all Louis IX and La Bastille to me"

I have found the shock and sadness needed to make me miserable enough to do my soulless duty tomorrow, hubby deeply perturbed watching rugby where the French showed the worst lack of sportsmanship in history

Coupled with the way the French are portrayed in 'Allo Allo' - the stupidity, immoral disregard for human dignity - the way the French showed contempt for Nelson Mandela's national anthem, the way referees always blow whistles at South African players

I am ashamed and have to admit the only redeeming aspects of the French I remember is 'Le Malade Imaginaire' and 'Le Petit Prince' by Saint Exupery, the rest is all Louis IX and La Bastille to me; come to think of it, a nation that can do THAT to themselves

And chase the French Huguenots away, kill Marie Antoinette by Madame la Guillotine, the Scarlet Pimpernel account of how la noblesse survived, the French invited contempt by being contemptuous – but South Africans never treat them or any of the other nations

With the same lack of respect, maybe this is why we had a Nelson Mandela - every nation gets to showcase their lack of integrity through sports events, I am content our European forbears acted in the same way they used to when slavery was practised by them...
The French insulted South Africa on Saturday 14 November 2009 by messing up our National Anthem and our flag, we all realize again why English is THE global language...

Margaret Alice
Enigmatic Teenage Years 4.9.2009

Tiaan is but fourteen and already
he is mastering that man-thing –
looking at me with the face of a
Sphinx, not an expression to be
seen on his immobile face as we
play Badminton

He much stronger and fitter than
me, I am the one who laughs and
screams while chasing about while
he remains super-cool with a passive
face as if doing an underwater ballet,
he just stretches his long arm

And hits the shuttlecock even with his
back turned to me, with great self-
confidence - I didn’t realize men
began to practice to be so
enigmatic in their
teenage years...

Margaret Alice
Enjoy The Realm Of Our Own Subconscious

We make and create our own reality; non-physical consciousness claims the impetus for developing our abilities in the best interest of the world and our own species, are provided by our impulses

We have been taught to mistrust normal impulses as chaotic, dangerous and contradictory, that we can’t trust ourselves – but what then is the purpose of impulses; what is the reason

For their bad standing in the perspective of religion and science; if our impulses were meant to enhance our lives, as well as our whole civilization; it would give us hope to discover and enjoy

The realm of our own subconscious, to regard our innate abilities and nature as very precious and good...

Margaret Alice
TRY READING THIS TO CALM YOUR SOUL, TO
ENLIGHTEN YOUR MIND AND ELEVATE THE
TONE OF LIFE: THE UNS ALIGNED ITS UNITED
NATIONS DEVELOPMENT FRAMEWORK
UNDAF PROGRAMME WITH THE DSCRP,
CONCERNING FOUR KEY AREAS OF CAF.

THE GROWTH STRATEGY AND POVERTY
REDUCTION DOCUMENT DSCRP AND
PRIORITY ACTION PROGRAM PAP ARE
FINALIZED FOR THE IMPLEMENTATION OF
THE DSCRP NATIONAL RECONSTRUCTION
EFFORTS, AND

AGENCIES IN THE UNITED NATIONS SYSTEM
UNIVERSITY FORMULATED A COUNTRY ASSISTANCE
FRAMEWORK CAF... THIS IS TRULY SOOTHING,
IT IS THE STUFF DREAMS ARE MADE OF, IT LULLS
THE MIND TO SLEEP AND KEEP MONSTERS FROM
CREeping UNDER THE BED

EVEN BOGEYMEN ARE OVERPOWERED BY MAGIC
WORDS LIKE THESE, THE UNDEAD RISE IN THEIR
MILLIONS TO SPIT AND CHEER WHILE WEREWOLVES
HOWL AT NIGHT AND PROFESSORS MCGONAGALL AND
DUMBLEDORE ARE EMPTYING THEIR HEADS INTO THE
PENSIEVE ERE THE KNOWLEDGE BLOW THEIR BRAINS...

MARGARET ALICE
Esoteric: A Different Person

I must have given
a most disappointing
performance today
for you to walk off
and turn away
a birthday celebration
that went awry
I’m sorry I did
not plan it that
way – a little boy
twelve years old
on this day
the disappointment
when his friend
could not stay...
I wish I were
a different person
who could fulfil
all your requirements
and meet your needs...

Margaret Alice
Esoteric: Abusir Pyramids Of The Pleiades

The Sphinx always holds a secret
still calling for the answers
in ancient godly star maps
a Milky Way Nile with fifteen pyramids
reflecting Northern stars of Egypt

The Abusir Pyramids of the Pleiades
are enlarged, an invitation to all
to discover a mystery of old
what message does it hold? -
we must research The Hidden Records

To discover what Herchel found
when tracking the Sphinx mystery
by following the upright positioning
of Orion the Hunter, Taurus the Bull
and Leo the Lion

Orion’s belt and arrows point the way
through the horns of Taurus and straight on
up to the Pleiades on the horizon
a wondrous alignment at Giza
with a River Nile Milky Way

And the Sphinx’ forever reflecting
its secrets in Leo...

(Wayne Herschel: The Hidden Records)

Margaret Alice
Esoteric: Aetheric: Cosmic Revelation, Sub-Quantum Phenomenon

A Silver Ray And A Gold Ray

There is a Silver Ray
as well as a Gold Ray
in the Omniverse

There are Light Workers
and an Intergalactic
Charter; there is

A Reptoid and Dinoid
Civilization and a
Time of Radiance

As well as a Third
Universe...

A Rebel Ray And A Blue Ray Master

All would not be complete
without a Rebel Ray and
a Blue Ray Master

Light Rays are intelligent
containing all information
on the various universes

The soul is a golden-white
brilliant beam of energy,
a million souls had been

Selected from the Pleiades
and from Orion, others were
recruited from Sirius

And nearby
constellations...

The Rebel Ray, created by the Siver Ray, tried to take the planet as a base

Beguiling souls of human beings – the energy through which the body lives

Operating in vibrational frequencies, within an aura, an energy field

Around the body that consists of all life events experienced

The sum of all that we have done and learnt...

Quoted from Ann Valentin and Virginia Essene “Cosmic Revelation”

A Sub-Quantum Phenomenon

Came upon a site: Physics Prove Soul by Michael Roll, consciousness is a sub-quantum phenomenon – with Wolfgang Pauli connecting paranormal phenomena with subatomic physics

Only people outside universities can experiment to prove mind separates from the brain at the moment of death; Ronald Pearson’s discovery of ether was censored in his own country

Though peer-referenced by American and Russian physicists and published as “Quantum Gravitation and the
Structured Ether”, still officially censored by the editors of

“Society for Psychical Research” and “Journal of Consciousness Studies” in Britain; yet Ronald Pearson provides the missing mathematical back-up for experiments by

Crookes and Richet where deceased people came back to life – proving they survived death – such as also found in repeatable experiments under laboratory conditions...

Quotes from the Internet:

Margaret Alice
Esoteric: Ancient Pyramid Obsession

Three Pyramids in a row in Mexico
size representing Orions’s Stars in brightness
found alongside two Causeways:
a Minor aligned with the Pleiades
a Major aligned with Giza’s
Mystery Star as shown in Egypt -
a riddle to solve, an ancient Pyramid Obsession
based on the Mexican legend: All star facts
was brought them by Quetzacoatl -
a serpent god of fair complexion
hair and beard golden, all features foreign
to Mexico’s Aztecs, indigenous to Central America -
Then scientists found Caucasian bones
more than 9000 years old in that region –
Can it be the gods were humans from far-off stars
that came to Central America and Egypt
and Pyramids commemorate that memory –
who can tell and who can disprove it -
isn’t it exciting to formulate theories that
cannot be solved in our lifetime –
adding Spice to the Intriguing
Riddle of Life?

(Birgitt Lederer  “The Hidden Records”)

Margaret Alice
Loving my Astrogenetic Family

My gypsy brother is Aries
the word ‘consideration’ is unknown to him,
my Peter-Pan brother is Aquarius
who’s always ready to leave for Neverland
in any case; my sister and I am Cancer
never feeling safe anywhere;
my Tom-Thumb brother is Cancer too –
no wonder he’s fighting windmills still;
my hard-working grandma Cinderella was Virgo;
she was perfect, exquisite in all that she did;
the best cook, the best needlewoman;
my mother, the Queen of Hearts, is Leo, that’s
why she regally reigned over all of us; always in
need of grandiose schemes and compliments;
my happy-go-lucky father is Sagittarius;
thus it makes sense that he’s going about
with a dream in his heart of taking a trip
on a steam train – and a smile on his lips;
my little girl is also Aquarius, happy and carefree
a friend of all humanity, even her alien mother,
dealing with her Scorpio father with dexterity;
my little boy is Sagittarius too, always stumbling
and falling, reading five books at a time with
his far-off eyes on the horizon...

I Most Fear Myself

With Astrology for Dummies in my hand and
Maurice Cottrerel’s Astrogenetics in my mind
I’m ready to tackle my colleagues and friends,
get the date of conception because the magnetic
influence of all heavenly bodies are imprinted
on the fetus then; working out their star sign
based on counting back nine months from date
of birth affords me hours of fun; I was born as
Aquarius but it’s not my sign at all, I never change
jobs or travel as Aquarius does; counting back to
Gemini might have been right, but star dates have
changed due to precession - so Cancer is the
magic one: Dreaming dreams while staying home –
that’s much more likely! The description of Cancer
provided by Rae Orion describes me perfectly:
Introspective – all the time, Intuitive – could it be? ,
an intriguing paradox, when frightened scuttle back
into my shell, fretful and high-strung, defending myself
to my own detriment, so imprisoned by anxieties that
movement becomes impossible, paralyzed by need
for security; powerful emotions washing over me
like a tidal wave – my challenges are to avoid the
‘quicksand of insecurity’ and the ‘snake pit of despair’
and getting to the bottom of my deepest fears and
complicated psyche – at least now it makes sense
that the thing I most fear on earth is - myself!

Attila The Hun And The Queen Of Hearts

Tonight I understand why our family
was marked by such disharmony:
We did not have a myth or fantasy
by which to live our lives as one
I never knew whether Dad was
Attila the Hun, a living barbarian
fighting his way through society
whether Mom was the Queen Of Hearts
drowning in the refinement of royalty
I only knew for sure that grandma was
a Cinderella serving faithfully
while the children five lived in a
separate place where Christo was
a singing troubadour and Ian a clown
I was Alice-in-Wonderland, my sister
seemed to become Annie-Get-Your-Gun
Dawie, the youngest, was Tom Thumb -
all lived in a crooked little house that
was marked by war and strife because
we had no myth to bind us together
in happy harmony with roles for each
in a single Fairytale Fantasy!

Margaret Alice
Essence Of Life Will Always Be With Me

It is amazing how the Children’s Encyclopedia remains part of my life, I carry the ancient set wherever I go, one day Tiaan decided

He needed some Encyclopedias in his bookcase took a few into his room, now I find volumes under his bed –

I took them back to the study, now a volume behind my back on the special computer chair helps me to sit up straight –

Yesterday I started looking for favourite childhood pictures in one of the Encyclopedias, found one which I scanned

I even took two of these volumes to my office, making sure that the essence of life will always be with me…. 

Margaret Alice
Eternal Triangle Of Love And Hate

Lunchtime at Kingsley, Margaret Alice is bored, boxes unpacked, treasures all stored, sitting on her chair, reading the paper, finished already, tackling the Government Gazette

Reading of Tripolyphosphate, sounds like an enchanting lady, devoid of hate, reading of 21 Chiefs representing Tribal Authorities: Emjindini - a Jinn involved somewhere; Modlangampisi-Hlomendlini

and Nsikazi, a reference to the Nazi’s, our old friend DDT – Dichlorodiphenyl Tricloretane – with so many musical terms, the Nile Crocodile is happily occupied listening to rolling sounds in her mind

Words bubbling without context and situation, without Gazette clarification - wonderful sounds – consonants cavorting, free-flowing vowels, suggesting ideas: Obviously Mr Trichloretane is betrothed to

Ms Tripolyphosphate and their love is threatened by Modlangampisi-Hlomendlini in an eternal triangle of love and hate...

Margaret Alice
Even When I Bleed Profusely... 4.26.2008

We all know what it feels like when we realize there is nothing else, all is over, the time we thought we had does not belong to us

There is no-one who cares - or if there were, they cannot reach us – if we have to struggle on into nothingness, nowhereness

Please forgive me if I am dark tonight, given over to sadness, knowing there are no guarantees that any free individual would

Ever reciprocate our overtures of friendship; firmly believing in FREEDOM as the MOST BASIC HUMAN RIGHT, I respect your mood swings

Religiously – even when I bleed profusely...

Margaret Alice
Event Of Their Deaths Argument A.  6.28.2008

What makes Socrates and Jesus Christ stand out from the crowd, is that they shared their dreams with others and worked towards fulfilling the goal they were dreaming about; THAT so angered the unwilling crowd who did not want to accept responsibility for what happens in the world; they preferred to kill Socrates and Jesus rather than allow them to challenge their established wisdom that the state of the world is not the responsibility of people at all; enjoying the thought of a world governed by inhuman forces out of control – and even those murders were NOT committed with bad intent; people simply had the good intent to kill and die for their principles; they had to make Socrates and Jesus see how their fate is out of their hands by killing them – BUT they simply proved the point made by Jesus and Socrates: The people WERE in charge, THEY made the CHOICE to kill these special dreamers – NOT an inhuman force – so Socrates and Jesus died jubilantly, the event of their deaths was their strongest argument!

Margaret Alice
Events Eventuating

I think Terry Pratchett read my mind when he wrote - Moist felt his brain...- as it might just as well have been - Marilese felt her brain shift seductively into higher gear, her tongue began to gallop, she couldn’t stop, it would have been so nice if her brain had been consulted first-

He gives a great description of my reaction to the words I read -The lines read in the previous days flowed together in Marilese’s mind forming a music of a kind, missing notes as yet, but certain bits she could already hum. She would just have to listen to herself to determine

What she was on about; she was thinking - I don’t intend to be an implement; but events are eventuating -

Fornication

Isn’t the fornication wonderful, asked the humourless Mr Bent of Nichtlachen-Keinwortz Syndrome-fame; so Moist knew there must be some mistake - do they come here at a special time, Moist asked – banking hours mostly, Bent replied – Moist said the conversation got away from him – I refer to the vaulting, Bent sighed – the word derives from fornix, meaning “arch”, I wouldn’t be surprised if not many people knew that, Moist carefully replied...

Quotations from Terry Pratchett “Making Money” p.36, p.59 and p.99

A Fine Criminal Mind
I like Moist von Lipwig a lot
I love Adora Belle Dearheart
of course; but especially Moist
is a firm favourite of mine, his
boredom with the humdrum -
making him pick his own locks

Breaking into his own post office
so that he was nearly caught, is
just how I feel about life; having
been cheated by religion since
I was ten when I prayed every day
for Armageddon, not being able

To face life as it came – praying for
the Second Coming as promised by
the Church, growing more bitter daily
as nothing happened to release me
from an unliveable life

At least Moist was offered the lovely
opportunity to become a criminal again;
he is an honest soul with a fine criminal
mind, but I, what can I do, stuck in
this life of mine?

Quotations from Terry Pratchett “Making Money”

Margaret Alice
Every Strong Point Is Balanced

You claimed
my cold-blooded
Crocodilean mess
put us far below
normal living standards
with Scorpion tenacity
you insisted over and over
the house is unfit
for human habitation

At first I parried
your vengeful attack
but only when I had lost
all my joy, trust
and self-confidence
did you temporarily stop
berating me and the Croc-kids
with justified anger
and disgust: How
can anyone hoard
boxes and boxes
of old clothes
books and toys?

I don’t know
the children enjoy
playing with things
I can’t keep control
of anything
I’m not a strict disciplinarian...

Can’t you accept
that every strong point
is balanced by
shortcomings too? -
I’ve lost my joie de vivre
after your latest
stinging attack...
Margaret Alice
Everyone I Hold Dear

Today I ran away
to the library
with a headache
read The Cosmos Divine

Wilcock says
suffering results when
we feel we have been
abandoned by God

Friendship leads to
depression and despair
when friends are not there -
then I understood

The cause of the
pain in my head
pills never help for
pain of the heart...

I stayed away
from the Service
held for Xolile
convinced I was ill –

And I am –
sick of heart
feeling despair
because he is gone

I feel betrayed
he should have stayed
being good and kind -
he helped me to find

Reason within
office routine...
couldn’t work today
frozen in despair
Felt only sadness
that my friend is gone
just like Beryl, Betsie
Corinne and Delien

I fear the loss of
everyone
I hold
dear...

The Divine Cosmos by David Wilcock

Margaret Alice
'Everything Wrong

When impressed and overwhelmed by the glorious example of brilliant people who always do everything right and never make mistakes, I manage to become worse and do everything wrong to redress the balance; good and evil have to be in equilibrium; I'm surrounded by so many good people acting like angels and living self-righteous lives; I have to balance it with evil and stupidity; so much goodness will drown us and in all humility; I am so glad to have been chosen to illustrate abject sin and misery!

13 June 2009

Margaret Alice
Evolutionary Change

Higher Degrees Of Awareness

New IDEAS prepare the world for their arrival by creating the right conditions for their survival manifesting within evolutionary change

Physical expression of energy is seen in evolutionary materialisation of the INNER images and IDEAS of all the members of a species

After death the entity, consisting of subconscious energy, retains ghost images called memories, which are indestructible

The next plane of existence, the new framework of consciousness, concerns training in the use of self-generating energy

To create complicated forms and ever higher degrees of awareness...

Paul M. Helfrich

Margaret Alice
Exacting, Extracting The Worst 2 ...  

Discovering I was one of the sub-species, not a human being at all, closed all doors to the hope of finding succour - I have to accept I am a fool, a lost soul...

Margaret Alice
Excel At Playing Puck!

I’m afraid Mr Spiritual Solution Dyer is not working for me, his peace that’s to be attained by simply wishing for it and then accepting it thankfully doesn’t seem normal or even desirable! His wife insisting on bearing seven kids for the simple joy of being a kid-bearing machine is laudable; but I cannot embrace a fate like that; his repeating how hard he worked as a kid and how sweet he is to everybody who crosses his path, makes me feel doubly mean, I feel like kicking the guy who did wrong in traffic and then kicking Dyer for being kind to the undeserving fellow – it is clear his spiritual book has a very negative influence on me!

And his insistence that every pestilence and illness influencing one’s life is a clear sign of the sin of hindering the power of the godly spirit in, consigns me to the eternal flames for having the audacity to flaunt my allergy, such a shocking sign of lack of spiritualism! Being a court jester at heart, I think I’ll become more spiritual by reading Spike Milligan; the nearest to anything spiritual I’ll ever come is by making sad people laugh and showing sour people there is a sun; I love grumpy old men; making them smile against all natural inclination; making grumpy old women smile gives me even more delight

As my friend Betsie can attest; I used to mess up her best attempts at remaining angry and bitter – it took her quite a while to work up bitterness again! I’ll leave spiritualism to considerate Mr Dyer and rather excel at playing Puck!

Margaret Alice
Exciting Speculation

Mystery creating exciting speculation
in the infinity of a moment of eternity:

In the year nineteen hundred and nine
near the Grand Canyon’s dramatic impact
a man called Hicaid
found a subterranean city
built with the most marvellous precision
vast enough to accommodate
fifty thousand people in all

he also found mummified bodies
of Oriental or Egyptian origin,
claims the leader of the expedition

These tantalizing titbits of information
are presented for consideration,
for speculation about its significance
to enlarge the powers of my imagination!

Margaret Alice
Existensialism: Walls Moving Away Suddenly

Finally the end of today, managed to hide all the anxiety, lost one document - but did not flee into a book; no escapism just carried on, against fear and angst, even managed the scare of the Poem-Hunter-troll refusing to send messages

Walls moving away suddenly - seemed like the opening of the abyss, I regarded my fear and carried on till the symptoms went away, why such unfounded anxiety – can life exert such a price – apparently yes, marching on, a brave little soldier

Burying the Angst inside so no-one knows the difficulty appearing sane with mind recoiling in irrational fear...

Margaret Alice
Experience Of Feeling Thoughts

I’m so lonely, the crocodile said,
last night I read instead of going
to bed, this morning I can only
search for inconclusive

meanings in meditative contemplation;
not in surface conversations, I don’t
want to know How Are You?
rather tell me how you FEEL

to break the stream of morbid thoughts
on existential isolation on a day in
which a haunting melody seems
more real than cold, unsmiling

faces, words as symbols can’t
convey the tactile feel of textures,
nor describe the experience of
feeling thoughts...

Margaret Alice
Expertise Of A Space-Age Scientist

Yesterday’s expedition was MOST fruitful, this morning diplomatic relations between administration in Kingsley and FLEA* in Metropark, all under cover of DAC*, has been established

Ella moved like a space-age rocket and Tsakane enjoyed the fun with a twinkle in her eye, Jerry is on standby and lightning swift in allocating RQ numbers, Ntsoaki authorizing with a happy efficiency

Vanessa PR takes documents for signature with the speed of a marathon athlete, Tsakane prepares a spreadsheet with the expertise of a space-age scientist, the very next day Ella allocated the magical Order Numbers

The passport to translator heaven for urgent documents, immediately dispatched, the translators who quoted in blind faith are overjoyed; Hermien and Thokoziile float in procedural heaven, Margaret Alice is smiling non-stop...

* FLEA: Foreign Languages, Afrikaans and English

* DAC: Department of Arts and Culture
The administrative section of DAC is in Kingsley Building while FLEA is in Metropark Building

Margaret Alice
'Exploding On Windows In Flashes Of Fun...

The golden sun is enamoured
of the earth, exploding on
windows in flashes of fun
touching everything with
warm liquid love

Every tree, every leaf,
textured tree stumps
gilding the world
I love so much
covering all

With a golden karos
of glittering light
embracing the
planet earth

Unconditionally,
shimmering through trees
like a coy young man
in love ...

Margaret Alice
Exquisite Peace And Contentment

A Missionary Bulletin – there are thousands - was dug up, I started translating; it became a sacred duty with Carnival of the Animals, Saint-Saens, playing in my ears, the old depression of sitting alone does not plague me in the open-plan office; this routine translation requires very little concentration, the soothing sounds of the swan drifting downstream carrying my mind along, ensconced in missionary news, enfolded in a quiet cocoon, happy amongst my genteel colleagues, filled with weekend expectations, the seeds of content and beauty I sowed by enjoying an ice-cream breakfast this morning are starting to bloom into a nirvana of the most exquisite peace and contentment, making me wonder who this stranger in my mind might be; bidding her to stay, keeping out the passionate rebel who used to hate translating the interminable Swiss Bulletins...

Margaret Alice
Extracting The Worst ... (Rev.)

Sometimes things so awful happen we cannot find the words to capture them, so horrible beyond compare, we look and there’s a cherished dream destroyed yet we hobble on without the reverie that kept our spirits strong

my life now turns to meaning measured as ability to earn and care for kids I brought into this world (supposedly against your will) : but still you must humiliate me publicly for daring to eat where you, for my sake presumably, had forbidden me

once again my image-dream of love is wrong, it’s not acceptance, benevolence or kind consideration – it’s hard, cold, exacting, meant for extracting the rigid in us; then suddenly we are cooped up in Hell and I am seeing pictures of me

a dwarf; ugly, shrunk, short and broad with skin withering, brown freckles everywhere; realize what Jane’s gynaecologist said is right – we should shrink up and die immediately; is Gospel Truth indeed, we are too ugly and useless to live – I agree

LIFE is a sad conviction of false promises and dying hopes – I HATE Kwa-Zulu Natal, I HATE the sun, I realize this with every boring moment passing, most of all I HATE the heat and everything to do with me – plus my idiotic tribe with absurd ideas of self-sufficiency

(I didn’t know I was a dwarf, so when I discovered that I was one, the shock was great - As for Jane at work –and her gynae – I’m going to get his details and ask him to help me wither and die immediately!)
Margaret Alice
Extraterrestrial Beings ... Peter Wilcock

Herewith another wonderful idea
to lead us on to play a new game of make-believe:

Calculate the revolutions of all objects celestial
by using the magical Nineveh constant
fit the planets’ rotation into a round cycle number
that indicates each object’s sun revolution

The stars are designed as a celestial clock
day one is an alignment of all solar system bodies
leading to the Hyperdimensional Gymnastics
of Extraterrestrial Beings who use these coordinates -

- for visiting Earthmen

Extraterrestrials travel outside linear time so they see
all planets in all probable positions at the same time
all planetary orbits appearing as giant rings
and the appearance of each and every conjunction

With their coordinates set to ‘Omega Point’ where the cycle begins with all
planets arranged in alignment
they enter the linear time stream of the Third Dimension
at near light-speed - with the planets swinging about them

- like a big clock

choosing a time period by counting cycles of
twenty-five-thousand Pluto revolutions
calculating the conjunctions of Jupiter and Saturn
the perfect time for the arrival of...

...Extraterrestrial Beings!

Margaret Alice
F: Being A Fool In Your Eyes

Watching the new release
of Pride And Prejudice
once again struck by
the restrictions
placed on people back then
the strict self-discipline
the eyes were the only
means to convey
deeper feelings

And I cried
because of your eyes
and mine
conveying an angry message
all too often – whenever
your routine is upset
your face turns into stone
with the coldest eyes

And the tears
I feel welling up
are not allowed
to show on my face
not to appear
a fool
in your
eyes...

Margaret Alice
F: Choosing Love And Receiving Life

‘Return From Tomorrow’ by George Ritchey
a camp survivor in Warsaw miraculously
after 6 years of camp starvation
showed NO deterioration
of mind and body – what was his secret? –
he had seen what HATE did
to minds and bodies – how they deteriorated
so he had decided to LOVE unconditionally
everyone he ever came into contact with

After his liberation by Ritchey
he served his fellow survivors faithfully
as he had survived circumstances
over which he had no control - he knew
he was FREE to decide whether to
hate or to love those who had slayed
the love of his life – his wife and his kids -
he chose LOVE and received
LIFE abundantly!

Please give me the same Wisdom
to see that I’m free to make the same choices
and the ability to love Everyone I see
indiscriminately!

Margaret Alice
F: Dishwashing Competition

For me it’s a meditation
I do it slowly, lovingly
crying if I need to
or singing softly

But when Hans and Thea
come visiting dishwashing
becomes a competition, how fast
how many, in how short a time

In and out of the basin
in one sweeping movement
no time for quiet contemplation
I have to compete or be left behind

Forget silent action, sweet dedication
to thorough peacefulness,
my innocuous alienation - an escape
from too many people -

Is taken from me!
I rack my brains to
offer amiable conversation
without touching upon

The sweet elation
of the unknown
and strange
mystery...

Margaret Alice
F: Dreading The Dangers Of Tomorrow

Tomorrow I have to string
that grey list together
I have to sing the tune
of a President’s letter
I have to stare at a desk
littered with old papers
entrusted to me
for the exalted task of
filing – I promised myself
I would concentrate
on official tasks only
no books on the sideline
no Internet sites
checked on the sly

These lofty ideals
are messing me up
even before the advent
of such sorrow – oh what the heck
I shall once again
fall into temptation –
if I make my peace
with my usual lack of diligence
maybe I could fall asleep
instead of dreading
the dangers of
tomorrow

Margaret Alice
The Snow Maiden will melt,
don’t send the Snow
Maiden outside;

spring arrives with
thawing of ice;
keep the Snow Maiden inside
in the coolness of home;
body of ice,
don’t send her
outside to play,
singing and dancing in spring
with garlands of flowers will
end everything;

Snegourka ~ made of
snow, born of fairy sorcery;
she'll cry when
the snow stops falling – look in
her eyes; see the fear, don’t force
her; she will melt without snow,
keep her here, in the coldness
of home, far from the sun
– but they sent her forth with
the other young maidens to play;
in sadness the young girls returned.
Where is Snegourka, her mother
anxiously asked;
melted!
cried her friends,
where she had been ~ only
a pool of water;
oh no! anguished mother cried
and fell in pain;
Snegourka, her loved
one, the child of her heart,
forever gone...
Margaret Alice
The sun came out in fairy wings and toffee sweetness, golden and shiny begging me to lick it up; in one corner of the round dome of the sky, covered with greyish clouds tinged with rosy colours, against the most beautiful blue where the cloud cover parted – cold purplish hue – to let the bright background shine through – the sun finally sinking in a fiery red light against the horizon; oh, how I love it!

Margaret Alice
F: There Is Some-One Out There...

I’m listening as the Moody Blues are singing for me ’I know you’re out there somewhere, somewhere…’ and continue the dream of being a heroine having someone out there routing for her because I need it, having fallen into fear, having lost faith – when he explained that my work was no good, my heart sank, I started to brood; fear took hold – fear of life, unnamed, undefined, but freezing me to the spot... then I read Abraham’s advice – start beating the drum, the drum of truth the way I want it to be – and I saw you referring to my looking-glass heart and the Dream-In-Wonderland theme entailed in my name – and I breathed again, there is someone out there who is thinking of me and won’t be offended when I’m thinking of him...

Margaret Alice
1. Dr Louis Bounoure says evolution is ‘a fairy tale for grown ups’ with all the evil forces winning for evermore

Evolution contends that design, complexity, order and purposefulness resulted from blind, random processes

Evolution is rooted in metaphysical contentions and mythological tales – being a cosmogenic myth

Therefore I don’t scruple to express my intention to reject evolution and explain my position:

You and I are the arbitration determining right and wrong right defined as whatever support my chosen direction

While wrong is defined as whatever is leading away from it –

Relativism and intersubjectivism reigning supreme!

2. I very much reject the company of Hitler, Marx and Freud:

Adolf Hitler was an evolutionist par excellence Karl Marx found in evolution scientific and sociological support
for communism

Sigmund Freud thought evolution provided proof that man was a sophisticated animal - that mental disorders are remnants of

Early evolutionary behavior - evolution is both racist and sexist with all the sad consequences those postulates entail

Evolution is only a speculative idea without hard scientific evidence fashioning the thinking of society today

I emphatically reject evolution on the basis that such sadness is useless and baseless disgusting and tasteless

I prefer to listen to the character Seth of Jane Roberts postulating that Man is a Perfect Mind free to create whatever he wants for all eternity!

3. Pseudosaurs – Birds and Dinosaurs

The fossil record is a great embarrassment to Darwin’s legacy David Raup says

One hundred and twenty years after Darwin we have
fewer examples of evolutionary transition than in Darwin’s time

“No verifiable transitions from one species to another has been found” I read... the public unaware

Yet common knowledge among paleontologists giving rise to theories like Pseudosaurs – birds evolving from dinosaurs

Dr Duane Gish says archaeopteryx is a bird not a missing link birds and dinosaurs thrived together

During the same period of time the late Jurassic so another dinosaur evolution theory exposed as false...

Margaret Alice
Fairy Tale Life A.16 September 2008

When I was small, life was a fairy tale,
I read a lot, and when I did not, played
make-believe games, changing into
all kinds of beings

When the neglected garden resembled
a prairie, I became Tarzan, creeping from
tree to tree through the dry grass, stalked
by strange enemies

The front path became a fairy way circling
a fountain, I made a magic wand, then
became a twirling fairy wearing
shiny sandals in silver

I loved the fairy tale that was my life, the
magic of reading and games stronger
than problems and pains....

Margaret Alice
Marching everywhere, wearing military shoes, knowing every gesture I made conveyed information, under constant observation by KGB spies and enemy groups.

By the time I went to varsity, I had become a Russian spy, from the residence to the campus, never alone, spies watching with binoculars – when I started translating

I became Saartjie Bauman, twelve years old, posing as an adult, all work was just a game, underneath I was an international agent masquerading as an interpreter

Later I played I was a poet and dug up all my writings of the past twenty years, never taken seriously, my life being a fairy tale...

Margaret Alice
Fairy Tale Life D.19 September 2008

Playing at being an astronomer studying clusters of stars, Virgo and our own Galaxy - researching the theory of Star Octahedrons in Superclusters in an exciting bubble universe

Studying the five Platonic figures in John Keely’s vibratory physics; augmented by Lyall Watson’s pyramidal ideas, David Wilcock’s sun cycles; astrogenetics formulated by Maurice Cotterel

Dabbling with astrology found in Linda Goodman’s exquisite terms, determining the relevance of Zechariah Sitchin’s Sumerian clay tablets

Bewitched by books and imagination in my fairy tale life, changing into many people, becoming a poet to praise in wonder and delight...

Margaret Alice
'Fairy Wings On My Glasses

The golden sun of the morning
turned into a silver shine in the sky
forming fairy wings on my glasses
and fairy wings in my eyes

The dark blue of the dawn's
backdropp sky is lightened by silver
shining with a softer, kinder
lovelier hue

I love being alive as I run about
in this beautiful world, magnificent glory
no more fear in the morning
Song of Songs is coming alive

In my heart, making my spirit
soar!

Margaret Alice
Fairyland 02.09.2009

Playground of our old school is a wonderland of rising hillock with steep sides abounding in small holes turned into fairy dells

I swept them with a broom exposed coloured stones leaf decorated, artfully arranged fir tree needles

I remember fresh smell, sunbeams glistening in dust, beauty of my fairy valley, joy and peace played alone, by myself

The dream of creating fairyland lingers on in glittering fairy figurines next to my bed

Pasting fairy pictures everywhere changing every space into a magical place

Margaret Alice
Fairytales Are Alive And Well In Tales Like These

A young man with magic abilities
resurrecting people from death
brought back his childhood
sweetheart

But once having touched her and
she’s alive, he cannot touch her
again lest she die, that is the way
of his life-giving magic

When she fell he could not catch
her, only when they were both
wearing beekeeper’s protective
clothing, could they waltz

To the music of Strauss –
fairytales are alive and well
on television in tales like
these...

Television “Pushing Daisies”

Margaret Alice
Family Fantasy: The Magician Of Reason

You were right, when you met them, the Queen of Hearts and the Prince in disguise; you saw that the web she had woven professing deep faith and love for humankind, with so-called insight; was just an illusion, Alice believed her of course, believing herself to be as bad as the Prince called a beast by her mom, who proclaimed herself a beautiful enchantress set on redemption, she declared both child and man demon-possessed; she wove the most scary, irrational, illogical, mind-boggling fantasy about his Princely self as a beast and his daughter, Alice-in-Wonderland, as a minion of hell; presenting her mother, Cinderella, as a nasty old hag and using her as a drudge, Alice used to sink in the sludge of the Queen of Heart’s self-righteous rejection - until the Magician of Reason opened her eyes by giving her the elixir of reality; taught her to observe faithfully – that brought Alice more joy than the Queen’s wicked fantasies...

Margaret Alice
You were once good friends,
I felt jealous, you used
to sit and chat for hours
on end over wine while I
went to bed; you philosophized
about life you took his advice;
you knew he was right – now,
today, I don’t even know how
to tell him I called you secretly –
when you referred to him,
you were angry; when he talks
about you, he claims bullying –
how can I get you to reconcile? –
A sister estranged, a husband
who is insulted; I know you
did not mean bad – but the
cold words that you said
found their mark – is there
no way I can get you to make
up and be friends again?
I need you both in my life,
please help me to find
a way to bring about peace...

Margaret Alice
Family: Angel In Brown And Golden-Haired Fairy

Your childhood memories of the war-zone in which you were all alone - your mother a monster attacking you...

She once was an angel in brown protecting a golden-haired fairy in the bad atmosphere of their childhood home...

Then you met Monique - beautiful, happy and Sweet, you were enchanted, you romanced her but as years went by you discovered

The monster was living in you you were attacking Monique...

The life that you built all by yourself started falling apart, all because the monster of hostile aggression lived on in you...

When I grew up in a war-zone, I fled the monster by hiding from life, that withdrawal led to my undoing too - who were right, what is true

What should children do - when growing up in a hostile war-zone atmosphere?

Margaret Alice
Family: Followed Mischievously In Your Courtly Wake

Went to the supermarket this morning
dancing to a tune playing in my head
doing my can-can step just outside your
peripheral vision, ta-DA-ta-ra-ta-ra-RA-ta

Feeling the wind of my song lifting my feet
high-stepping within rhythmic streams
of music and sound - one friendly stranger
laughed with me as I ducked round the corner

Before you could see me jumping and singing
most inappropriately, then caught sight of a
baby sitting in his chair, looking so smug
and self-contained, not returning my smile

I turned my head away, taking sideways peeks
and he reacted with glee, deliciously! -
before I followed mischievously
in your courtly wake

With a dignified step...

Margaret Alice
Family: Golden-Haired Fairy

I looked at the old photographs
a golden-haired fairy were you
your sister an angel in brown
today you said that you are
the enemy one of the other
because we were never taught
how to express love and kindness

when I look at you separately
I love all of you – and my uncle too
and I loved my aunt
today all is hatred and broken apart
the only way to get through the day
is making music – you play and you sing
and the beautiful little doll that is you

with a silver tinkling bell of a voice
sang with a shadow of sadness in eyes
carrying an expression of sorrow
but the beauty and music that is you
will live in my heart – I put your photograph
next to those who hold you most dear
and I looked at my uncle trustingly

and he reacted in kindness and love
dear heart, dear dad, dear niece
shall we all one day
come together again
without the enmity
that marks us today?

Margaret Alice
Family: Halting My Velcro-Mind With Sticky Stuff

I cannot live like this, only want
to take a photograph with your
new yellow camera – follow the
instructions, change the settings,
customize; I lose interest

Want to open a link recommended
by a friend, Installation Instructions,
help troubleshooting – no, I come in
peace, content development - what? -
visit security center – where?

Click install now button automatically
– no such button visible
anywhere; instructions for ;
what is Targiz – son of Tarzan? -
.rpm: Ripim – Rip Van Winkel?

A YUM repository – a Yum-Yum such
as a dumb giant like Alifanfaron? – and
where is the button, the magical button?
I cannot live like this, nothing done in
one simple step, everything

Comes in fifty questions and sixty
explanations, halting my velcro-mind
with sticky stuff, stopping the process
before we even started, I’ve had
enough!

Margaret Alice
Family: Modern Saint Of Womanhood

I didn’t want to go
back to where I
left you,
but I
did...

found you
more bruised
and battered
than before -
though
you
were
bleeding,
your eyes
still
gleamed

you insisted
in hoarse voice
your fight
against life
would continue
until you
overcome
your need
for assertive
selfhood

you are
intent on
becoming a
modern saint
of womanhood

I can’t
stand the
orchestration
of your own
demise

classified
by yourself...

Margaret Alice
Family: One Last Chance To Redeem Myself

I promise him I’d do everything
make it special; friends would bring
gifts - and we’d sing - but as time
drew near I listened listlessly as he
called friends still away on holiday;
I should have made another plan,
we could have thought of a different
scheme; but no, he wanted everything
on his birthday, and though just one
friend came, it had to be enough;
then back to school in private clothes
as birthday boy, and all jeered,
where’s the sweets and cake; dejectedly
he returned, I promised to prepare
bags of sweets, and put his older
sister on to this – she cold-heartedly
said you’re birthday’s done - and made
little pauper packages; this morning,
eyes brimming, he said, I cannot
hand these out; once again, let him
down…this afternoon I have one last
chance to redeem myself by making
lovely packages that will restore
his pride, make him grand
amongst his cocky friends…

Margaret Alice
I like the idea of your doing shooting practice and meeting world-class Springbok athletes and liaising with executives, but most of all, I like the fact that you don’t drag me along; in the past I fell asleep or ran off to join the catering team.

The trip to a wild-life farm sounds good and so do your friends; but I wouldn’t know what to say – you discussed photography and hunting trips and overseas visits to Wimbledon and see the Grand Prix and go diving in Mauritius and the Maldives.

Whereas I would have visited Haworth – the rectory where my heroine lived, Charlotte Bronte; I prefer to talk about Graham Hancock and the Theory of life from the Pleiades, the search for Atlantis and ESP, Elizabeth Klarer and Akon’s planet.

I wouldn’t fit your discussion of athletes winning the Comrades; you had a great evening and I’m glad; I would have talked about quantum physics and truth in the tarot; interstellar travel and anti-gravity, life after death and myths reflecting earth’s prehistory, as well as the effect of precession on our view of the constellations; you are happy and thrilled today because of your four accidents and your renown for survival; the executives and springbok hero enjoyed your company; I’m glad you had fun at that obligatory function – and still enjoyed coming home to the kids and me, playing with music and poetry – together we have a balance between your view of clear-cut reality and my dreamy visions, a fairytale fantasy in process of creation by opposites in synergy!

Margaret Alice
My twelve-year-old boy understands how to take care of his mother, gaining at the same time, I complained that I felt old and frumpy when picking him up after rugby practice.

Seeing all those young well-groomed mothers – he assured me I did not, that like his Dad I seemed to grow younger and slimmer – dearest Tiaan thank you for that! – so he got his part of the deal.

In this game of sweet make-believe, I bought him a cool-drink, we drove home in companionable silence; he rosy and happy with exercise and me delighted with the day – even his Dad.

Less grumpy as his hurt foot mends – he intends to take us out to dinner, eat as much as we can now is the time to prove I whether can live up to the high expectations of my

Twelve-year-old admirer!

Margaret Alice
I wish you love, so much love, more love than you can hold, for your fourteenth birthday; I wish you happiness, all you can dream of and then some, for the years to come; I wish you the excitement of conquering obstacles to add challenge and sweet victory to the new year of your life; I wish you adventures, new discoveries and strange inventions; wonderful mysteries and the elation of revelations for all the days of your life; most of all, I wish you’ll retain the message you have lived until now: To love all people and animals and cherish all things on this earth and beyond - for ever more; love being the reason for existence; I wish you Wisdom, the Gift of Discernment with which to tackle the life of a grown-up... With all my love, for ever and ever; Mama.

Margaret Alice
Family: The Affair With Wind And Speed

My Knight on a motorbike, my nephew
once he is licensed with the confidence
to lift, off we go –

We want to do join a breakfast run, “Do
you want me to arrange your funeral? ”
his mother wryly commented

Now she can arrange mine also, I want
many songs at my wake and Whispering
Hope is one of them

Meantime, I’m licking my lips for the
feeling of wind in my hair, I’ll let them
grow in order to savour

The affair with wind and speed, we
won’t allow parental spite to spoil
our new-found joy!

Margaret Alice
Family: The Sms-Messages Start...

It is still dark when we leave home - the school gate is barely open; an hour and a half before school starts a little boy already there; out in the winter cold; then a little girl is also left half an hour before her school starts; in the afternoon he goes to after-school; but she has to stay in the school grounds; at two-forty-five the SMS-messages start: Hi mom, what are you doing? - I’m typing my love, and you? – I’ve got nothing to do; - I know that’s not true with all that maths and homework tasks, yet I play along; I wish she were here or already at home instead of at school all alone; that was the choice I made as a working mom; if I give up my job I’ll never find one again – it’s all about quotas and race and not expertise – besides, it is my whole social life – if only school did not end at two in the afternoon and children were not left all by themselves so soon...

Margaret Alice
Famous Astral Plane 6.

Alone this Friday afternoon, lovely questionnaires to keep me marching through a mental desert, nobody to talk to, words remain outside my head, nothing getting past the glass screen that sprang up between the world and me, dare not allow my mind free rein, galloping towards the abyss, must steer clear of the Black-Hole nothingness, sucking in my light with no escape

Watched Phantom of the Opera last night, the story never reached me behind this enclosure where quiet is everything, is this the famous Astral Plane we have to pass through on our way to higher spiritual dimensions, is this an inevitable part of being human? Reading Buscaglia and his complaints against Western society, I am glad I have moved on

To New Age spiritual books, sustenance when faced with irrational civilization, couldn’t make it without these strong bulwarks against the storms of entrenched idiocy, reducing people to their shortcomings...

My Buscaglia Life 5.

Still facing unending lists of French questionnaires, no way can I do a hundred of these, first read my mail, laughed about the pastor sending e-mail from hell – apparently – to his shocked wife; washed my hands several times, my mental gymnastics were interrupted by well-meaning colleagues hi-jacking luncht, I’m out of kilter, my compass upside down, hanging from the rafters of reality, cannot fill these magical moments of blue sky with reclining fat-lady
clouds with routine replies to idiotic questions, what shall I so to fill up the time legally, how to escape the mental threat of bereavement, realizing my Buscaglia life is reduced to little bits of nothingness where only the sense of sight is allowed to operate, staring at a screen, dead words without meaning, I’m not ready to become a machine, I want to hang on to my tree, to feel and frolic, dance and sing, be more than a pair of immobile eyes glued to boring things...

Margaret Alice
Fantasy About A Spaceship

Well, the little alien has a point:
if people can’t write legibly
they clearly don’t want to be read
so they don’t want to be on the list

If Home Affairs refuses to answer
the telephone, they clearly won’t
help me today and if it is as quiet
as a mausoleum in the office building

It clearly means Friday afternoon
is meant for leaving early
the little alien is so bored by now
I can’t even interest him

In a good fantasy about a spaceship
landing in a crop circle
as for this list and the atrocious
handwriting of listless people

Who signed most unwillingly -
it would be suicide to try
and force the little alien today
to try some more – I’ll give in

To the little pest
that lives in my head
and dictates every day
what I should do and say!

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: *characters* On Ship In Outer Space

Sitting at my desk, translating a French text indicating right amounts of pesticide to prevent us dying suddenly - while the characters in my head

On a ship in outer space are collecting the charred bodies after an exploded nuclear reactor while feeling deepest sympathy with the maimed still alive

My protagonist, with hair as black as coal, falling to her shoulders like a silky-soft waterfall, is in a state of shock on seeing the devastation wrecked

By technology run amuck – she also knows how much pesticide there already was in the bodies of the dead – I suffer from emotional fatigue

With all this going on....

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: “the Smallest Girl” And “which Witch? ”

A list of brilliant declarations
made by kids from two to eight
years old regarding love, inspires
me to find fiction written for kids
from two to twelve: 'Love’s like a
little old woman and a little old
man who are still friends even after
they know each other so well.'

With this in mind, I’m going to find
all about love in “The Smallest Girl
Ever” by Sally Gardner, then top it
off with ‘Which Witch? ” by Eva
Ibbotson; I’ve read them both before
and by repetition, retrieving ideas
and favourite characters, I will
just love them more!

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: A Russian Counter-Insurgent

My career as a German spy began at nine –
Semjonof was my name; though I played all
characters in that game - I also was General
Karpoesjin; as sensitive as a human seismograph;
and Marfa; an Intourist guide with a neckline as
deep as the Volga; as Semjonof I fled from
Karpoesjin all over the Tundra; frozen and still;
I also was Ludmilla, a Russian Work Camp
Commander who fell for Semjonof and joined
in his flight; at the same time I also was a Russian
counter-insurgent whose finger- and toenails had
been extracted to force me to split their hideaway;
my spirit was broken upon my ordeal; a terrible
toothache in real gave me a chance to prepare
for suffering in silence with a broken spirit; but
after a visit to the dentist my spirit was still
intact; though I suppose the constant anxiety
and fear of the game; as well as the threat of the
Biblical Apocalypse really messed up my system:
Today I’m still living with the ghastly symptoms
of impossibly high levels of anxiety!

(Konsalik - Die Voortvlugtige Spioen)

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: Alexander Pushkin’s Exotic Twist - Snow White

Straightaway, Prince Yesilei set out to find his vanished bride, through the land he rides and rides, when he weeps, fierce winds blow his tears away, everywhere he asks and asks, Have you seen my Princess, tell me, tell me, has she passed?

He turned towards the Sun, Have you somewhere seen my lost Princess? If you have, you will know, hair like midnight, face like snow – the Sun replied, No, ask my friend the Moon, the Moon recommended, Ask my friend the Wind, the Wind told him:

Follow a trickling stream to a mountain cave, in that cave a coffin hangs, a crystal coffin hung by chains, in that coffin lies your bride who neither wakes nor sleeps, unriddle that riddle if you will – Yesilei found a coffin made of glittering crystal, inside was a girl –

His lost Princess, he cast himself on it, the crystal broke, she sighed, sat up, saw the Prince and smiled, Prince Yesilei then wed his Princess, delicious food and drink were flowing like the Volga, says Alexander Pushkin, he knows for sure – for he was
there!

Quoted from “Enchanter’s Spell – The Princess and The Seven Brothers” by Alexander Pushkin 1987; pp.32,33,34.

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: Alien For Whom Life Is A Game

Let me tell you about my colleague Hanlie positive, hardworking, always fun and full of ideas and about June always conscientious and very thorough and my wonderful dad, always happy always helpful, sharing his last cent with the needy let me tell you about New Agers and Mystery Writers because I love them and their unconventional views -

But do not let me tell you about politicians ministers or scientists - I cannot be objective – revealing more about me and my own negativity than anything about them and do I dare tell you about myself?

A Nile Crocodile with black holes in the brain on an eternal quest to find life’s final answers governed by an Alien for whom life is a game...

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: Anastasia, Hollerburluke, Gentleman Ghost

Anastasia Morningstar

Feeling ill and despondent, in need of a new perspective, lying down on the couch, legs curled over the backrest reading Anastasia Morningstar

She turned a small boy into a frog, then two kids were turned into rocks, made the science teacher Mr Wyanth remember a crystal butterfly

Which had to be freed in order to fly, his cold and rational perspective of science, forcing him to flunk Sarah for being too imaginative, suddenly

Destroyed, his mind expanded to make room for the unexpected, for magic - and Anastasia Morningstar!

[Oxford University Press 1985 Hazel Hutchins]

Hollerburluke

Reading “The Invisible Boy” by Sally Gardner about Sam’s parents who won the first-ever trip to the moon, left Sam in the care of the neighbour from hell, Hilda Hardbottom

Who starved him and kept him imprisoned in order to collect the insurance money when Sam’s parents got lost in space, stuck inside a grotter or orgback – a humungous

Space monster that gaggerly-up stars; a typical scene from reality, as most immoral people will know - but he was
saved by an alien called Splodge

Whose spaceship was whamdangled, Splodge
turned Sam invisible, easy once you got the
handangle; his parents were finally found
in a grotter causing a hollerburluke

An adventure proving that friendship
from people or spacemen, will always
be the most valuable thing
to everybody on earth!

[“The Invisible Boy” Sally Gardner - Dolphin 2002]

A Gentleman Ghost, Sir Simon Montpellier

There is a book about EVERYTHING
if only you know where to look – and
that’s the thing – I don’t know where
to start looking

Thus reading ANYTHING I can find,
hoping to cover all possible probabilities;
finding material on magical tales and
reading that too

I am greatly intrigued reading that
sensible people accept irrefutable
facts, such as their baby is a magician;
changing his name to Arriman

A sorcerer, painting vampire bats on
his nursery walls, allowing him to
purchase Darkington Hall with a
gentleman ghost called

Sir Simon Montpellier who murdered
all seven of his wives, wandering about
groaning with guilt and moaning with
misery
and welcoming a visiting genie, Mr Chatterjee from India who felt England’s cold dreadfully having lived in the East

doing interesting things like sending people about on Flying Carpets, and when they come down suddenly

impaling their backsides on spikes – I love all the things that I find while I’m reading to expand my mind...

Eva Ibbotson: “Which Witch?”

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: Aura Of Many-Coloured Aurora

Her heart was so touched by the light of love in his eyes – it switched off her mind, she could no longer resist the magnetic attraction carrying her to him - before she could gather her wits for another appeal to the rational thoughts in her head; she was clasped in his arms; his lips kissing hers – divesting her of the last vestiges of logic and judgment and wisdom; sensation washing their thought pattern vibrations away until only feeling as vibrant, colourful, shimmering, warming light and soft, exquisite bubbles in velvet caresses was left; together they were taken into a maelstrom of infinite sensation and maddening joy that left them thoughtless, breathless, mindless; love exploding in an aura of many-coloured aurora that filled the whole universe...

Margaret Alice
Now let’s see, said an Alice happily, let’s make a list of wonderful things from the book Ordinary Princess: Firstly, important titles like “The Lord High Inviter of Wood Fairies”, and “The Right Honourable Minister with Portfolio for Inviting Water Nymphs”; at this, Alice clapped her hands with glee.

A fairy gave the Seventh Princess a gift to bring her more happiness than possessing beauty; she’d be ordinary - courageous, cheerful, charming and witty, yet nobody noticed because she wasn’t a beauty... sometimes her beautiful sisters became an object of envy, but she knew what fun they missed by not being her.

They cared for their complexions, while she roamed the forest, climbing trees and swimming effortlessly, her sisters married boring princes; Royal Highnesses and Serene Transparencies left in shock on finding the Seventh Princess so very ordinary, the Duke of Rubarbary left immediately to visit Baron Boris Von Bigwigsburg –

An Alice laughing merrily about these foppish characters, forming an ideal to be ordinary herself...

Quoted from M.M. Kaye “The Ordinary Princess” 1980

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: Beauty Everywhere

I know now where the magic lies,
not in your eyes, nor in the
words you spoke, nor in the
whisperings I thought I heard –

It’s in my mind, in the game
where I bestow enchantment
on the spoken word, my views
that I transposed to you

When I checked to verify that
what I heard was not a lie, I saw
a broken game, pieces bent and
agonised, demented figurines

– and then I cried to realize
– on seeing truth it was a game;
I knew now why and how I played,
it would never be the same...

But in my heavy heart and busy
fantasy I got well again, went
out to see if further games would
represent – and yes, they did,

Quite wonderfully, when things
go wrong or someone dies, I just
know it will be right - it is
in truth a lovely game to me –

The most exciting and adventurous
a safer place for playing roles,
try out things and characters;
play involved with valid feeling

I really, truly love the game,
wholeheartedly I cry on endings;
fearing tears will stain my
heart, remaining for eternity
but when the next exciting game begins, sunshine fills my life with joy, removing all the cloying pain. I can feel this beauty rhyme, whether really there or fantasy is quite beside the point, as long as I can think and feel, I have the greatest time:

So here goes for another round!

Margaret Alice
Today I read a most fascinating account of exciting conspiracy theories – enough to feed the imagination for hours to come: US programs dealt with lasers, time travel, computer chips, antigravity systems, magnified light lenses and genetic engineering – each term can be looked up on the Internet and all this research makes me feel like a rocket scientist – just the right camouflage to cover the tracks of an incognito spy!

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: Civilisation On Far Side Of Moon

I used to pretend I was an undercover spy all through my years at school and varsity – it coloured an academic life with excitement whenever I come across secret information my antennae are out and I read all about unexplained phenomena – such as the discovery of a civilisation on the far side of the moon – photographs taken by the lunar orbiter showing a series of artificial structures – clearly there is a base with geometric shapes on the other side – towers, spherical buildings; large radar dishes; earth is said to have received directives from extraterrestrial races on the dark side of the moon: Do Not Return Anytime Soon – as an undercover spy I lap up all secretive and dramatic statements strewn here and there; all occult information that abound like pebbles on a beach, just awaiting interpretation – thus life becomes a game of great fun and pure elation!

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: Dream Of Life Again

Been dancing the lobster quadrille with the Crying Mock Turtle, sobbing, wallowing in self-pity

Though not ready yet to join the Queen of Hearts in playing croquet, at least

Strong enough to dream of life again, calm enough to stop feeling guilty about

Being alive, and brave enough to think about my new storybook hero Zapotek van Heerden!

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: Dreams - Science Fiction Scene

They flew up to Jupiter, the gaseous planet, to a civilization in a different time-space dimension where people communicated directly in a world where no negative emotions existed, where hate and jealousy were unknown and advanced thought transference enabled them to transmit love everywhere, especially to babies and the very young; they joined a whirling-dervish-dance, all twirling around and around; with wide swishing skirts, creating great swirls of energy, filled with loving sound and empowering positive ions; whirling and twirling; adding to the immense power of Jupiter’s Great Red Spot, situated at an angle determined by a circumscribed triangle within a moving sphere - at the Cydonia degree...

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: Eyes On Dreams; Shape-Changed; Daylight; Dormant

Eyes On Her dreams

The frog, living at the bottom of the well
by the Wonderland-Lake, waiting for a princess
to come along, hoping to be recognized as a
Prince in Disguise, frog-leaped to
Shahrazad, the crocodile

demanding a kiss, she did as instructed by
the imperious frog, almost imbibing him as
guided by her reptilian heart, nearly
choking in the effort to keep from
swallowing him; she started to

blunder and bluster and obfuscate; the frog
was disappointed while Shahrazad left in a
hurry, already late to meet Okefenokee Al,
her only real pal, who could be expected
to be there for her all the time

meanwhile the frog, tired out from his efforts
at being kissed by a crocodile, slunked away in
true froggy fashion until he met the Ice Princess,
walking along with her eyes on her dreams
when the frog appeared

with his request for a kiss; she asked what would
happen should she kiss him, he replied he would
turn into a Prince, even a King; she dreamily
complied, her lips trembling and cold as
behooves an Ice Princess spawned

on a Mountain of Glass, the frog looked up in
disappointment; ordered her to kiss him again
with more fervour and enthusiasm, she tried
again, kissing the little green frog,
left by the King of the North
at the bottom of the well by the Wonderland-Lake... What happened then, dear Scribe, would you care to tell us sometime?

Shape-Changed

It is wonderful to be alive when I have shape-changed into a mermaid in my mind gamboling in the Gulf Stream drifting with a merman-king to his ancient Gaelic castle in far-off Ireland... and you thought I would be at work today?

Took My Daylight Faculty Away*

Found the reason for my sleepiness: a fairy of wickedness came to my christening took my daylight faculty away by giving the gift of sleeping all day long; though awake at night I wax and wane with the moon, such is my astrogenetic plight – until a prince will come and kiss me without knowing who I might be while
I’m withered

With the waning
of the moon...

Taken from the tale “Little Daylight” by George Macdonald

Dormant through the Day

Finally, a diagnosis of what is wrong with me - suffering from severe diurnation, a terrible habit of sleeping - being dormant - through the day; hell and damnation; it makes life difficult when I cannot sleep - creating the impression I can keep my eyes glued to a PC screen - a brilliant actress am I, playing the role of a government official, but underneath - I’m just a sleepy dreamer...

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: God Wooed Marvelous Goddess

I love playing games, thinking up schemes, dreaming dreams, is there a job description for me somewhere – games mistress, teaching the rest about having visions, how to expand imaginative faculties...

Maybe I should start a New Age meditation group – only problem is, I can’t meditate, only manage to fall asleep or think up a storm, create a variation on a fairy-tale; what job description will accommodate that?

A production sheet, showing my deeds, would contain the following statements: Dreamt five heavenly dreams about a prince and his princess, saw ten visions of a new Jerusalem on earth in which Arabs and Jews

Became fast friends, indulged in daydreams during meetings in which friendly aliens created new underground bases on earth, taught about several concomitant lives being led by one Gestalt divided into multifarious selves

Explained how a superhuman god met and wooed a marvelous goddess – who is interested in such qualities, send your requests, before I get sacked and die of hunger in old-fashioned poetic tradition, though it would serve me right, of course!

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: Inability To Do Arithmetic...

The Gryphon took Alice to the Mock Turtle who told her: At school we were taught Reeling and Writhing and Arithmetic in different branches: Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision – the Gryphon added: I studied Mystery, Ancient and Modern, and Seaography; an old conger-eel taught Drawling as well as Stretching and Fainting in Coils – the Mock Turtle continued: an old crab taught the Classics – Laughing and Grief – and our lessons lessened from day to day... Alice was quite overcome by what the two creatures said... and I conclude that my inability to do Arithmetic must stem from the time I first read Alice in Wonderland...

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: Losing Himself In Her Sparkling Eyes

I will always be fine, the Ice Princess replied, the devil himself is scared of me, I promised to arrive with fairies and magic, now he sends forth his demonic horde to protect my life, keeping me out of his devilish life, such bewitchment would drive him nuts, the devil said...

But her friend laughs with glee, surely the devil would never flee from anyone - the Ice Princess smiles; she wants to confront old Nic himself, - don’t be daft - the devil is big and tough, beware of him; see, she replies, I shall mesmerize his whole entourage, I even have plans, obtained from Terry Pratchett himself, to improve on his tortures...

Isn’t that too much, he meekly asks, not at all, she airily replies, so he kisses her laughing lips, losing himself in her sparkling eyes...

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: Magic Enchantment & No Man Bound & Relieved From Unbelief

Enchantment

Tonight I’m watching Mary Poppins, the movie feeling like a small child, scared of life, not willing to accept responsibility for the grown-up life I’m supposed to lead –

Julie Andrews will charm my fears away, I take refuge in the magical moments of Mary Poppins’ making, watching Bert working magic in the park – talking dogs – flying nannies with rosy cheeks - wild winds blowing sorrows away

Jane and Michael writing an advertisement - a cheery disposition, play games - all sorts, witty, pretty, treats, sweets, we won’t hide your spectacles, put toads in your bed or pepper in your tea...

Mary Poppins snapping her fingers - the nursery tidies itself...magic enchantment – just what I need!

No Man Bound To Understand Himself

A lady once read a medical report, was so frightened by the long words, she ran for her life, locked herself into her bedroom for fear of being squashed by the words and strangled by the sentences

She requested that a tax be put on long words: a light tax on words of three syllables and a heavy tax on words over four syllables such as heterodoxy, spontaneity and spiritualism
but when the bill was brought
the Irish and Scotts opposed it
on the grounds that in a free country
no man was bound to understand himself
or let others understand him...


Relieved From Unbelief

Did you hear about the professor
who was not content with things
as they are, so his head was filled
with things as they are not

With basilisks, phoenixes and unicorns
which so flustered, aggravated, horrified
and flabbergasted him, he lost his mind
for three months

Then the poor professor eased his mind
by writing a great book, refuting all his
former opinions, such as proving the
moon was made of green cheese

Thus he was relieved from unbelief, pride
and vainglory, blindness and
hardness of heart...

Charles Kingsley “The Water Babies” p.117 & 125

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: New Dreams...

Today I am the tune in Toselli’s Nightingale Serenade
I am the fluctuating notes flowing softly up and down
quiet and happy in my mind - telling you about the
restfulness in my thoughts in the lower notes, then
reaching higher to explain the inner happiness where
I am expectantly waiting for a new period to unfold,
new dreams to take hold, new visions to fly me along,
a new challenge has been handed me and I have to be
strong and start facing this new adventure, knowing
all along that the pain of leaving the old dream
behind is giving birth to the new thought and theory...

Margaret Alice
Woke up this morning in pizza-pain, combating it by reading how the dragon Alberic came to stay with kids who were sad when he left, he came back with seven baby dragonlets, leaving one behind to take his place, thus the friendship chain would go on - the pizza forgotten, I got up with a feeling of bright expectation - all thanks to Alberic - I took him along to the shops staring in delight at chocolate cake with thick chocolate icing, you said no, pizza’s enough, I said if I had only three months to live, I’d go on a cake-with-icing diet, never touching broccoli and spinach again, I’d eat all the cake and icing I could find, chocolate, vanilla, mocca, granadilla, with the icing spread as thick as can be - that’s when Alberic left me, he couldn’t stand the idea of so many scrumptious cakes without tasting some himself, off he went, hunting for cake; I sought comfort in the tabloids, read with dismay Britney had a horrible youth, Cat Woman had been operated upon once too much - deeply affected, I went to Alberic in a land of magic where flying dragons love their dragonlets – then send them forth to befriend lonely humans...

Margaret Alice
Fantasy: Tomorrow New Fantasy, Sliding Down Banisters*

A New Fantasy

How could you give me a present that showed up my incompetence to such disadvantage...

Kids do it all the time, I can do it too changing dreams when I find the old depends on

Matters out of my control - I’ll give up the old one, to be replaced with something new

According to quantum physics, there are infinite alternatives – though my dream failed

Though I cry tonight, tomorrow I shall construct a new fantasy...

Sliding Down Banisters*

I crashed my intellectual car into a wall when I tried to make sense of it all; focusing on Edgar Cayce, American seer, and reading Seth Speaks by Jane Roberts; made me despondent

Then I tried to visualize myself as a brave civil servant, using the power of imagination to see myself filing with joy, creating statistics with love – but I have to confess, it did not work out at all
Finding myself unable to face the reality
I tried to inhabit through visualization, I
returned to the comfort and safety of
Fairytales – and the magic returned,
I am free again

To live in a space where a witch and a
cat and a frog are reigning the lift, making
the caretaker’s life so much fun, while
terrorizing everyone employed
in the building

Even considering to make the lift sing;
though the caretaker did not approve,
he loved sliding down banisters with
the witch and the cat and the
frog!

Robina Beckles Willson “Secret Witch”

Margaret Alice
Withdraw into Fantasy

Tonight I shall put my life on hold
and dive into Gaston Leroux, into
his book 'Phantom of the Opera'

Saw the DVD by Schumacher
based on Andrew Lloyd Webber's
opera - Gaston Leroux did not

Have as much sympathy with his
ghost; where Lloyd Webber made
the ghost a charitable character

Gaston was more impressed with
his criminally insane mind; since
we are mostly abonormal,

As 'normal'has never been defined;
in a life marked by total judgment,
received in the House of the Lord;

It is better to withdraw into a fantasy
that will take me on a trip into another
kind of consiousness...

Favourite Things

Both Tiaan and I suffering headache
I know which books to read to help
me through it – I wonder when he
will have such a magical cure all
lined up – he’s reading ferociously

Maybe he already knows which books
will help him through reality – at his
age my help was Dr Serfontein, he
claims he relies on R.L. Stine – but
sadly the library is closed today

We need a shot of ‘My Favourite Things’ to help us cope with the pain
Tiaan claims he’s learnt an advantage to appreciate in the situation; when he feels good he’s on top of the world

Whereas those who feel good all the time never know the elation he enjoys when he’s feeling fine, I wish I could send him off into the world knowing for sure that he won’t suffer so much; such is the price of life, and it really seems so unfair, at least he’s positive and that means a lot – maybe one day he’ll be victorious over the allergy!

Margaret Alice
Favourite Hate Activity

The wages of sin, oh, the wages of sin,
now is the time for me to start paying
them, broken the diet rules again,
suffering loss of concentration

Read ‘Wintersmith’ to Nici, managed to create
a Cockney accent for Mr Hogparsley, but
without a clear head lost it again, must
first hear Eliza Dolittle’s declaration

In my inner ear: ‘I washed my ‘ands and my face
‘afore I come, I did’ before I can do his voice,
with chemicals messing up brain function,
it is a lost battle - the wages of sin, oh,

The wages of sin, I’ll always be in arrears, can
never pay up as I’m always committing a new
culinary offence, given the certain knowledge
that food makes me ill, I don’t care enough

To put more effort in following guidelines to feel
better than just surviving, my own bland food is
boring in the extreme, so off I go, as happy as
a lark, eating everything restaurants offer

Knowing that by tomorrow I’ll regret my irrespon-
sible attitude towards food; yet cooking
remains my favourite HATE activity...

Margaret Alice
Feel Guilty & By The Way & Fighting Nothingness

Confessions of a Crocodile

I Feel Guilty

Entered the time of hibernation again,
sitting quietly, watching Wimbledon, for
me life is reading, thinking and reporting
my ideas, when I start watching sport on
TV, it spells absence of life

For the past weeks, with school holidays,
I fell off my diet regimen, ate pies from
supermarkets on a daily basis, leading to
food intolerance flaming up again, the old
brain is going, can’t think any more

I suppose without intolerance and allergy,
I would have been a normal person, quietly
content to breathe and live and be, I would
have made a fine cook and housewife,
taking care of the kids

Now I spend my life on a tightrope, balancing
between foodstuffs, symptoms & imbalances
in thinking and feeling and being, hubby
dubbed me the "Alien" when he got to
know me, for all the fevers and other

Weird symptoms, after a useless round with
dieticians, he undertook to provide food that
would help me live almost a normal life; but
on finding that pain only goes if I starve, he
allowed leeway for eating and suffering

It brings the bonus of energy, dealing with
pain as best I can; it forces me to question
the meaning of life all the time, and repent
of any sins as soon as I commit them – it
is so unfair – I feel guilty all the time!
By The Way, The Boks Won Yesterday

By the way, did I mention the Springboks triumphed over the All Blacks yesterday – Saturday 12 July 2008? Maybe you missed it, it seems so unimportant when you are not a South African, and to a being from New Zealand it means absolutely NOTHING – not defeat, indeed, only that the referee was mad on his feet and the Boks played like men demented; it only means that next time the Boks will be killed

But right now, to me it means peace in the home and joy and delight; hubby is happy, singing like a nightingale, all is beautiful, even the overcast weather, sport is the barometer in my home, setting the tone for joy or pain, hysteric or hallelujahs; I adore the Boks and their coach when they win, while seeing each loss as a personal affront

Oh, did I mention, we won yesterday, in spite of the fact that the referee was mad and the Boks played like lunatics – that is, if hubby can be believed; and who am I to question his authority?

Fighting The Encroaching Nothingness

Sunday evening, dozed in front of the TV, woke up feeling refreshed and new; now vague restlessness is rising, covering the safety of sharp certainty in a mist of growing fear for tomorrow - when the fight against unwillingness and lack of inspiration must commence again

Fighting for motivation to continue life as a human being; why, why, WHY does it have to be so difficult for me to do my duty, look up rules and terms and words, all the while fighting the restless crocodile insisting on finding mysteries, the reptile destroying my mammalian intellect
Leaving me hurt and bleeding with guilt feelings,
an aching head and stomach burning as I’m
fighting the encroaching nothingness that
constitutes routine activity to me...

Margaret Alice
Feeling Of Peace

Feeling the familiar comfort of mystery words flashing in front of me, safely ensconced in the magic of the theories contained therein

My existential angst subsides, my fear of life’s incomprehensible duties nullified, my fear of trying to do things I cannot, is ebbing away

Only the feeling of peace and comfort stay...

Margaret Alice
Feeling Sad Ineptitude 5.15.2008

Anne Fine is my favourite author of all time, the way she explains life in “How To Write Really Badly”

Where a mentally impaired child, with only one exceptional gift for model-making, suffers through school

The way I did, having been born into a musical family; yet being unable to play musical instruments

Hating lessons, feeling inferior, never mastering the art I had to conquer to be acknowledged in our family

The permanent feeling of failure, the ever-present fear, knowing whatever I did would never be good enough

The feeling still with me even though giving up music ages ago – the feeling of sad ineptitude never leaving again...

Anne Fine “How To Write Really Badly” 1996

Margaret Alice
Feelings And Love 21 June 2009

Masaru Emoto ‘The Secret Life of Water’ lives next to my bed, every night I look at photos of geometric water crystals formed when words - You Are Beautiful – Innocence - Thank You in Tagalog and Japanese - Marital Love - are pasted on water containers

Staring at the beautiful crystals formed when music was played to water before crystallised; Wagner’s Ride of the Valkyries, Schubert’s Ave Maria, Mendelssohn’s Wedding March, Edelweiss and Amazing Grace, wishing I knew what Whispering Hope

Langenhoven’s Lullaby for Liefstetjie and Die Lorelei, Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten would have looked like, looking intently at the hollow, suffocating image formed by the word Hate – and the crocodile eye resulting from September 11,2001

Always delighting in the idea that should human language disappear, the language of water crystals will enable consciousness to converse about feelings and love...

Margaret Alice
'Feelings In Frequencies

Sunday, sweet memory
lighting up the cold,
warm words playing
a captivating melody
forever in my mind

I cannot share these with
anyone I know, used to
burying dreams secretly
or clandestinely writing
poetry

The bittersweet melody
of Chopin’s Nocturne in
E-flat Major, etched
indelibly by mother’s
frequent rendition

fibrillating in trilling notes
on C, then notes climbing
in crescendo, vibrating F
for tears of happiness

Frequencies of rainbow
feelings kaleidoscoping
mind and soul...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: “why You Love Who You Love”

(From Suzi Malin “Love at first Sight”)

Suzi says
faces are inherited,
but are shaped by persons
themselves, environment and
experiences

Character
shows in the eye, nature
in the mouth - by forty, faces can
be read like a
book

Personality
and character are
expressed on the face
as in a landscape,
with hills and
valleys

Every feature
and spaces between
are meaningful, making
each person
unique: a
special
love...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Attack Of Killer-Allergens

Friday night – still as bad as Friday itself, still can’t gain control of my mind and consciousness, noises still irritate and normal pursuits fail to interest

Still haven’t recuperated from the latest bout of lost concentration; watched TV with the family; the BBC - the artificial hilarity of “Black Adder”*; the poignancy of “Porridge”* with Fletcher once again saving a mate, read assurances on the Internet that life is supposed to be fun, but the day is long gone

The only fun that I’ve had is the dream I’ve conjured – Abraham of Esther-Hicks fame says if the dream is good enough, one need not experience the reality

I am content with the extent of my fantasy, but please, please tell me, when will my brain return to normal again, allergy-free; so I can concentrate on the here and now

Without taking flight into a state of mind that obviates the need for rational thought; I would love to be able to think straight for a while at least

Acting like a normal human being again, even if only until the next attack of those killer-allergens!

*Two BBC programmes (comedies) called “Black Adder” and “Porridge”

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Being The Song

Now we must attend a seminar in sales and self-promotion to qualify as writers of poetry because we must reach for the financial sky and make a profit, heaven knows why, when I want money I can work for it, or if sales is my thing I’ll talk you into buying plastic things that will last a lifetime – or at least until you lose it somewhere, then you can buy some more; I could sell cosmetics, teach you how to look your best so you just send out your photograph and need not learn how to spell to cultivate the craft of writing correctly and making sense every now and then – thus I shall play with words and make them sing for me, life is all about being the song and not selling my soul to Mammon!

Margaret Alice
The most fantastic concept ever: the Black Hole
a Hole in space into which anything
can fall at any moment in time
out of which NOTHING can ever escape again –
- Now you know why I fear the Black Hole in my brain! –
With a strong gravitational force so that
Light and Love are caught and held –
- You can understand why Love just disappears
into my Black-Hole, Crocodile brain! –
The Hole is curving space, the walls of reality
start moving out, time is warped – I travel far
beyond the earth’s movement around the Sun
and the Milky Way Galaxy Centre – wherein
there may be millions of these Black Holes
hidden from view by the darkness –
so let’s bring the Love that will light
the way to another Universe without the Hate
of the Heady Black Hole!

Life is a Curse

When I came in from outside and
complimented you on the things
that you do, you berated me for
my exuberance, pointing out how
I break everything when I’m glad;
the PC’s keyboard is skew; the
Internet-port has been relegated
to non-use through my forceful
application as I must have used
it with too much elation – too
much energy, the bathroom
door is going too, everything I
touch is eventually doomed, oh
blast; my life is a curse in more
ways than one!
Margaret Alice
Feelings: Blight To The Might, Books: Exotic Trips, Thoughts Doing My Bidding

The Nile-Crocodile escaped from the hold and running wild, decided I’ve got money to burn; freedom covers the newly washed world with a halo of joy; I’ve got a crocodilian stomach and a mind with a hole in it – I might as well make the most of it; consume my waffle in reptilian fashion and be damned to the world; my conscience is dead – if ever I had one; crocodiles are not known for involvement in contentious ideas; every animal I know is better off than me – with my IQ so low they can’t find it; with my freedom curtailed in an office building with departmental constrictions; my Astral Body adrift, floating far, far away – as far as Robert Munroe said it could go – and probably further; past the Akashic Records of level twenty-seven; way beyond the realm of angels – who only exist to offer love to a Multiverse bereft of all sense; right up to the Omniverse edge; to meet with Superconsciousness, to know everything without the experience that brings blight to the might of the mind...

Books: Exotic Trips

Bibliotherapy is a wonderful thing - for whatever ails thee, there is book therapy, though sometimes difficult to choose a book to set us free from constricting conditions caused by lack of insight or maladjustment – to set it right, I’m searching for books that will provide the feelings I seek: Unsolved Crimes – perfect to solve today’s uncertainty by casting the eye on great mystery, and
for good measure Ghost Stories to spice up the cold waves of crime on which I’m about to embark; for variation - Terry Pratchett’s Going Postal will do admirably - now I’m ready to tackle this day of grey tragedy – the sun, my favourite companion, having pulled his head away - books to take me on exotic trips every day!

Thoughts Doing My Bidding

With Beethoven’s Pastoral Symphony playing, while cleaning the kitchen I can cry to my hearts content; saw a baby with fractured skull on TV, feel nauseous, crying about irrational fears, a feeling of dark foreboding and unnamed dread; I’m scared of trying to be human like you, you said I didn’t want to work at all; that’s not true, I love a schedule, I love serving people, it’s just being alone for so long reading official documents with such boring content when I need a surge of adrenaline feels like death to me; I’ll think up a storm and kill off my heroine; maybe my thoughts will be shocked into doing my bidding at work and I could Swiss Mission ahead...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Can'T Endure Uneasy Desperation

Cheese spread
on chunky bread
engenders painful
reveries.

Sleepless, I
tought of you
being blue.
I love laughing
analgesics; making
fun with words,
cannot determine
does it help you
too?

I was agog when
correspondents claimed
I pained by
writing much:

Do I cause you
pain also? No smile
in your replies;
the gauge to see
does laughter ever
help? I want to
cheer, can’t interpret
such neutrality.

Solid silence required?
I'd miss the stimulus -
a sacrifice on your behalf.
Sharing thoughts until
you say desist; I fear
to hurt; please order
quiet if you need
isolation for due
restoration of a
wounded soul.
Can't endure uneasy
desperation - I
want to help...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Caught In Limbo

All the lines
running
in my head
are stiff -
I am dead,
there is
nothing left;
only pain
remains; only
nothingness
of empty
moments
marching on –
this moment
following the
previous one
as the next one
comes chasing on
still I sit
in nothingness
a prisoner of
time and place
still the quiet
and uncertainty
change not a bit
the abysmal fear
of finding not
stops the quest
ere it is begun
I’ll not try
to sing or be
today – I’m
dead, caught
in limbo
I’ll let you
know when I’m
up and running
again...
Feelings: Change The Slides In Her Head

I can’t remain within
the consciousness of
one person for very
long, irksome to be
a certain me –

Time to change the
slides in her head
a new personality
new outlook on life
a new challenge

All new adventures
new existential perspective
trying out relationships
with people who
are different

The changeover will
be swift, executed
between eleven and
twelve today, this
new entity

Will have to
work for me too
we shall share
her adventures
feel her feelings

Deal with her
emotions - oh,
what fun
ahead!

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Checking Us, Whatever I Say

Checking Us

A white notice board against the wall with the strict injunction write everything down, I don’t want any surprises this year, every test, every project, every event, every essay – thus keeping us permanently focused on the things we detest

I prefer to forget the Expo of 18 June, cannot help in a research project for natural science, count me out, I refuse to try again – the only nice thing is Nici drawing a flower writing LOVE YOU! and the pictures she pasted - a leopard

An ostrich and a butterfly, I secretly mounted a poster of fairies on the wall behind your back as you play games on the PC, checking us to see whether we are busy with homework and business projects...

Whatever I Say, You’re Opposed To

I love living with a despot especially with a benevolent one

It is so much fun to oppose such a despot and try to be us

Two kids and me trying to make our own life, meeting your demands while

All the time living our own lives – I read the newspapers MY way
Must just remember to never share my thoughts with you – because

Whatever I say, you’re opposed to, as long as I keep

My mouth shut, my opinions to myself, you are

The most marvelous guy!

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Chocolate Cake

Chocolate cake is divine,
I eat it and mine its energy
become a projectile
run highly-charged
in a riotously engaged smile –

then
at night sleep evades,
muscles stiffen and
the vapours of Lethe
are denied me by a
chronic blocked nose

next day I wash dishes
break into tears,
overcome by fears filled
with grave foreboding,
the pain of a broken family
welling up in me

I remember sadness
of our existence,
of concentration camps
orphans in Russia,
refugees of Africa,
consumed by a sense
of tragedy

I remember voices
of angels singing
ghomma- songs*:

“Jy was steeds ‘n baie-bietjie-babie,
jou mamma kon nooit dink jy sou so groei nie –
en so diep, in my hart kom woon....”

and remark with heart sinking
how my kids are growing away from me;
I remember brother and sister,
see the face of grandma
in my thoughts, and
I cry desperately…

* A group known as “Die Doedies” sang songs called “ghommaliedjies” in the sixties:
“You were still a very-little-baby, your mummy never thought you would grow so quickly, becoming deeply embedded in my heart...”

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Conspiracy-Fearing Moron - Persecution Mania

Sitting in my office, eyes swollen, looking as if I had been in a bar fight last night

June is going to kill me, she needs production numbers which I can’t supply due to mental malfunction, the committee will hang me; they blithely want to forge ahead with a new date without consulting the venue repeating the same debacle - I’m not willing to go along

the Nile-Crocodile has been reduced to a teeth-gnashing reptile by last night’s eating wrong meat marinated in their own basting; iron bar pressures mounting in the head, without psychological fears

I would have stayed in bed; but I always keep going – food intolerance is a life-long companion although it changes me into a Conspiracy-Fearing Moron with Persecution Mania – at least knowing the causes helps me to laugh at all my anxieties and fears – afterwards right now sitting in crocodilian silence hating the world - while plotting to hang myself...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Contradicting Ideas, Passionate Mind

Contradicting Ideas

In a love-hate relationship with the Internet, for every beautiful thought that elevates, ten dissenters appear two sentences later

Bizarre ideas resonate with me, cold facts are repelling; only small aspects of truth can be discerned, I’m swayed by everything

Creating an exciting life, creating havoc never sure where I am or what I feel, but committing to one alternative only is not an option

I prefer weaving about in a sea of contradicting ideas, rather than end the journey with one viewpoint only, safely in port

For me, the journey is everything!

Passionate Mind

Only challenges make life worthwhile I love excitement and wild adrenalin an office job, a quiet suburban life can’t keep me occupied - quite clear

it is an act to appear sane, bohemian spirit masquerading under middle-class respectability, covering inner turmoil with urban veneer, trying to cut out ungainly parts of my passionate mind like a Cinderella only fitting the shoe
once her feet are cut down to size...

Though rebellion is cut away, the quest for meaning goes on, one day I hope to settle down and be calm like you...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Crocodilia-Bedouinsia, Nile-Crocodile In Ecstasy

Crocodilia-Bedouinsia

The Nile-Crocodile finally knows what’s going on: The Lord and Master of the Nile-Crocodile Castle bought a new chair to save her from backache despair – the chair seemed all skew and suddenly she knew what was true: The Nile-Crocodile does not fit into this universe; the Crocodile tail was the cause of the discomfort! Her boss kindly indicated with all the pillows she needed to reach the standard-size-table from the standardised chair, designed for six-feet-long Government elves, she looked like a Bedouin ascending a camel; today Crocodilia-Bedouinsia survives her life by fighting a losing battle against tables and chairs made according to regulations; sleeping on the floor in Crocodilean despair...

The Nile-Crocodile In Ecstasy

Said Anita Gregory: I may be careful about evidence, scrupulous about methodology; but being a reductive positivist is not for me, believing the world to be a meagre agglomeration of accidents and causal effects is a mean philosophy – because the world is a mysterious and wonderful place – as has been proven by the magic of David Blaine and the psychic prowess of Eileen Garrett;

I agree with Anita Gregory, having read Invisible Horizons by Vincent Gaddes and The Secret Life of Plants by Peter Tompkins while still at school; then studying reductive positivism at a Stalinist university – my brain refused to accept that small world view; all I learnt was that Sartrean existentialism and pain is
already expressed in the Old Testament – Psalms and Ecclesiastes – I ended up in mental therapy

I am an absolute relativist today: The brittle little world of the materialist and reductive positivist is but an illusion; Heidegger’s phenomenology rooted in Zen-Buddhism, laying aside perception as functionality to focus on the Ding-an-Sich, is nearing the truth: Sensory reality is but an inter-subjective construct with quantum particles only becoming clouds or drops AFTER eager, expectant observation;

Though I suffer the Western karma of thinking negative, reductionist thoughts about flawed humanbeingdom, the effect being isolation, alienation; the lethargy of apathy, culminating in black despair; I fight back by reading all I can find about psychic phenomena and alternative science theory; by being a Pyramidiot and according equal validity to several versions of reality as an interconnected matrix in the Multiverse

I have not conquered my karma or found nirvana as yet; but I love the studies and eternal search that won’t let me rest – with a Nile-Crocodile hungry for knowledge in my head always crying more, more; I want to know more; fighting the little alien who is hanging from the rafters in my mind shouting ‘I’m scared!’ while running around like Alice in Wonderland drinking knowledge and facts that make me change shape and become different characters

Feeling like Cinderella who never gets to go to the ball because my life leaves no room for social events; feeling like an Ice Princess because the Nile Crocodile does not want to make any friends – but it is fine with me; the joy of discovery – finding Colin Wilson’s Beyond the Occult that puts the Nile-Crocodile in ecstasy – makes up for it all!

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Day At The Beach

Sentenced to spending a day at the beach
the sun is frying my skin while the wind’s
freezing cold; holiday-makers with grim
determination lounging about; very few
smiles to be seen; intimidating joggers
ploughing along, if I see another one I
shall scream – though the sight of me
and my book probably drives them to
distraction too... I just can’t stand the
holy atmosphere of rituals of devout
exercise as if it were a sacred duty from
above; well-groomed women and designer –
clad children; expensive towels and hired
chairs; I want to make sense of it all and
I can’t – right in my line of sight informal
settlements clutching to the ridge; people
fighting for subsistence while we on the beach
excel in civilised refinement; stringing
meaningless moments together – staring in
stupefaction as people lovingly rub suntan
lotion into their expensive skin; then remain
horizontal for hours on end; why this duty to
become a meaningless accoutrement of
purposeless emptiness?

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Dream The Pain Away

Power cuts, I’m ill, you’re angry, because you can’t watch the qualifying Grand Prix

I’m working on feeling good, not because of good politics – it is a shambles; not

Because I look good – I don’t; not because everybody is treating me right – they’re not,

And it’s my own fault; but simply because I want so much to feel good, I only look

At things that make me feel good when I focus on them - like my fairy pictures;

Messages from Entourage characters, Wayne Dyer’s book “Real Magic” and

The illustrated “The Enchanter’s Spell”; when the pain grows again, coming in

Waves, I stare at the fairies for hours on end, then fall asleep, and dream

The pain away!

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Dreaming About Jaberesque Sighs And Wilkinsonian Lines

Staring with unseeing eyes, dreaming Jaberesque sighs and Wilkinsonian lines that harmonise with uplifting ideals in flowing rhymes

My romantic heart is blown away by what the poets say, Ivanesque replies to bovine divines and Beauty in the dog called Beast, I am so

Pleased with the lyrical love songs on the Net can’t see my colleagues’ eyes, can’t listen to official voices or lies issued by administration

when Provisioning refuse to pay the freelancers; all I hear are the sweet sounds of poetic verse rising and falling in iambic pentameter...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Drudge With Smiling Sigh & Precious Spikenard

Drudge With Smiling Sigh

I used to think my heart was made of stone but found it melts - is melting still: overjoyed I find how sensitive it is

Amazed to feel a strength like spider's webs withstand the wounds of life while spinning out more love and dreams in fairytales

Exult in poetry, imagining a love unique to liberate a spirit free in glory, a love envisioned in my joyous dreams –

Strength to drudge today's reality with smiling sigh, listen to the poets' songs sung sweet in promises of love that's lost and love that's found again...

The Precious Spikenard

The crystal ball fell down and broke into a million pieces, the precious ointment of spikenard was spilled - only one crystal shard of my Gestalt remained behind to live my life; a prism reflection
of this world

Some of my fragments are still trapped in stories of the long ago where alternative realities still go on in an ever-present moment; the crystal shard that is me today has no silver cord binding it to this reality

Free-floating and alone, the shard is left without anchor in a sea of meaningless events...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Feeling Fantastic, Glow-Worm By Night

An Alice with magic shoes running up and down, dragging a fourteen-year old kid along; collecting information, fixing e-mail stations, to a restaurant to snatch a cup of tea, back to e-mail the official cover sheet – with Oh! – SUCH malicious joy knowing how much pain such nitpicking papers cause all clients – passing a pharmacy, buying play make-up; passing a shoe-store and buying sandals for the young girl – she is much too slow and this day must travel far – unto Captain Irene at Pebbles Restaurant to borrow “Thief Of Time” by Terry Pratchett – I will not allow anyone or anything today to be a thief of time that is all mine; I’ll run everywhere filled with happiness knowing that time is as elastic as we make it, happiness becomes real when we start to fake it; my day is marvellous because a problem literally shrinks once I decrease it in my mind; Nici complaining - Is this how you spend every day - I can’t keep up...; my reply – Reality is a kind of trampoline that we jump off to make graceful turns and summersaults in the air – today I am determined to enjoy each moment in a feeling fantastic!

Glow-Worm By Night

Another miracle, great expectations leading to lovely friendships: Irene’s friend feels like family, warm and cozy, joking and laughing; with that twist to the mouth that indicates a happy spirit and a humorous attitude to life, an unquenchable thirst for living it up, brilliant eyes denoting a mind unique, brightening the lives of all she contacts, she is a jewel, a gem, a fluttering butterfly, a glow-worm by night, with her you can tackle the world, go walk-about,
rest warm at night, thank you Irene for sharing the lunch and allowing us to meet your excellent friend, it felt like acceptance unconditionally by a spiritual sister - she is worth more than riches on earth; her laughter and practical jokes will always lighten the burden of life!

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Frustration, Crying, Archaic Creature, Back To Tomb

Says he, “Consciousness is a pool, what we look at ripples across its surface; when we’re dull and tired” - that describes me, under the influence of the allergy -

“The mind’s surface is frozen solid”; good grief; I spend three-quarters of my life in the frozen-solid state, how can I be released - the everyday left-brain-self, language and logic

Confines intense intuition by “plodding behind in sheer frustration”; we capture insights in words, mastering reality through concepts, left-brain activity hampering swift intuitive reality

Creating a bundle of frustration
I’m used to calling me – Marilese!

Colin Wilson, "Beyond the Occult" p.315

I’m Crying

I am crying;
feeling the same as at the beginning of life nothing, nobody nowhere for me...I’m scared and alone;
tomorrow I shall roam in my mind;
read stories that will take me away from myself, the solitude in my heart and my soul;
being happy while not being master of my thoughts, mind or dreams is impossible –
tomorrow the flight begins...fleeing into books and stories and dreams...
Archaic Creature Like Me

With headache running rampant;
looking up “act of merchant”; date
of event has not been set

explosion in my head, now I am
dead; loss of meaning action
pointless; prohibition against

going somewhere else; to
manipulate the mind into
obedience

Command: Concentrate on
surroundings - but the Nile-
Crocodile is complaining

in an attack of revelation:
I’m a dumb, useless creature,
just messing about –

with no practical use – by now
an archaic creature like me
should be extinct

Back To Tomb

The dreamer is running out of steam,
running out of dreams, having used up
her imaginative capacity to visualize
a new version of reality

The dreamer cannot make lists without
falling into depression, cannot play with
statistics without developing a
headache

The dreamer had survived her life in
learning institutions by crying on a
daily basis; then she discovered
by focusing beautiful words

Polishing and stringing them in lyrical
lines to make them dance in musical
sounds to convey harmonious ideas
composing melodies

Laughter and happiness became part of
her being – feeling without seeing – but
the spectre of cold numbers in frozen
lists, is forcing her into black depression

Once more requiring a session of crying
bitter tears, fighting the unwillingness
that lives like an untamed animal in
her mind

Her melodramatic descriptions of the
classical enchantment of procedures in
perfection, the odes she sang to the
joys of bureaucracy in precision

Failed to convince her reptilian-mind
to accept its fate entombed in an office
accounting for each millisecond of her
reptilian existence

Alone without people and activities,
without a window to the outside world
a prison of enslaving loneliness...

Tonight the dreamer must fight the dark
despair lurking within by repeating
positive words in a motivational slogan:

Every day in every way I am growing more
official and administrative, more list-orientated
on my way towards becoming a
perfect administrator

May the crocodile find nirvana soon...
Margaret Alice
Feelings: Harmonics, Fragmentary, Sleep, Hysterical, Why Cry

I don’t want to compile production sheets today, not sitting here in this my universe, all alone; where I’m averse to all arithmetic – statistics of every kind always messes up my mind; loosing track of the harmonics that work like hydraulics to oil the beat rhythmically running in my head, caressing every word that is said; numbers simply drive me mad, I’m building up steam, growing disgusted enough to run away without a qualm – there is no balm for feelings raw in the routine and task of today; Bioplus never was meant for me, I clearly see the more I consume good minerals, the worse the headache will be; it would be better to pine away in stupid fatigue than burn in my head while my body is freezing to death – no production sheet today; dereliction of duty, willfully guilty, because I cannot concentrate in any way – I will have to lose the advantage of living today – write it off as bad debt; beginning again on another day, I’d better start afresh – in a new junction leading away from the pain and loss of today!

Fragmentary Poems

I wanted to type a story, but fragmentary poems suited to my fragmentary mind seemed the only
way to go, working in stops and starts; my story sounded like a poem without the glory; I took the thing apart and now I type it up in tiny little bits; suitable to my time-constraints at work...

For Sleep, Magical, Marvellous Sleep

Oh, for to sleep, for magical, marvellous sleep even though I’m dead on my feet; I cannot sleep; I slept in front of the TV earlier on; then when I went to bed sleep was all gone; I don’t want to read any more and my back is sore, I am bored with nothing to do; I wish I had a sleeping plan – we laughed watching sitcoms that work marvellously: The self-sufficiency of Fletcher in Porridge work beautifully and the bland stupidity of George in My Hero nicely absurd; My Name is Earl balancing all with his lessons on karmic retribution - now it is late and I’m sleepless again; it’s becoming a habit and I can’t stand it!

Growing Hysterical

Sometimes we wake up to the sound we are alone in our mind, there is nobody else with me in here – and I hate it, I hate it – and you say have a soliloquy with yourself à la Shakespeare?

Digging everywhere, I can’t understand why my mind is so blank, why the world is tuning out all image and sound, then the discovery: It’s me, I’ve grown deaf and blind, I can’t hear and see what’s going on all around me
Can you blame me for growing hysterical?

Why We Have To Cry

Crying alone is the only way to go, that much is clear, how do we explain the cause of our tears? Irrational, subjective, sometimes offensive, it cannot be done, without tearing at somebody else – and their person is sacrosanct –

Nobody can understand the cause of our fears, but they can add blame to our shame, call our pain just a game, make fun of us, it cannot be done, we can’t tell them why we have to cry - when the only thing wrong - is the end of a song...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Hate Doing Things

There is nothing like a good book
to take your mind away when you are faced
with work and chores that you hate so much
you wish that you could die immediately
I went down to the library and got Terry Prachett’s
Reaper Man needing the soft touch of Death
a kind skeleton with an eye for suffering
to help me through the painful thing
of having to translate in order for my boss
to tell me how bad I was
doesn’t matter which alternative I choose
she will still take it all apart and rewrite
and point out how wrong my choices are
despite the fact that had I made a different one
she would have gone for yet another great
alternative, I hate it so much my mind
short-circuits and I have to fight with all
my might not to evaporate and turn into hatred
and self-pity, though I cannot always overcome
my reluctance to begin – only after changing
all the programs in my brain and mind
sometimes crying unto heaven, do I manage
to get around to doing what I have been
assigned to do – yet it always remains true:
I HATE doing things I really hate to do!

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Human Steam Train, Glide Around The House

I love the total chaos and confusion at present we’re wrecking the office and the system while Hanlie’s on leave; does the scanning and I send the e-mails of documents to Batchelor and Ueda

And in between I receive replies to invitations and try to type up a list while faxing some other documents – my running shoes prove invaluable when I charge down the passage at full speed and

All make space - laughingly – for this human steam train – I love going into overdrive and trying to do a hundred things at the same time such as quickly writing a poem or comment in-between;

It may not make one hundred per cent sense, but it will show good intent – and on Monday we shall have another interminable meeting; I shall take Jane Roberts with me and try to

work on my subconscious while all are reporting on progress or lack of it – what a joy life is!

Glide Around The House

What’s wrong with the tiles these days Lieb and I used to glide on it – barefoot, nowadays when I try to work up some speed, there is no glossy surface beneath

My feet– after careful investigation I’ve found the new tiles set in kitchen and lounge only resemble the old ones – but does not present the same glossy surface

One of my few peak experiences is to glide
around the house – the other is to march about
whistling the tune of “Bridge over the River
Kwai” – I prefer the sliding though

Maybe one day I’ll cut my feet on the
broken tiles as Martin predicts – but
since I enjoy the wooden splint in my hand
so much, watching its progress with

Fascinated interest – refusing all suggestions
of removing it - I suspect I would even like that
- it is always so nice to have a new wound to
prod and study - I used to be so jealous of

My brother Ian; he used to have the most
injuries, from rusty nails to thorns in his feet,
every wound became a proud feat – it is such
fun and the body’s defences

Are great to behold - once the pain
is gone!

Margaret Alice
Feelings: In My Prism-Thoughts And Feelings

Now you know I'm made of stone and only dream of flying and shall never stop until I fall and die, though at present it feels as if I'm falling, but I'm stalling in accepting this Requiem of Death

Always believing tomorrow will be another day; I'm in need of stimulating conversation, oh, God in Heaven, the stuff I find on earth is killing my soul and smothering my life - how can we all be without any growth or changing of direction? I know the magic must first be in me myself, in my prism-thoughts and feelings; it cannot come from outside, but the fountain has run dry

Temporarily, I surmise - still; a little death is still dead and losing something, even only for a while, is just too much to bear in stony silence! I feel like screeching in high-pitched soprano -

'I'm bored, I'm suffocating in the nothingness; help or let me die and find the lovely regions of the notorious afterlife - in the sky!' 

What terrible judgment can you or anybody else pronounce over me so I can become contrite and reconciled with my fate of living such a boring life –

I KNOW the fault is mine; but telling me off as being bad might awaken my dead conscience and motivate my crocodilian hand to start writing a translation

More boring than desert sand and just as suffocating – which still enables me to be free in between - by living life in cyberspace!
Margaret Alice
Feelings: Irrational Reptile Fighting Blind Emotion

Charismatic Steve charmed Janine into loving him without wise consideration, blindly following her heart while he destroyed her life through deceit.

Proving a life ordered by logic is a pre-requisite for happiness; a guarantee against deceit - blind passion can ruin a life, opposing the passionate soul.

Prevents emotional disasters – but MY feelings still rule, I’m not a rational human as yet, I admit to being a crocodile, an irrational reptile.

Fighting against blind emotion, trying to subject love to the highest wisdom, even if it should break my heart…

Emotion should be subservient to wise deliberation, there is no alternative, only worse heart-ache, as broken-hearted.

Forsaken Janine has found out to her cost…

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Land Beyond & Free Of Rationalism & Lights Alive

Land Beyond The Sun

I shall drink some coffee laced with vodka because this lightless depression is getting me down (we have a gas stove for problems like these) even the sun refuses to shine –

It’s like the sun itself joined the ANC and decided that to shine would be a vestige left of the hated colonialism of yore; therefore, we shall sit in the darkness of ominous clouds –

Too lazy to rain, too lazy to do anything, yet floating about and obscuring the sun! So I have to type fast and read fast before the PC’s battery is flat – how brilliant is that?

Lightless regards from the land beyond the sun, in bloody Far, Far Away...

Break Free Of All Remnants Of Rationalism Also

My PC has a battery, right now because we have no electricity, in the midst of gadgets galore, TV’s and DVD’s, stuck because of power-sharing, even light-hearted novels lose their attraction when the Middle Ages descend again

Maybe Mr Mbeki’s much touted plan for an African Renaissance is the cause of this Dark Age returning – now when electricity comes to Darkest Africa, there will truly be a contrast between the candles we are burning right now – and the electricity
Lighting the city – allowing us to watch cricket on TV again – no, wait, it’s a primitive remnant of colonialism, now that we have dismantled all systems left, my comrades all, now that ESCOM is run by Freedom Fighters, my friends,

We should send cricket and rugby to kingdom come, and who the hell needs soccer in twenty-ten – when ESCOM is sure to be stuck in the hands of my comrades who plan to also break free of all remnants of rationalism!

Keep Those Lights Alive

Power-sharing is not too bad, frequent power cuts create more jobs, increase the sales of generators requiring clever men to install the new devices,

But please don’t let the robots die, it is never clear to me when I should steer into the traffic, afraid to hold up angry males like dear hubby

Knowing the words and signs they use when their speed is hampered by the hesitation of a female driver, so I charge ahead, too scared to wait

And earn the epithet of brain-dead idiot, I accelerate most inappropriately, hoping for the best, waving at those who seem angry, apologising profusely

Keeping death from the roads with dead robots is not a good idea – keep those lights alive and we’ll also live!
Feelings: Leave Moment Of Happiness Intact

Once again, learnt the lesson
that true freedom and unconditional
acceptance implies total independence
from the opinion of others, giving them
total freedom to accept or reject as
much as they choose without influencing
our curve of joy set independently,
since this is philosophical I am bogged
down in terms, is this sing-song enough
or can it be fixed and streamlined
some more? Went into overdrive
this morning, as I usually do, wrote
a verse in an eager attack of giddiness,
was so happy, should I refine verses of
wild elation – or shall I leave that
moment of happiness intact?

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Life Is A Flight From Feelings That Burn

Barbed–wire thoughts, thoughts that burn
when they are being thought – I don’t have
much sympathy with feelings expressed

Because real pain can’t be explained; memories
and thoughts that sting can’t be conveyed in
simple words; when pain is described

In everyday terms, the pain was made small
enough to fit into minuscule verbs; real pain
can’t be described; it hurts too much...

The part of the brain that enables us to use
symbols like words, sublimates pain and
experience before formulation

Real pain remains inside, still undescribed,
the real thought that burns can’t be said-

Life is a flight from feelings
that burn...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Light Shining In Us

Back at work tomorrow... oh joyous opportunity to compile a work sheet, sign out old documents, forget my old sorrow

Starting anew at work, greeting colleagues returning from faraway, looking with positive eyes at what the new year is offering me

Live the fullness of every moment of constructed time, ready to weave dreams into the workaday world in such a way we shall all gain

More joy, more light, more smiles and happiness, hope for a better tomorrow; living is fine, being alive is wunderbar, as long as

We remember where the light shines - it is shining in US!

(6 January 2008 Sunday)

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Met An Angel That Night

Feeling unsettled after a visit by a racist expressing his disgust with life as it is, was and ever will be, a typical pessimist who hides his feelings behind the grinning mask of a clown – with the laughter of death

I turned to a book to change my mood “An Angel At My Shoulder” by Glennnyce Eckersley; as I read of people being led from danger of death on the road, I remembered when an angel

Helped me also: Once I lost my way in a rural area with no street lights, no moon or stars on a dark, cloudy night; driving in circles too scared to stop – then saw a man getting into his car

I asked him please direct me to the highway, he said follow me, then stopped telling me to go on alone – I could not; so he simply drove on till bright street-lights lighted the way; I thanked him as he turned around

I knew I had met an angel that night...

Glennyce S. Eckersley “An Angel At My Shoulder” 1996

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Moment In Time

Trying the mighty power of elevation
to combat back-ache spasms that
have me sleeping on the floor; relenting
on the Oxford Dictionary which is thick
enough, using telephone directories
instead, but oh, directories are made
from sterner stuff - sitting higher is
much more uncomfortable

Sadist Troll Interpol sent a message
printed in the smallest font that he
could find, though I stick out my tongue
at them – it can still be read, albeit
with a squint –

My Missionary described in sweet detail
lovely Bible studies taught to African pagans;
ah, my pagan brethren, we should ignore
the Old Testament as irrelevant to
godliness; concentrating on
Jesus only; delineating
sins of omission,
lack of love...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Names Singing A Song & Cerdotola Today

Names Singing...

I’m looking forward to three days of unmitigated bliss, total freedom and fun, chatting, laughing with everyone sharing my passion for life at this kind of conference

Freedom is sweet when it is rare, a real special treat, having some Francophones at my disposal is the best part of it, pestering them all day long to get the latest hits

This will be a conference hosted by ACALAN to discuss the problem of developing the mother tongues of Africa, I can’t wait to meet these exotic names:

Messieurs Souleymane Sangare and Adama Samassekou, names singing a song in my ears, they will not be so glad to see me, but I’ve been looking forward to ACALAN

For more than two years, I love the speeches and enthusiasm, expanding in my mind on their plans, interacting with total strangers, bound by a single purpose, making them laugh

Seeing to it that they rediscover their joie de vivre while plotting about creating a brave new world for all mother-tongue speakers in Africa!
So Cerdotola Today

Riding a bus in the caress of African sun
minute dots in the matrix of consciousness
on our way to an ACALAN conference on
African mother tongues – 1st-world vehicles
on endless roads in the vastness of Africa –
grass vibrating green, shimmering awareness;
African rhythms rock me in gentle contentment –
swaying branches dance elegantly in fragile
winds – a handsome pantomime of unity,
guileless abandonment to sweet existence;
golden grass holding memories of long ago
lions stalking their prey; an upsurge
of sky sun-kissed in blue, grass stalks
waving in the wind, waving to me as we pass

I’m rolling new acronyms on my tongue:
CERDOTOLA*, doesn’t matter what it means,
it seems to say ‘without care, insouciance’,
I’d love to say to my acquaintance:
I feel so cerdotola today – Do you feel
EACROTANAL*? No, I’m not in pain, I’ve had
root canal work done ages ago... I skipped
breakfast, it makes me nauseous, now I’m
feeling hunger pains, making me eacrotanal;
the bus atmosphere is so CICIBA*- sweet
flowing rhythms and song, palm trees
outside for a tropical touch, two cars
kissing amorously on a transporter –
a Volvo and Ford – what will the baby be –
A Forvol or a Volford?

This reminds me, I’ve fallen in love with
a songbird in our bottle store, he sways
his head as I move mine, beady black eyes
watching me, we play a game of assent
while swaying our heads...

* CERDOTOLA Regional Centre for Research and Documentation of Oral Tradition and for the Development of African Languages - Cameroon

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
* EACROTANAL East African Centre of Research on Oral Traditional and National Languages - Tanzania

* CICIBA International Centre of Bantu Civilisations - Gabon

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Nashkurallah, Al-Hamdulilah, Irreverently

Nashkurallah

Gary is dead – slowly typing, slowly, slowly
past the snow in my head, past the facts of
the case, Alida oblivious with pills

Slowly typing, slowly, slowly, beyond the ice
in my heart, beyond the cold in my thoughts,
sinking lower into the darkness below

At the base of my mind, beyond sunshine and
warmth, resignation cushioning, enclosing all
reality taking its course

Without rebellion, accepting things as they are
as the will of Allah; burying all dreams of life
for later on; for a magnificent current

In the Multiverse...

Al-hamdulilah

Where did reality go, when did I lose track of it?
Was it when I started making rhymes for Alida
and me when we were in trouble at work and I
acted out my rhymes for her to make her laugh

Or when she brought her dog to work; or when
Alida asked us to dinner to meet Gary for the
first time? Alida resigned, Gary died of a heart
attack – Friday a funeral –

Should I sit in the church, attend the service,
or run away? Saying hallo and running away
sounds right; Gary should not have died right
now. Alida should not be all alone...
Irreverently missed the church service, saw former colleagues who commented on my widening midline, what I thought of them I never said – their skin and everything, you know!

Then I saw Johann, our local poet-translator-writer, immediately Von-Trapped him with “So long, farewell, auf Widersehen, goodbye” in Sound-of-Music style, he fled in fear, but reappeared to greet the family,

I saw my chance and sang a song to drive him round the bend: “Ek verlang nog altyd na die tye saam met jou…”* Johann really showed disgust; I left self-satisfied – I was there, albeit late,

Gary would understand – he'd have regarded the long faces with disgust, a few well-timed jokes would have been more his style...

* I still long for the times I spent with you – Johann has a gender preference that keeps him safe from me, so I can joke all I want.

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Need To Recharge & Setting You Free

Need To Recharge

Trying to work while my right eye pulls away to the side, I have to turn my head left, squint from there, pull the eye in a skew line so I can see what’s happening on the screen in front of me, the situation is dire, I have lost all desire to do my duty, my eye indicates I went to bed much too late, my brain is zonked out, my mind is closed up with a cloth of darkest night, cotton wool in my ears, no motivation to get up and see who is laughing in the passage, time standing still a relative moment of infinity where the music has stopped can’t wring any more thoughts from my head, the mind’s broadcasting station completely dead, I need to recharge to wake up again...

Setting You Free With A Smile That Is Wry

Came Romeo from down the passage to install Adobe Reader, fifteen days in which to play because provisional under one license only I need only a license to kill, kill on behalf of Her Majesty, I’m so angry, but sad because of disappointment; where is my book that tells me
We all should be a light unto ourselves, we need no-one to understand the law of well-being to profit from it

I shall swallow my disappointment on rediscovering that humans are beings free making choices without reference to any of our dreams

Once again, with the help of a book, a story, a scheme - dream up a storm that will make me feel good and attract more good things unto me

Setting you free with a smile that is wry - but totally forgiving, fly away, little dream, there ALWAYS will be another in your place...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: No-One Else, Best Present, Faith In Miracles

No-one Else

Plunging a knife into myself
in frustration and anger, typing
instructions to save or not,
without checking what

Lost the whole morning’s work –
anger intensifying, anger against
myself, how I wish I could
blame - somebody else!

Accepting responsibility for
everything that happens to me;
I know I was angry for having
said things I shouldn’t have

In powerless, boundless anger
I plunged the knife into myself -
what else could I do? There is
no-one else...

Best Present

Safely ensconced
in a place of refuge
PC permanently installed;
books allowed to remain –
this is most wonderful;

no more
traveling around the house,
between kitchen and sunroom;
doomed to clean up as soon
as I have to leave –

now a study for me
where I am free to work
and to think – this weekend
we’ll finish it – what joy,
what marvelous
joy is this;

for the first time
a place of silence
where I can be alone;
this is the best present
ever, thank you so much!

Faith In Miracles

Went out lunchtime with the laudable intent
to get some exercise walking, not knowing
where to go my aimless ramble took me
to the place of perdition where food is served;
being of a pragmatic nature and never one
to disappoint the devil in his happy expectation
that someone is about to fall into his trap,
I went inside with the very laudable intent
to read my book on positive thinking, but
all those positive thoughts convinced me
only by showing faith in miracles could I
prove my religious nature, so I ordered
and ate, feeling good about meeting both
god and devil halfway - now yawning in the
office - the lesson today: Don't go out for
exercise, the advantage is severely off-set
by the weight and fatigue of eating
wrong food...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Only In Love – With Ourselves!

The ideal of finding happiness acquired by paying the price of making a sacrifice of family life, is an illusion, the delusion that personal joy can be won

When we destroy the happiness of another, mostly leads to great tragedy, in happy sit-coms we transmute it into tragicomedy, a subject of great amusement

But when we try it for ourselves our illusions are shattered, those magnificent strangers are ready to practice exploitation only, while we only use them to

Boost our weak little ego, when they look elsewhere for more excitement, we only miss cheap flattery and false compliments; in fact

We are only in love - with ourselves!

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Palm Trees Against Silver Light Blue

Palm trees etched against silver light blue, 
trees silhouetted against a soft amber hue ... 
The sun rose with a red face as if ashamed 
like me - because the dragon dinosaur is still running free - I must escape fear’s tentacles threatening to tear my fragile soap-bubble world, though I wish it were made of sterner stuff - but glass would get smashed, 
the cuts would be too much... 
In these flimsy rainbow bubbles I’m safe from the low morale governing the work atmosphere, I’m sitting here planning assault on the snowdrifts dangerous in my office – and imagining wrestling the school project to death – with my last breath...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Pc Game, Black Hole In Mind

PC Game

You are playing are a PC-game next to me, called Need-For-Speed, while I am writing poems next to you, wishing I could fill the void in my heart

Knowing full well that your reality has no room for me – unless I play PC-games or build a mosaic, I have to accept your verdict, that I’m not a good Mate for you, it is quite irrelevant that you are not a good companion to me – nobody writes poetry, you say, they read Country & Home and Beautiful Garden; prepare to tour the country - until I undertake the next grouting project, we shall be at loggerheads, you say, until then

I read my book and dream about the time when I shall be non-physical consciousness roaming free..

Black Hole In Mind
I used to think thoughts and feelings dropp from a cliff

vanishing into nothingness

Now finding we can choose to follow them through a psychic warp

till they reappear in multifarious experience
where symbols are alive
thoughts fully realized

ALL DREAMS are alive
SOMEWHERE

together with a million
different versions
of ourselves

I wish I could enter
the dream state

meet these Versions
and Dreams

in this moment
of time!

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Pick Way Carefully, Curse Of Pyramid, Palatable

Pick My Way

Why can’t I just eat and love and be, why am I not free? The fear living in my head just waiting to appear on any pretext

The pie I ate yesterday, the words I read on the Internet, the news in papers which I try to eschew, causing physical pain

For what, nothing changes, not even me, no scars to show, I remain the same flibbertigibbet as before, all I know is to pick my way

So carefully that bad news and negative reviews cannot find me easily...

Curse of the Pyramid

A crocodile with a headache surviving its life cannot escape the curse of the pyramid, it has to crawl into an emotional hole and offer its pizza-head some respite, a crocodile in a restaurant can’t be trusted at all

It too well remembers that previous attempts at good dietary prescriptions had very little effect and whether feeling off, a little or a lot, does not really matter, feeling well is out of the question - it is the curse of the pyramid

All it can do is dissimulate until the respite
of lunch on the hour, slinking out with four library books at a temperature of thirty-two is not to be recommended, but staying here in the cool with the office air-con

Accusing it of grave dereliction of duty, is worse; maybe next time it’ll eschew the pizza again - what makes the dough so immensely exciting, what is there in the taste of sweet and sour chicken?

The crocodile doesn’t know, but caught in an existential crisis with swollen eyes, nothing matters but making time pass – maybe with another illegal bite – what is there to lose... it’s the curse of the pyramid...

Much More Palatable To Crocodilian Taste

The librarian nearly made three backward salto’s when I tried to take back the books he had checked in, the crocodile apologised and he good-naturedly agreed that I should have stayed in the office

Got a Gypsy Girl Trilogy book, a book by Mary Stewart translated into Afrikaans, and Crystal Mask by Katherine Roberts – anything to do with gypsies, crystals and masks is sure to catch the crocodile’s eye - then received warning

A book was left at home, Edgar Cayce, American Seer par excellence, he has convinced me a crocodilian lifestyle centred on the self is not right, but the reptile cannot be saved, so back to books

About fantasies – this is much more palatable to crocodilian taste...
Margaret Alice
Feelings: Prefer “slow Love”, What Do You Look For?

(Suzi Malin 'Love at first Sight')

Suzi Malin says how love is based on observation, with three categories for visual attraction –

harmonism: similar facial proportions

echoism: close facial resemblance of eyelid, upper lip and eyebrow,

prima copulism: first love for mother, father or first loving caretaker;

and, strangely, a non-visual category based on appeal,

“Slow Love“:

When appearance isn’t important, no similarities exist in shape or proportion, attraction turns on friendship, warmth, shared interests and lifestyles,

a rational affection grounded in reality, based on the same goals and aspirations,
a partnership of
parallel horizons,
not based on physical
appearance –

I prefer “Slow Love”
to all the others!

What Do You Look For?

Enclosed
within thoughts
or emotional lenses, distorting
the world as radiant joy or mourning in black –
we modify the world’s vibration rate by our
thoughts

Things don’t appear as they are –
observation is coloured by the unique feelings
of every person... I look for golden hues,
silver shine and soft pastels all
around - and you, what
do you look
for?

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Rambunctious Love

Skipping barefoot in the rain, cavorting with crocodiles and toads, harmonizing with unicorns and frogs - I take immense delight in all of these; the happy Alice said

Believing six impossible things before breakfast each day - that is the only way to live a life of beauty and content - we were never meant to be enclosed

In drab, prefabricated reality, designed in the minds of stuffy old men or horrible women in black - life should be defined by kids between four and twelve

Let serious thinkers wallow in reveries of a neo-classical trend, engage in reverse-engineering of modernism; I prefer to dance with the clowns, rhyme with court jesters; discuss philosophy

With quantum mechanics and astrophysicists, entrusting my feelings to rambunctious poets who have no compunction about expressing love as we know it and wish to show it...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Self-Adhesive Plastic, Invention From Hell

Self-adhesive plastic, an invention straight from hell, it changes me into a hysterical banshee

while my daughter becomes an arch-evil supercilious matriarch loftily laughing at my attempts to cover her brother’s books – she covers her own without a crease in sight – while my

and junior’s books are horrible to behold – he becomes even worse than me when he tries to

use the sticky stuff himself; turning into a cursing, destructive imp - I went into overdrive to cover my book at top speed – the sooner the ordeal is over, the sooner my life can go on

not much of a life gloomily contemplating the fact that I shall be constrained to attend

a financial course to once again proof myself a total dunce as far as figures are concerned....
Margaret Alice
Feelings: Sense Of Humour, Forgiving Day

Sense of Humour

Isn’t it funny how I just told you yesterday
I always get along with everybody then
directly had a terrible argument with
you, proving my statement untrue?

I must say on my behalf, any form of
superior moral rectitude gives me the
creeps, how was I to know you find
all common jokes below

Your very refined mind? Remind me in
future to say I get along with everybody
as long as they respect my choice
of jokes - I won’t bend

My sense of humour out of shape
simply because you’re a
prude!

Come Hither, Today Is My Forgiving Day!

Today I’m turning over a new leaf
forgiving all my so-called enemies

The Preacher-man may sermonize
all he wants, I’ll respect his wishes

For holiness, I’ll forgive the tax-man
for not deducting medical costs, I’ll

Forgive my better half for insisting
I should pester them, I’ll stop saying

Funny things about Steve, our local
Don Juan allowing him to make any
Amount of promises to any amount of credulous girls, I’ll pronounce only

On their sweet innocence respecting his desire for his own harem, today

Is the day of forgiveness, I’ll forgive Theo from Agriculture for sending us

Endless demands for translations of pesticides, I’ll forgive the whole

Industry for the poisons they force us to ingest – anybody out there who feels

Forgiveness is all they need, come hither, today is my forgiving day!

Margaret Alice
Shamefaced

Oh, brilliant, another day of misunderstanding –
just what I need to calm shattered nerves,
another day of technological impairment
perfectly serving to remind me I’m a stupid serf, a dodo, a dinosaur in modern society.

First everybody stared at me whenever the cell-phone rang, laughed surreptitiously
at my muddled attempts to answer ringing tone,
and you still sneer without sympathy whenever
I try to send an SMS – taking hours on end.

Whatever I do with technology is such a stupid mess, only serves to underline how impaired I am –
if it wasn’t for the option of death
this life would have been unbearable!

I wish I were Susan, Death’s granddaughter – Terry Pratchett says she’s not bound by time and place.
I’m so disgusted with the misunderstandings proliferating whenever I try to do good it makes me wish to live my life incognito.

And at least that will happen at ACALAN when representatives from African states visit,
I’ll be there on behalf of the Department –
without a precious Portfolio as compliment.

But I’ll be taking notes on African mother tongues, how many and how impossible to offer progress in all right now – yet happily as far from the technology that always leaves Yours Truly so shamefaced!

Too Tired To Play The Game Of Life

I don’t have energy to
be self-important today –
can’t regard my tiny world as hub of the universe

ingthings are meaningless –
sacrificing time and effort for nothingness, a game, a way to earn money

no intrinsic meaning,
no right to existence other than the pay,
again I ask – what is

the meaning of life, of the universe. Abraham says it is to have joy in creation

but list creation does not strike me as joyous, yet I have to play that game researching terms to make a difference, even if it isn’t worthy of the time invested. I’m too tired to play

the game of life, enjoy the fun, unable to dream. How does one survive a vision-less day?

Pain Leaves Nothing

Pain leaves nothing in my mind every book I’ve read, every story – every feeling and emotion - all destroyed,
I learn lines off by heart
hoping something might
stick when pain deletes
the contents of my mind
but no, there is
nothing left...

Paying the price
for being different:
all off to a hotel,
only one left

suffering must
be good for
mankind, though
at the critical point

when painkillers fail
I lose the ability
to believe
in the

good

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Sitting Here, Start New Year

As I’m sitting here
thinking of my fears
I remember the real
reason for my tears:

At work a new threat
has arisen to haunt me
nightly in my dreams –
we are going to be sent

on a course for financial
management – ye gods, my
nemesis is arithmetic!
and at home a school project

looms: entrepreneurial
prowess of my twelve-year
old; with budget and
planning and selling

a product of our own choice
I spent a night crying
sad, crocodile tears, but
you simply said grin and

bear it, in a voice most
unsympathetic, you shall
profit immensely by becoming
a real financial whiz!

Mr Mohapi also insists
one’s intellectual property
should be guarded and sold
- while I want to give away

all my happiest thoughts;
demands a king’s
ransom of popularity votes
for every word that appears
I’ll have to resort to crying some more crocodile tears to relieve my feelings and lighten the burden weighing heavily on my crocodile-heart...

Start A New Year

I thought I had bypassed the phase of fear that accompanies my return to work annually although I should have known that after a sleepless night, problems were bound to appear

But I never expected that my light would go out completely, that I would lose my first two documents - lose my self-confidence until I felt such a fool – without the light shining in me

All was dark and threatening; my first day was not a comedy, but ended up like the first act in an absurd play – now I openly admit I am not able to start a new year without fear...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Something Sacred Unto Me

Promote yourself and your artistry as an artist I sing of my own liberty and I will not bow to your demands that I promote the words I chose to express my despair, my greatest sorrows, my highest joys, my overpowering fears

I frame these surging waves in words that cry and laugh and sing and dance words that put me in a trance; words to enchant or hypnotize the mind and lift the soul beyond this world into a state of transcendental meditation

The only things I will promote condescendingly are plastic objects used without emotional response and discarded without second thought; but poetry is something else - I treat it as something sacred unto me...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Supermarket Victory In A Two-Step

I did not sing in the supermarket while you were bent on remembering the list in your head, I wrote my list down and then focused on happy thoughts in my mind, today I listened to Dalida’s song about Bayruut and after every three steps made a quick two-step: quick-quick-slow, kept it low, you did not know I was having a great time in as austere and serious a place as our local shop, this time you did not have to stop and rebuke me for acting disrespectfully in your venerable presence, I was not out of line, all was fine; I did not answer your queries with sing-song rhymes that caught you on the raw before - and made you go into spasms of Sphinx-like dissatisfaction, how’s that for obedience, proving I can be taught?

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Try To Park Mind Somewhere Else

Everybody is laughing and having fun; Idols is on and contestants are making fools of themselves, while I’m quietly getting an attack of anxiety done; feeling completely confused, the stack of books at my feet threatening me, the old magazines I went through brought no reprieve; reading about cleaning my aura left me feeling blue; you are SUCH a good cook, the lamb stew was delicious, though it’s too rich for my system - culminating in a headache so debilitating, muscles stiffening too, but much worse; a feeling of total rejection, loss of mind and alienation, no energy; no understanding, no ability to enjoy life, just sitting and breathing is out of the question; trying to escape by reading Carolyn Myss advising to focus on remaining within circumstances and the current moment in time; oh no, clever Miss, this moment is filled with pain and confusion for me – rather let me try to park my mind somewhere else!

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Undercover Phantom

Come to think of it, I might be a vampire,
I can’t eat garlic nor stand the sun’s heat;
but do vampires sing - maybe I’m an under-
cover phantom – my mind is scarred enough

Pockmarked by all the meteorites and projectiles
fired by institutes of modern learning at the
vulnerable mind of a little child; nearly destroyed
by the insistence of mainstream science

That mankind is doomed, joining a chorus of
religious voices chanting their sorrows
throughout the ages...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Wanted To Tintinnabulate Today

Wanted to tintinnabulate this day
to tinkle and ring with joy of life

Then came the pain, red-hot hurt
invading my brain, blurring focus

Determined to experience life without
running away, yet still left behind

while Colleagues complete jobs
on aching lists of statistics...

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Water-Tight Excuse

Red Muscadel – I know it will give a headache tomorrow, but since my left ear is sore, I don’t care anymore, the taste is beautiful, sweet and wonderful, how could I sleep without alcohol?

All day long I tried to fix the ear, but all in vain – at least I’ve changed the situation; from somewhat bad to completely intolerable – there goes my plan to work tonight, with this pressure and pain, my only gain is a perfectly watertight excuse to refrain from working tonight...

After determining that my excuse for not working was infallible, I felt free of responsibility – and therefore happily did the translation without any pressure; with this painful left ear I could not go to sleep and books seem quite boring right now – the best are the Apocrypha, telling the story of Jesus’ boyhood – he was a real cowboy; his clay animals came alive and devoured the others..

The crocodile has been dethroned, no more reading at top speed, I shall concentrate on translation - no more gulping down knowledge, grasping only half, this year I’ll slowly cover every subject; translate at a snail’s pace to make sure I get everything right – if worse came to the worst, I could always die – so first let us try to harness all powers on behalf -

...of Survival...
Margaret Alice
Feelings: Well Worth It

Feeling bad for chocolate and sweets and all things nice, but curry?

not worth pain for a taste mundane - you wanted curry it's not reasonable to inflict it on me knowing the sequel; I can’t eat it, and now the pills don't work

I’m stuck in pain, should you make curry again, I’ll settle for a big Chocolate cake

and then when I die inside, it will be Well Worth It!

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Will Cinderella Ever Go To The Ball

My biggest fear since I was small has ever been fear of boring nothingness
I commiserated with the animals for their confinement to the here and now
and their enslavement to nature’s cycles
desperately seeking my own escape
through mind- power and ethereal thoughts, but today I realize BEING is
JOY – only I am bereft of that privilege
of joyful being through my allergy...
I’m so glad to know the goodness of the universe, but my question is
why was I born without the ability
to enjoy being ‘per se’, confined
to discomfort and pain – why was
I left out of everything? And will
this Cinderella ever get to go
to the ball?

Margaret Alice
Feelings: Shimmer In Delight

The sky is glowing with a soft pearly light, slightly blue, tinged with white diamonds in silver sprinkles cling to the leaves; grass glowing in green translucence earth shining as a pearl in soft Vermeer light, palpable life force in grass and trees with ecstatic awareness of the sweetness of life - the transparent glow intensifies, essential vitality grows, green leaves are talking to me - while the sky beams down in a smile - I’m smiling back - tree trunks and paving stones shine in silver translucency; exuding contentment, each physical thing is weaving a web of wonder, existence as victory over non-being, a feeling of desire and fulfillment, provision and need in harmony, balm for the soul the sun just came out in an explosion of bright silver light, loving all together we shimmer in delight

Margaret Alice
Fellow Idiot-Savants

And of course, as usual Adriaan Snyman discredits himself by rejecting "The Bible Code" by Michael Drosnin while dabbling in the same esoteric terrain - on the grounds that he does not understand it himself

and it appeals to the mass media and became famous, Snyman cannot explain how it works then happily self-satisfied, he sells his own interpretation of a numerical code which Drosnin mentions also

Snyman says self-righteously, I am right, you are wrong, thus he disqualifies himself in my eyes; his esoterica is just as dense and suspect as that of Drosnin – by discrediting Drosnin’s theories

I immediately query his ability to understand the bigger picture, and, by the way, I’m just as wayward as Drosnin, it makes perfect sense to me, though Snyman is too self-opinionated to see what he refuses to let be...

Adriaan Snyman “Die Messias Kode” (The Messiah Code)

Margaret Alice
When things are going well, I forget mankind’s sufferings, but then we race through the land in hubby’s big new car, eating junk so that I grab the psalmbook to find refuge against the arrows of allergic evil

Start reading Psalm 38 as rhymed in Afrikaans by a Revisionist Commission in 1936 and find such fun in the sufferings of a fellow allergy-sufferer who seems to have a hangover also, making me laugh, thus I feel better again!

The Psalm and Hymn Book published by the Dutch Reformed Church, 1958; Psalm 38 pp.75-78

Vreugdestem

Wanneer dit goed gaan, vergeet ek van ellende en kranklikhede en dwarrel al te vrolik in die wêreld rond, doodgelukkig met al die peste en plae wat die mensdom vertoorn

Dan spring ons in manlief se groot, blink mouterkar en jaag soos besetenes deur die land, eet alles wat my arme sisteem nie kan verteer nie, kreunend ervaar die uwe dan weer die saligmakende lyding van chemiese wanbalans

En gryp na die Psalm en Gesangeboek om die pyle van die bose af te weer, lees Psalm 38 deur ’n mede-allergielyer geskryf vers 5: Al my kwale en my plae wek mishae (en hoe!) vers 6: In my lende is ontsteking en verbreking, niks is heel meer aan my
Maar by vers 7 lag ek al weer: In my hart se afgrond ruis dit, aaklig bruis dit, daarom brul ek in verdriet – dit is ‘n beskrywing van iemand wat brul van babblaas, vers 10 is net so snaaks: Ver van my uit diep mishae vir my plae het my vriende weggegaan, selfs verwante wil nie bly nie naby my nie

Dit was woes, almal het lekker en lank gekuier, vers 9: Ag hoe skud my hart en bewe, uitgelewe is my krag en opgeteer, oë gans en al ontruister skemerduister sien geen daglig amper meer; in ‘n ommesientjie sing ek nou ‘n ander deuntjie, vers 17: Hoor die vreugdestem van ‘n lyder

O Bevryder, ek bely my sonde onomwonde - voel nou klopdisselboom, gereed vir nog meer pret!

Die Berymde Psalms en Evangeliese Gesange van NG Kerk-Uitgewers,1958; Psalm 38, pp.75-78

Margaret Alice
Find The Most Delicious Dreams

I am amazed that real life offers more romantic endings than could ever have been foreseen, that most people seem to be oblivious that once the equations are right, things fall into place; few people realize they are living their own dreams, creating their own happy endings

I used to wonder where the story ends and life begins, until I realized story and life form one seamless whole; that what seems to be dreaming is reality, and what seems to be reality is really a dream; life seemed topsy-turvy until it became clear that what we dream becomes reality; the most important quest is to find the most delicious dreams, to follow a vision to its logical end; afterwards, if it did not satisfy, dream of something else before settling down with a dream, finding the right dream is the most important quest, a precondition for a successful life

Once the dream is right, we start fantasizing, adding energy and devotion to our vision; we are not limited in our ability to realize dreams, but - we are limited by our inability to create new visions in dreams!

Margaret Alice
Find The Place Of Origin Before My Birth

You made pasta for you and the kids
I looked on longingly; pasta looks good,
so very good, it is comfort food

I dished up potatoes for myself, some
meat, that was that – while you lot tucked
into your great-looking pasta dish

Too wonderful to describe – afterwards
I promised myself just a very small
bite, just to taste

Just to remind me of what it's like
one bite led to another and another and
another - I fell into temptation

It was amazing... This morning I sit
at my desk, doing my best to concentrate,
but pain is taking my thoughts away

You did not make the rule no pasta
for me; you found it necessary to help
me survive to keep pasta out of my life

But I had to indulge, had to find out for
myself; now once again, all the symptoms
are back; stomach burning, ears aching

Barbed wire in my head; a heart full of
fears... the bane of my life is food, bread,
the staple of life, pasta, fish, everything good

I have to insist that I'm an alien life form,
my digestive system was not made for this
world, and I want to go back

To wherever I came from, feeling so terribly
sick, feeling so bad, feeling so guilty and sad;
simply because I desired a morsel of
Your lovely, lovely food; it must be a sign
that I don’t belong on this earth; I must find the
place of origin before my birth...

Margaret Alice
Fire In My Breast & Extinguish The Burning Flame

1. Fire In My Breast That Burns Into My Head

Tonight I’ll cry for the very last time, having an infallible way of dealing with pain: Never looking back, throwing reminders far away

I never plunge a knife into my wounds, ignoring them quite purposefully, knowing full well they are but transient; I practiced crying long ago

About sad events before they started happening, I’ve learnt to close the book, seldom looking back, it’s just that there is one weak spot

That sometimes opens up, though I act quickly to hide it again, I sometimes tread upon that place, feel the pain return - reading words of long ago

Opens up a wound and instead of looking away, the sweetness of the memory held me so enthralled indulging in wild delight until the pain came back

Even though I know by now I should turn my eyes away, forgetting the nine-year old mind, I’m still pausing at the thought – I know

It’s forbidden to feel the magic of that time – because it opens up a wound; soon, so very soon, I’ll turn away and leave this memory

Of feeling so intense, of fire in my breast that burns into my head...

2. Extinguish The Burning Flame In My Brain

Nici is reading Hilaire Belloc – some pedagogue decided Lewis Carrol should be dethroned, yet Belloc’s Cautionary Tales can’t compete with Alice
in Wonderland in satirical content

I’m bored with the document I brought from work, Bulletin No.590, no fun with temperatures soaring into the thirties, no mental activity seems possible, got hold of an old novel for juveniles

With a heroine who specializes in being beautiful and to top it off, a very good cook; her main attraction her clothes from Paris; the cynical hero is even better, an embittered phantom angry at life

To give scope for his misinterpreting every event - that way he can fight the heroine to the end and a brain-dead reader like me can delight in their stupidity a scenario that only works

In a world as small as my study and shrinking still, the best way to extinguish the burning flame in my brain...

Margaret Alice
First Day In The Ward

Then I woke up
in a strange place
in bed wearing pyjamas
get up! get up!
a strange nurse’s voice droned
so I got up
looked for my glasses –
but there was none
I couldn’t see
where I was...

You the new patient
get up, get dressed
what is you name –
I got up, with nothing to wear
no ID, no clothes
just I alone being there
there’s a pauper’s room
with second-hand clothes
go get something to wear
I found an old dress
to cover my nakedness...
and I still couldn’t see...

Where am I? – I enquired
why am I here – and how did I arrive?
when did I come
and what shall I do?

– You were delirious...
you are in a secure mental institution
you are a patient
in mental confusion
without ID or background
no luggage or clothes, no handbag or shoes
and I can’t see, I told them
they just shrugged
we just work here – it’s not our job
to make people see – besides
why are you blind?

Now sit down, eat your food
plastic fork, knife and plate
and take these pills – all of them
and if I won’t? – ‘cause
I shan’t, I boldly said
and was neatly met
with a kind fist in the face
– that’s what we do
when you misbehave!
– nurse declared satisfied
that I understood her intent
and I ate and swallowed and
blindly stared... and went to bed...

Margaret Alice
First Saurian Golem

Ah, another positive sacred message to add to the chem in my golem head, my clay body is ready to work like the golems do - unthinkingly, running on the sacred religious chems inserted into our heads

Now that I am a golem, I’m the first saurian golem with a positive reptilian chem - I’ve decided to add all nice replies to the chem in my head since it resonates positively with what’s already there

Thank you to all nightingales regaling us with lilting voice and providing food for thought, I hope you also hear a great refrain in your musical brain...

Margaret Alice
Attending the PMDS workshop today
a 46-page page performance document
to be discussed in detail, I opened it and
closed it immediately, more boring than
that can’t exist in any universe, I’ll go to the
meeting hoping to enjoy the conversation,
the facial expressions of my colleagues;
but not in order to be man-handled again
by Human Resources whose insanity is
rampant and getting worse every day,
we do five minutes of work for every
fifty-page document delineating how
the work should be done, we have a
new form on which clients must fill in
what they thought of our performance -
strangely enough not a single client made
use of it as yet; I wonder why, given how
joyously we compile forms, isn’t it?

Margaret Alice
1. My Criterion For Success

You say you find merit in a theory that is based on a meaningless universe, created by chaos - quite by chance, inadvertently spawning life, then intelligence; now that life is self-aware and clever enough to study itself and realise it is caught in a meaninglessness in a random universe that will be destroyed one day, all life will become extinct - leaving no trace of its passing in a material universe – pray tell, what merit did you find? It sounds like living hell... Is this theory the reason for your defeatist attitude, calling the world bad, society at large is going to pieces and life is not worthwhile – and where’s the merit in that?

Why is it meritorious to think life horrible, to be destroyed one day, having flickered just for a short while in eternity? Is that why you wear negativity like a black mantle around you? You won’t take any chances, you say, you fear taking risks, you made your philosophical bed long ago – and now mean to sleep on it – come what may – where’s the merit in that?

I prefer to know that all we think is based on assumptions that one day will be overthrown, therefore I choose the best theories and make hope my own, I trust in tomorrow and expect non-physical life after death, and should it not happen, can’t cause me sorrow; I will have had the happiest life that could be – and that is my criterion for success!

2. I Will Try To
I did not expect to see a second-hand bookshop in the latest new centre of shops but suddenly – what should I see;

“The Atlantis Blueprint” A book written by Rand Flem-Ath and Colin Wilson – the very same subject I had settled upon as one for my December Holiday – it gives me goose-bumps – did the gods listen to my request – they must have, to answer so literally.

I shall rewrite or summarise in long-hand all holiday-long; I’m overjoyed, singing a song; I’m so happy, you forgave me for being obnoxious all week-end; I can dream my own dreams, I have been given a second chance to try and improve, and I will try to!

3. Karl Maria von Weber – Invitation to the Dance

And I couldn’t withstand it, the invitation to the dance, I had to join in, dancing in my baggy pants and I became the different characters, called forth by every change of phrase, the pretty ladies with wide dresses, the men with scabbards dancing in a row, the flowers twirling slowly, the fairies dancing in a circle, it was an operetta, I realised, presented by young children - all dressed up and dancing with their props, all was twirling, whirling, then the short, strong movements of the “men” advancing in aggression, the ladies with their elegant strides, all turning circles, gliding round the stage – then the stage became the kitchen, and I was back again, happier than before, sure life must hold some deeper meaning which I would find someday...

4. To A Special Friend

Thank you for listening
to me when the vastness
of space is spinning
such a fastness –
spinning in my head;

delicious.

when I’m balanced
on a tightrope between
grey realities and colourful
eternities, living the
bubbles of fantasy;

your gaze steadies
my tread, helps me
to slow down, to stop
the kaleidoscope moving
in my Head,

to pull out a picture and
describe the view to you,
afford me a chance to see
the sights I always miss in
my fast flight between images...

5. A God On Earth...
I have always looked up to my big brother
to me he has always been a god on earth,
not grown-up, yet capable of doing everything
long before I could master it - he was

Different from everybody else – when he
consented to play with us, the younger ones,
the sun came out, the world felt safe, all
was right, and it happened so few times

My brother is more talented than others
and I’m scared of him, he knows my weak
points, my juvenile sins, he sees me within
a cloud of childhood sorrows and guilt

And I still see him as a god on earth...
Flame Ignited In My Mind

Lived without ideals and dreams
till the age of nine, then discovered
Planet Serfontein and the elevating
effect of dreams sublime, for the first
time came across a description of noble love

Since then I have never been alone again,
the flame that was ignited in my mind might
wax and wane, but never goes completely out,
I keep it alive by reading the same books, re-
turning to my source text from time to time, re-
main ing true to my first ideal after all these years

Planning to hold on tight while awareness lasts –
which might very well be for eternity – and should
I get the chance to grow in love and wisdom, I shall
try to apply all the ideals I have nurtured in my mind;
contrary to everything I have been taught and told in
literature, philosophy, psychology and history

That when people grow up experience kills their dreams
and visions and the only rational way is to give up everything
and conform to the rest of humanity – I keep my original ideas
alive by rethinking them, found confirmation in spiritual literature,
ancient and modern, experienced the suffocation of religion, now
I know that success is never giving up – I’m so glad

I found my dream for myself when I was nine – not having it
forced on me, having been on a quest for meaning for nine
lonely nihilistic years, without God and love, finding it for my-
self and infusing it with life, it is more precious to me than life
itself, more beautiful and powerful than the fame and wealth
deemed desirable by modern man...

Margaret Alice
Floating Happily

Sam came in yesterday, where’s your mobile, that branch of a tree, asked he, still remembering my decorations, shells and angels and fairies, how delicious to see him again

Greeted Corney this morning, reminding me of Michele the Canadian and our simultaneous conversation, both talking at the same time and hearing everything

Corney so satisfied with this competition; feeling a queen in Kingsley, all my old colleagues are here, all the best memories of yesteryear, this is a ship at sea

We are all floating happily, though the crocodile ate oatmeal cookies and eyes nearly popped out of their sockets, just one joke, laughing in joy overflowing -

The pain forgotten, the crocodile floating about enjoying the company of people in Kingsley...

Margaret Alice
Floating In The Orinoco

Yesterday I swam, the water cold, frothing, exhilarating; swam for a quarter of an hour in icy water - felt like a rebirth, the cold washing all my sorrows away, making me feel young and strong, ready to face life, to laugh at my destiny, ready to tackle life in a new way, a sudden thrust of excitement and vigour, spent time in a hot bath to defrost again; I can’t wait to leave the office for another dive into the reviving cold; run, seconds run, make haste, minutes pass – I want to revive my flagging spirits again; oh swimming pool, here comes the crocodile fantasising that I’m floating in the Orinoco!

Margaret Alice
Fast walk to the library, face as red as my T-shirt the librarian says, a sleepy heroine, after she attended a Spanish play (she is in Spain at the moment) listened to music in the company of a strict disciplinarian planning on teaching her culture and manners.

She falls asleep and dreams of a hero who accepts her as she is – I cannot concentrate on life today, escaping from being me and living my life, not creating alternatives, simply stopping the way I exist, leaving myself as an empty shell, floating on nothingness.

Margaret Alice
Following His Advice Is Like Climbing A Mountain Of Glass

If you think happy thoughts, you will feel positive, the joyful guru says, twirling about in circles of love - I regard the manniken with open contempt much does he know – I’ve been thinking positive thoughts till I’m blue in the face and darkness still descended on me, physical debilitation and depression swirling around in my heart and head like shrouds of deepest purple and black; Love yourself, the grinning guru recommends A complete idiot, it is clear, when one’s being is reduced to one big experience of aching discomfort; Be thankful for being alive and dance with joy His naïve face all puckered in mock contemplation; Just go within and find your inner being – well, mine is nauseous and ill - obviously the joyful guru has never felt the existential condition of humanity, trying to following his advice is like climbing a mountain of glass – I keep falling off and feeling worse with every guru-directed step I take, now I shall launch a search for witches and demons and banshees and bogeymen, clearly their company would be Much more congenial to me than the frustrating antics of the joyful guru – he must be from another space, probably from a place called the “nuthouse” I surmise...

Margaret Alice
For An Eternity...

I’ll think up a quantum fantasy to rest my mind in another dimension, leaving my thoughts behind...

It is worrying not to master awareness, though I’m imbibing positive ideas all the time, when the quiet descends, my mind goes opaque, no peace in meditation remains, if I can’t master this; how shall I deal with the astral level once my body is dead?

How does one prepare consciousness for existence without a body, I can’t master the silence that should set the mind free, there is no calm within me; how many books should one read before realizing that the answer is not within reach – for an eternity?

Margaret Alice
For Interaction In Stupefaction

I love reading books
always looking for
an earth-shattering insight
a marvellous mystery
a new delight
a picture of beauty
using bibliotherapy
for every ailment I know

As I travel through
the library
I come across books
like Codes of Love -
the author is intimately
talking to me

He says he is conversing
with me, the reader, he
tells me about his family
and I should tell him
all about my mine

A book for interaction
in stupefaction
I realize, Eureka!
I have finally found
a reader’s El Dorado,
hooray!

“Codes of Love” by Mark Bryan

Margaret Alice
For Tiaan – A Mental Extension; A Wonderful Dimension

I know your life will be fine,
my little one, when I walk into your
lovely little pigsty of a room – with bits
of pencils on an unmade bed, books and
batteries scattered everywhere, the carpet
covered with toys and model cars, shoes hidden
beneath wet towels and dirty clothing – I know you
are a typical little boy, with stars in your eyes behind
those Harry-Potter glasses; while you devour one
book after another; travelling in your mind,
living a secret life in a mental extension
that adds a wonderful dimension
to ordinary life...

Margaret Alice
Forbidden Delights

I slept last night, at least I slept, though I slept on the floor; I’m alive this morning, though my head’s still sore

I’m trying to conjure a fantasy to escape the pain in my ears, to concentrate on positive memories, to relive good times

In order to feel better right here but the pain is unrelenting – how dare I eat where sea-food is served; how dare I imitate

A normal human being - the Allergy is a furious task-master, requiring total submission to rules, complete obedience, making me suffer

Whenever I try forbidden delights...

Margaret Alice
Forfeiting Insurance Claims...

Your company did so well, suddenly tonight you’re faced with outside factors that makes it impossible to meet the demands, when I expressed my concern you got angry – I don’t understand; yes, I know, I’m in government, remember, where no responsibility ever accrues to me, I’m sorry I was interested, of course you know best, I thought you would appreciate any interest – but you don’t, I had better look for a book and lose my mind into it, my thoughts are simply intruding on your fine thought processes – wish I could vanish from sight so your thoughts could be even purer than before – I’m one of those people who should die when we strike forty; maybe even at age thirty-five – oh; what I wouldn’t give to be legally in my grave, without forfeiting any insurance claims....

Margaret Alice
Forget All About My List Of Things To Do...

In the cathedral of my mind
I’m listening to a storybook author telling of Sara leaning over the windowsill to look at the world outside, seeing chimneys and robins daintily feeding on scattered crumbs; you’re right, I don’t want to work, I just want to listen to the voice inside the cathedral of my mind; where a sacred atmosphere is created by the story I hear... I don’t want to read all about the trials and tribulations of a mission group and then translate fearsome foreign French into Her Majesty’s English at all; it is so nice to drift along with Sara Crewe and forget all about my list of things to do...

Margaret Alice
I don’t know a group of people more pedantic and self-satisfied than translators looking for professional status – so convinced of their superiority; looking down on the rest of humanity – oh wait, this might just as well describe the clergy.

The highest rate of users of anti-depressants – apparently prayer is only useful for their congregation; as for themselves they’d rather side with the medics as most of them do not believe in miracles, but must preach belief in same for congregational gain –

Any group of people so concerned with themselves and their supposed right to status and fame give me reason to doubt their game – why not be content to just be and render a necessary service; why always whining about their supposed right to higher status than your average citizen? – why change their profession into a religion, elevating themselves? their work is as essential as your common dustman - nothing extraordinary; people in interaction can help each other

Finding common ground– I’ve experienced it myself – why do people have this need to exalt themselves? - why not just be a plain human being; why insist on being treated as emperors – when most of them have no ethical clothes at all?

Without any special compassion or consideration to distinguish them – yet insisting on being accorded the status of royalty? They will be the sooner found out to be naked, exposing themselves like that!

Margaret Alice
Fr: Au Docteur Diarra Et À Béatrice

Comme vous chantez le français
que vous interprétez dans mes oreilles
tout était ennuyeux – et puis,
tout d’un coup, j’ai découvert
l’interprétation sur le canal de l’écouteur
offrant un étang de mots français pour
que je puisse sauter là-dédans...

un rythme, une harmonie, un style
tout français! Pendant que les
anglophones font du bruit, en
utilisant le microphone

je me réfugie dans le canal magnétique
et le train-train journalier, des mots
sans émotion, sans contenu
sont devenus un poème

Merci beaucoup Madame Béatrice et
Docteur Diarra, maintenant Alice est
dans le Pays des Merveilles parce
que vous êtes là, vos voix

Créent une magie inouï qui envahit
mon cœur, mes pensées, ma vie et
tout d’un coup le monde d’aujourd’hui
est devenu

Un pays féerique...

Margaret Alice
Fr: Dans Le Pays Des Merveilles & C’est L’hiver & Personne

Alice dans le pays des merveilles
c’était mon rêve de que
ma petite enfance – je voulais
aller dans le pays des merveilles
et comme Cendrillon je croyais
il y aura un jour une fée qui faisait
une robe et souliers glacée pour moi
mais quand comme Alice je rendrais
visite au pays des merveilles – quand
j’étais au bal, parlant français avec le
Ministre de Mali et les membres du
Parlement français on me disait c’est
tous fausse votre rêve n’est pas vrai –
you n’a pas le droit de parler français
parce que votre langue maternel
n’est pas le français – vous n’êtes
pas même francophone, vous n’avez
pas l’autorisation – taisez-vous
vous n’avez seulement le droit
d’interpréter de français en anglais
c’est tous pour toujours...

C’est l’hiver

C’est l’hiver, il fait froid
non, c’est dans ton cœur
ou se trouve le froid
c’est de la neige dans ton cœur
tu n’as pas un cœur vivant
tu te sens mort, tu ne sais rien
mourir, mourir
cest ca mon désir
mourir, mourir
si je ne peux pas vivre
avec joie, je préfère
la mort, toute de suite
j’aime la vie quand on rire
quand j’ai l’amour dans le cœur
mais exister comme ça
avec le cœur froid
mourir, mourir
c’est déjà la mort
pour moi...

Personne n’est là

Quand personne n’est là
quand je suis seule
toute seule - quand
il n’y a personne
je n’ai rien à dire
il n’y a plus un monde
pour moi – le soleil
tout disparu
il n’y a plus
une lune
les étoiles
ne sont pas là
cest ca – seulement
la peine, la fatigue
le rien, le néant
le monde n’est plus
tous n’existent plus
pour moi – et
je n’existe plus
il n’y a seulement
le rien
là-dedans...

Margaret Alice
'Bonjour, je suis Général Baruku, je suis de la planète du Congo' - et je réponds: 'Nous vous souhaitons une chaleureuse bienvenue en Afrique du Sud'- et je dis: 'Il ya une mystérieuse énergie qui préside aux destinées de l’univers'... et puis on chante:

'Aux armes, Citoyens! Formez vos bataillons! Marchons, Qu’un sang impur abreuve nos sillons...' Nous avons ca de la France... mais moi, je criai avec Victor Hugo: 'Demain, dès l’aube, je partirai, je sais que tu m’attends...' - le brave militaire

- Qui entend 'L’appel du tam-tam'
  – il demande – 'Qui l’apaisera, mon cœur'– 'Les sanglots longs des violons avec une longueur monotone' J’explique: 'Nous ne sommes pas au centre de l’univers, la matière dont nous sommes faits n’est pas non plus celle de l’univers!


Margaret Alice
Fr: Mon Petit Napoléon

Mon Petit Napoléon avec une bonne passe militaire –
je n’oublierais jamais que vous avez nagé avec moi
dans la mer froide à Bloubergstrand au Cap -

Vous étiez la seule personne qui n’avait pas peur
de la mer froide - et - je n’oublierais jamais notre
voyage au Caspir dans Khayalitcha au Cap

L’homme qui parlait l’anglais avec un accent
espagnol – mais il était afrikaans!

Le bateau pour visiter l’île robin, votre délégation
me demanda d’interpréter - les autres touristes
furieux - je faisais du bruit...

Le cellule de Mandela, votre visage; vos yeux
sur l’horizon...

Il est ici, dans l’Afrique du Sud, mon petit
Napoléon, il faut arranger un rendez-vous,
ous ne pouvons pas nager, cette foi-ci

Mais nous pouvons causer de toutes les
choses qui se passent en RDC, toutes les
changements et peut-être chanter La

Marseillaise ou Dominique ou même Au
Clair De La Lune... et il a mon livre, Le
Petit Prince, de Saint-Exupéry, il faut que

Je lui apprivoiser si je suis le Petit Prince
et il est le renard, en tout cas, il est ici –
quel chance, un militaire, qui

Marche à merveille, qui m’accepte - bien
que je ne parle pas français comme langue
maternelle - bien que je ne suis pas

Francophone; j’ai seulement une grande
passion pour le français comme une musique
d’Apollinaire et Verlaine – Qu’as tu fait,

Toi que voila, pleurant sans cesse, dit,
qu’as tu fait, toi que voila, de ta jeunesse? –
Je sais que je n’ai pas fait grand-chose

De ma jeunesse, mais maintenant je sais j’ai
fait un ami - de mon petit Napoléon - sois sage,
oh ma douleur, et tiens-toi plus tranquille –

Oh, Baudelaire, il est ici...

Margaret Alice
Fragile

I frequently forget
I live in a house
built of sand
when the wind
blows - reality
descends, my
house is blown
away - I’m left
unprotected
in the open

I close the hatch
over my head
sink down
underground
until a dream
knocks again
when I let it in
and the dream
grows, I leave
reality

Continue
life within the
house of sand,
fragile – and
beautiful

Margaret Alice
A new fantasy, a new story, a new situation where I as undercover spy act as protocol officer offering me the opportunity to infiltrate enemy lines with access to classified information

Adventures keep my mind occupied and my eyes shining, I refrain from acting as mediator between a complainant and the hierarchy, my words would destabilise the situation, repeating my own history

I recommend she submit to bureaucracy and corporate environment without insisting on human rights, we gave up freedom and initiative the day we became the incumbent just like children attending school

The system is slavery with total control, bend and let the tide carry you, resistance is suicide when I was new I resisted and was broken in a million places, today I am healed without a scar and live happily in servitude

My mind as free as a bird in the sky...

Margaret Alice
Free In Space 3.10.2009

There is always enough time,
but not always enough mind,
a job I could have finished in
an instant still stretching in
front of me, a dreary drought
because my mind’s not right

Time stretches to accommodate
routine duty, but my mind is not
stretching with it, it is at the mercy
of genetic mutation and the chemical
composition of my personality
- mind in manacles

To me time is the most marvelous
playmate who frolics and laughs with
me, knowing my favourite fairytales,
tolling the midnight bell to teach me
how to use my time before the fun
stops at twelve o’clock

But my wayward soul likes to seek freedom
outside time, playing on the Milky Way’s
merry-go-round, riding the sun weaving
up-and-down on its twirling flight around
the centre of the galaxy, instead
of remaining safely chained

Within regulated minutes and orchestrated
seconds where all bliss is providence for
duties and activities, time keeping the
metronome of the universe beating
in synchronized perfection,
but I want to be free

From all constraints, including time
and place, I want to drift off
free in space...
Margaret Alice
Decided never to make fun of people who act with integrity, regardless of their belief system

Never repress any creed, honour all devoted to their beliefs and tolerant of other systems

Incapable of joining any group as all insist on an exclusive truth, making all others wrong

Atheists are just as intolerant and prejudiced as official religion in the Middle-Ages

I reject zealot propaganda trying to unite all churches, just like I reject atheist propaganda

Calling religion a bad smell and holy books a waste of time, implying spiritualism is inferior

Everybody is right at the same time, right is relative and contextual

Is the highest right; the effect of beliefs on people is eye-witness evidence of lode-star ideals

I offer you the FREEDOM I want for myself
I respect your right to believe anything free from persecution

Do not criticize or persecute me...

(Persecution of Christians in Communist regimes
produced true believers, while religious freedom in the West produces existential pain - let’s go for it, create hell on earth and enjoy it!)

Finished reading a book by Anita and Peter Deyneka “A Song in Siberia - The True Story of a Russian Church that could not be silenced” Collins, London, 1978

Margaret Alice
People disclaim positive events like the Angels of Mons saving British soldiers fighting for Western ideals - human rights for ALL peoples - against a regime that gave birth to Hitler’s racial campaign against freedom – but are human rights not worthy of special attention? 

If we rejoice in the victory our ideals against Hitler’s dictatorial reign, why are claims of help received in opposing him so controversial, why not promote the IDEAL of FREEDOM as worthy of ALL kinds of FREE intervention from ANY group known for their integrity, material or spiritual? 

The British, fighting with the Allies, fought Hitler’s threat to reign supreme and consensus is that his regime of imperialism and extermination of various peoples was evil - but instead of embracing accounts reinforcing the Allies’ glory 

In bearing a torch for freedom in nineteen fourteen; instead of supporting claims that they were entitled to divine intervention, people try to disqualify special events, implying the ideal of freedom is not worthy of such happenings 

With this attitude, it is no wonder freedom is always curtailed... 

At Mons in Belgium, 70,000 British troops guarded a canal against a greater German force. On 23 August 1914 the British beat off the German forces, but as their position was untenable they...
The vulnerable British troops claimed they saw three angelic figures in the sky warding off enemy attacks.

The story of the Angel at Mons spread through Britain and became the subject of many articles and artistic productions. Harold Begbie published a book, On the Side of the Angels, in which he quoted some witnesses.

Yet doubts about the true origin of the story will continue even though the distinguished historian, A. J. P. Taylor, fully believed that an angel had appeared and aided British troops.

Margaret Alice
First you frustrated about collecting Nici at eleven tonight, sitting up till it is time to go, not even enjoying a glass of wine – then visitors for tomorrow.

An arrogant and self-centred, bombastic, loud person – flattens everyone with a four-wheel drive of conversation that doesn’t leave anyone.

Room to breathe - when I was warned not to eat anything wrong in order to serve HER tomorrow, I ate a bread roll and pork ribs in revolt.

Although I feel bad, I’m also self-destructively glad that I won’t be able to serve her well; it is terrible when someone rides roughshod.

Over everyone else and every sentence starts with ‘I, me, my’ to inform what she did, thought and felt; moving through such a horrible hurricane of egoism.

Is quite difficult – but I might get away by bringing fairytales into the conversation, most people are relieved when I withdraw after mentioning fairies in stories.

How wonderful to be frustrated together, frustrated and irritated because our freedom is curtailed!

25 April 2009

Margaret Alice
Freedom Enchanting Me So

Tiaan has been returned to his mom, jumping downstairs at school, a teacher appeared, mid-air he had to veer not to crash into her, hurt his ankle

Took him to hospital, X-rays showed a fracture, he’ll have to stay home, he inherited baboon genes, when I was small I negotiated the passage

Without touching the floor, moving with hands and feet stretched from wall to wall, climbed onto the roof without using a ladder at all

I expect my kids to take a fall every now and again, just like we did when we were kids, climbing everywhere, bicycle-riding without care, speeding

Like demons, when Tiaan and Nici started to climb the walls around the house, I prayed for their safety, but did not try to stop them, wishing them the same freedom

I have known - enchanting me so...

Margaret Alice
'Freedom Is Everything 11/11/09

My Department revels in schemes diabolical
thank you letters for doing my job, average
performance relaying boring papers in heathen
script, assembly line production of Victorian
English renditions of words killed in action
without accomplishing anything

Not conveying theories uplifting or useful
ideas, ashes of being average-doing-nothing
desperately in my mouth, I sit in my chair
revel in ideas I work in heaven, given my
colleagues suffer me in their carefully
constructed heaven of total control,

They should have kicked me out ages ago
as being unteachable, it goes to show that
the supernatural is operative in my life,
magic powers are active on my behalf to
make space for me in sensory reality
where I don’t belong

I need to nail my consciousness to the ground
stay away from my dreams and vision’s natural
habitat to live within routine’s subjectively based
beliefs; I accepted this hateful letter congratulating
me as a brain-dead human being with
a dead-pan face,

I cannot revel in success of creating an imitation
and totally colourless, catatonic, word-destroying
human being; the letter is an insult which still preserves
my role in charades that allow me escape by
motivating me to fight against the chains and
manacles that chafe every day

I cannot give in and become a good official,
however much I crave accolades, cannot
sell my soul: No, wait – I gave my soul away
eons ago when I decided that
freedom is everything...

Margaret Alice
Hungry Ghosts (Rev.):

Read ‘Hungry Ghosts’ - evidence of ways to communicate with spirit entities – the danger is susceptibility, an imaginative temperament, Fisher did not flee into cynicism or fundamentalism

I believe with him in wise intelligences watching over us; accepting never meeting them in earthly life, reading reports on meetings between mediums and spirits, too curious to remain in the dark

Personal experience is not possible given the danger involved; yet objective seekers will always continue; I’m a devoted student, an inveterate dreamer armed with criteria for sifting

Information I gain: What promotes freedom, wisdom and love shall be retained...

Original:

Quietly resigned I put ‘Hungry Ghosts’ by Joe Fisher aside, apart from convincing proof of the invisible realms and psychic powers, the book makes it clear

The truth about spiritual presences can’t be known while we are living on earth; Fisher’s harrowing experience with false, manipulative discarnate entities constitutes enough proof

Admirably he did not seek cover in cynicism or fundamentalism; he still believes there are wise, benevolent spiritual intelligences watching over
us - but his personal research shows

We cannot communicate safely with them; I shall share his belief in good spirits while accepting never meeting them until the very end of my earthly life, though I’ll never stop reading

All kinds of accounts and research regarding the meeting between mediums, psychics and spirits, I’m much too curious to remain in the dark, even though I know personal experience

Is not possible given the uncertainty and danger involved, luckily humanity is free and seekers will always rush in where angels fear to tread; I’m too imaginative and susceptible in temperament

To try such experience first-hand, but I’m a devoted student and inveterate dreamer and armed with a set of criteria for sifting all I come across: All information promoting freedom, wisdom and love

Will be retained for further study; while all experience and events endangering responsibility and self-direction will be discarded - everything creating more freedom and self-discipline will be pursued

I’m happy in the freedom to read and contemplate forever and a day....


Margaret Alice
'Free-Wheeling 14/10/09

The mind is round like a ball, rolling everywhere, seeing everything or nothing at all, to balance and focus such a free-wheeling thing almost impossible, in need of one-to-one correlations before accepting the illusion of sensory evidence.

The senses are trained to ignore all that is unnecessary for physical survival, the body is as strong as an ox while the spirit is lonely and lost, wishing to return to the non-physical, soul manifesting as a longing for what is eternal.

A three-dimensional world not congenial to spontaneous existence, physical requires a sacrifice of all joyous things; we are oppressed by laws for survival; the mind keeps rolling on, seldom concentrating on one thing only, suffocating under the weight of emotions suppressed.

In a holographic illusion that offers no solution to eternity's questions...

Margaret Alice
Votre sourire est lumière
votre style, votre habit, élégance
personnifiée

Votre connaissance de la poésie
est surprenant, votre voix,
brave outil

Vous exprimez les vagues
de l’émotion comme un vrai
Baudelaire

Pendant que moi, je me réfugie
dans Victor Hugo et Lamartine, mais
vous lisez

Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Apollinaire...
Les gens, les langues, le temps
les mots

Une vague d’ACALAN, un groupe de
représentants, services de déjeuner et
de thé

Votre sourire qui fait lever le soleil
même dans mon cœur - le vent
ne peux pas

Chuchoter comme vous le faites
quand vous chantez: «Qui vive là,
cria la sentinelle -

Qui vive là, vous ne passerez
pas... » *

*Le Jeune Soldat
Friday Was So Nice...

Friday was so nice in terms of human relations, Peter insisted life was paradise, the President’s Messenger enjoyed his visit to us, singing to Jerry and James was a treat, talking to Sylvia was a feast BUT my work was never finished; the core function delineated in my job description contains evidence that dooms me to hell...

Margaret Alice
'From Another Excellent Ignoramus

They say that ignorance is bliss
I think it’s more than that!
It’s fantastic’lly exciting
Like catnip to a cat!

Or muddy water to a dog,
Or Greek to a Chinee,
Or quantum spoof mechanics
Based on subjectivity!

All invisible dimensions
All unreal reality
Give me a superstitious kick
That’s just my cup of tea.

Universes popping up
Without an explanation
Get my mind into a state
Of ign’rant jubilation.

Not knowing stuff works well for me
Unreasoning is great!
I aim to understand the world
Too little and too late!

(Reply received from my friend Beryl)

Margaret Alice
Ballarini’s Traboules led to Baldacchini

Oh, goodness gracious me, my current favourite, Ballarini, has just been replaced by a new hero, Baldacchini, first name Giuseppe who wrote an article on Luminescence & Optical Spectroscopy

That reads like one of my own weird translations, I quote him directly, you can visit the site where I found this, I can’t work, too delighted to concentrate, Baldacchini is singing in my heart:

“...This radiant branch of Science belongs to the old Luminescence, the finest probe of the atomic process also when utterly radiationless.'

‘...Light stimulates a new emission, temperature can cause excitation, also in solids, lively electron streams produce better light than our wildest dreams.”

Bravo, Baldacchini, bravo! It is brilliant, I’m savouring it - Ballarini, you angelic creature of useless general information, thank you for mentioning the word “traboules” which

Forced me to surf the Internet, opening the delicious delight of Baldacchini, a true Italian angel of light!

Read the whole article at:

Margaret Alice
From Tree To Web

A Quixotic Quest

“The tree of life is a record of how every species that ever lived is related to all others back to the origin of life.”

For a period of 150 years biology sought the holy grail of the tree of life – today the tree has become obsolete through negative evidence

Discovery of DNA structure led to molecular evolution studying inheritance as contained in the history of DNA sequences finding species swapped genetic material with each other, hybridising - thus the tree-theory degenerates into impenetrable thickets of interrelatedness

Bacteria and archaea swap genetic material with other species across huge taxonomic distances in horizontal gene transfer (HGT)

Darwin assumed 'vertical' descent but when genes were sequenced - DNA replication and protein synthesis showed the promiscuous exchange of genetic information across diverse groups

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Why Darwin was wrong about the tree of life
21 January 2009 by Graham Lawton
Magazine issue 2692. Subscribe and get 4 free issues. For similar stories, visit the Evolution Topic Guide

Graham Lawton is features editor of New Scientist
Margaret Alice
Fulfilment Of All Their Dreams...

Dunne’s theory is that there is a time one, two and three – ad infinitum – with an infinite number of me’s corresponding to each

Well, maybe it makes sense then that I have to greet myself as Nile-Crocodile, comprising Alice, Cinderella, and le Petit Prince

With invisible friends: Belladonna, Marguerite and Mary-Ruadh, manifestations ad infinitum – confirming the theory of the Multiverse

Where there is room for each of them – as well as the fulfilment of all their dreams...

Margaret Alice
Fun: The Trilobite, An Ancient Fossil Called Flexicalymene

Said the trilobite, an ancient fossil called Flexicalymene, to the lychnobite, a crocodile called Shahrazad, writing at night while sleeping during the day - in modern times, the crocodile has fires at night to keep it warm - 'You seem very erudite, can you tell me why trilobite specimens are on sale on the Internet? ' The crocodile improvised and said with a friendly smile: 'It must be a case of evolution passing you by, you never adapted like I did, you lost every game in the Middle Cambrian, but I simply went on to win The World Cup! '

Margaret Alice
So-called evil things and all we fear are mere illusions experts say; therefore my fear of persecution pure unleashed is but a remnant of childhood unresolved

acknowledging validity of fear, promising myself I’m safe as long as I respect all people and accept the untold gifts my enemies will bring into this certainty

angry faces I behold and undertake to love all threats and menaces as undercover friends - whenever fear is in my head out there the world is seen through pitch-black glass

obscured by bloodied spots of fright; I shake, surrender to its verdict recondite, banished unto hell, insist in deference I love the devil and real demons for themselves

as agents adding strength, helping to improve my moral fibre, rectify mischievous behaviour, correct the tendencies that deviate, reflecting insult and sarcasm back to its originators -

gradually the fear subsides while deep inside hope unquenchable takes over me, turns my eye towards all perfect forms, creating beauty, scared images of my safe and future world!

Margaret Alice
Gerhard, In A New Way, As A New You

Now is the time to stay calm, count your losses
and let it go, let it go, you can’t hang on to her
she is as free as a bird, don’t break bones, it
will scare your friends away also, especially me
I hate violence, and you will only cause hurt to
your own soul, Gerhard, you are your own person
don’t sell your soul to the devil, revenge is never
sweet, it will boomerang on you, and hating another
is like swallowing poison while wishing death on
the other – it never works, and what if there
were lies, if you intimidated her, getting angry
each time the rice burnt, the clothes missed
the washing bin, how could she be honest with
you – I can’t when I know I shall suffer the
consequences for doing something wrong, and
I already feel so bad myself, so how can she?
Forgive and forget, your life’s still ahead
you are thirty, still young enough to begin
all over again, wiser, and aware of the aggression
violence and anger you carry in you, first
work it out – then you engage in life
in a new way, as a new you!

Margaret Alice
Get The Ice Princess To Dream

You sometimes compliment me about my appearance – but do you know what’s inside? When I start to tell you, you take ten steps back, no thank you, I don’t agree, no, you are wrong

No occult ideas, I don’t want to know... I respect you, so you won’t get to know, I’ll say nothing more, be at peace, watch your game, rugby war, North and South, I’ll share my feelings and fears

With someone else, an older brother; a fairy elf, a King of the North, read a book about Tesla, Colin Wilson, anyone, I won’t trouble you...

Telling me I act just like my sister you can’t stand the noise, ostensibly; suits me fine, I’ll save energy by being as dour as you, hold my own

counsel, get the Ice Princess to dream of an evening gown - and the most beautiful pair of glass slippers besides...

Margaret Alice
Ghosts In My Mind 5.11.2009

How awful, the ghosts of the nun’s biography are alive in my mind, I cried as I walked down the street, the songs in my earphones didn’t enter my head, I’m still crying about Gabrielle giving up her love to become a nun

Giving up her identity, confessing her every thought, deed, preference, dream, as sin, doing penance for every breath she takes, flagellating herself, no companionship or conversation allowed, no comfort or respite – it’s worse than hell

Worse than a concentration camp, the nun’s life was devised by sadists and nuns were masochists, rejecting everything God made as evil and sinful, cutting life and nature out of them, maiming themselves... maybe I should stop reading

The true story is so unsettling, I’m totally unbalanced, can’t concentrate, feeling threatened, knowing so much pain was not only condoned, but actively inflicted by religion; one more proof that many ideas of godliness originate in sick minds...

“The Nun’s Story” – Gabrielle van der Mal

Margaret Alice
Glass To Be Treated Differently

When I squirm and complain, pointing out the pain in trying to follow rules of integrity and self-discipline, striving for self-management

The discipline to set rules for yourself and to follow through in whatever you do and working in obscurity as a test for personal integrity

Acting with relentless honesty in all situations – you don’t understand, you find Maxwell a kindred spirit while I’m stumbling behind

Faltering between rules and regulations, you strictly recommend to execute duty with Maxwellian leadership spirit; but I’m more like Alice in Wonderland*

“I always give myself some very good advice” – aiming for self-improvement above self-promotion, searching for wisdom, worth much more than precious jewels

Where knowledge and instruction mean more than gold and silver – “but I very seldom follow it; ” I have to read light fiction, can’t concentrate on boring diction

Though Maxwell teaches listening is showing respect, if the conversation fails to instruct or entertain, I do not gain, boring, unspiritual documents drive me round the bend

No matter how much integrity’s rules have to say about sticking to the rule of doing your best; my brain refuses to produce when motivated by fear for negative effects

While bright inspiration leads me on dreamy paths diverging far from the cold air of duty – I’m not Maxwellian leadership material, I’m not made from cold steel unbending in self-discipline

My cube – the symbol of the self-image – is made from crystal clear glass, it is fragile and acts like a prism, breaking up white light into its constituents; while your cube is made of steel
Strong, hard, unbreakable – and you expect me to follow your example as if I were made of steel also – but I’m not, glass needs to be treated differently...


* Walt Disney “Alice In Wonderland”

Margaret Alice
Beginning in July, this growing feeling of fatigue, something to do with climate change and dust accumulating everywhere; I cannot breathe - cannot think or freely move; seasonal distress a yearly visitation reducing me to listlessness – I fight back by trying harder and eating incessantly; madly running here and there; whistling or singing every tune that pops up in my head; until the seasons win and I become a nervous wreck; trying to hide a deep fatigue that leaves me weak; but determined to compete – I will serve on the Translation Committee even if I have to live on Bioplus a bottle a day and go to bed at nine, I won’t give in without a fight – even if all my work is late and I’m in trouble everywhere; I’ll fight this natural phenomenon with all my might and work up enough adrenaline to clear every obstacle – just like King David in the Bible did – God gives me strength to conquer all!

Margaret Alice
'God Inside Became God Outside

The West fabricated an overseer god; angry, just and cruel, behaving like a naughty child, destroying enemies by lightning, fire and thunder

As the ego grew, mankind created god as an ally against nature, overpowering it; nature became a tool to be used against each other

Mankind’s awareness of the unleashed Ego was symbolized by his custom-made god, accompanied by a growing sense of separation from nature

Leaving ancient psychology behind, stepping out of the original mode of consciousness - desiring to study the processes of

All consciousness, separating from inner spontaneity, where mankind felt secure and at peace - forming a new realm

Attaining new awareness and focus; relegating inner reality to projection outward into the exterior world; the god inside became

The god outside...

Jane Roberts 'Seth Speaks'

Margaret Alice
Godzilla is a fictional Japanese giant monster, reports Wikipedia, aha, Mozilla, the mother of all intimidating Internet devices, allowed me access to Google who took me to Wikipedia, seems like modern electronic media will still allow me to survive, though I still can’t surmise what happened between me and Facebook, it is a mystery, no matter how hard I try, Facebook demands a different email address, regardless of what I supply...

Margaret Alice
Gold shining heart
music in my mind
I'm sitting here
ready for the day
a waltz in my step
to the tune in my head
licking the gold of
the syrup of the sun
shining from above
shining for us, love
see the trees burn
in gold-green delight
see the sky bloom
in magical blue
listen to the dream
playing inside
your happy laughter
still ringing in my ears
I'm ready to start -
trusting in God
to keep me safe
from all my fears...

Margaret Alice
Nice, thick, headache
drinking tea moves
it backwards

uninvited it moves
forwards again
a pill pushes it sideways
it fights right back

my frown is waves
of pain, this headache
drags me down

dissatisfaction with
everything yet inside
a core of beauty
lovely hope that once
pain eases inner peace
and spiritual insight will
ignite my spirit again

warmth of human presence
will penetrate the glass
enclosure of my heart
melt ice insulating
all sources of joy

happiness to flow
into my mind like the
sweetest incense, bright
golden light shining in
humanity’s good intentions
to light up my eyes...

Margaret Alice
Golden Toffee Magnetism

This morning’s sun filled my heart with song
burning everywhere like drops of molten metal
like golden toffees shining with an inner light
spreading joy in a fairyland of burnished beauty
against the backdrop of a soft blue sky
the most enchanting setting anywhere
- last night as I lay in bed I saw the sunshine in my mind; you were snoring softly
after watching a program about hyena babies
when we laughed again about the time you touched hyena’s noses and you wished
again to have your own hyena cub -
threatening to bring him to bed, just like you did with your favourite German Shepherd,
I said I shall have to wear protective clothing –
rugby gear to protect my ears - you really have a magnetism that attracts all animals,
specifically wild ones - maybe that is why children adore you - with these thoughts running through my head in the lovely sunshine, I park my mind in Paradise before jumping into the fray of the duties of today….

Margaret Alice
I’m reading a fairy tale I got from my dad, he told me the story beforehand, Polyanna and Daddy-Longlegs combined

I told him how I battle at work trying to concentrate on the mundane with the brain I got from him; he always changed jobs

I explained how making lists creates the desire in me to break nonsensical rules as he used to do; he said he always resigned

After breaking the rules – but I have been a Government official for twenty years, with my inheriting criminal ideas from him

And inability to suffer boredom from mom - she changed jobs every five years, I vainly try to focus on routines and statistics

But it might be good to be so bad Jack the Ripper killed disadvantaged young women, in this way he made society aware of their plight

Which led to social reform, maybe my inability to make lists, follow rules, will also lead to reform;
management might realize
they are creating

Hell on earth...

Margaret Alice
Finished reading The Nun’s Story -
filled with boundless admiration for
nuns giving up individual feeling
for holy devotion

Hearts fired by their mental gymnastics
striving for deeper values, igniting a
flame in me, ideals carried in the
hearts of the blessed

Gabrielle’s love for people and life was
greater than blind obedience to empty
rules, she left the covenant because
rules were too important

Painful to share her suffering in
attempting to become an automaton,
her remorse on failing to destroy her
beautiful personality

Adding grist to the mill of my attempt
to remain happy in a bureaucracy run
amok, earning a salary without bitterness.
Keeping the faith in goodness and love...

Kathryn Hulme "The Nun’s Story“ Chivers
Press 1983 - First published 1956

Margaret Alice
Goodwill Permeating Everything...

Everything is lined up because Martin helped, Tiaan’s “wildlife farm” and tourist attraction, with a model in wood, Nici with a fossil in plaster of Paris, without Martin I would have paid someone to do the trick, I’m an academic myself, today schools require engineers and private entrepreneurs... I’m so happy, at least I washed the floor while everyone had their own kind of fun! Thanking Martin in verse is all I can do for his wonderful job in taking care of the kids, checking that Tiaan cleans his shoes – and Nici’s also, seeing as she covered all his books, the feeling of goodwill in the house is permeating everything...

Margaret Alice
Don’t be fooled when reading fairytales, 
for every one there are a millions variations; 
Meredith Press’ “Perrault’s Classic French 
Fairy Tales” contain cold outline translations, 
without flowery language

In “The Fairies” the nasty daughter who spit snakes 
and frogs when she talked, died alone, yet she was 
only driven from home to live alone in Len Strydom’s 
Afrikaans translation based on Jane Carruth’s “The 
Giant All-Colour Book of Fairy Tales”

Meredith Press has Red Riding Hood getting 
eaten by the wolf, whereas Jane Carruth has 
a handsome woodcutter save her; one should 
shop around to find the version that suits your 
palate most; but

While the Meredith illustrations by impressionist 
Janusz Grabianski are magical, the drawings by 
different artists in the Afrikaans version are 
ever so boring…

Len Strydom “Die Groot Sprokie-Omnibus”
Human & Rousseau 1975

Margaret Alice
Mother says Grandma Alice was bad, I asked why – ‘She pushed me out’ mother said ‘She took over my home, prepared meals, did domestic chores

‘Made your clothes, earned money driving kids, sold school-wear, used her pension to buy food, ironed everything, changed sheets every week

‘Complained when you kids were bad, never hit you herself; planted flowers, people stopped to admire the sight, baked bread and cake and made jam

Drove a truck on your uncle’s farm’ - Yes, I can see, Grandma Alice was very bad to work so hard, and I asked ‘Where were you, mother, while all this was going on?

‘Oh, I was ill, disillusioned, fatigued, played piano, organist in church, working in an office” - I nodded, yes, grandma Alice was very bad to take care of mother’s kids

I remember when we moved away with grandma, we returned to find mother’s house in disarray, piano packed away, grandma marshalled us to clean the floors, dust, arrange the house

We stayed on when grandma left, mother did not take charge, grandma returned, I can see that was bad - I remember mother’s flat, grandma came

Once a week to clean, wash and iron, grandma was bad indeed, I remember grandma died, an act of treason, mother sold dad’s house, spent the money travelling
Dad bankrupt, she sold his furniture, dad worked on a farm to earn his keep, got sacked, a homeless man, all grandma’s fault, of course, today my sister takes care of mom and dad

Yes, grandma’s fault, she spoiled mother, a servant does the housework just as grandma used to, mother still complains ‘If I had not been pushed away, I would have raised my own kids’

‘Been a domestic, if only grandma had not been’ when grandma died, mother never filled her place, that is grandma Alice’s biggest fault, I suppose, leaving a space too big...

Margaret Alice
Oh grave event of great portent – my fifteen-year old daughter allowed by her dad to ask a boy to come over, meriting her endless sermons all night through by her solemn dad

On how to behave, what not to do, how the boy will be evaluated, what would happen if dad doesn’t approve, why he is allowing this, how impressed he already is noticing that

The young man does not walk with his hands in his pockets, greeting everybody with great social acumen, good breeding and all that, self-confident; my heart swelled with pride

Firstly because my daughter should be attracted to the right guy, secondly her dad wants to protect her so much, thirdly and most importantly – I like him too! – easy-going and mischievous

The kind of guy any mother can relate to, like my brothers at school...

Margaret Alice
'Guarding Their Little Secrets For As Long As Possible

A brilliant speaker entertained us with a scintillating speech indicating how false interpreting lead to distorted information in evidence in court

The audience laughed and all applauded, afterwards the speaker in most audacious manner claimed his travelling costs as promised by the Department on inviting him

Suddenly the joy began to fade, his claim was never processed, when cornering an official, she happily explained, we can't find his banking details

So his claim was just ignored, though the information had been sent officially on a form all signed and stamped, they still managed to lose it

Specializing in mislaying all important forms, then guarding their little secrets for as long as possible!

Margaret Alice
Guiding Light For Today

Self-help books state “Start on things you dislike and get it over and done with”, I tried this morning, starting with my production sheet, immediately overwhelmed by a headache so big, you could wage Word War III with it

To continue means tightening in tension, hating the world - I love bureaucracy, the best way to waste one’s time and get paid, but to actually type these inane reports makes me furious - I’d rather read explanations by great poets

And latter-day prophets about what the guiding ideal for today’s society should be, what contemporary morality and thinking entails, given that I have an eclectic system myself, incorporating any ideal that appeals to my sense of harmony

Contributing to respect, tolerance and freedom, given that some poets claim the dream of forgiveness and love is irrelevant, I’d love to know what they would regard as the guiding light for today...

Margaret Alice
Happiness Everlasting (Rev.)

The little mermaid died, the
price for prolonged life was
taking the life of her Prince,
the love of her life, watching
him murmuring the name of his
bride, she flung the death-knife
overboard, jumped into the sea,
ready to die

became ethereal, musical and
transparent, gained an immortal
soul through good deeds, endured
suffering in life, courage saved
her from the dead salt sea, made
a sprite of the air – an immortal
soul within three-hundred years...

How long will it take me to work
through life and reincarnations,
to live as an immortal, to share
in happiness everlasting?
Can I endure my suffering
with enough courage?

Hans Christian Andersen, The Little Mermaid,
translated by Paul Leyssac, Reader’s Digest
1970

Margaret Alice
Happiness Overflow

Something wonderful happened to the sun, the bleary red-eyed winter sun, looking like an alcoholic old man, was touched by spring, the old man left and suddenly a silver-clad bride appeared, she is radiant and paints silver lines everywhere, she laughs and sparkles and gurgles every morning on our way to work, she leaves me speechless with delight, she oozes champagne and happiness, I get goose-bumps as I see the newly decorated world, ready for a new season of fun and bright, bright sun; even my sun-glasses are growing weak, I’ll have to find a new pair with which to combat the sun’s sparkling might; next week we’ll be at the sea and watch this splendid young bridal sun rise over the ocean – I wanted to work today, close my eyes to youth and beauty, but luckily I read that our main job on earth is to radiate love – I love the way the sun radiates love to me, now I feel like radiating love to everybody, soon we’ll leave on a bus to visit Kingsley, my smile growing wider, I’ll see my friend the sun again and look at the new den where my books, computer, fairies, mermaids and I will build a new nest and try to frustrate a few colleagues into new joy and delight – oh, glorious life, now that I’ve found thee, I can’t let thee go, my happiness is running into overflow!

Margaret Alice
Happy Healing By Artless Brownstein 6.24.2008

Can anybody really be called Art Brownstein? Can he really change our health in only ten measly days? All we have to do, the artless Brownstein says, is laugh, play, believe, drink - no tea or coffee; eat – whatever he in his wisdom recommends - and from diabetes to cancer, high-blood pressure to in-growing toe-nails, we’ll become happy and young; with his natural regime, we can extend our lives indefinitely – why do I feel slightly uneasy when he promises everything

But only if I order his magic book on healing, not a word does he divulge about this miraculous, medication-less healing, I must order his book for a free preview – apparently then I’ll be hooked and pay whatever price he sets to remain in possession of the best healing book of the 21st century!

Thank you, Dr Brownstein, your art in selling happiness for health is highly appreciated; let me just swallow one more pill and take another swill of the drink in my glass...

Margaret Alice
Happy Suffering Going On Everywhere

Cosmic understanding teaches
we create problems and intrigues
whenever we look around and see
there is no problem to be found, we
feel unhappy and restless, in the
blink of an eye we create

A few very comforting and satisfying
problems indeed - humans have been
raised with the awareness that having
problems is our God-given duty, beware
declaring we don't have any –
it is sacrilege!

We feel guilty when reality presents
problem-free and lest we be damned
to hell for being happy; we create as
many exciting problems as possible
to stay in the mainstream of society,
adding to life’s challenges

And enjoy the happy soul-cleansing
suffering going on everywhere!

Margaret Alice
Harry Potter: Already There, Wherever ‘there’ Is

IT uploaded an updated version of the same program, this old computer can’t cope with: When new documents are opened, it freezes in shock; an analogy of my own psychology: I fed new software into my brain, stipulating being happy all the time; but my hardware body is clearly not ready, my head insists on having migraine; although only health and wealth are allowed; my credit card fares even worse in being overdrawn all the time; if only I could think the right thought, the theory says, it wouldn’t happen at all: I suspect mental dysfunction when my brain cannot meet the wonderful requirements I keep feeding it: The universe knows about my dreams; but instead of correspondents and friends proliferating, colleagues go on pension and authors ascend unto heaven – how else to account for their strange disappearance; unless they fall into black holes appearing all over the bubble universe - my question is: When is it my turn to disapparate*; shall I find them already there, wherever ‘there’ is?

Margaret Alice
Harry Potter: Clinging To Dream - He Will Be Redeemed

Reading Harry Potter Book Seven, a painful experience because of Rita Skeeter’s malicious messing with Dumbledore’s legacy; I never read such Daily Prophet kind of stories in real life; not believing defamatory claims easily; rejecting all devilish tales; people saying bad things against each other are indicting themselves; even old Nick deserves our regard; in the book I am forced to take note of what Potter does; I wish he’d do the same when he hears false accusations against Dumbledore instead of reeling in shock and disgust; he should realize those attacking Hogwarts’ previous Headmaster never stood up to Lord Voldemort; all gossip is always suspicious; everything said should be taken with several packets of salt; I still have not given up hope for Professor Snape – clinging to the dream that he will be redeemed by proving he was on the side of right all along; a double spy for Dumbledore - otherwise I’ll be very disgusted with the conclusion!

Margaret Alice
Harry Potter: Harry Dead, Resurrect Him In My Head

With a shock I remember yesterday’s miracle: The librarian handing me the precious last Harry Potter book - that you took away for safekeeping so I could concentrate – but it’s too late; I’m licking my lips in expectation of the treat; I refuse to be normal again until I’ve spent time with Harry and Professor Snape; this time I won’t spoil it again by starting at the end – I’m wiser now, I’ll start on page one and carry on to the end; this is a raging fever, I cannot contain it, I want to board the runaway train of Potter’s adventures, the magic is luring me on and I must follow; please give me the book; otherwise I shall forsake all my duties until I can feast on Rowling’s inventions; leaving this world to gambol in Hogwarts; and if Harry is dead, I’ll resurrect him in my head!

Margaret Alice
'Haunt My Psyche 17/12/09

It is difficult to find a reason for my existence
an empty place in my head where the chem
containing the reason should be

Today I know mother is a fanatic, beyond all
bounds of reason, her fanatic, self-centred
perspective allowed her to reject

Family in pursuit of her fanatic ideal to become
a revered mystic - without a foundation of love
distorting perception of ethics and morality

Our brains are fireworks of confusion as the
evidence of our senses fight against mother’s
illusions; fanatics force their views on others

Destroying their own kids in their path, I have to
watch as she still holds my twin sister enthral as
her slave, she refuses to listen to explanations

Nothing can free her from despair and alienation,
my brothers and sister have lost their compass in
life, living with memories distorted

Confused by fanatic control which rejected and
demeaned true devotion, our minds unhinged,
hearts bleeding

I accept responsibility for falling victim to her control
and fanaticism, still dealing with the wounds in my
heart left by traumatic childhood events

I fled without confronting and solving the cause of
my fright which continues to haunt my psyche...

Margaret Alice
Have Not Repaired My Fractured Aura Again

Spent a lovely soap-bubble day
happiness built on nothingness
a fantasy, until I got home and
that fragile bubble was burst by
reality, I have not been able to
create another soap-bubble yet,
the threads with which to spin
the coloured, dreamlike filaments
have to grow in my own soul,
but the essence is lost and I have
not repaired my fractured aura
again; Tiaan gave me a school
note on detention, but I refuse
to play the charade of self-righteous
parent on behalf of half-baked
disciplinarians who never teach
kids how to find joy in life – I
will not add to the fund of negative
junk with which kids are stuffed
in order to kill the imagination
and teach them to conform to the
lines so ice-cold of a meaningless,
rule-governed life!

Margaret Alice
Having returned from Home Affairs
and sprayed my office with peanuts
because of the poisonous breakfast
of apricot jam and bacon on toast
I ate along the way (made me hungry)
and not a single criminal was even
kind enough or interested to accost
me – I cannot report one brush with
a criminal element!

Having failed in getting mugged
or killed and in dying of poisonous
foodstuffs I’m back in my office
driving the ox-wagon called my PC,
- almost as slow as the Internet

The only way to find joy in our modern
world is by desiring to enlarge the
male member and since I don’t have one
it is a sad offer - or wishing for an
abortion by a Dr Wonder offering his
services on a lamppost with magic herbs
that will also keep criminals away

But since they won’t even bother me
so I too can have a story to tell
what is the use? – I’d better tackle
the mountain of filing glaring at me,
it is so unnerving to see the drifts
of snow-white stacks of paper covering
the floor since this is really scary,
I take out my Bible again hoping the
warnings of fire and brimstone will
force me to tackle the unholy mess
in my office but maybe I should just
lower my head on to my ox-wagon PC
and die in peace...
Having Fun All The Time!

Does it matter whether spirits, the psychic world, reincarnation and true mediums exist? – Life after death is irrelevant, it is important only to know that we possess hidden powers; the passive theory that consciousness only reflects material reality is counterproductive – consciousness aims to change the world in a four-dimensional totality; Colin Wilson says.

But I think the real purpose is to enjoy all the world – whether through changing or participating, appreciating sensory reality as magical, an opportunity for having fun all the time!

Margaret Alice
I admit guilt, I would much rather look at models, mannequins, American film stars and beautiful people in magazines than the man – or woman – in the street

Paging through hubby’s magazine ‘The Home Handyman’ starting from the back where Rod Baker’s article on a ‘dodgy old coffin-dodger’* is illustrated with

Photos of ordinary people, not models or mannequins, I am ashamed to admit that people look awful without makeup, airbrushing and subterfuge, I’m sure

I would have gone for surgery if hubby did not so assiduously insist that he loves me but he understands the female spirit, as long as he croons I will swoon

I believe him implicitly and defer visits to beauticians, I think he knows this, his sweet compliments keep me from running to moneymongers to fix face and body

Most people will admit it is a feast for the eyes to look on Brad Pitt and Chuck Bartovsky, Michele Pfeifer, Sandra Bullock – hubby loves them

As long as he loves me also, I shall not have my face fixed – but -
I am watching him!

‘The Home Handyman’ Projects / Home Improvements / Expert Advice
Your DIY magazine
September 2009 – Vol 16 No 9
Article ‘Back-to-back’ Rod Baker p64
Quote * ‘A Doddery Old Coffin-Dodger’

Margaret Alice
Heart And Courage Sinking In Unison 5.26.2008

Full speed ahead, working at a fast pace,
leaving within a few days, but before then
you must move a mountain
to another place

This morning I started with hope, now overwhelmed
simply staring at the number of orders mounting,
I was willing to take it one
step at a time

But there are a million steps ahead - I feel no
encouragement to take the small steps I
make; the work seems to proliferate
at a most unseemly rate

Heart and courage sinking in unison,
the synchronised demise of
my attempts to
master life...

Margaret Alice
Heartbreaking Coldness Of Cosmologists

I dislike the tone of voice of cosmologists, busy with ethereal theories and gossamer ideas, yet so superior and smugly self-satisfied, all they claim just guesswork – but they create the impression they can adjudicate what people should think about the beginning and end of the cosmos, their tone is cold, without the support of spiritualists I would never struggle my way through their whimsical ideas and hypothetical fantasies, the moment George Smoot extrapolates from his cosmological games to philosophy and the meaning of the cosmos, the air grows cold, so cold, life loses its magic in their empty speculations – though I sometimes feel like suffocating in too much love from so-called spiritual intelligences, I always run back for more antidote against the heartbreaking coldness of the cosmologists...

George Smoot “Wrinkles in Time”

Margaret Alice
'Heaven – Crocodile Haven

Diving into the swimming pool
feeling as if
the back of my head
is cut away with a scalpel
intense cold like an electric fire
burning my face and my feet
the invigorating feel is wonderful
swimming to and fro
shiny diamond and crystal drops
spraying in the brilliant sun
this is heaven – crocodile haven
when I get out
I’m too frozen to walk about
soak in a warm bath for an hour
crocodilean paradise - this is what
crocodiles are born for!

Margaret Alice
With a Walkman in the ears, the crocodile is getting ready to return to work without tears, creating an inner world to keep me safe from outside noise, moving everywhere with celestial music in my ears, Mantovani, Strauss, Chopin, Nici transferred ten CD’s onto it, I still don’t know how to switch it on, lessons to follow before tomorrow

Typing with a delighted mind, no more fear for going back to the office, this new technology must be exploited, reading glasses to make looking at documents easy, so many years I’ve struggled not seeing very well, fixing problems creates the feeling of heaven on earth...

Margaret Alice
Reading Irving Wallace; Anne de Lenclos known as Ninon was a courtesan who chose her own lovers offering instruction in the art of love-making; never told her son she was his mother; he fell in love with her; when she told him of their kinship; he committed suicide.

She expressed her bitterness in such terrible terms, it feels like overwhelming grief forever: “If I were told I had to go over again the life I have led, I would hang myself tomorrow” – and though an old friend told her:

“I consider you the happiest creature that ever was. You have been loved by the most honorable men in the world, and have loved often enough to have nothing untasted in pleasures…” *

Hedonism wasn’t enough; the sadness of her words is overwhelming; this is what a life without a single dedicated relationship meant in the end; she never brought up her own son; never knew a single focus; in spite of her popularity and beauty - hedonism is never enough...


Margaret Alice
Held Prisoner In Underground Bunker 5.10.2008

Reading Stephen O’Brien, stating radio and television are advised by governing bodies to treat clairvoyance skeptically as pure entertainment

Preventing the unthinking public from considering its far-reaching claims, a public made up of disciplinarians whose freedom has been taken away

All held prisoner in the underground bunker of their mind’s dungeon - the media providing the imprisoning ideas...

Margaret Alice
Held Together By Infinite Love

Long, desultory periods of waiting in a sea softly undulating like a sinuous snake, interspersed by short periods of furious waves breaking, diving into them, riding them out, being a mermaid for brief intervals, in between interminably waiting for the next wave to happen

Dreaming about quantum reality where either nothing happens or something terrible does, pondering questions without physical reality such as nobody looking and a whole new fantasy world springs into existence, where things that can’t be observed can be invented without restriction, enlarging

The scope of the imagination, the Dancing Wu-Li Masters smiling enigmatically knowing that the observable world was first conceived by consciousness wishing to experience its own feelings and dreams, life being a superb dance of energy manifesting as electricity and magnetism, held together by

Infinite love, creating a sensory 3-D animation that only exist in human awareness...

Margaret Alice
Hellish Vision In My Head 1985

The walls moved away and I looked over the city
I looked over the hills and over the mountains
I ascended into the air and I looked down
I scanned my whole territory
fires burning inside my head

I was getting ready to consume them
consume all consume all of them
I was looking all over and I saw
all of them everywhere
everywhere I saw them
I felt them and felt them and felt them again
and the fires raged
inside my head

Margaret Alice
Help The Nile-Crocodile Survive

Eating in a new restaurant where the chips were sprinkled with spices; I should have sent it back, but I didn’t; now another sleepless night with my back and neck in a terrible knot, stomach burning and my head stuffed with cotton; with cold spells and fevers; it is the very last time I eat what I’m offered with strange condiments; in future I’ll refuse, not caring about offending; given the corporeal punishment inflicted by food - I feel like dying

I am so tired; the Nile-Crocodile is reduced to primitive reptilian survival; the Ice-Princess is crying all life is vain; Cinderella is writhing in pain, Alice has been changed into a prototype Quasimodo; maybe the stuff that I eat shuts off part of my brain – I can’t even do any addition; at school I was branded a fool; at varsity I was the local dunce; every test taken under allergic conditions and I never knew I thought life was supposed to be this painful

Seth says all physical pain has psychosomatic origins in the indictment of my childish self by Calvinism’s original sin; the war at home that spoiled all ideas of love; the total neglect of all emotional needs when we were small – therefore my life is blighted; although I know that ideas and experiences of doom and gloom are the cause by creating a chemically unbalanced body; no amount of reading and positive thinking has changed the situation as yet –

Seth promised that accepting responsibility for all of life’s problems would lessen the effect of any psychosomatic condition; yet my attempts to accept it has not changed anything – maybe this condition is meant as a gift: It brought the Nile-Crocodile into existence, a deep need to read and study to escape the confines of discomfort – the claustrophobia forces me to seek escape through my imagination; thank heaven I discovered New Age literature to
Help the Nile-Crocodile survive the onslaught on mind, brain and body!

Margaret Alice
'Her Mind Has Already Arrived

I am satisfied with just a little delight, happy togetherness in the same mess, each person solving problems individually, unique entities with sharpened minds,

Passing time, dedicated to the Machine in charge of their lives, enjoying a structure provided by the framework of routine; here time is lean, moving with speed...

Then the dream; heroine enters a scene where she is meeting her sweetheart, nothing can keep them apart, she prepares to tell him everything about visions she has gathered

Of a future in an alternate new world, opened by probabilities of infinite choices realized all instantly; her brain is computing words on paper, but her mind has already arrived...

Margaret Alice
Her Relentless March

The crocodile went into overdrive tonight, finding Act Of God by Graham Phillips exceptionally boring in style and presentation, yet adoring promises of mysteries to be solved, pushing on through the dry pages to see what could be so earth-shattering

Each chapter of long lines with lists of facts and dates followed by a summary, presented without the right timbre resonating with the mind of the crocodile, the conclusion being that Smenkhare represented Sekhmet, the goddess of devastation

His desecrated tomb was designed to keep her inside as she was responsible for the plagues sweeping Egypt after the Thera eruption, the mystery of Tomb 55 being a design to imprison an evil force, combating the effects of a cataclysm; the crocodile thankfully finished

Her relentless march through pages so dry, her throat is parched...

Graham Phillips ACT OF GOD 1998

Margaret Alice
Her Vision Of A New World

I saw the flotsam floating
about – then conjured a vision
of an ocean pristine, of water
crystal-clear and pollution-free;
of a new world where the consumer
society has been replaced by
evolved human beings who lived
naturally; in tune with nature,
the earth and themselves; a new
breed of man creating a new kind
of community where love, based on
wisdom and integrity; is the
foundation of a free society!

Margaret Alice
**Hide Stupidity**

Ever walked into your life feeling estranged, not willing to do anything required of you

Your brain refusing to acknowledge a single term or norm or requirement

Bewildered you wonder whether you are yourself or a stranger who will mess up your life

If you don’t evict the stranger immediately; a stranger walked into my office this morning

If given freedom, I’ll lose my job, she refuses to do anything – worse is, she doesn’t understand

A word of my document, looks at it as if seen for the first time, I must hide her existence for fear of

Embarrassment, can’t people see she looks different from me, why do I have to hide her stupidity so assiduously?

Margaret Alice
Hippopotamus Keeps Us Enthralled

This year we shall return to Cape Vidal
pristine stretches of beautiful sand,
 Wonderful seas, wooden huts
I can’t wait

When the kids were small
we swam until nightfall
now they are grown it will
be different, but

Nothing can change the forest
of fir trees, the waves in the sea,
the tidal pool where we dive to
see fishes, the crocodiles

And hippopotamus
that keep us enthralled...

Margaret Alice
Hit And Run Love

Why does love hurt so much –
yet we can’t give it up - I love
people totally undeserving, I feel
sympathy for people locked up in
prison for doing deeds I would
never choose to do myself

Yet I have FELT the same FEELINGS –
the only difference is, I had a criterion
to decide between various emotions, while
they did not; early in life I decided love ‘per
se’ was dangerous - we might love somebody
who might hurt us too much

Like my dad loved my mother, yet could never
win or earn her love in return; or we might smother
someone who longed to be free – whatever we do,
we have no control over the emotions of another, we
cannot dictate what they should feel – without a small
bit of authority, I can’t play this game of

Hit and run love – it is much too painful....

Margaret Alice
Hollywood’s Fairytale Scripts 5.10.2008

Safely ensconced in a context, cricket in India, rugby in South Africa, moving with ease in the routines providing the guiding lines directing your happy life

I float in between, looking for ways to overcome the threat of being lost in a meaningless world, searching theories and visions to create a framework

For a questioning life, nothing staying the same for very long, without intrinsic sense, making it up as I go, sometimes such fun, but when I become tired and dispirited

Falling into the emptiness lurking between the self-constructed meanings of manifold authors and disciplines; I prefer the significance ascribed to the world by quantum physicists,

Astronomists, mediums and spiritualists; poets, composers and Hollywood’s fairytale scripts; it is just impossible to hold on to anything at the moment when my consciousness overturns

Even long ago when holding on to religion as a child, under threat of fire and brimstone, all kept falling away when my mind started turning like a seismograph seeking direction and finding

None – after every episode I must reconstruct a new meaning for me, choosing between the various beauties

Of sublimity...

“In aesthetics, the sublime (from the Latin sublimis [looking up from] under the lintel, high, lofty, elevated, exalted) is the quality of greatness or vast magnitude, whether physical, moral, intellectual, metaphysical, aesthetic,
spiritual or artistic. The term especially refers to a greatness with which nothing else can be compared and which is beyond all possibility of calculation, measurement or imitation.

Margaret Alice
'Honour Them 21/12/2009

Father and mother approve of their own lives
remember being great parents, scaring me into
obedience to such an extent I disappeared, was
a great way to teach me humility

They are good Christians who never held onto
possessions, saved the souls of my siblings by
teaching them it is wrong to own anything, being
disciples of Jesus with only enough to eat

My brother Ian and I reject their culture of living
in poverty, existing only for charity; mother tries
to evangelize me, to give up my life for her
religion, to send my kids to her

I am free to leave my parents after the savage
scenes of violence in which they played virtuous
parents subjecting their rebellious children while
blaming grandma for everything

I respect their way of life, but refuse to take part in
the emotional blackmail by which they live, I seek
different rules, they find insistence on discipline
and consistent behaviour ridiculous

Regarding a quest for integrity with grave distrust because
they believe in blind obedience to irrational demands,
persist in the same behavior that led to bankruptcy
which they defend as doing the right thing

They expect me to show solidarity by following their
example; when I refuse, they make me invisible; I
shall honour them by not interfering again...

Margaret Alice
Hoping The Earth Will Stop Spinning Soon 1.& 2.

Homemade raisin bread, hot from the oven, spread with real butter and sweet to the taste, I promised you I wouldn’t complain should symptoms manifest after my tasting it

I barged into this day in full force, then thought swords were plunged into my neck; electricity ran down my spine into my back, the strangest aches and pains beset me everywhere,

I hate all my colleagues today, they are happy and free while I can’t see – I’m squinting between swollen eyelids and nothing makes sense – the raisin bread swelled every nerve in my head

Making balloons in my ears, making me mad - but like Pieter Pieterse said, as soon as we feel better again, we jump up and shout: Man that was fun, when shall we eat that again?

Problem is, I'm a working girl, supposed to produce well-written work, yet the only thing I can do is hang onto my desk, hoping the earth will stop spinning soon...

2. The Problem With Physical Pain

The problem with
physical pain is
it’s only painful
while it lasts

The moment it’s
past I’m as happy
as a lark, no
scar remains...

Margaret Alice
Hot Chocolate And Ice-Cream

My positive book says I’m free and empowered, decided to test their theory by ordering hot chocolate and ice-cream, dipping the ice-cream in the hot chocolate mixture – now the cold doesn’t hurt my teeth; the liquid is cooling down rapidly

Definitely makes me feel empowered, free to create anything – though restaurant food taste of rubber and plastic, I’m free not to eat it – when hunger makes eating inevitable, I simply fill up on ice-cream and chocolate; I agree with their theory: I am an empowered being!

Margaret Alice
Hour-Glass Sand 4.24.2009

Late Friday afternoon, work-station
fishes on the window, fleecy blanket
round my knees, I feel about eighty
years old, stranded, abandoned at work,
day grinding to a halt, I’m so far behind,
I’ll never get to die – or at least to take
a free afternoon; but late Friday is not
propitious for repeating routine jobs in
an attempt to lessen the heap of sand to
be moved through the hour-glass before
allowed to make my escape, sighing, I
wish I could find meaning in this - more
than impressing the boss so as not to end
up without a job, I wish I had something
important to do like creating a dream or
saving a life, seeing you...

24 April 2009

Margaret Alice
How Can The Internet Be So Strange?

How did it happen?
How can the Internet
be so strange
to save a poem
before I tried
to save it?
Such antics
will spell my doom...

Margaret Alice
How Can You Be So Self-Satisfied?

Criticism, of any kind and for any reason
always breaks my heart – I always accept
that I’m deserving of it, though
it does not lessen the pain
when you criticise my kids
I feel like death – even though
they also merit criticism
because I haven’t taught them
how to become good, staid citizens
so when I read criticism
even of Victoria Beckham
I feel sad once again...

I myself do complain
about certain singers who only gain
a reputation by mingling with
really great composers
yet she is only accepting the gift
life offered her, there is no evil intent

Why do you discern
evil intent when I fail to learn
the art of homemaking and
a regular job without faking
the statistics of what I’ve done
during the day? - I cannot exist
any other way – so how can I
blame anyone else – and how
can you be so self-satisfied?

Margaret Alice
How Can You Pray...

How can you pray
to a God when you surmise
there is no high authority
necessary?

I pray to a Loving Consciousness,
the Energy that permeates us
loves and accepts us
unconditionally

How can you ask
for forgiveness of sins
if you don’t believe
in original sin?

I pray for forgiveness
of the sin of omission
committed against my father
when I was young

Based on hearsay,
a false idea of morality
as refinement - leading to
my refusal

To acknowledge
my father’s presence -
today this negativity
boomerangs on me

Sucking heart and mind
into despair: How to honour
his legacy, all his attempts
to care for us

And all the love
that led him to serve
his sons and a wife
who left him in disgust
After taunting, challenging
and opposing him in everything
never accepting
the sacrifices

Of a person abused
in his youth -
to satisfy their
every whim!

Margaret Alice
How Else To Hide Our Own Shortcomings?

Recommendations made and implemented, regulations and legislation on current status; translators are not fully trained in the national languages; they are not knowledgeable within various fields of expertise; they are not fully conversant in English; they do not understand the source text, nor do they have full command of their maternal language; not having been trained by experts themselves – there are NO experts, that’s why! – and they bumble on; stumbling and falling; why not shoot the messenger – why not use them as the scapegoat; how else to hide our own shortcomings?

Margaret Alice
How Much Backbone I Have...

I don’t care about the fire you’ve made tonight because it is clear I should not be here, but somewhere else, because where YOU are things ought to be right, suitcases ought to be light, I should strive with all my might to infuse some of your good sense into my little girl, and as with you and Ben, I should know just when to call myself to a halt! Young girls should be like me at age thirty-three; packing only three pairs of slacks, three T-shirts – no make-up, maybe one lipstick – for two weeks 1 000 km from home – now THAT would really show - how much backbone I have!

Margaret Alice
Marriage is very necessary,
whatever parents and teachers
left unsaid, my better half
will complement - how bad
my irresponsible behavior,
how evil my lack of ethical
standards, how deplorable
being a bum lying in the sun,
how wrong for me to be born
and he, the most pitiable
martyr of all, should have
ended up with me; I pity him,
my heart burning in shame,
how terrible his fate – now
it is too late for escape....

Margaret Alice
Slowly, so slowly this ponderous
day got underway, misjudged the
weather; freezing in skimpy pink –
bought a man’s long black sweater;

consciousness is a tool Seth says,
not the real we, learn to use it
perceptively – overcome restrictions
of ignorance and physical reality,
desire freedom, choose between
continuums of reality, being
slave of the physical, sensory
world is completely unnecessary

Life lived in one dimension of
impossibly repeated routines borders
insanity, insufferable - except for
mind-numbing pills to quell rebellion

believing humanity has higher calling
than occupational oligarchy, being
a salaried employee is a charade
– but, how to break free...

Margaret Alice
How To Relate This Vision...

Just this morning I had declared myself a visionary, ready to keep my eyes on a beautiful new version of the world, sharing it and getting all to join me in manifesting the it in reality – yet now with a letter from the Congo in my hand, in which the authors lament the desperate situation, delineating their new vision for the Republic functioning as a military zone, I’m sad, nothing there is going right, I’ve met some wonderful delegates from the Congo before, they all believe in peace, not in war, I don’t know how to relate this vision to make it real in their sight...

Margaret Alice
How Vain And Arrogant...

Why am I always sad when I’ve read about Paris Hilton, when people argue that she is pretty and empty-headed, yet what chance did she ever have of filling her head with anything else than sunshine and boredom and glamour - Why do people blame brats when it is those in charge of their education that should really be taken to task, how could she become anything else with no NEED to work, no desire ever unfulfilled – it reminds me of a book by Agatha Christie – about a special agency arranging to fulfil people’s strange fantasies – such as a rich person dreaming of poverty and overcoming the challenges of it, the book was a treat – so why cannot Paris be led to such an end, how can she ever know anything if she has never known anything else – Don’t blame her, I feel such sorrow on thinking how boring life must be when you are totally free without any guidelines on how to make use of it to benefit yourself or any others and the motivation to work on a great, overpowering passion... How would YOU and I have managed such a difficult challenge? I shudder to think how vain and arrogant such money and power would have made me – and you?

Margaret Alice
How Wise And Insightful Bureaucracy Is!

Armed with Mr Tompkins in Paperback by George Gamow, attending this morning’s meeting, greeting the Chief Director by threatening to sing her a song, she ran away, laughingly, my colleagues challenging me, where’s your storybook, I hold up Mr T for all to see, then as the Chief begins to speak, I hide behind Christine, only in line of sight of doctor Jokweni, now’s the time to take delight in inner reality, the imagination, the agenda is too boring, the discussion moves too slow, the minutes of the last meeting will be discussed, an attendance register will be organised – oh how wise and insightful bureaucracy is!

Margaret Alice

Angry and furious, commandeered to change administrative forms at work – then the boss happily went off to hospital and we are left to wade through those boring documents

While being this angry and irrational, I can’t accomplish any task, especially a devastating political document about the Djihad – Islamic Holy War – organised through the Internet

Propaganda offered in all major languages, to be translated for people who will not look at this, even if they do, can’t change a thing unless they blow up the Internet

Little needling things, irritating me to death, ire and bile rising, I’m deaf to the voice of rational resignation, life calls for abnegation and the harder I try to become spiritual

The worse the hurricane of emotion grows!

Margaret Alice
'I Am 31/10/09

The blue sheets and duvet do not go well with the tiles, curtains and blinds - but fit my new notebook and blue bedside table beautifully

The bed is a choppy sea of blue water with glimmers of silver sunlight, I love it, wanted to sleep then discovered Carpe Jugulum by Terry Pratchett

Describes the Second World War, I am enchanted, Vampyres from Uberwald annihilating lower races like centaurs and dwarves to create a superior race

Agnes the witch with Perdita in her mind so she really is two women at once; just like thin-lipped me keeping the James Bond girl living within me down

I enjoy this so much, should prepare for the office tomorrow to exist as myself, yet right now I am somebody else and I love it!

Terry Pratchett "Carpe Jugulum” A Discworld Novel, Doubleday 1998

Margaret Alice
I Am Joyously Alive! (Rev.)

As Long As The Energy Flows

Strange thing is I used to contemplate fantasies with laughter, I regard them now with tears; I still keep gazing at beautiful things even when I know they are not meant for me. There is no way the world can stop me dreaming

I willingly give up each as a nonsensical scheme, a little sad at first; rejoicing later – no dream need ever be true for me to enjoy its positive effects: an unclouded brow, a singing heart, even if I know it’s all an imaginative game

As long as I feel sun’s caress and imagine being prosperous I’ve gained everything worthwhile, no dream need ever come true for me to enjoy its subtle artistry; the moment of dreaming is in itself enough of a lifetime

My resolution is to construct a million dreams more enticing and beautiful than all that went before, having dreamt them they are fulfilled, having felt them, they are realized, I’ve swallowed the energy of their glory

Dreaming is its own compensation, joy the only goal in life, the only ideals worthwhile being peace and harmony, passion and feeling irrespective of origin and their effect – as long as the energy flows through me, I am joyously alive!

Margaret Alice
I Am Safe 4.10.2009

Luckily I was armed against this contingency – you and Tiaan laughing at car programs, I’ve got a hole in my heart, nowhere to park my restless mind, no way to harness my thoughts, drifting aimlessly after reading Tiffany

I couldn’t watch TV with you because of that black hole at the back of my mind – but I was prepared with “Soul Music” by Pratchett, started reading, found a safe place in which to exist – if you weren’t here, I wouldn’t have been able to go look for a place

While you keep ordinary reality upright, I can trace a route to a safe mental plane that keeps me sane as chocolate cake takes its revenge – reading about Susan’s attempts to sort out her life, I’m safe – there’s always extra reality around

If I don’t fill up the space, I start to drift away from reality - with a book that fills my mind and touches my heart, I’m anchored to a perspective that keeps me above the hole of meaninglessness, now I am safe...

Tiffany: The main character in Terry Prachett’s “A Hat Full Of Sky” Susan: Death’s granddaughter in Terry Prachett’s “Soul Music”

Margaret Alice
"I Am The Tune She Created So Masterfully…"

My father gave me Grimm’s Fairy Tales and copied the words of my favourite Chris-Blignaut song – Oom Boggom in die Boeliebiefblik* – playing the song over and over so I could sing along

My mother flitted about, wearing her designer’s top, happily ensconced in her own life, oblivious to my father’s existence, we sang while she accompanied us

Gerhard gave me a lift on his bike, the sensation of wind and speed is new to me, I can’t begin to describe it, only know I’m addicted; my sister’s red Scooter is fun, but that big blue Suzuki is the real one

My sister showed me the old-age home where she works, her little garden planted with wild-growing flowers, the mall in the poorer part of town abounding with rough people wearing worn faces

Gerhard explained he had the same trouble at work, after an hour’s intense concentration he also ran up and down, sharing the same hyperactive inquisitiveness, as well as my memories of dysfunctional family life…

I came home loaded with books my father bequeathed and the memory of the melody my mother played – I am the tune she created so masterfully…

* Mr Baboon in the “Bully Beef tin”
Margaret Alice
I Am Your Delight

Thursday 2 October 2008

A white-frosted sea, the frosting goes on and on, crests of white everywhere, glistening rocks lining the beach, white frosting on marine blue – a sea too beautiful to leave; how do we turn back to the inland spot where we have to live?

Waves in long, parallel lines, bluish white, whispering, Come back to me, the sea’s bridal gown more resplendent than before, the groom’s voice more resonant, whispering Come to me, I am your delight; a symphony of cascading lace, communing with the sea

In a new dimension; the sun hiding behind a cloud, the cold wind giving me a chilly embrace, the white-frosted sea beneath me in my eyrie of rocky beach-house height, whispering beautifully, I love you... Attired in a beautiful gown, lacy white, I cannot turn away

The groom’s voice a whisper of enchanted delight – a bridal sea bedecked with jewellery, shimmering in beguiling shades of white, I have never seen such a bride...

Margaret Alice
I Can’t Condemn 4.25.2008

I know what is due to whom and why and when, yet I can’t condemn affirmative action in a blanket fashion. After years of exploitation it is action to address imbalances of the past;

though some people and organizations wilfully abuse opportunities it is the case with all political activism in every country everywhere, once redress has been obtained and the system is all skew again, the balance will shift

common sense and understanding will surface but until then we have to bite on our teeth and organize against all forms of crime, private and institutional

when all has been dismantled, we shall rise again – we’ve gone through the exercise before, maybe we are able to deal with the situation more because we’ve had to oppose colonialism and win freedom before…

Margaret Alice
I Can’t Read Ingrid Jonker Again

I can’t read
Ingrid Jonker again
I’ve tried repeatedly
ended up crying each time
all the pain comes back
the pain she describes
of poverty and loneliness
and my own – of being alone
stranded in a hostile world
from which there is no escape
she escaped by walking into the sea
whereas I’m a Calvinist and carry the cross
of existence, emptying the cup to the dross
if only I could join the characters in my head
living a story of happiness
and words unsaid...

Margaret Alice
I Can’t See

I know bloody well I can’t see, but
have you ever tried to convince
someone who doesn’t want to
know anything - about things that
doesn’t please them? Do you know
to what lengths I have to go, in order
to convince him I have to see an
eye care specialist?

It can be done, months of arguing
ahead, once I gain his cooperation,
he’ll broadcast it as his own brilliant
idea – and still I don’t care, having
fought for the kids, I have no fervour
left to fight for anything more; being
designated a fool would
do quite nicely for me....

Margaret Alice
'I Die Inside

Spirit like a little bird,
wings clipped, buoyancy crushed,
deflated, lost energy,
no desire for flight,
no joy in fight,
spirit crushed

The crocodile built
a bulwark of books
between her and
the reality
outside...

Glitter represents sunlight
and fairy dust – glitter
makes me fly
I carry the glitter
in my bag,
smuggled all contraband
- prohibited by the Boss -
on board - stashed
everything away –
at my feet!

Every game has rules, the
rule of today: Don't
interfere, don’t
prescribe, shut
up and
die.

I die inside.

Margaret Alice
I Don’t Care About Anything...

Kiri Te Kanawa – 'The Heart Is Slow To Learn' -
you never even knew that I loved you, ' until I die
there’s only you', what dramatic words, maybe they
are true – but I’ll only know afterwards –

I’m not willing to accept any limitation to love, so
I’ll hang on to every dream I’ve ever come across –
you said go to bed early in order to face the new
day with more energy – Do you think

I’m interested in my own tomorrow? I would rather be
dead, ready to face a new adventure, than continue
as the half-dead – my little job is killing my soul, so I
don’t care about anything...

Margaret Alice
I Don’t Trust Their Ideas

Invitation to HR event, we went, we discovered we had been sent on a fool’s errant, only Senior Managers are invited to partake of a formal breakfast, the rest of us fools and knaves are supposed to fold ribbons and then pitch up at ten to listen to the replete Managers telling us how to run our lives, motivational guru’s, stuffed full, will tell us what we should do to become as influential as they are to eat when others starve – so no go, I’m not going to pay my respects to leaders who cannot feed the masses, let them eat, I shall keep to my seat in our open-plan office and read my own motivational book, I don’t trust their ideas anyhow...

Margaret Alice
I Failed The Grade 8.1.2008

The pain in my head is only a reflection of the pain in my heart due to the rejection by my loved ones, they found me lacking in performance, I failed the grade in matters of the heart

Such an attitude means there never was any real love, nothing unconditional; all I receive is good marks when I meet an expectation; while all marks are deleted whenever they don’t

Agree with me and the things I have done; to see my life built on sand, to feel the sting of artificial conditions, the pain in my head is a clear indication how much power they wield - to hurt by

Their haughty defection in my hour of need; Abraham recommends being independent of all other people in the world; especially our loved ones, they can’t be pleased, if we meet one requirement, we are still rejected on the basis of everything else we can’t do, we bend over backwards and stand on our heads, contorting our limbs - only to be met with rejection when we disappoint them

Loving them unconditionally means loving them even when they criticise me, telling me I’m bad and unworthy; meaning the pain in my head keeps on growing...

Margaret Alice
I Flee When I See Them Coming & Purgatory

I Flee When...

Why do some people insist on looking sphinx-like without smile, no approval, wearing a dead-pan expression that refuses to light up their eyes?

It makes me worry, what terrible tragedy or dire disapproval is lurking behind that hard, cold mask on their face – do they know how guilty it makes me feel

As if they must know of my many sins and transgressions, being sincerely disappointed in me? Whatever the case, I flee when I see them coming...

She Forges Her Life In Purgatory

Bit by bit the girl is stripped of all she held so dear: Her mind, her thoughts, her life of sorts, her hopes and dreams

An illusion to her is life, fluctuating between all she eats and feels; life a painful game of loss and trust, of make-believe in order to survive

She puts her trust in all the good she sees, but bodily pain strips her trust away nearly every day, she picks up the pieces afterwards

Puts her life together again,
reconstructing her faith as best
she can – she can’t experience
the goodness in which she
believes

Being a dreamer by chance
she reconstructs her dreams,
whenever pain destroys her
mind, she studies the lessons
that help her to find

Meaning in pain and strife
repeating Ecclesiastes at least
once a day; she forges her life in
purgatory, fighting for short-lived
victories

She knows tomorrow will bring
unexpected love also, she holds
on to the life she leads, knowing
tomorrow’s joy will
cover

The sorrows of today!

Margaret Alice
I Have No Feelings Left 7.24.2008

The world is constituted by
our perception mechanisms,
fluctuating images are flickering
in front of me, created by my wavering
vision; living like fish in an aquarium,
unaware of the substance that
surrounds us – we can’t
get out to investigate

The world is constituted by
my senses which are fooled
so easily by my feelings and
emotions, causing changes in
hormonal discharges of adrenaline
and serotonin – my levels have
plummeted far below par -
I have no feelings left

My inner being is hanging
from the rafters in my mind,
scared of life and responsibility,
flattened like a pancake, my cork
of joy is held under water by the brave
attempt to sit up straight and
concentrate on typing words
that have no meaning

Any more...

Margaret Alice
I Have Only One Life...

This morning I was entranced by a sun pouring golden liquid all over the world anointing a sun paradise and my heart was wild for joy and ecstasy about the beauty around me, an enchanting sight—but then you pulled your lance on me:

Derelict in my duties, sacked today, did everything wrong and guess what - the sun actually disappeared behind a bank of clouds and the pain that went through my heart also claimed my mind and my thoughts...

Now I must write a list of duties all neglected and describe how I shall go about rectifying mistakes correcting errors of omission, while also doing corrections at work, compiling a production sheet, as well as drafting work-on-hand - and guess what –

I don’t care, I love you all, but I cannot serve you well, my hands will not toil my feet will not stay on the earth I shall always float on the clouds and the songs in my heart will lift me above the grey of tasks mundane and if that means one day you shall not miss me

That is fine, I have only one life and I shall spend it as I want, in dreams of beauty and love unconditional, even for one such as me!

Margaret Alice
I Have Three Passions

I have three passions: the sun and the wind and the sea, to feel the sun burning me, to feel the wind’s soft caress, to swim in the sea, to see the silvery light of the sun effervescent shine creating the copper sunsets, to listen to the wind whispering, hearing voices and softness, feel the sea washing over me, to taste the salt on my lips, to be free away from life in a city, ever sedentary - cooped up in buildings, forced into jobs that smother my soul until I feel like ghoul-like, only living a half-life until I am free of my body, chained to a life I’ve never mastered, where passion and life are smothered... oh, to be free, to be myself for Death’s embrace, to take me away from criticism, self-reproach and sadness, the eternal guilt for being me!

Margaret Alice
I Love Walt Disney

Watched The Little Mermaid, so delighted by the new ending that Walt Disney gave to the tale, in the original she never married the Prince, but was redeemed to acquire a soul by her renunciation – refusing to plunge a knife into the sleeping Prince in order to save her own life

Thinking about this while listening to The Waltz of the Flowers from Tchaikovsky’s Nutcracker Suite on the radio, in Walt Disney’s Fantasia it is the scene of the Winter Fairies’ Dance, my Fantasia DVD is broken – need to buy a new one – Walt Disney makes Christmas special, fires the imagination

Soon I’ll watch Bedknobs and Broomsticks again, Mary Poppins also awaits another viewing, The Rescuers with Miss Bianca is smugly ready for enjoyment, The Rescuers Down Under is emitting an enticing call, Beauty And The Beast is waiting too, luckily I’m desensitized, the first time I cried about the psychologist’s deception

When he took Beauty’s father captive, I bawled my heart out as the rose petals fell one by one, and when the crowd stormed the palace I cried again – I love Walt Disney, have a whole range of his movies, his fantasies keep me sane in a world of cynicism, I’m the happy victim of innocence, dreaming of purity

High ideals and inspiration in a world of tired thinkers...

Margaret Alice
'I Offer My Love 14/10/09

Scared stiff by yet another half-year review, the bridge thrown by my soul over my spirit’s dark abyss and my fear’s deep crevasses and unfathomable precipices

Went up in flames, the little alien in my head fell down unconscious, shocked, stuck in a mine-shaft of despair, I picked him up, completed the review while burning

In humiliation and fear, tonight I shall seek the heights of contemplation where my soul should find peace; seeking something to love totally, absolutely, endlessly since I need your love

I offer you my love and devotion, my highest ideals...

Carlo Carretto “The Desert In the City” Collins 1979
Quoted from page 18 “The desert is a suspension bridge thrown by the soul over the dark abyss of its own spirit, over the unfathomable precipices of its own fears. Such a desert leads to the heights of contemplation where the soul, at peace at last, lives by Him whom it loves totally, absolutely and endlessly.”

Margaret Alice
Since I believe consciousness came first,  
I am at a loss to interpret the statement -  
“The universe was born in a Big Bang; ” I  
have learnt that both space and time are  
ilusions of our physical reality

In multifarious realities there is only one big  
eternal moment of now; our phantasmogoria  
are only props of a certain setting of aware-  
ness, to create new scenarios and combine  
various aspects in unique constructions

The psychic universe is much vaster than the  
limited materialism of modern-day scientists;  
quantum physicists have already discovered  
only Zen-Buddhists describe reality correctly  
as a dance by the Wu-Ling Masters

Only they have mastered the dance of  
consciousness, magnetic electricity  
manifesting as loving energy; while I  
only imitate them, joyously entranced!

Margaret Alice
I Resembled Mad-Eye Moody & Occlumency

And I ate it - they gave us sweets at the venue - nearly passed out at work, pain in the head; remember the lesson: NO sweets during the meeting; no eating sweetmeats at the conference; the menu is thoroughly disgusting in any case: The main dish is maize – yuck! can’t touch the stuff; I MUST stay awake during speeches; but how on earth to do that when the blood sugar drops...

Losing tonight, today at the meeting I resembled Mad-Eye Moody*, trying to stay awake, my left eye spinning around just like his did; all looking so self-satisfied while I was fuming inside: Why do I have to count my losses all the time, make bargains in all departments – wholegrain gives sinus, fatty food causes migraine, not eating at all leads to drowsiness

Eating fruit makes me fall asleep – damn, it is no easy task to work out how to stay upright when every kind of food has a side effect – and I can’t let on that I’m having a difficult time, for fear of losing the chance to enjoy the marvellous fun of being on the committee – I’m suffering from repressed depression, smiling broadly while dying inside...

* A wizard in the Harry Potter series

I Need to Learn the Art of Occlumency*

My thoughts are always running here and there, spinning out of control, going everywhere; I wonder whether the Times Literary Supplement had it right when claiming that Hamlet’s problems were due to his suffering from halitosis and that all signs pointed to bad breath as the cause of his many delusions; I wonder whether it is true that Karl Marx wanted to write about sex while Freud really wanted to write about economics; I wonder
whether the little girls who claimed to photograph the Cottingly Fairies only repudiated their claim to get outraged people off their back – I need to learn the art of Occlumency* to close my mind to the books I’m reading making me go all unfocused; unable to concentrate on doing my duty....

* J.K. Rowlings: Close mind to invasion by another mind

Margaret Alice
I Suffer From Verbigeration!

Now I know what’s wrong with me
I suffer from verbigeration -
I run about chanting
Nikita-kita Khrushchev
Nikita-kita Khrushchev
over and over again
until everybody is going insane

Or while washing dishes
I chant the same refrain
Tony Moneo, where is Tony Moneo?
Tony Moneo, where is Tony Moneo?
until somebody screams
for me to pipe down

I did not know why
this happened again and again
but with the help of the term
verbigeration at hand
I can answer their frustrated queries
when next I launch into
the obsessive repetition of
Forte fortissimo, forte fortissimo
Pianino, pianino, pianino...

It might not save me
from their hateful stares in despair
but at least they’ll understand
it’s out of my hands –
a genetic disposition,
a brain malfunction,
an endless verbigeration!

Margaret Alice
I am rich as a queen with
these poems you’ve sent
I read and read a cascade
of words that never ends

This is the life taking me
away from boring documents
filling my mind with music
of words dancing to tunes

Tripping to rhythms more
beautiful than heartbeats
I love moments with verse
thank you so much it is
never enough tomorrow
I want more...

Margaret Alice
'I Was Just Having Some Fun…

I’ve been singing my way through this day mastering the intricacy of singing Arabic music without any accompaniment, until I sang to Rima in class: anaya ma kunti ba-fakar fiilha – I thought many times about it – this is what the words mean and literally says how I’ve thought about the wisdom of insisting to show off about learning the song off by heart I had to give in to pride in my hard-won accomplishment, since my refusing to do so before led to my losing all interest in learning Arabic – so I left the office practising my song as I went singing to every lady and gent along the way – now I have a new student insisting on taking lessons from me – singing has that effect on people, you see, and I’m forced to use my loudest fake Italian accent to scare the self-styled student away I was just having some fun, not looking for disciples today!

Margaret Alice
I felt so alone, no-one home, you have to attend to work issues, then I went and got my friends – now they are ranged around me and I feel safe and free, my favourite books from the library

The Witches Trilogy by Terry Pratchett, my favourite favourite The Encyclopaedia of Stars and Atoms by Stuart Clark, a newcomer by Lynne Markham – Getting It Right, Parker’s Astrology by Julia and Derek Parker

And for a gourmet treat, Rocks And Minerals by Chris Pellant – now I’m ready to face the night all by myself, I’ll enjoy some titbits and maybe start reading the newby, the pain of today’s failures forgotten

I’m besotted with books, Bibliotherapy always soothes my pains and aches away...

Margaret Alice
I Wish That You Were Here!

A wise man said: Don’t fear anything – because the only thing that can bring negative events into your experience is Fear itself; when you don’t fear; it stands to reason; you will safe against everything! - I’m working on that principle when I ignore these sounds outside – like someone knocking on the gate – insistently; but apparently, as long as I don’t fear, nor wish that person ill, God knows, I don’t; we are safe; nothing can happen to us; but God also knows – I wish that you were here!

Margaret Alice
I Won’t Sing Tonight

Today the soft, warm folds of your words were scraped away by cold, harsh voices, grating on my nerves, tearing at my feelings, without the covering of your enfolding arms, my skin was abraded by the harshness of reality, and I cried...

I became aware of the cold silence where your sweet voice used to sing in golden tones; without the layer of your assurance, the cold penetrated my heart, I lost my footing, slipped and fell, you weren’t there to catch me, and I cried...

Looked for help in my gurubooks, they advised never to love so much that we would miss anyone, we are only strong as long as we’re not dependent on someone, our power and strength must lie inside, but I love your voice and your arms, I don’t want to stop loving them, and I cried...

Tonight I sang the melody that welled up inside me, was told to put a sock in it, to quiet down, I realized your ears were not there to catch the chords of my tune, I’m not singing for anyone any more, I won’t sing tonight...
I’ll Be Your Little Ogress :)

Dear Dad, you inoculated me against society, your unconventional stance and insistence on total honesty makes it impossible for me to play society’s masquerades with any form of impunity at all; I always stand apart, a wall-flower not dancing along to the tunes that are playing – all due to your mischievous influence – when you advise Hannie on her beaux, you say “Are you bloody mad, Bruce is twenty years your senior – besides he smells like a dog! ” and about Helgaard, “Hell and damnation, woman, he is eighteen years younger than you, he’ll still be chasing other women when you’re already an ugly old hag! “, not very charming indeed; but it keeps Hannie safe from fortune-hunters

Now I’m older I understand why you say my mother’s an inveterate snob, yet you love her more than your life; she rejected you because you’re an ogre while she is the Queen of Hearst and likely to remain so for all of eternity – so I’ll be your little ogress – a normal human being by day; but when I’m with you I’ll turn back into my original ogre-nature, being a tomboy again; I love the inoculation you supplied – when the philosophy lecturer said we were all conformists I looked at myself sticking out like a sore finger; and happily smiled: Were I my mother’s daughter, I would have been a convincing snob; but being your little ogress, I’m safe against all forms of conformism – for all of eternity!

Margaret Alice

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
There is a new karaoke machine on the market, you carry it with you and sing wherever you are, I begged my colleagues to give one to me should they ever plan gifts

June warned me not to bring one to Kingsley where we shall be moving shortly; I saw vistas of possibilities, terrorizing all with my singing – even worse than before

I could be a person whose retirement will be in the interest of the state due to deterioration of work performance, not due to her own fault; the state will be better off without me

An official who is “burning” with too much motivation, unable to concentrate or focus on work – that will be me; I’m burning already, give me the karaoke machine

I’ll show you what enthusiasm sounds like, everybody is already afraid when they hear my maniacal laughter, old Nic is scared when I get up, hubby says I’m unbalanced

The karaoke machine is my key to freedom!

Margaret Alice
I’m A Rogue

I’m a rogue who likes to prorogue any routine job because I know, tomorrow I will stop procrastinating, if I should do everything today, what on earth would I do another day

Some people may think postponement should not be condoned; but it gives me time to assemble my thoughts, sip a little wine, reflect on la dolce vita, and as soon as inspiration

Springs spontaneously, this rogue tackles her work without prorogue, enjoying a merciless march through the dry marshes of her boring documents, until she reaches the satisfying end

And throttles back again, back to reflective cruising mode, ready to prorogue in the same roguish way until the next spurt of inspiration...

Margaret Alice
I’m Also Losing My Grip

My normal life
has been shattered -
stress overcoming a positive you
is drowning me too
you are the anchor, I turn
my compass in the direction
determined by you, when you
lose your normal sense
of direction I’m left
disorientated and cannot go on
all on my own
if you were less sure of
yourself we would
be able to think for ourselves
but as you normally
order, direct and decide
we lose our ability to
remain independent...
Your strength is waning, my
powers are failing, the
world is falling apart -
all I trust in, all you taught me
comes to nothing, all
because you were lied to
by a false employer ...
as you my rock is loosened
I’m also loosing my grip...

Margaret Alice
I’m Doing Penance

Dear Dad,
I feel your presence
in the soothing sounds of Mantovani’s violins
I hear your joy in every Strauss waltz
I see your boyish longings
in every toy shop

I’m doing penance for all those years of
alienation because of the lies
that were spread about you
today I know the truth about you
all the rumours in the past
and I miss you

I can’t see you because you are too far
I’m lonely because my campaign to proclaim
the truth about you prevents me from visiting
those who hate and desecrate
the memory of you

I love you Dad, and I rue
the loss of every opportunity
squadered in the past
to spend time with you...

Dear God, please forgive me my sins
and bring me to him
please give me the chance
to make up for the time that was lost
and love my Dad again!

Margaret Alice
I’m Sorry I Was Being Me....

At least, I survived the day; there was nothing to it all hostility; nowhere a kind word, nothing happened this day was empty – and empty it’ll stay – for all eternity – please, just PLEASE explain to me – what did I do wrong; why did I feel bad

Even BEFORE this day began? Does it mean – I’m sure it does – that I was the cause of the miserable course of this day? I must have been – I was scared, unwilling to try again- to decipher a Mali document reprint the reply forms

The Universe brought me as much sadness as I have called through my sad, negative feelings – but still – why did I argue about Your Imperial Thoughts and Your Almighty Insight? I apologise most dejectedly I’m sorry I was being me....

I’d forgotten to play the role of the Insightful Wife saying ‘Yes dear, no dear, how much and how high; where and when and why’ – though I was late for work, you still expect me to clamour for a bonus I clearly have no right to expect

You expect me to call you Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle - follow your rules to the letter, but beware when I tell you the requirements of my work situation – your desires come first – yet I must still clamour for a bonus –

For what - being a dutiful wife? Bloody hell, they should fire me for being a total disaster as a person – I’m a black mark on the name of humankind!

Margaret Alice
I’m Terribly Superstitious

I’m terribly superstitious, for every nasty word that I say I expect lighting to strike me down; failing that, when ‘flu symptoms clog up my head and fill it with lead, I assume celestial judgment is served in this way

Quite clearly today my fatigue must be due to all the bad things I have thought while I was feeling overwrought yesterday; it’s been ages since facing an empty shell of a person like a primitive hiding away – why can’t he just be

A human being, why this charade of kind father confessor – and then to threaten to bring in Mr McClachlan; the most disgruntled, dissatisfied specimen of them all - to analyse the bad situation to death, and make us confess

How totally wrong our translation practice in South African society is; The Translator’s Institute is called upon as the crowning threat; their idea of fun is a romp through history with the éclat of an enraged Fury

Because of all the lost opportunities to put Afrikaans on the map and teach us to speak isiZulu, isiXhosa and SeSotho every day - this must all be part of my heritage karma earned through lifetimes of neglect

Although I know Koos DuPlessis improved Afrikaans lyrics beyond recognition and I need no more torture my soul with the old-fashioned stuff – I still sing “En hoor jy die magtige dreuning”* and “Jy is my liefling en ek is so bly! ”*

* Do you hear thunderous ...
* Beloved you are mine and I am so glad...
Margaret Alice
Iboga - Timothy Leary Would Be So Pleased! Tongue-In-Cheek

Selling the concept of iboga to Mapula who claims she’s in need of a pep-up – iboga, advertised on the Internet

A product of West Africa, the Cameroon and Gabon with cult status in Europe and America, a religion

As inclusive as Buddhism; the bark of the iboga-tree is ground and eaten for a great psychedelic experience:

See the future, heal the sick, speak with the deceased – Timothy Leary would be so pleased!

Margaret Alice
Ice-Crystal Partitions

Can’t get that migraine pill anywhere, enclosed within a trelliswork of pain and concomitant fatigue, frustration, loss of imagination, substitute pill doesn’t work, ache around the back of my neck unbearable

Brain shrinking, world shrinking also, lift pain temporarily by eating, then it returns doubly as bad, everything losing meaning and taste, losing what little focus I had, ice-crystal partitions between me and the world

Growing thicker, the only solution - to absquatulate...

Margaret Alice
Ideas Instead Of Experience

Joe Fisher claims all discarnate entities are suspect because of their negative effect on the mediums who channel them, they feed us just enough truth to cover their devious designs.

I regard Seth as a positive entity, hoping Jane Robert’s health failed naturally, Seth claimed Jesus did not die on the cross, another took his place as He deemed crucifixion unnecessary, resignedly I took this in my stride.

Not worrying about attacks on Jesus’ Godly nature since it is fashionable to doubt – having been prepared for this claim by Wurmbrand’s Prayer – Jesus, if You had fled from hanging on a cross, I would still love you - I smiled, it is true for me too.

New Age ideas placing Jesus in Tibet, flying around in spaceships do not shock me, if we want to venerate the beauty of Jesus’ message, nothing can stop us, contrary evidence shows the value of Wurmbrand’s religious poetry in dealing with people’s fantasies.

There is no need to defend assumptions, I base my joy in the story of the Nativity in its beauty, ignoring debates which side-step all personal experience; for skeptics preferring to reject this event, any contrary argument is good enough.

Personal experience of prayers heard is good enough for me, no other vindication required, those who declare they are convinced by Darwin’s arguments simply wish to try evolution out, I respect their experiment, especially when they lament loss of faith.

Proving their faith was based on ideas instead of experience…

Margaret Alice
If I Were To Love You

I dare not love as much as I can, actually nobody does – because if we did, our hearts would burst;

The higher we go, the harder we fall, the greater the pain – if I were to love you as much as I

Could, just seeing you would be ecstasy - and any negative word would feel like a red-hot

Knife plunged into me - I limit the love that I feel as much as I can – as everyone does –

We’re not supposed to float about in bubbles of lust – especially since Dylan Thomas

Pointed out the let-down element; I cannot allow myself to find out how low we can go; the little bit

Experienced was already too much, so I keep it all back – like everyone does; just allowing

Small glimpses to shine through – as much as reality can hold without bursting asunder immediately

Only future generations in an utopian world will know the pleasure of unconditional love – until then

We all scrape along on the little bits that escape the iron hold in our soul...
Margaret Alice
'If It Wants To 13/12/09

True love looks upon people
as babies, beautiful to behold,
primitive and needy

Adventurous and unscrupulous,
admires the view - enjoying the
derring-do

Serves if it wants to - from an
adult point of view that needs
nothing in return

No rewards, no recognition, exerting
no pressure, setting no requirements –
that is true love!

Margaret Alice
If Something Works Well, Destabilise It

IT is winning the war games at work, the policy being if something works well, destabilise it, if something works extremely well so others look bad, totally destroy it – and since Foreign Language administration was a marvel of perfection, working without a hitch, always ready with statistics, all due to June’s diligence and a wonderful administrative system; IT was called in to put a stop to it and bring us in line with the rest of the decline in the Department, they changed our password and when we switch off we can’t get on again, we must request IT to change our password, which they only do once they have thought about it for a week or two; suddenly we’re faced with the same statistical problems as everybody else, they have effectively fractured our efficiency - I bet they are in line for merit awards - one and all!

Margaret Alice
If Tomorrow Is The Same...

.............................................Monday Night 3 November 2008

Crying when I got home – Kingsley Centre too hot, hot, hot, perspiring, flushing face, nauseous from heat, crying in shock; they said the air conditioning was good, but I’m suffering

Hot and feverish - tomorrow seek ice, doing something for coolness; today desperate, allergy caused by beer chicken grilling, not rational at all; so uncomfortable, life is no fun this way

Tried to escape into a fantasy, tried to remain calm, nothing worked, felt completely devastated, like I was in standard two primary school – nine years old, asbestos class room, started shaking

Too hot in summer and too cold in winter, always tired, sitting down in fatigue – today I felt the same thing; so tired, so very, very tired, if tomorrow is the same, I’ll cry again...

Margaret Alice
If You Are A Myth...

...........Wurmbrand’s poem for Jesus pp.67,68

“Doesn’t matter whether ‘tis right to love Thee, Lord Jesus, I don’t love to obtain salvation, I shall love You in everlasting pain, consuming fire, burning cold

Had you refused to descend unto us, You would have been my special dream, if Your Word never reached me, I would have given You love without it

If You fled from the cross, I would love You, if I found sin in You, my love would cover it, if the prophets predicted another Lord, I would leave them

To cling unto You, even if they produced a thousand proofs against Your existence, I shall always love You, If you are a myth, I shall leave reality and live in a dream of You

If they brought final proof that you don’t exist, my love would resurrect You – my love is senseless, eternal, untouchable, as is the love You have for me.”

On completing the poem, Wurmbrand was free from oppression, he felt the kiss of Jesus, quiet and joy returned to his cell

I shall leave materialism and live in the myth of spiritual love, scorning a thousand proofs against the supernatural, based on my admiration for

Wurmbrand’s explanation of unconditional love, living a quantum vision....

Richard Wurmbrand “In God’s Underground” edited by Charles Foley, Garden City Press, 1968, paraphrased from pp.67,68
Margaret Alice
Caught in dereliction
of duty, kids struggle
along, suffering with
school projects, I am
failing my duties

A warning issued-
but where to start
asserting authority-
love has no place
in cold reality

Duty dictates rules
and regulations, I
should take control
scream at them all
issue directives

Make them comply-
ash on my head in
abject despair at
their illegal desire
to be alive

A benign wife and
mother, calm and
content with life, is
an abomination,
anathema to

Every self-righteous
husband and caring
parent...

5 July 2009

Margaret Alice
Imagination - Title Wrong, See Next Poem

I could never find this again without an indication to put it ahead of the others, so I posted again, ignore this posting and read the next one with the ' at the beginning - sorry....

Margaret Alice
Imagine And Visualize...

To change the world
we have to change
expectations and
beliefs

If we keep reading the
same old books, watch-
ing the same
movies

We recreate the world
as it is – start by
practicing
idealism

Tolerating other beliefs,
ever being unkind
in pursuing
ideals

Because the means becomes
the end, practise ideal
steps and methods
only

To bring about improvement –
are we up to it? If we can
imagine and
visualize...

Margaret Alice
Imitation Zombie 6.20.2009

Trying to turn myself into an imitation zombie, a list of work to be done, one thing more boring than the other, agriculture, politics and complaints

I dream and read in-between, but the heavy cloud of boring work obscures all the beauty I conjure; made a list today, of all the boring things

We have to start on Monday, complaints by irate citizens, boring sentences that run on and on, never going anywhere I want to be, I follow unwillingly

Only a zombie, already dead; continuing as the undead, could ever do this kind of work without turning into ashes, wearing sackcloth around my heart

As I go up to the office where corpses of dead words and mind-numbing documents await translation, I must have been born to practice living in Purgatory because

Nothing could be worse than killing the soul of someone who loves words...

Margaret Alice
In A State Of Heightened Consciousness

Spoke the King:

Goddess, said the King, how splendid you appear here tonight - I feel half completed myself

Just one look at you confirmed this – the King caressed the moon’s image in his mind,

Half complete and half incomplete - the Goddess flickered a half-knowing glow – a constant energy

Stream beamed back and forth between the King and Goddess, uninterrupted by shadow or light

Goddess, thought the King, don’t you ever get tired at night? - the Goddess laughed and laughed and

soon it was day again...

Spoke the Goddess:

Thank you for gossamer dreams many-coloured – specifically; for this soft, pearly-glow, moonlit one –

For the beautiful texture and ideas mesmerising and rocking my heart and
mind in such lovely terms;

For creating a space where
I can leave my thoughts
while robot consciousness
gets on with the job –

As I am in a state of heightened
consciousness; seeing my
feelings and feeling the
sights of my eyes;

In the sweet essence of the
vibration of the hypnotizing
spell you have woven –
are still weaving –

creating a new matrix for
space in the multiverse;
your wonderful thoughts
inspire me so much –

I'm drifting about on a cloud...

Margaret Alice
In Awed Horror

Got my translation back, making it clear why
I am who I am, two alternatives, I consistently
choose the wrong one, I use the continuous
tense in the wrong place, everything has to
be changed around, every phrase restated

Staring in awed horror at the mess I made
delighted to realize there really is something
different in my thinking process, rebellion is
ingrained in my mental landscape, I cannot
act in the same way as everyone else

Everybody works very hard on sameness, but
it is a spiritual principle that diversity is the most
beneficial part of the game, one connected to the
energy stream is more powerful that millions who
are not, I’m bursting at the seams with energy

Overflowing into aggression and wild movements,
when toning everything down to sit quietly like the
rest of the crowd, I become physically ill; allowing
my soul freedom to froth and seethe, I feel truly
alive, I can see why I give offence

I forgive myself for being so contrary and forgive
others for not having space for me, I probably would
have killed another person like me in impatience and
frustration, thank heaven my colleagues are angels
otherwise they would have hired an assassin

To remove my asinine person from amongst them...

Margaret Alice
In Blissful Death

Sudden death is bliss, what happens next depends on what we expect, if judgment, we’ll receive it, if chastisement, it will be there, if we expect to meet departed loved ones, they will welcome us lovingly

If understanding of the universe, all shall be revealed, setting no barriers for the imagination on what we may expect - if purgatory, we’ll be purged – I sigh in contentment, I’ve already experienced

Hell and purgatory in this life and lived to overcome it, I expect loving light, the welcoming embrace of my grandmother, Margaret Alice Puth, in blissful death...

Margaret Alice
'In This Timeless Moment – Happy And Free

Today I’m an elf in sky-blue driving up
in a coach of dark-red garnet, ready to
play in a hole under the ground, a
bunker as is found only in Wonderland,
soon I’ll go out into Fairyland’s streets
and find me something to eat, something
sweet, and I hope I’ll meet some elves
along the way, they are called security
guards, but I know better, they came
from the Pleiades to move through
earth’s reality, people only see one
facet of atoms and molecules as they
move through different phases and
call that fact, but in truth, quantum
physicists say, everything is in flux
and we create the world that we think
we find all prepackaged as we move
through it, the impressions our five
senses register are created by our
own laser-brain, which constitutes
vibration into a holograph by shining
our own laser-thoughts upon them;
time being a phenomenon plastered
on a timeless reality; in this timeless
moment, I feel happy and free!

Margaret Alice
A desired event expected creates the same, I will break free of the assembly line as soon as I've learnt to be humble and kind.

I admire standardized work done through dedication and sacrifice, I failed to master the art, I shall break free use my abilities.

I'll learn obedience in tasks I cannot accomplish - teaching me of suffering and pain, there is a place for all of us.

Our talents can be used to mankind’s advantage, until I reach that place I must remain a certain failure - which teaches me to understand.

pain of existence is a standardized world says individualism is an offence and hiding myself in shame only worsens it...

Margaret Alice
Inflicting More Pain Than Sacrifice...

The enormous contrast between Lady Jane Digby El Mezrab and Marie DuPlessis, the original of La Traviata, is astounding; Lady Digby was cultured and rich; travelled independently on a large Inheritance - while Marie DuPlessis was of poor origin, selling herself to obtain education and wealth

Lady Jane found true love several times and in the end had a perfect marriage with a brilliant Bedouin - while Marie DuPlessis was enslaved by a desire for a glittering lifestyle that she would not give up for the love of a young Dumas – dying of consumption at age twenty-three, she never knew

A long, happy relationship with just one perfect love, she chose a glamorous life of dissipation over the many sacrifices required by moral duty in the life of a drudge; she preferred being a courtesan rather than existing as a Hausfrau devoted to a lawful husband; believing herself incapable

Of suffering the vicissitudes that constitute the life of common labourers; though it would have preserved her from a pointless existence, she chose to be the brilliant toy of millionaires inflicting more pain than sacrifice to labour would have done – each time I read her story, I cry again...

Margaret Alice
We experience God in our own existence, not as a personality, but as Multitudinous Facets of a Multidimensional Existence

God is in each individual, supplying energy for the Vitality and Validity of our private selves; we form own images according to our own ideas

Soul – Multidimensional - has eternal validity, inner self can’t be destroyed or diminished while we are living within this world

Of camouflage data...

Jane Roberts “Seth Speaks” p.245/6

Margaret Alice
Inspiration Be Damned

Very worried about my positive book, it recommended inspiration – thinking about how great it would feel to do jobs I dislike first, not by motivating myself with fear for negative consequences, but being inspired by expectations of how good it would feel when it was done

Did my Production Sheet first, explained my life moment by moment, all inspired – just to be met with disdain, NO positive feelings at all – inspiration be damned, nothing came of it; I have to do another one – not even cold motivation can force me towards this one – the book also says never try to fix

Something that’s broken, my relations with siblings and parents are SO broken, it says do not try to fix it, so I don’t, but I’m wondering how independent I can stand to become...

Margaret Alice
We’ve got a new presence in the car, a GPS voice telling us where we are, a sexy GPS lady insisting we follow the road – good grief, where does she suspect we’ll be going, into the veld for sheer spite? When she tells us to turn we ignore her, her heart must be sore; she remains silent for a heartbreakingly long time, reconfiguring our route, then blithely instructs us again: Follow the road – she is so sweet, I wish I could keep – my temper like that...

The GPS lady instructs us to turn ahead of time into a dirt road, we prefer to stay on the tar, her route is shorter, but more difficult, we travel far; but knowing the difference between dirt and tar we prefer taking care of the car! She instructs us to turn into the highway, which is one storey above us, since we can’t fly we pass and she insists we turn around, we continue and she becomes resigned telling us to follow the road; she must be having nightmares about people getting stuck in the bush!

Margaret Alice
Inventing Melancholy 6.30.2008

Today I see the world through the five colours of depression, everything seems stale and old and I feel as sad as a coal mine abandoned

My head feels as if it is folding in on itself, as if a concertina is moved in and out and the tunes I produce are off-key and dissonant

Like a pre-school band practice session and I’m listening to “Oh Lonesome Me” playing in my mind all the time and my head is ready to explode

I hate the world and myself for no other reason than that we exist; firmly convinced that pain is my constant companion; though

Pain actually comes and goes as everyone knows – right now pain seems everlasting and all-encompassing, I read about a boy with

Tourette syndrome who blames himself for the twin-tower blast on nine-eleven, I know how he feels; it seems I’m guilty of inventing melancholy...

Margaret Alice
Irritation In Perplexed Confusion 7.29.2008

I have nothing with which to fight the pain of irritation in perplexed confusion, noises and sounds drive me insane and I cannot find the cause of feeling

This threat and need for flight; the only thing that keeps me here is the uncertainty what would flee with me; if it would be me I take, I might as well stay here

I cherish a memory of feeling so much better, when my head seemed quite healthy; I try to flee into concepts; an idea – anything – but the suffocation remains the same

No help found in medication, if the cause is psychosomatic, I should enumerate a list of candidates for culprits; if fever shows its heat, I shall know the reason for this malaise

Otherwise this is just chemical imbalances manifesting in mental dissolution...

Margaret Alice
I looked at Pratchett’s description of boredom attentively, the way carpet stuffing fills the head and the mind turns to mush – it is happening to me

I am stuck with a job to do and La Traviata on headphones in my ears, my head stuffed full of cotton wool, everything seems such a waste of the beautiful life coursing in my veins

I want to be outside feasting my eyes on emerald sheen of plants after rain, small white flowers of jasmine, purple remnants of an October jacaranda season

but I must remain in my seat create the impression of reading boring documents and relaying their content in Victorian English in the South African emulation of UK spelling checkers

even my imagination cannot help me escape, I am leaving right now, I am going to run a while before continuing my charade!

Margaret Alice
Jeandré, Six Months Old

Little Kewpie Doll in his mother’s arms, little body square, gurgling as he looks at me, only six months old I’m told, adorable as can be

I’m enchanted by small babies, more beautiful than elves and fairies, I’m smitten by this last one, holding him and stroking

His downy, satin-soft hair a heavenly sensation, even more enchanting to watch his rapturous elation while he consumed his bottle of milk

He watched his mother trustingly in complete delight, his little world a paradise of baby needs fulfilled, would that we could have

Babies that remain in this enchanting stage for a complete age, never growing up to just become another human being, all messed up

Margaret Alice
The piano tuner, Henk for Quality Pianos is a brilliant musician, at my request he played Jim Miller’s “Klokkie Wals” once he had finished tuning, it sounded magnificent

He has thick workman’s fingers, playing with authority and charm, Jim Miller alive I heard it played well ages ago when my mother was well, it was a time warp to hear it again

My sister and brother’s rendition is more hesitant and I only play Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata - if I play at all...

Margaret Alice
I had Brobdingnagian fun recently,starling in amazement at a lady inHerero traditional wear –concluding then and there that mychoice of the traditional would bea Marie Antoinette dress, completewith roses on the bodice, and as Ipass people will whisper behind theirhands: Look at that Brobdingnagiandress, it must be commensurate with aBrobdingnagian ego - I would simplypass them by, dancing to the tune ofaminuet that plays in my ears only...Margaret Alice
Joy Flowered Warmly Golden

Found the key to unlock my lonely soul,
I was empty, no words could reach me,
then found four voices softly whispering,
within their sweet whispers my heart
took courage

I looked everywhere for a key to open up
the channel to my soul, no author seemed
to reach me, I looked in my books in vain
and loped off to the library, felt the angry
whispers of clashing authors

Followed the feeling guiding in my heart,
intuition leading bravely in spite of my
attempts to stamp it out, ignoring all
that seemed to shock and hurt,
finding spiritual guidance

Suddenly the whispering voice from a book
brought my spirit home, opened up the path
to my lonely soul, straight from there to my
fearful heart, the whispering became over-
powering, joy flowered

Warmly golden in my heart...

Margaret Alice
Joy Of Delight! 5.30.2009

I feel the presence of angels
around me today, hearing the
whisper of soft melodies, I feel
the touch of love in the sunshine,
I see a sky more sapphire than
ever before, shining emerald trees
in crisp morning air, a sun more
golden and beautiful than ever
seen before – this day has been
made in paradise, come spend
time in the sunshine outside
and glory in the joy of delight!

Margaret Alice
Joy Of Enchantment

Should I go to sleep and sail off unprepared into tomorrow, into the horizon, not yet fully cognizant of all mental processes required to

Prepare the right mind-set – if I go positively to bed, with enlightening dreams, I will be aware of all possible opportunities –

As it is; the crocodile did not retain enough from its books, cannot recall the positive notes rehearsed all vacation long:

Life is a mystery, wonders are waiting in the wings, unheard of joy will be sprung upon us, new ideas will pop up

New dreams will take us into a golden El Dorado; new dramas will unfold in unheard-of ways, all will improve as long as -

We believe in magic with the innocence of youth using the joy of enchantment as the compass to show us which way to go...

Margaret Alice
Jump From Reality...

When the rug was pulled from under me, I remained suspended in the air like a comic strip character - quite unaware that beneath me was nothing - but emptiness

When I realized what had happened, I succumbed to the power of gravity-ice-cold and careless - crashing to the earth in bone-shattering pain

Then I remembered someone said reality is only the mat from which trapeze artists jump to take flight - so I put all my power into my jump upwards- like a Jack-In-The-Box

Only a faint memory of pain stirring every now and again - I use the pain to press down harder - so as to make my jump from reality higher than before...

Margaret Alice
Karmic Thought Patterns

There is no production sheet, no list of tasks resplendent and complete, no ability or desire to compile such, in this timeless void sinking into the molasses of physical being that has no meaning

We’re supposed to use our material appearance to conquer the world of the senses; my spirit unwilling to move my limbs, the body in crucifixion, the mind numb, the heart empty, the hope I hang on to

Just enough to keep me alive until the body swims through the storm of food allergy, when hubby feels like eating something with curry, pasta suddenly seems like the food of the gods, all rational thought lost

Committing the sin of indulgence, blithely believing this time there will be respite, all Swami’s agree illness starts in the mind, hoping psychosomatic origins mean my latest insight removed the allergy

That I am cured - but the karmic thought patterns that change food into toxins are stronger than the theories I’ve come across, I’m at a loss to explain why belief in freedom of choice is not setting me free...

Margaret Alice
Kebra Nagast – Ark Of The Covenant

A new Mystery for Me:

The Ethiopian Queen known as Queen Makeda came to visit King Solomon of Israel we read in Chapter 25 of the ancient Ethiopian Epic Kebra Nagast

King Solomon sent her home with the gift of half his kingdom carried through the night as swift as an eagle in his flight

On Solomon’s secret Flying Machine afterwards she gave birth to his son known as King Menelik who returned to King Solomon

In his Flying Aircraft to carry off the Ark of the Covenant to its final resting place

The town of Axun that had been founded by Noah’s grandson so history came full circle

And I can breathe again: The Mystery is still unsolved!

Margaret Alice
Ke-Clang, Ke-Clang

Ke-clang, ke-clang, Margaret Alice going
down the passage, a trolley with a box,
ke-clang, ke-clang, coming back again,
singing and clanging as far as she goes,
happy to say her office has been cleared

Tomorrow the crocodile family will drive
down to the sea-side, see Namaqualand,
visit the Augrabies Waterfall, watch the
sun playing games rising and sinking
over the Atlantic, jump into the freezing

Waves just to say that we can, listening
to the GPS lady directing us with her
enchanting voice, laughing uproariously
when she gets angry as we ignore her
advice, knowing when we get back

A new era will start in the office, in Kingsley
we trust, may we be blessed and happy
back in the fold with the rest of Arts and
Culture, having been isolated for three
years - without back-up...

Margaret Alice
Keep A Low Profile

Today I’m catatonic - overcome
by emotion too big to contain
I have learnt the good we receive is a test
to see if we’re humble – thus keeping track
of my many shortcomings
all positive words just a great privilege
undeserved and indescribably precious
I lock them away in my heart
to cherish for ever – whatever happens
how ever bad the well-deserved criticism
how ever much the wounds smart
the balm will always be in my heart
in beautiful words, a wonderful kindness
to apply whenever needed – the accusation
of lacking the power of concentration
will always stalk me – it makes me unhappy
to carry out routines, yet we were born
to learn how to serve so I’m learning
all about serving – the going is bad
supervisors get mad, and I feel very sad
but deep in my heart is the balm of forgiveness
the sweet words of reprieve and relief –
my life not meaningless, to some people
my work does have meaning – for the rest, I had best
keep a low profile and keep trying harder....

Margaret Alice
Keep Me In Mischief For Eternity 4.24.2008

People push so hard against death
few really live - I don’t want to get
captured in that trap, I want to swim in
the seething sea for hours on end

I want to ride a fast motorbike all the
time without fearing for my life; I want
to climb the highest tree and ride my
new bicycle rapidly with fearless glee

I want to go jaywalking and dodge
speeding taxi’s and the like; I want
to jump from a plane ecstatically
and feel completely free

I want to live without pills and pains
in my joints; I want euthanasia before
the day when, powerless with age, I have
to lie down and give in helplessly

Not for me the era of waiting for
death’s inevitable claim – I want
to meet old Nic face to face, greeting
him with an impish smile on my lips

And a challenge in my stance; How
are you my friend, I’d say, do
you have something to keep me in
mischief - for an eternity?

Margaret Alice
Keep Me Oblivious

In a state of emotional apathy,
single-minded focus on reading my
book, lost interest

in people and activities, feeling and
emotion, everything interferes with
the ice-cold focus

on finishing my book, engrossed in the
contents and reading like mad to get
to the end

to find the answer to every question evoked
by the text; you watch your programs on TV
while I read undisturbed

Once I wanted to stop; feel life coursing
through my veins; but I can’t anymore, once
commenced, the book must run its course

The more I read, the less need for activity;
consciousness can only exist in the context
of a new book

May reading remain the amnesia that it
has been, may the intoxication of words
keep me oblivious to the flow of life!

Margaret Alice
Keep The Almighty Peace (Rev.)

23 October 2008

crying my way through “Legend of a Band” by The Moody Blues, started with “Your Wildest Dreams” calming with “Nights In White Satin” just to inflame with “Tuesday Afternoon”

So simple, so eloquent, so beautiful then “Steppin’ in a Slide Zone” – I’m still deeply affected by “Wildest Dreams” difficult to concentrate - then “Question” “it’s not the way that you say it –

It’s more the way that you mean it...”; “I’m looking for America in my life...” haunting melodies replaying in my mind; followed by “No More Lies” – crying again –

“I need you like you need me, truly and completely – come right out and tell me just what’s in your heart” –I’m sobbing it out – I can’t tell you because

You never want to listen... no more lies” – more ways to lie present itself all the time – just keep the Almighty Peace... until stopping with “I Know You’re Out There Somewhere...”

Margaret Alice
Kept His Eyes On The Beauty Within

I have a lovely nephew, a handsome young man, divorce settlement entered his life in excruciating trauma – he spoke of unjust demands, his desire for revenge;

How he wished her ill in attacks of bitterness, how he would never trust another girl in all the universe; how he explained to women that his house was HIS;

He would never succumb to marriage again - where an ex-wife goes off with so many things that were only given within the context of wedded bliss, feeling like theft without it;

Once the ties were severed he was astounded by how much leeway she was allowed by the law – and would make sure he never suffered like that again – then he remembered:

She did not have a large income like him and the car she had taken would fall to pieces eventually; what joy could he have if she were starving; when he let go of his anger -

When he wished her well in all honesty, he would be on his way to new relationships that would bring him love and fulfillment; though he suffered betrayal; release lies in forgiveness

In the freedom of joy; the decision to trust lovingly once he was sure of love with integrity – with bright, happy eyes, excited about the glorious potential of life; he would be the happiest of men

Truly a hero - the world was his oyster and he could conquer ladies galore - as long as he kept his eyes on the beauty within!
Margaret Alice
Killed The Whole Lot

Today I went mad with anger – a group of beautiful models posed naked for a magazine in a bid to stop rape and violence against women and kids – the idiotic, irrational stupidity of this left me speechless – so women should be able to walk about semi-naked or not dressed at all, and any warm-blooded man who lost his self-control should be shot on the spot? If I were a man, I would have killed the whole lot!

Margaret Alice
Kind Consideration Like Cool, Blue, Velvety Water

I want my thoughts and feelings to rise up like steam - before falling back down again just like rain, beautifying the world, spreading good cheer and life, enlarging the fount of love everywhere

I want the mental patterns of my thoughts and feelings to resemble Chladni’s figures when sand is spread on a violin and beautiful geometric patterns form as the violin is played; I want to think up such a wonderful group of people to accompany me to the Hereinafter; just like Madame Blavatsky did in Tibet

When she thought up an entity who terrorised her when he came out of her mind – but I want my entity, my manniken, to be filled with the sparkle Of laughter, glittering humour; to laugh while spreading kind consideration like cool, blue velvety water that cherishes the mind of all we meet;

All non-physical entities – in the eternal continuance of life after physical death in the marvellous realm of the Hereinafter!

Margaret Alice
Kingdom Of Make-Believe

Read my book at work: “The Ordinary Princess” by M.M. Kaye – the best combination of fairy tales “The Ugly Duckling” and “Cinderella”- that’s ever been – or ever will be

Six princesses were born as beautiful as the sun, golden hair, cornflower-eyes, a rosy complexion; a seventh princess was born and was expected to have the same beauty – sevenfold

But an old fairy, Crustacea, invited to her christening promptly declared the princess would be ordinary – as she grew up, her many gifts – Wit, Health, Charm, Courage and Cheerfulness

Were all missed in her being plain. When the King decreed a Dragon would lay waste to the land until a courageous Prince would slay the Dragon and thus win the princess’ hand

She could not abide such childishness, being plain she enjoyed life so much more than her beautiful sisters - they had to be careful never to spoil their lovely complexions

The Ordinary Princess had mouse-coloured hair and freckles – when she was to be locked up in a tower she ran away to the forest and started work as a kitchen-maid in another kingdom

She befriended some kind of page – the King in Disguise – and they fell in love; she was unmasked by her old nurse - he by the Lord Chamberlain; they decided on a royal wedding

Both hating princesses and boring princes who never learnt to enjoy life, they ran off to the forest; each other’s identity still a mystery; they recognised the same noble stuff
In each other before they knew their identities, he was make-believe angry at her deceit when she was unmasked; she also make-believe angry at him when he was recognised –

I’m sorry to admit; I read at work, my eyes went out of focus, my mind all confused; I could not continue to do what was expected – some boring routine, because I was no longer there

Being on the Planet of Fairy Tales – a special place that I can’t transcend, it makes me too happy and joyous so I forsake reality and dream in the Kingdom of Make-believe...

M.M. Kaye “The Ordinary Princess”

Margaret Alice
Kingsley Phase Of My Life

Oh wonderful, took the magic pill,
ergotamine can work its spell and
shrink distended arteries in my head
which made me see red, amplifying
sounds until I felt like killing everyone

Today the milk of human kindness is
flowing in my veins, I look upon one
and all with benevolence, such is the
difference wrought by the toxins in the
pill, it even stopped the trilling shrill

Of a thousand cicada’s sounding in my
ears – though I still can’t understand
where to situate the beginning of this
new Kingsley phase of my life, at least
I can survive without insanity killing me....

Margaret Alice
Kisses Of Love...

10 October 2008

The sun a luminous explosion in green trees lining the street, sparkling brightly, it hurts to turn away and lose it out of sight

Wanting to experience visual bewitchment in a tactile way, to FEEL the beauty I can only see in soft, velvet textures

Rebelling against eyesight’s limitations, the constraint of not feeling what is seen, ears straining to hear the sparkling colours

A dance of shimmering brightness, hands longing to feel the glowing greens, lips burning to cover the enchanting scene with

Kisses of love...

Margaret Alice
Kissing Secrets In Dreams...

Author Stephanie Dowrick being too realistic for me
I prefer Esther Hicks’ freedom to visualize, creating
a fantasy, remaking reality to live more in hope and
rejecting tragedy - considering life with Dowrick’s
sober attitude my spirit deflates, my heart contracts
T’is not acceptable to me

I need the air sprinkled with goblin glitter - and fairy
dust shining, I need to hear the songs of mermaids
admire kings fighting dragons; visualize Penelope
working faithfully on her embroidery until Oedipus
returns, need to see Mustrum Ridcully strutting his
stuff at Unseen University, doing his filing

On a table for playing billiards, moving papers on
by throwing them off, to see Nanny Weatherwax
borrowing the mind of a hawk - I need to borrow
the mind of another also, enjoying the riddles he
prepares for me, laughing with everyone, kissing
secrets in dreams...

Margaret Alice
Lace-Like Structures Divine

1. Sunlight Shining On Diamond Tiaras

Confronting a new document, looking neither left nor right, reptilian pain in the head not to be borne on this beautiful morn’

Emerald translucence of sunlight shining on diamond tiaras, the beauty hurting my soul, I want to make it mine for evermore

To become one with the diaphanous flowers, only by melting into soothing music, Beethoven’s First with its question-and-answer sequence

Can my soul be pacified for not being outside to shimmer in nature’s glory…

2. Lace-Like Structures Divine

Going to the mall, the second-hand bookshop – the miracle happens again; finding “The Dancing Wu Li Masters – New Physics” by Gary Zukaf, a title seen long ago, couldn’t find the book; here it is, the Holy Grail of my Wisdom Quest, a dream complete – the crocodile set for the holidays, withdrawing from life into a world of insight; continue our stroll; another bookshop – offering three books by Dr Emoto on crystals of water, the meaning of crystal formations geometric in ice - after exposure of water to music and language:

The words “Thank You” form lace-like structures divine, saying “love” produces even more beautiful forms, declaring “I hate You! ” forms a picture of a man with a gun - I’m not scared any more; by talking to water and recording crystal formations, communication will always be possible - even after nuclear fall-out; even after destruction of civilisation,
talking to water in any language to check the concomitant crystals forming, will make it possible to have real communication – even with aliens - water reacts to the emotions expressed...

I undertake to accept and make room for the curiosity living in my mind, making life hell - loving the crocodile in my head – so as to create crystal formations of unsurpassed beauty in the moist vapours surrounding me!

3. A New Myth...

Splashes of silver sunshine seen shimmering in underwater scenes, silver flashes through leaves and trees, a male society where creativity is suspect, validated only by a money-making cachet –

I watch the world outside, alive in diaphanous greens, reflecting silver in brittle clarity –
I’m in need of a new myth to make my life seem marginally meaningful,
I need to create a new dream to focus my thoughts, confer the power to keep my spirit aloft
now it has fallen from the sky,
from its idealistic flight, I’ve lost the ability to project positive hope as a rainbow ahead; I’m blinded by cold-blooded emptiness cannot get up as yet...

ly Adrift Among Universes

My mind is rested, sleep restored my dream capacity-
I see me in a cottage by the sea, far from intellectual
activity, finding all Jane Roberts’ books, devouring each and every one, meditating, understanding,

gaining insight as words become experience, as Seth begins teaching me also; as the crocodile comes to rest and absorb the knowledge abundantly supplied by the consciousness called Seth;

playful and rambunctious, as he describes himself, his lectures filled with zest and humour as becomes a psychological explorer - exuberant - such as Seth sees himself, happily adrift among universes

shouting news of his great discoveries from one shore to another; thus filling up my heart with joy and wisdom, finally giving meaning to a previously meaningless existence!

e our own visions

The world – physical reality – is the product of human imagination, we accept the realization of the dreams of previous generations as inevitable events, suffering within their hallucinations

Each of us have the power to use our own imagination, to create our own visions and dreams, to break out of our hypnotized state, to change our habits of perception, to consciously understand

Our own creativity, since the world is the materialization of the ideas in human minds, it goes without saying we can change its configuration and create something new by visualising and designing new institutions
And systems for the planet earth, finding a new place in the universe, knowing we have the same power to create as ancient generations who came before us and conferred the same creative powers - on us!

Once we know reality is a hologram – a materialization of the ideas, dreams and visions of people, and we are living the ideas of others embodied in religion and science, in a subjective creation, we realise we have the same power to change reality and create a new world according to our own ideas.

Reality has constantly been reinvented through the ages; we have the power to do it again and reinvent ourselves and the constraints we ASSIGN to reality. One of the reasons we should change reality, is the following experiences caused by the limitations of the present reality:

6. Shrivelled Reality

I’m living the death of the soul, my spirit is dying within me, in resigned concession to be steadfast within the lines – even my dreams deserted me I cannot transcend dried-out, shrivelled reality

Being a living corpse, dead-man-walking, without recourse to laughter and frivolity, separated from the inspiring source whence came my sustenance incarcerated within a barbed-wire body shrinking

My spirit imprisoned, lawfulness and legality comes at the price of my life, existence in unbearable pain in this bloodied blackness only uplifting pictures might work to lift my spirit from infinite pain

Dying again, dying once more, dying unto myself living in mental destruction, a drab, dreary miserable grey, following black, official lines, carrying a torch for my departed soul

7. Broken Hearts
Another painful remark:
‘Human beings are imperfect
    and incomplete
struggling for salvation
    and completion
therefore religion must be right’

I strenuously disagree
religion is wrong to situate
    the badness in man
the badness originates in
    religion itself!
Systems and institutions
rules and regulations
everything a perfect person
    is taught
born within a system
    of thought
aimed at totally destroying

perfect consciousness, defile
purity and love through a
    thought system
that teaches shame and humiliation
    breaking people down
until they are nothing

meaningless unto themselves
and we survive our lives
    with broken hearts

8. The Nothingness

In a time warp
c caught in limbo
time standing still
only the text and I
nothing else left
in the universe
quiet research
of words, terms
in source text
bored, vexed
emotional death
non-existence

wordless revolt
in emptiness
struggling on
time illusion
hallucination
in a mirage

mind silent
languid death
listless, slow
heavy, rotund
flat, bubonic
unreal

no bubbles for me
no sunshine-only
shrinking within
growing smaller
in a miniature
world

staring into
nothingness
motionless
listening to
swishing air-
conditioning

keeping the
nothingness
cool...
9. Exploration of Consciousness

I’m exploring the scope of
Consciousness, it has no
limitations but those imposed
by your perception and understanding

Consciousness creates everything,
unlimited to infinity, conscious activity
is joyful, playful, alive; Consciousness
predates the Universe...

All manifestations, physical forms, templates
for earth & its creatures were real before
physical appearance, their mental patterns
originated from Consciousness
flowed into patterns – earth and all species
existed complete in a cosmic painting
which came alive instantaneously,
like a dream

Consciousness is a
repository of mental images
which became physical manifestation;
life exists within Consciousness
for all eternity – atoms and molecules
always possessed Consciousness

Infinite versions of the
physical world exist simultaneously,
each version convinced
of its own physical nature;
communication networks
connect our earth with
all these probabilities...


Margaret Alice
Lament On Impediment

Made a mess of my production sheet, administrators might think I am trying to be mischievous, actually I’m plain stupid, looking at a list my brain starts to decay and I go cross-eyed, I try to visualize the delight of everyone should I make a success of this little thing

But it doesn’t help at all, I can’t see myself receiving a harp and white robe as celestial accolades in heaven for good administration on earth, when Elizabeth told Mr Darcy they were both not willing to say anything unless they knew it would be remarkable, she was speaking for me too

Unwilling to expend the uncontrollable flame in my mind on jobs that have no other meaning than a game of Monopoly, whenever confronted with lists of numbers in statistics to determine averages, my head fills up with lead and I start to sweat, reading self-help books to overcome my impediment hasn’t helped yet...

Margaret Alice
Lamentation

my turbulent existence
doomed to eternal inability
to progress intellectually

my eyes cannot see perfection
my soul is perturbed

my spirit a lurking pest destroying
my attempts to be a dedicated bureaucratic incumbent

my emotional delinquency and spiritual absence and inner turmoil

make it impossible to realize my dream of improvement

Margaret Alice
Landscape Of My Youth

I shouldn’t have returned to
the mental landscape of my
youth, the same enchantment
evoked the same fears too, the
same magic resurrected the
same threats and dangers ...

Margaret Alice
Laughed My Way Through Traffic...

As we got stuck in traffic Nici presented Achmed the terrorizing terrorist, I laughed my way through traffic moving at snails’ pace; marvelous technology that allows us to watch funny shows on cellphones while moving through traffic stuck in roadworks...

Just as I reread, laughing all the way, the funny scenes where Agnes Nitt, the big witch-to-be from Lancre, deals with Christine, the little would-be-soprano of Ankh-Morpork Opera House in Maskerade*; Christine has to sing Iodine in La Triviata; Agnes does the singing

While beautiful, but dumb Christine presents her super-thin body, crowned with her empty head, half-crazed through starvation; for the crowd’s adulation...

* Terry Pratchett “Maskerade”

Margaret Alice
Leave The State Of Nirvana

You slay me - my eyes have gone
right out of focus and my mind has
changed into a pulp of sweet, happy
jelly emitting glimmer and shine -

I cannot work like this; I feel
like a soap bubble shimmering with
rainbows - glittering everywhere; I
feel like a fairy floating about -

a sprite dancing for joy - how shall
I find power to leave this state of
nirvana and return to cold-blooded
left-brain consciousness

to do my work - to focus my mind
like a laser-beam on duties and
responsibilities - Can a fairy turn
into an ant?

That is my instruction today, and oh,
can it be done; why should the butterfly
return to the chrysalis - why, this is the
story of human life, we do it all wrong...

Margaret Alice
'Leaving Sunshine, Song Ran Away

Leaving Sunshine

Father’s code of love: Protection, leave early, drive safely; I am urged to leave before I’m ready

Sister’s anger, freedom is her metier, hates prescription, rejects concern, turns ugly;

I’m glad to go when hard words are said, voices raised in anger, eyes flashing, unable to reconcile

It is a life I cannot accept, this habitual determination to get their own way conceding nothing yet they are offended when I protest it is difficult to visit; the noise and aggression deters me -

all I want is happy conversation; mother rejecting my theories based on quantum physics,

my father glad I like the music he plays, enjoying me dancing and singing for him

I wish good fairies and guardian angels to create joy and come to care for him,

I need them there when I leave, this is MY code of love: Leaving sunshine

&amp;#8195; &amp;#8195;
The Song Ran Away

Finally, after many abortive attempts, managed to give my father goose-bumps singing his favourite songs with just the right voice, the one my singing teacher rejected, the one cultivated in church choir practice.

It was a magnificent feeling when father declared: “You gave me goose-bumps today,” he got up to leave but my mother started to play “You Were A Part Of That Summer,” a beautiful melody, with fantastic accompaniment.

Then my sister’s rendition of “Wondrous Grace Of Jesus” kept him enthralled – until he remembered the march of time, urged me to drive home before the streets become too dangerous. Sister was adamant “Stay until YOU wish to leave”, father blustered and thundered until I too had goose-bumps, of fright, a replay of my youth, they’ve not learned to respect one another’s views, or to argue calmly,

I cannot abide such aggression, and the song ran away...

Margaret Alice
Legends: Approach Stars By Means Of Ancient Legends

Since time immemorial, stories have been reflecting people’s enchantment with the world, their desire to discover its secrets; everything holds a mystery; rustling trees, streams, the roar of beasts.

The heavens are intriguing: The fiery sun, the moon so pale, faraway stars; all representing supernatural beings ruling the heights immense; the sun’s warm rays sowing the seeds of life, the cunning moon at night.

People make up stories about night and day alternating, changes in the phases of the moon, discovering how to measure time by the movement of the heavenly bodies: Noisy and silent, terrible and lovely, savage and gentle.

Hoar frost turning raindrops into snow, the omnipresent wind driving clouds in the form of ships; clusters of stars in the vault of the sky, stirring the imagination, filling the skies with serpents, warriors and dragons.

Mankind yearning to ascend the spheres to unravel heaven’s mysteries – today we still approach the stars by means of ancient legends…

Quoted from “At the End of the Rainbow”, Orbis Publishing, 1984, pp.11,12.
Margaret Alice
Let’s Forget About Tomorrow ‘cause...

Tonight I danced my sorrows away, jumping to
Pampoen and high-stepping to the tune of
Kaboemmelies too – tomorrow I’ll face the
project that is casting such a dark spell making
my life into a living hell – but tonight it’s Die
Alibama and Kaapse Klopse Danse, stepping to
and fro as they do, Loslappie also, all just right
to chase worries away, let’s forget about
tomorrow ‘cause tomorrow never comes!

Pampoen = song
Kaboemmelies = song
Die Alibama = traditional Cape song
Loslappie = song
Tomorrow = song “Domani”

Margaret Alice
Libran Friend & Capricorn

My diet of Astrogenetic signs is richly augmented by my Libran friend who refuses to get tied down, an impossible charmer with a heavenly aura - charming all girls into submission

But then he’s faced with his own idiosyncrasy – he’s not sure what to do - while she is bogged down by his frustrating inconsistencies, his total lack of commitment; the way I deal with this

Is to Laugh at my Libran friend when he catches me, I break loose and run free; this way we get to play without his ever having to make a decision - Scorpio can stalk me with precision, while Virgo cries on my shoulder

And I comfort him, whereas Capricorn helps me over the boulders...

Margaret Alice
Life Becomes An Experience Of Wild Delight

I’m convinced that the karma I have to carry, laid upon me by the Western heritage while being born in Africa, where maize is the staple and I’m allergic up to suffocating; is the result of negative levels of consciousness inherited from many previous lifetimes living in abject misery – now is my chance to raise the vibrations – this crocodile-mind driving me to seek knowledge and information at the speed of a Grand Prix, might help to raise my state of consciousness

From its normal level of three, where life seems meaningless, through level four where life seems futile at times, to level five with its bubbly feeling of happiness; and level six – the magical state where life becomes an experience of wild delight - I have to acquiesce to the Nile-Crocodile and its anti-social demands; when Alice wants to go out and socialize; when Cinderella dreams of beautiful gowns, pumpkin coaches and footmen; the Nile-Crocodile simply says no; when the little Alien comes down

From the rafters and demands to have some fun - the Nile-Crocodile threatens to eat him; the crocodile mind insists upon seeing the physical world as a wooden illusion of Maya; saying that masked people playing charades are wearying beyond expression; that a good book is the only thing between the crocodile mind and reptilian suicide...

Margaret Alice
Life is gorgeous when making up reasons to be happy, visions, fantasies; NOT finding things, when hunting for reasons to be happy everything seems boring

But when I dream, create a new world I feel happy in the act of CREATION a ready-made world always seems stale, while escapism, creating a new universe, is a joy in itself

Life is awful when my imagination is switched off, I LOVE everything that turns it on - now you know why I love you so – because you trigger my imagination and let me dream

Now I know why dreams, the way we recreate life, is the source of our happiness, why I love riddles and mysteries – because having to make up new answers

On a daily basis, is the best fun there is, singing my dreams to the rhythm and music of words is so wonderful my heart inflates with the joy of it...

Margaret Alice
Life Seems Devoid Of Heroic Meaning 5.2.2008

Playing meaningless games to earn the
wherewithal to take care of earthly
obligations, compile registers of
meaningless papers containing useless
information for anonymous officials,
seems more trite

Than anything I can think of in life;
now we have dismantled the last vestiges
of a crime-fighting society by disbanding
the Scorpions as they constitute a danger
to the higher echelons of our
political leaders

Who grew up with the need for one principle
only: To become their own oppressors and
chase foreign powers away so they can enrich
themselves, using the human resources of
Africa as their footstool while the masses
are happy

Knowing they are sacrificed for their own
people – no Colonial Power can bring aid and
education unasked-for and require obedience to
foreign ideals like human rights; or teach
Christian virtues like justice and forgive-
ness of sins

Life seems devoid of heroic meaning - the only
goal is to live and die like a procreating animal
without regard for abstract principles
and obligations incurred by privileges...

Margaret Alice
Life Sweeter Than Before

My ability to dream has been destroyed, temporarily, my head is swollen, my ears and eyes hurt and my mind filled with thorns, the food we consumed is killing me, I’m translating the words on the page that I see, but it seems time is at a standstill - nothing happening on the screen

I know sea-food restaurants can kill - it was a thrill to take my kid there, now I’m still paying the price in pain and loss of life; the allergy removing me three thousand leagues from reality, my eyes are slits only; I cannot escape into my mind and my thoughts as I usually do; that citadel has been destroyed by chemical Allergens – but I do not despair, this phase always passes and afterwards life will be sweeter than before...

Margaret Alice
'Lift-Off (Rev.)  04/12/09

My day was
ejewels shimmering in
brilliant sunshine

tonight
I look for
blue

for pictures in
translucent blue, sunsets with
golden flecks, green
gives me the creeps

Purple sunsets, blue with
golden specs, I’m desperate for translucence,
the freedom of sky, the setting of sun

As I turn pages in a magazine
my mind goes no, not this, I
need translucent blue

I need to lift off
from planet
earth...

Margaret Alice
Elizabeth Klarer’s theories are delightful in their other-worldly explanation of the nature of the universe - whether it’s true or not it’s food for thought:

Elizabeth Klarer says the ALL is surrounded by a Halo – light is the Key to the Universe - oxygen contains light micro-atoms and the release of this light is the source of all life

Elizabeth Klarer says mind, spirit, soul and thought consist of the light wavelength in different speeds while sound and colour consist of speeding micro-atoms creating heat when speed is arrested

Elizabeth Klarer says light is defined as intelligent energy thought into existence with its own substance - thoughts create patterns of light - there is a secret formula for the Light Harmonic

The Key to Life and the Universe lies in the Harmonic Interaction of LIGHT!

Margaret Alice
Sitting here, staring with unseeing eyes,  
still caught up in my book, now forced to  
be of good cheer while the vibrations in  
my mind has been stopped, experiment-  
ting by visiting a new restaurant, prices  
low; the owner a Terry Pratchett fan

Now the headache caused by the lovely taste  
of his chicken mayonnaise, shot myself in the  
feet, even lost the desire to read, I hate it when  
my mind goes walkabout, leaving me here,  
all alone, only my body in the chair,  
my spirit gone

I’m not as strong as I try to be, reading every  
day we need to be a light unto ourselves,  
it only works in a state of health...

Margaret Alice
Like A Cyclotron

The trick to happiness is to find something that makes us feel good. I think of beauty and security, of great deeds in history, of all that is pure and good and worthy - yet nothing strikes the note of joy.

I have to gather my floating thoughts into a very tight bunch, force them to focus on one thing only - until they remain focused and do not scatter and run away - I need to overcome a lack of strong direction.

Like a cyclotron I increase the speed of every atomic thought inside my head, forcing all into an explosion; hoping mutual annihilation will set me free from the influence of negativity - if positive ions will remain...

Margaret Alice
'Like A Fiend 25/11/09

I am looking for the self-confidence and trust lost when I stopped dreaming. Eyes confined to sensory reality, I cannot breathe, there is no space for me, nauseous with fear I am sitting here.

The image of this world will suffocate me, I decide to evacuate my body, I cannot stay here, head contracting in pain, I shall serve as required, but my visions will make my arms strong, protect my thoughts.

Provide the oxygen, be the sweet nectar that fills my heart with joy I need to smile, without a happy idea time imprisons me in an empty, dark place, once the vision is in place, I shall work like a fiend!

Margaret Alice
'Like A Flower 10/10/09

Stared at beautiful orchids this morning
my heart opening up like a flower, fear
and stress fell away, my silence at home
is appreciated, life is still safe, withdrawal
is me-time, mother is fine, I shall concen-
trate until I conquer my document, face
into my problems like a true soldier

My little problems supply me with a cross
so that my loved ones are safe, I prefer
being an outcast to popularity, it is a great
learning experience, I find joy and beauty
where others find none, tonight I shall
meditate on lists and Dutch legal terms
until the fear and depression subside

Margaret Alice
Vacuum is filled
with elementary
particles popping
in-and-out
of existence

Energy is cosmological
constant preventing
contraction countering
gravity’s attraction, thus
we have acceleration

Space is expanding
mysteriously, the
missing mass for
critical density
is held as energy

Lineweaver wove the
strands of this mystery
tale created by astronomy
into an account
of the age

Of the universe:
13.4 billion years
give or take a
few billion more –
weaving, weaving,

Weaving all the theories,
observations and dreams
of the Key Project Team
into a fantasy for the
21st century

The Big Bang occurred 13.4
million years ago, though
Wendy Freedman and Jeremy Mould
insisted it be 14 billion years ago

But Lineweaver decided to weave his tale conservatively...


Margaret Alice
Lips Swelling In Love

Saturday 27 September 2008

Such wonderful sunshine, gilding trees, illuminating ridges, driving through a shimmering golden syrup space, one of the most beautiful places I have ever been, I imagine the day was made for me

Remembering the love you promised me, aware of your thoughts and goodwill all around me, my mind anchored in your truth, lips swelling in love, body preparing to accommodate your affection penetrating

Feelings perpetuated by the caresses of sparkling sun, your words reverberating within, repeated, magnified, echoed by the sunshine in golden droplets of pure love – I love you...

Your lips kissing my soul, clenching in expectation of your possession, I’m blushing in anticipation of your presence, unseeing eyes focused upon your voice, non-listening ears straining to catch your thoughts

Antennae searching for your broadcasts, setting my receivers to your frequencies, lifting off onto the plane where your soul is evolving, shuddering within your reach, burning to receive the gift you have to give

Moving to the vibration of your vocal chords, molded and formed by your deft movements - your tongue possessing my mouth - dissolving into your being - glistening in submission unresisting, spinning within

The wave of your desire, clothing myself with the strength of your acceptance, sensitive soul and fragile spirit are completed and healed by the infusion of your dominance; as you grow harder, I grow softer

As you become denser, I open up; as you grow stiff, I am melting, as you go up, the flights starts; I prepare
to welcome you, opening heart and soul to receive your essence, enriching it before returning to you...

As you praise me, the glory I feel becomes your accolade, as your love covers my heart with beautiful self-esteem, my radiance covers you with glory and the new life I feel becomes your victory

Every time you bathe yourself in the light of my love, you become stronger, my fiery resistance, testing your intellect and intent, is purifying, infusing you with more endurance, testing your courage

Making you into a mighty warrior, my soul is your citadel, the spices you bring become burning incense in my soul, filling my spirit with sacred, silent delight...

Margaret Alice
Listen To The Ocean  01.08.2009

...............Nina and Frederick

Living my life to the accompaniment of
a song in my heart, I mostly remember
the refrain, hubby and the kids live in
perpetual discontent as I keep singing
the refrain playing in my head

Looking up lyrics on the Internet to learn
the words, maybe then I will be allowed
to sing my songs at home, my favourite
is ‘Listen to the Ocean’ by Nina and
Frederick

Turning like a broken gramophone in my
head, over and over, enchanting rhythm,
words divine, melody sublime: ‘Listen to
the ocean, echoes of a million seashells,
forever it's in motion

Moving to a rhythmic and unwritten
music that's played eternally…’

******************************************************************************

LISTEN TO THE OCEAN
Nina & Frederick – 1960
(Nina Möller / Frederick Von Pallandt)

There's a world of sun and sand, full of
sky and far from land, where evening
breezes caress the shore like a gentle
comforting hand

Fragrant blossoms, honey bees, careless
laughter upon the breeze and lovers
fading to pools of deep purple
shadows among the trees

Listen to the ocean, echoes of a million
seashells, forever it's in motion, moving
to a rhythmic and unwritten music
that's played eternally

29 July 2009

Margaret Alice
We live our lives in our heads
I’m always living within
the limits of the latest
decisions and conclusions
about the meaning of life
made by the little alien
that lives in my head
and steers my life -
If that little pest decides
that life is all about love
and looks lovingly out of my eyes
all is fine – when he makes up a story
it is all fun and games –
but when that little alien
refuses to throw
the emotional switches
from despondent to hopeful
from sad to happy
I’m stuck on the emotional floor
where the alien has parked my mind
I wish I could find
a way to gain control
of my own mind!

I think that little alien
is a remnant of a 5-year-old me
charging about through the world
with a boredom threshold
that would drive most people mad
and the only way I can get on
with typing a list of nothingness
is bribing the alien with chocolates
now my ration for today
is finished – the fight between
the little alien and some
crocodilian consciousness
that lives somewhere else in my mind
is starting again, and I wish
oh how I wish I could apply
for a new mind somewhere!

Margaret Alice
Is there a way
to deal with this better,
or is it a case of getting over
and done with it to get
to life after death – or plain
death, if you prefer –
as soon as possible with
as little hullabaloo as possible.

Shouldn’t I try life-threatening
sports like parachuting or bungee
jumping to hasten the end
given that this interlude of
earthly life is rather a waste –
or what do you suggest?
Salmonella?

23 June 2009

Margaret Alice
Typing a translation while Nici is giving me a manicure, applying black polish to my nails, laughing as she spills on my fingers, it looks like I fell into an ink-pot, I give up one-hand typing to admire my beautiful nails – this is why I had kids, to keep me company

At home Nici covered the white-board in red writing, it looks like a scene of murder; the mess of CD’s and DVD’s creates a feeling of total madness; when she and Tiaan play games it sounds like insistent machine-gun fire; I can’t stay in my own study

I can barely live in my own house with the TV full volume competing with Nici’s radio; Tiaan’s cell-phone bleeping, blood squirting from little men in TV-games and cars racing down scary streets underneath fairytale skies; the weirdo’s who create the graphics must be

Nuts to create such beautiful scenery for games scintillating in red violence; I am living a violent life just at present; where did my little kids go? Où sont les neiges d’antan?

Margaret Alice
Living Animation Movies

Oh, joyous delight, we have a Relocation Committee and a Disposal Committee to expedite the move to Kingsley, we have been issued with long, thin bags to dispose of all unnecessary papers, we have been instructed to start packing, guess who hasn’t started yet – your local crocodile who doesn’t like to be sent from swamp to swamp, she likes the slackening of pace, of course, but packing is against her principles, crocodiles travel light, taking the scales on their bodies only, and looks like the officials are basing their ideas on Toy Story where they had a Moving Committee also, to think we are living animation movies here at work!

Margaret Alice
Living Hell & Untapped Abilities

Thank you Colin Wilson for taking the time to explain the why, what and wherefore of the depression and pessimism of a Sartre and Dylan Thomas – I’m sure it helps in some way to know why they felt so horrible and wrote such disgusting stuff

But hell, why did they have to contribute to the fount of unhappiness in my life? Why did the idiots in charge feel it incumbent upon them to teach second-year varsity students all about the depression of the so-called greats, thus augmenting all pre-existing despair

Frankly, my dear, I don’t give a damn why Sartre felt caught in his left-hemisphere brain, the fact that he was and that Monsieur Jaques in second-year French felt compelled to acquaint his students with Sartre’s pain was the bane of my life – increased by the determination of the Philosophy department to teach us art theory - using Sartre as an example – I experienced sinking in the dustbin and laying face down in the mud with all his characters – my habit of Shamanistic reading that took me high when we did Sir Gawain and the Green Knight and Althochdeutsch

Changed my life into living hell while we studied Sartre and Thomas Mann; our lecturer used to escape from Existentialism by reading ladies’ magazine stories before falling asleep at night – while I had lost the ability to be amused by such trivialities and could not escape at the time –

Though today that problem has been rectified: I read children’s stories and Terry Pratchett; all accounts of non-physical consciousness and life after death - though running the risk of worsening my left-brain inadequacies; my best attempts at being less emotional simply left me with

A compelling allergy - the most convincing argument for continuing my studies into the super-conscious and its powers to transcend the limits of our reality – though you
are stumbling your way to the same insights, you cause me way too much pain by digging up the sadness of my past...

Untapped Abilities Of The Right Hemisphere

It became difficult to read Beyond the Occult because Colin Wilson refers to the development of the Western pendulum-mind swinging between boredom and pain – and I don’t want to return to it again: That was my experience of life when I was small, and all through the years

At school and varsity and the dreariness of a negative existence poisoned my mind and my soul until I was a mental case; Colin refers to Schopenhauer’s ideas, life is totally pointless - a vale of tears - what a painful memory that is; my life in deep, dark depression; believing

Love to be a trap in which I would never be caught, I promised myself; the pendulum-swing between desire and disillusion seemed too primitive for me with my wish to escape the rotten life into which I was cast without my own choice - I only started to live when I put my trust in ‘joie de vivre’

And the belief that man was free to choose in which kind of world he wanted to live; after discovering material on psychic powers and the untapped abilities of the brain’s right hemisphere... Though my brain is corrupt and I cannot transcend the limitations of the sensory left-hemisphere;

I read and believe everything on mystics and the existence of a consciously loving energy creating all-that-is; I believe all men have high ideals; even when their deeds are bad – only highlighting the effect of mean theories on the human psyche – and as long as I focus on their good qualities

It is the only aspect they ever show me – so I have chosen to live in a wonderful world; Schopenhauer
and his pessimism is a bygone stage and age that
I will never return to again – even T.S. Eliot and
his sad, cynical take on love will never see me
again – I believe in goodness and beauty

Now that is all I see!

Margaret Alice
'Living In The Highest Mythological Gear

I love striking, irresistible titles, or faced with unique comments, I wish to find out how the speaker’s poems are phrased.

Riddles send me soaring when I misinterpret in a positive way; a glorious experience; and into deep despair when read too subjectively.

I love a poetic song reflecting feelings in a minor key while creating a bittersweet melody in a shimmering haze of impressionism.

Also I adore romantic science fiction stories or poems elevating everyday events into the sublime realms of mythological lore.

Wishing you a great poetic life, living in the highest mythological gear and legendary acceleration!

Margaret Alice
Local Volcano 01.09.2009

My nerves, my poor nerves,
I must ask my employer to excuse me duty
because of them – wherever I went today,
Unheil happened, first hubby didn’t pay off
our credit card, I used an invalid one, ID
confiscated, my sandal broke

Hellish temperature of 29 degrees C, air-con
set to HOT in the open-plan office, Jane et al
suffocating while I pour water over my hair, the
perfect scenario, I ascended the pole to talk to
Hermien and proved it works for a movie scene
but no Broccoli with a James Bond movie deal

My boring complainant document is singing a
plaintive lament on the terrible evil of Trade and
Industry practices, Momo lost her friends, she
is lost and alone just like me, the beautiful rose
melodies she heard in unfolding time locked in
her heart, I waste my wonderful life moments

Reading nonsensical words, hiding my fantasies;
tonight I shall prepare floating devices to keep
me high above reality when I come back to work
in our local Kingsley Centre volcano...

Margaret Alice
Logic – Charles Fort

Prophet of the Unexplained

Charles Fort asked:
What is a straight line? –
the shortest distance between two points
- and what is that? –
a straight line, of course

Charles Fort magnanimously concluded
the definition of a straight line
as a straight line
could never be
improved upon.

Darwinism

Charles Fort said the fittest -
not the strongest of the cleverest –
survive – everywhere
stupidity and weakness thrive

If fitness is determined by the fact
of the survival of the thing
then fitness equals survival –
and Darwinism becomes the
survival of survivors!

From Euclid to Newton

Charles Fort asked: How do geologists
determine the age of rocks? –
by the fossils contained therein
and those of fossils?
by the age of the rocks
the fossils are found in

Charles Fort wisely concluded that
having started with
the logic of Euclid
he went on to the wisdom of Newton!

Margaret Alice
Long-Winded Relationship Maths

Love is as abundant as sand on the sea-shore, but very difficult to apply in real life; making love relationships work is as difficult as the most intricate maths, requiring wisdom, patience, understanding and so many unknown factors in the equation.

It is a miracle if a relationship works for a while; look around, you’ll see and feel love everywhere; but love equations are mostly indicated by wrong formulas and bad answers – become a pioneer and work on new formulas by studying long-winded relationship maths.

Sometimes syrupy sweetness, sticky like molasses, is part of the equations which keep some relationship events turning successfully on their hinges; add anything as dictated by circumstances, even acidic sour worms and spicy curry or mussels served with Burning Tobasco sauce, just keep your finger out of your eye if you are like me and taste with a finger in advance; then I wiped my eye with a Tobasco finger; the burning was incredible; yet a burning heart is far, far worse; maybe it’s best to round off every love equation with a chocolate Sundae...

Margaret Alice
Looking For Mandingo

Looking for Mandingo, language of Liberia and Mali, found alliterative languages Maninka and Mandinka, saying aloud, hearing a melody

Mandingo, Maninka and Mandinka offered in the UK and America, required in South Africa, but no Mandingo offered anywhere on our continent

Let down my client, already called upon Professor Samassékou who speaks Mandingo beautifully, no reply to my email query, even Embassies completely quiet

So I sing by myself Mandingo, Maninka, Mandinka to the tune of the Russian Kalinka; rolling the tongue-twisters Acholi, Somali, Swahili, Twi over my tongue...

Margaret Alice
Looks At Me With Eyes That Adore

Studying a self-help guru tonight:
“Serve in a loving way, you are
here to love and be loved...”,
gritting my teeth, relinquish

My right to complain about the
nerve-wrecking squeals produced
by my teenage son trying to force
his vocal chords into adolescence

Then he looks at me with eyes
that adore – Night Mom - gives me
a good-night kiss; continuing his life
on a cell-phone in a chat-room

Listening to terrible songs clearly
composed by harassed souls
suffering unholy horrors in
the depths of hell...

Margaret Alice
Love And Be Loved

The Princess was given a gift; she would love and be loved her whole life long, when the evil fairy came with her curse to the christening, saying the Princess would be turned out of her kingdom; she could not take away the gift of love

Though the curse was fulfilled, the Princess lost her kingdom, love went with her in the form of a Prince turned into a Hedgehog who loved the Princess more than life; the Princess grew to love the Hedgehog also and her kiss revealed

Her love to him, turned him back into a Prince; all the evil fairy had done was to make sure that the Princess had an adventurous life, married her true love who had laid down his life to save hers when he became a Hedgehog to serve...

E Nesbit - The Princess and the Hedgehog - Abelard-Schumann 1974

Margaret Alice
Love At A Distance, Chaste And Pure

Listened to the song “To Dream The Impossible Dream” - for the first time registering the words, to love at a distance, chaste and pure; I love truth, wisdom and integrity, beauty, honour and loyalty, searching for these beloved values in something to love at a distance - psychologists say love for others is based on love for self

I’m not impressed with my moral prowess, can’t love myself so much; people preaching principles are cold, overbearing, scary and judgmental, love for morality excludes love for humanity it seems - pondering the problem – who or what to love at a distance, chaste and pure; who personifies these values, to be loved at a distance, reaching for the

Unreachable star?

Margaret Alice
Here’s my theory: Looking at love and happiness, at success and progress, chalking up examples of prosperity and mental stability

While according everyone else the freedom to choose for themselves to creatively experience all possibilities, even those

We dislike ourselves; knowing there is only a choice between likes and dislikes; honouring what we dislike as worthy of existence -

Freedom will grow and love will be set free of the bonds that are constricting it now - love and freedom are presently seen as

Mutually exclusive, yet without freedom all love dies in the end; love can only exist - in a free universe!

Margaret Alice
Love Entanglement, Pair Of Photons

A love entanglement -
a transfer instantaneous
of love photons
at subatomic level

Changing the state
of one photon, changes
the other one in the
equation - immediately

You and I, a love
entanglement of stupendous
magnitude; you and I
a pair of photons

Changing states -
changing you changes me,
don’t you see – we
were meant to be...

Margaret Alice
Without love, affection and sensitivity, we feel miserable and empty - But giving love without expectations, respecting viewpoints without superior self-righteousness, make us feel blissful

When I choose my own attitude in reaction to attempts to pull my strings, I am free; when I’m in charge of my reactions, untouchable by offensive behavior, I am free to love everyone

And let them love me without fearing rejection and conflict, knowing I am free to leave if need be, without regret or blame - Freedom is the one thing that nobody can take from me

I am not free yet, but I understand the concept - and practice makes perfect...

Margaret Alice
Love Irreverent (Rev.)

I love the irreverent character created, an attorney-author – a clever young girl, the author’s voice expressing criticism of foolish youngsters, of society’s foibles; uses client’s experience to devise life strategies to meet challenges, advises on what men want in women’s conversation – just add stars from the author’s eyes his fascination with My Fair Lady you have a winning combination

Marvellous comments on bad music, melodrama, his philosophy to explain the public deserves entertainment it gets; fascinating, based on observation every society deserves their political leaders; what seems light entertainment is a marvellously dense philosophy presented in archaic Afrikaans, I smile at every quaint expression – a book I have treasured since youth...

Margaret Alice
Love Stories 1& 2

1.

I love stories to the point of wild delight, reading meanings into tales that authors may not have intended

Read The Nightingale and cried as mechanical birdsong replaced her in the palace, leading to the real one being banned

Read the Happy Prince by Oscar Wilde and nearly died, the way the statue sacrificed his gold and jewel eyes to help the poor

Until he was removed from his place of honour for his ugliness, that was thanks indeed, could never read it again, though I tried

It made me think of my father helping everybody in a plight, but who was rejected for his shabbiness

While the tale of a kindly servant girl dunked in magic stuff, then reappearing with a bright star on her forehead

Still enchants my mind and forever shall ...

2.

Sometimes a poet appears who creates delightful fantasies of
love as an eternal joy,
elevating all of life

To a higher dimension, I hang on
the lips of positive spiritualists
whose words of ethereal love
elevates my mood so much

I can do my job with a song
and love my fellow human
beings - though at a
distance to allow

For lack of wisdom - while
leaving space for our
good intentions...

Margaret Alice
Love The Life & Loss Of Mind

Love the Life that I Hate to Live

Did the Supernatural Civil Service direct the Diplomatic Contact Department to present evidence of the occult so absurd and ambiguous that no-one can believe in the paranormal?

Communication with another dimension should not be a substitute for living in our own world – the fact of life after death does not supply a reason why we are here on earth

Each of us must design our own reason each of us is living our reply in the artwork that is our life: I am still creating my own theory, following my very own star, implementing the best of everything

I love the life that I hate to live, the eternal search and rebellion, each step along the way – each dream and vision beckoning me to go further, enjoying life as a gift

The most unfathomable mystery filled with fluctuating feelings and emotions so delicious – it makes me delirious

Loss Of Mind

The loss of mind and sweet ability to visualize is serious loss indeed; to lose the only thing that stands between the emptiness and me, the
land of dreams inside my head,
cannot be endured too long;
such hopelessness is not for
me; I believe in happiness and
joie de vivre; to be thrown into
the black abyss of nothingness
without a spark in heart and mind;
where listlessness holds sway
I flounder in a sea of tears in
sadness grey, knowing what it
means – cast away on islands

of despair; deeply sunk into
dejection; it isn’t fair,
religion shouldn’t ever dare
to justify such sorrow suffered –
it destroys the sweet perfection
of a life that could have been
so meaningful, but now is cursed
by the blight of sad, unending night...

Margaret Alice
Love Whispering All Around

Three cups of tea to start the day,
three cups to help me find my way,
three cups to give me energy - to
switch the gears in my heart, from
chaos and confusion to peace of mind

Knowing life is meaningless per se,
but can be made significant and
beautiful by meeting the needs of
another: Tiaan needs a new space
case, the old one is broken

By buying something coveted by my
little one, this meaningless moment
will be filled with sun, my thoughts
will become positive, my capacity to
love will make me strong

Add a daydream or two, a soft melody,
a happy tune, and colour will seep into
all the space where low spirits and lack
of grace kept me fettered to a cage of
boring discomfort and pointless

Consciousness, remaining unaware of
the love whispering all around me: What
a wonderful place this life is!

Margaret Alice
‘Strength enough to build a home,
Time enough to hold a child, Love
enough to break a heart,’

Tiffany kissed wintersmith on his
ice-blue lips, drew down the sun;
summer had come, winter was gone

She’d cry for wintersmith who desired
above all to be human, making her roses
and icebergs, frost and snowflakes;

I cried with her tonight in bed
I shall rework the story in my
head, creating a containing universe

Where simple love is quite enough to
realize all romance, where “Tiffany’s”
proliferate in love with wintersmiths

where Opera Ghosts find their
true loves, where Alfredo lives
in bliss with Violetta,

where Othello, Moor from Venice
Loves his faithful Desdemona
without jealousy,

a universe where love is wise and kind,
as it should have been on earth; maybe
once was and might be again...

Terry Pratchett “Wintersmith” Corgi books, 2007
Quote from p. 382

A Nest At My Desk 3.

My computer is becoming user-friendly now,
added my glass earrings to look like dewdrops, took my necklace apart, affixed the miniature roses and flowers in pink, they add to my happiness and comfort most magnificently

Cancer my Astrogenetic sign, I would have been better off in school years if I knew that creating a safe little nest at my desk would have taken the feelings of estrangement & isolation away, I’ve learnt to travel with teddies and photographs in my bag in addition to several books to read, now I can even fall asleep in a strange hotel – if the teddies are ranged around me, that is, with peanuts and chocolates to see me through the night, got to create a home from home in order to survive

My work station in Kinsley Centre resembles an exotic corner in an Oriental bazaar; the little wooden dolls smiling at me all the time....

My Despair Is Growing 2.

As the Wintersmith changes himself into a human being, but the author insists it is not possible for an elemental to master being human and think the right thoughts, my despair is growing

As Tifanny flees from the danger of eternal winter while feeling sorry for him, I’m fleeing negative thoughts, we have good intentions, but no wisdom, attempts to provide in each other’s needs

Are doomed from the beginning, the kids want to do their own projects, hubby insists
on butting in, dissatisfied with their results,
I cannot offer support while caught in the
gales and avalanches of the lovable

But dangerous, Wintersmith, attempts at
escaping by reading Rumer Godden and
The Inflatable Shop have not helped at all,
suddenly finished my documents, existential
angst is catching up with me...

Lonely In The Extreme 1.

Your face closed up last night,
your eyes turned inwards, I had
fled into my book, your eyes were
empty when you came to bed, this
morning you made a wry comment

‘The kitchen looks terrible’, I apologised,
at work the music in my earphones remained
outside my head, the leaden heaviness within
does not allow rhythm and sunshine in, we are
going to discuss dictionaries at ten, I can’t think
of a more boring subject

Your cold eyes still casting their withering light
in my mind, I’m looking for an escape, read “The
Inflatable Shop” while eating my ice cream, the
words failed to penetrate my ice-cold mind, without
the sun shining in my head, this day is cold and dark,
lonely in the extreme...

Margaret Alice
Love, Innocence, Beauty And Life 4.29.2008

Richard Wurmbrand wrote – “After years of brain-washing in atheist prisons where phrases ‘There is no God’, ‘God is Dead’ were broadcast repetitively, I came up with a fantasy that saved me from losing my faith and kept me strong:

The story of God is so beautiful that even if it did not exist, I would have invented it myself, were it proven that men had dreamt up the idea of an Almighty God, I would have left reality to live in my dream, without needing any proof of its being true.”

This anecdote from Wurmbrand’s life has inspired me with courage also to cling to my dreams, trusting that hope will be enough, that no proof will ever be required to love innocence, beauty and life...

Based on Richard Wurmbrand's Writings

Margaret Alice
Love, Wisdom And Integrity

In his treatise ‘Why I am not a Christian’ Bertrand Russel showed Christians in Western countries do not practice what they preach; but religious persecution in Romania revealed the true Christian beliefs of real saints, where suffering led to religious ecstasy - it cannot work in the same way for us, living in a free society

Wurmbrand’s example teaches that what we believe will come true; belief in good intentions and integrity, a benevolent universe and man’s capacity for rational self-interest will create a society with noble people of high principles like him; by studying positive examples we can emulate goodness - by focusing on negativity

We can create a malevolent universe, the power is ours – we have been taught that outside forces are in control, yet history shows that individual choices determined what happened; I love the example set by Wurmbrand, his life forms a beautiful contrast with the misguided attempts of a Hitler and Stalin to remake the world, they had

Good intentions, but lacked love, wisdom and integrity...

Richard Wurmbrand “In God’s Underground” edited by Charles Foley, Garden City Press,1968

Margaret Alice
Love’s Beautiful & Love Untainted & Love Unassuming
Mck & Love A Scorpion & Needs

Love’s Beautiful

I was scared of love -
love was a slap in the face
when I did something wrong
and it got to mom
love is a chase and breaking
my favourite stuff

When parents gave love
they spiced it with hate
when friends gave love
they set conditions and rules
when you love me
is it duty-free -
what is the dividends?

You reminded me how
I completely withdrew
from all forms of life
and lived in a book
so much so that closing the book
stopped me breathing and being
only words on paper
words in a song, music playing
was existence for me...

Feed me love
to fill my cup
with loving feelings
that I can carry with me
wherever I go -

I didn't trust mom
when I was small
and since then
I didn't trust men
I discovered
my father’s love
but recently
he is violent but true
never lies to you

Are you a dream -
whatever the reality
love's a beautiful
phenomenon...

Love Still Untainted

Listening to Mozart’s Piano Concerto*
on the radio – violins are the light
of stars flickering, shimmering, the
piano says of the birth of a beautiful
love in the heart of a man; maimed in
its manifestation by callous hands,
its beauty never reaching the heart
of the beloved one. That love is still
untainted and as sweet as this lovely
composition: will the love of my father
for my mother endure until its revelation
in the life hereinafter –
enduring unto eternity...?

*Concerto No.21 in C

Love Unassuming For M.C.K.

And then you came
and spoke about consideration
and I thought: Where's warm love?
and spoke about alienation
and I thought: Where's the passion?
and focused on doing the right thing
and consistency and loyalty and quiet love
and I thought: What is that thing
called love that is so unassuming?
I thought love was all-consuming...
and that after the fire had burnt out
nothing would remain

but your love kept on burning
with a pure and beautiful flame
and awakened such sweet love in me
filled me with such a feeling of security
that left my blighted youth behind
so that today I find
I love you even more than before

Love a Scorpion & Needs Of Another

To Love A Scorpion

I used to cry
when you stung me
with your honesty
and angry attacks

I thought if you
loved me, you would
not be angry with me
for being fearful and scared

Then I read
people show their love
differently, there are
codes of love – when we

understand the character
of a loved one, we’ll be
able to discern the love
clothed in idiosyncrasy

When I saw your
Astrogenetic sign:
Scorpio – with the sting
in the tail; it is your
nature to be brutally honest, to judge mercilessly, a light went on for me: a Scorpion’s love does entail merciless attack, not for lack of love; but because of it - without love, you destroy completely with love, you are authoritative Difficult as it may be I love my Scorpion together we soar you’re an eagle – when you’re glad Together we crawl in the dust – when you’re sad together we burn up in the heat of your anger but like the phoenix we rise again – reborn after your emotional storm: Now I know your code of love and why you attack, I can deal with it in a new way – and my Astrogenetic sign gives me permission to cry enough to wash all the pain away! Make Way For The Needs Of Another Nobody said relationships were easy - we are both in love with love, though you cannot cope with the quick ebb and
flow of my emotions – your feelings change slowly while mine are in flux – I keep my pose when dealing with you; not wishing to rock the boat – sometimes regretting that I can’t be me – but then, I have poetry to write it all down, deal with the sting of jealousy, manipulation and arrogance – and woe is me when I point out these traits – so let’s keep the peace; I’m proud of the way you pursue these demons of yours - fighting relentlessly; weighing pros and cons we can make things work; please do not be so unforgiving; let’s make room for the failings of others, let’s visit the Queen of Hearts and my sister the Duchess someday; let’s start with a clean slate and make way for the needs of another...

Margaret Alice
Alcohol may help the brain-injured recover, reducing adrenalin reaching the cortex, lessening inflammation

Thus I with an adrenaline surplus should drink to calm my nerves, need only remember to stop before the situation grows worse

A man who drank brake-fluid had his life saved by drinking copious amounts of whiskey preventing his kidneys from processing the life-threatening fluid

My system might be prevented from reacting to the allergy in a similar way, what a lovely, fool-proof excuse to partake in Bacchanalian feasts!

Margaret Alice
Lovely Goodwill Morning

A lovely goodwill morning, people united by a common bond of positive relations, cheerful dispositions created by the beauty of Africa’s landscapes, officials with bright smiles meeting in work stations, regarding slides, making small talk, supporting each other, the boss called, still ill in bed

Hanlie acting today, she will be strict, her smile warm, June frowning concentration, Hermien cool efficiency, Ina twittering and fluttering about, seeking meaning for living in a cage, caring for underdogs and injured hearts of all kinds; Alet supporting dreams, Dea being ethereal in soft green gauze

Dr Sukumane talking with sunshine in her voice, Mr Mohapi scanning the horizon, Ntsoaki nursing a new hairstyle, Romeo still looking happy confusion...

Margaret Alice
Lovely Way To Present Cosmology

I’ve got a new favourite author
George Gamow – I read his book
Mr Tompkins in Wonderland
six years ago now I’m buying one
to read again, told in verse and in song
how the cosmos began with a mighty big bang
and inflating forever - or not - maybe one day
it will shrink and wither away - maybe
it never began and just was
always there...
Now I shall sing all the songs
of The Cosmic Opera and enjoy
the debate of 1946 amongst cosmologists
and astrophysicists on the origin of
all existence – and fly together
with Mr Tompkins into an electron
shrunk into the smallest particle -
what a lovely way to present
cosmology to me!

Margaret Alice
Machu Picchu In Peru

Kate Turkington, once a cynic and non-believer, wrote a book There’s More To Life Than Surface, her insight apparently gained when she visited Machu Picchu in Peru

I believe though all I know is surface, dreams the only things that promise more, it is good enough for me, reading about Pandora saving Hope when the evils escaped

As she opened her box, created hope deep within in my heart, against all evidence to the contrary believing in an invisible world underneath the physical one we can see

Though experience and evidence are lacking, I still guard this trust within my heart, without it life is much too ghastly to contemplate as a work of art; living my life as an unfolding book

Trying to find all things beautiful; assigning life events to fictitious characters in my head, trying alternative possibilities, choosing the most appealing as the best scenario in which to realize

The most beautiful ideals...

Margaret Alice
Madame La Guillotine’s Kiss Of Death

In happy self-righteous justification,
Margaret Alice walked three blocks
down to Kingsley Building; invoice
resubmitted has been rejected

Official-in-charge says she never received
it, we have to assume a messenger criminally
negligent to exonerate the provisioning official
of all indictment

To save guilty messenger and innocent official
from persecution; I delivered the invoice personally
meeting the official, getting her signature –
if payment remains outstanding

I’ll willingly entrust my head to Madame La
Guillotine: We KNOW the hitch can’t be the
perfect administrative system; the messenger
can’t be criminally negligent

And the official is definitely innocent; if this
venture fails I’ll have to assume I’m the
criminal deserving Madame La
Guillotine’s kiss of death!

Margaret Alice
Madeliefie’s Question: What Is This Thing Called Love

What is this thing called love - that makes you hold me when I cry, even though you might be the cause of my tears; that makes you hold me while watching TV; that makes you unwilling to let me go off by myself, that makes you angry when I get my dates crossed – then forgive me again; how is it that you still love me after all this time; and all the things I have done?

When I was young I vowed never to marry and repeat the mistakes of my elders; then I met you, so strong, angry and kind at the same time; life seemed so rich in nuance - you made me feel so secure with the innocent trust in your eyes, your refusal to tell any lies, your insistence on quality of life, your consistent deference to consideration as an unbreakable rule ...

When my family tried to fit you into their mould, living life all confused; you stood firm in your own rule-based ideals; you anchor me - wildly gyrating – to reality; allowing me to go off and play in my fantasy – always insisting I return before getting caught in the twilight of dreams, calling me back from the brink of the fairy realm where vision and dream become so intertwined I lose track of space and time

Though my soap bubble world explodes and I crash with a bump, I’m always safely received in your arms; finding I’m greatly treasured in your heart and mind...

Margaret Alice
Magic Never Runs Out

The words “Magic Flute” delighted me when
I was small, I ran about with shiny objects as
Magic Flutes, little cars as Magic Dinky Toys,
a long stick covered in foil was my Magic Wand,
I always carry a toy endowed with Magic Powers
by me, a beautiful children’s book is my talisman,
a guarantee that magic never runs out; an ethereal
fairy, an array of miniature birds, a dragonfly sitting
on my computer, create all the magic I need...

Margaret Alice
Magic Of Words 2.

Taking my attention away from unwanted things, surfing the Internet, listening to the soothing tones of rational voices; following logical reasoning explaining various recipes for joyous living, realizing the sky is blue and the autumn sun is shining beautifully, Tiaan is returning from a camp.

A million questionnaires waiting for attention means I’ve got a job until Kingdom come, bureaucratic procedures proliferating means everybody lost in the woods with me, luckily I’ve got colleagues who formulate their lives around administrative excellence, who plays Suduku for relaxation; with them in charge.

There is no reason for me to be scared of anything, the Black Hole that pulsates in the centre of the galaxy formed by my circling thoughts in the infinitude of my mind can’t swallow me, I’m reading "Wee Free Men" by Terry Pratchett, meeting up with Tiffany, her excellent understanding, independent mind the best solace I can find, she bashed a nasty creature with a saucepan, I love that image, a little girl looking like Wednesday from the Adam’s family walking about armed with a saucepan, a delicious idea, the magic of words is setting me free...

Isolation Of Cold Desolation 1.

Brought two autumn leaves to work today, chill is in the air, the ‘Oom André tree’ is already yellowing, I feel depressed beyond description, listening to Haydn through my earphones and crying for no reason, alone.
at my workstation without an uplifting vision,
I can’t make my peace with the change of
season, I hate the dying process with a
vengeance, the cold fingers enclosing my
heart every morning with the air so cold,
the slow dying of plants in the garden, oh
give me mid-winter when all is dead, dry
elephant grass golden or gray in the fields,
but the process of turning colder so slowly
has me crying all the time, the strong silver
sun turning into a soft golden orb, I must have
been a bird in one of my former lives, must
have flown away to warmer countries, to stay
means such sadness – unmotivated so I can’t
tell anyone, just walking about with my throat
constricted, I must do something illegal and
totally wrong to break the chain clasping my
heart, strangling me, an isolation
of cold desolation…

Oom André tree:  An oak tree we received as
a gift from my uncle and we call it by his name.

Margaret Alice
Some authors become my secret friends,  
they tame my mind, catch my attention,  
make my thought stream stop and  
concentrate on one beautiful point in time

Paul Gallico is one; I read Seven Dolls  
whenever life overwhelms me, P. L. Travers  
is another saving me from despair through  
Mary Poppins. Margery Sharp adds delight  
with the voice of Miss Bianca, Lewis Carrol  
through Alice in Wonderland,  
G.M. Hopkins with Spring and Fall,  
Victor Hugo with Demain, dès l’aube,  
and lovable McGonagall – when a secret  
friend is gone I’m really sad, it is real loss

when authors who used to be my secret  
confidantes become strangers, outside the  
magic ring of secret friendship, when I can  
no longer make their work mine, secretly;  
when they leave the pantheon of phantoms  
who infuse my life with deeper meaning;

when I can no longer listen for their approach  
with delight, knowing they did not intend  
their work for me – directing their words to  
another audience with different needs, I feel  
sad, no more watching eagerly for secret  
messages from the authors, I’m made to see  
Superconsciousness is not sending coded  
messages just for me through the pages of  
their books – but in my despair I smile,

I still believe there’s a Special Detective Agency  
in the sky, some people call them angels, who  
look out just for me, and one day I’ll be with  
them when this life is done...
Magical Story Of Cosmology

Read my book ‘Aeons, The Beginning of Time’ up to page one-four-nine - the magical story of Cosmology, making notes, fatigue, eyes wandering, seeking relief on the Internet, chancing upon poetry, infusing the soul with new energy, enabling mind to transcend reality, ascending on wings of fantasy

Dreaming of joy anchored in lovely innocence, giving up on chapter nine about Darwin; leaving Bishop Ussher’s search for a creation date, taking a break from Brahma’s two-Kalpa day of a thousand Maha Yugas, each a period of 4 320 000 years – would that be long enough to love a special one

To move to the rhythms and the tunes, the melodies and harmonies of the spheres and all the galaxies making up the universe, to create a million more in a space so diverse that the human mind could never encompass the full extent in a billion years?


Margaret Alice
Magical Tales, Wonders Unknown

Escapism: I fear boredom more
than bubonic plague or the latest atom bomb
used to commiserate with the animal kingdom
for not being able to escape through the mind
from the reality into which we were born...

Reading about the Philadelphia Experiment:
- how during World War Two
scientists devised an electro-magnetic device
to make ships invisible and the unexpected result
the ship disappeared into another dimension

The engineer jumped overboard and travelled through
a time tunnel to 1983 where he was told
to go back and smash the device
so the ship could return to the nineteen forties
he did that and the crew that returned had gone mad!

Oh what mad joy when chancing upon
speculative theory in books by Von Berlitz and
Vincent Gaddes – recounting magical tales
unheard of before, wonders unknown
to conventional wisdom – authors worthy

Of a Jules Verne!

Margaret Alice
Magical World Of Illusions

Enchantment lies in me, my eyes
confer the beauty I see, everything
is meaningless, everything I touch,
hear, taste, smell or see, every rosary,
every beautiful symphony, every four-
letter word; means nothing as is - WE
confer meaning, interpreting according
to tradition or personal taste, some twisting
conventional meaning to suit their own ends

I look for the sublime in every situation,
failing that, for the funny or humorous,
searching for the positive that confirms
my assumption of a benevolent universe;
all negative interpretations are valid and
true for you if you accept and embrace it,
while all things weird and wonderful are
true for me because that is how I choose
to see this magical world of illusions

Margaret Alice
Make A Movie Here 4.17.2009

After crawling under tables
to put up officials papers on
screens between work stations,
I realized how easy it would be to
make a James Bond movie here:

He would crawl amongst shapely
legs and dainty feet in marvelous
high-heeled shoes, hiding behind
the box files June and Hanlie hoard
illegally, against all advice

As soon as the enemy moves on,
James will continue crawling, the
main female spy dressed to kill and
legs to die for, will kick him with her
high-heeled secret weapon shoe

Then the beautiful James-Bond title
girl will jump to his defence with a
shotokan karate chop and save
his life; that will be me, of course
in this scenario!

Dunce At Work

It is so nice to be the established fool
at work, all I need is the pointy hat and
authorization to turn cartwheels in the
passages, luckily King David in the Old
Testament is my role model, when he
came to the Philistines, he played at
being insane, if that was good enough
for him, it is good enough for me too

Listening with guilt flaring red-hot in my
breast how my poor, long-suffering
colleagues discuss my abortive production
sheet; luckily being the dunce at work
ensures that I shall always remain humble,
though I feel like crying at times, as soon
as laughter bubbles forth again I laugh so
much for my own shortcomings, there is
little danger of my brain reforming itself...

Margaret Alice
Make-Believe World

She is Beyond
Good and Evil now
living in a world
of fantasy
where she cannot see
what reality
is telling her

In her make-believe world
there are only
her fundamentalist church
her literal Biblical belief
and her saintly self
figting in victory
against everybody else
because they refuse
to give up
the demons
only she
can see

Margaret Alice
Making Love To The Nebulae

Our Milky way is twirling around
a centre of old stars that glow in red
and yellow, held in the embrace of
four spiraling arms

Where hot, wild, young blue stars
are eagerly making love to the
nebulae – lovely clouds giving birth
to new baby stars

All safely protected within the beautiful
halo where fifteen-billion-year old stars
are happily smoldering; the sun and his
merry entourage

Are galloping in an up-and-down movement
around the galaxy centre, completing one
perfect circle once every two hundred and
twenty million years!

Margaret Alice
Malagasy – This Language Sings!

Malagasy, the sing-song melodious language of Madagasikara, with the motto Tanindrazana Fahafhana, Fandrosoana - Fatherland, Liberty Progress – under President Marc Ravalomanana with the Prime Minister Charles Rabemananjara and the following beautiful races: Betsimisaraka Antaisaka, Sakalava – I’m singing the song of Madagasikara, Vakinankaratra - I don’t care what it means, this language sings!

Madagasikara = Madagascar

Margaret Alice
Malicious Delight

Finally found something to pass the long day, started washing clothes the wrong way, downstairs there are washing machines and spin-driers

But no, I never use them, always wash by hand on holiday, spreading wet clothes all over the balcony, creating a cosmopolitan atmosphere, the very thing

The pedantic fathers of this resort tried to forestall, it is such malicious delight to upset their apple-cart, only when serving does life become less unnerving for this public servant

On holiday, serving hubby endless glasses of wine while washing dishes and clothing – whether they’re dirty or not, that’s quite beside the point, as long as I’ve got my arms up to the elbows in soap suds

Does life seem to make some sort of sense...

Margaret Alice
Martin The Menace...

Said he to Nici, tongue-in-cheek,
ask your teacher if I may come into
class to help you with this task, Dad!
came her mock reply of shock, said
he to me, come and taste the new ice-
cream I made myself - it is delicious -

Heard the cat screeching, he is leaving
her with the dogs, see a dog twitching, he
is teasing Ratau the old by feeding Junior
all the bits of meat, hear pages turning
furiously, he is looking up where we
should go for a Western Cape

Flower show, he’s bursting with energy,
hear bloodcurdling cries and hysterical
sighs, he is watching sports, despair
about all our sports is killing him, but
he gets up with a smile - Now it is so
bad, I’ve become resigned

To failing everything on the grounds of
political prescriptions - never still, never
resigned to anything for long, always
planning another coup, a new scheme,
Martin the Menace...

Margaret Alice
May Internet Connections Bring You More Joy

I wanted to say hello to some cyber-friends, poets and commenters who stopped by to send an encouraging word; wonderful people who refrain from criticism as they know how it hurts – yet never hold back their praise when their hearts are touched.

But Internet connection is so bad - it refuses to allow me to reply tonight, when I read a poem and click to comment, the computer coldly informs me that it cannot (will not? refuses to? !) open that site, forget your request.

I’m doing my best to stay calm - but I’ve lost it – I feel like killing the bloody machine! - so to one and all; please forgive if I don’t mention your name; the bloody machine takes too long I can’t look again – and the old memory is clogged by thoughts murderous and angry – Elmer and Goldy Locks; Tara, Patti, Sue, Max Reif, Chris, Zen, Theo and Marci Made – and all whose names I could not look up before losing my mind; thank you for saying hello; I’m fine tonight - though I hate my PC and the Internet - and now am

Convinced it hates me – I’ve decided you are all figments of my imagination; as unreachable as Mount Everest, but as wonderful as the best dream; your presence became a vision to me – thank you all for entering my dreams and being part of an imaginary scheme of cyber-entities.

Though the evil bewitched machine won’t allow me to link with you; though I have to withdraw from the world and live within myself; though at work there is no time to forge bonds, I am
deliciously delighted by your poetry and your PoemHunter presence; Monday I’ll try again

To steal some time to link up - until then; all the best, enjoy your rest, may the weekend be fun, may you have adventures and challenges enough to keep you happy and fighting fit; may your PC’s and Internet connections bring you more joy - than mine has bloody well done!

Margaret Alice
Maze Of Disorderly Failure

June and Hanlie took over chanting magic formulae at Jane, showing her how to make folders to move documents away, louder and louder they chanted, wilder and wilder the sounds growing, what Chladni figures were forming I could not tell, but Hermien and I absquatulated in a hurry before our brains imploded in a flurry of grey matter and severed ligaments, our tolerance curve reaching the lowest ebb in all of mankind’s history

Briefly time flew on Mercurial wings and Dunmanifestin’* seemed like a good place again, we returned to calm and silence and I realized that the fires burning within me were still smouldering; the brief interlude did not quench the emotional upheaval I’m striving so valiantly to contain, as soon as lunch break sets me free, I’m going to run from here, a galley slave who reached the end of her tether, at a loss to think her way out of this maze of disorderly failure and lack of social compatibility...

*Terry Pratchett, Discworld Series, home of the gods

Margaret Alice
I have reached the threshold of my attention span, which is probably less than that of the average six-year-old, I’m bored in my office and the documents loom large and threatening.

I’m buried under an avalanche of boring sentences and sitting quietly is not possible; how DO most people manage to create the impression of working all day -

How DO my colleagues manage to produce completed translations this way? I feel like climbing the walls in frustration, my e-mail correspondents are all quiet, I shall have to resort to McGonagall for succour, his Poetic Gems will have me laughing again; the lovely limericks imparting a moral lesson will improve the tenor of my mind – I’ll read ANYTHING I can find.

But another word of this official document and I’ll gag on the spot; only my lifeless body would be left behind while my spirit goes forth to find escape from official life!

Margaret Alice
Doctors in Government Hospitals are striking
shouts a terrible State, “Neglecting your
patients, you callous murderers! ”

“If you don’t return to work for no pay you will
be sacked! ” How amusing – and yet the same
Government argues concern for human life

Young doctors must pay back student loans –
to work for no pay is Government strategy
reinforced by threatening to sack them

Should doctors persist in demanding improved
hospitals, hours of work and salaries then
the patients will be left without them

Government doesn’t give a damn for ill and
needy, simply requires a charade of non-existent
Government Health Care be played by doctors

Fresh from university, working long internship
hours for no pay, patients not considered in this
power play, these are pawns who must obey

Whether patients live or die is not the State’s
concern as long as Health Care in dirty, under-
staffed, run-down Government institutions is
achieved by doctors on no salary...

Margaret Alice
I live my life squeezed between The Weakest Link,
Father Ted, spiced by the Thin Blue Line and Top
Gear every Wednesday Night, and yawning till
my eyes water in my office every day, what a terrible
way to spend my days on this earth, the only thing
that keeps me from going insane is Soul Music by
Terry Pratchett, where the background microwave heat
left by the original Big Bang right at the beginning
of time is replaced by Music - more specifically
by an original musical chord, and the Meditating
Monks on the Ramtop Mountains are listening to
the remains of that original chord that created
the Disc World of today; some claim they heard
the first sound: One, two; others claim they heard
the sound even before that – a sound so big
it cannot be contained in our universe –
then Music became personified and invaded
the World in the guise of a magical guitar in
Buddy’s hands, and in order to keep
Music With Rocks In strong, Buddy had to
die, but Death and his granddaughter Susan
came to the rescue, when Music was stopped
the universe came to a halt, only Buddy
could play a chord to set it going again...
This is brilliant material, I’ve lost contact
with reality, entranced by the beauty of this
allegory of the creation of the universe –
with Music a central theme, it gives birth to
so many beautiful thoughts...

Margaret Alice
Melodramatic Announcement & Fury Of A Valkyrie

Melodramatic Announcement

Sent faxes to apologise for the inconvenience caused by the postponement plans – the decision is out of our hands – called eight friendly speakers to explain personally and enjoyed it so much;

Spinning them a tale of processes and logistics that failed; of lamentation, sackcloth and ashes strewn on our heads; and they are so understanding, with beautiful, resonant voices;

Laughing as they enjoy the melodramatic announcement, not a negative person amongst them, people behaving like angels, one voice even declaring his willingness

To change other engagements once a new date is set – these speakers are sent from heaven deserving of medals for their long-suffering!

Fury Of A Valkyrie

The Foreign Languages Section is under the excellent guidance and expertise of June and Hanlie in the driving seat making Schumi look like an amateur the way they steer this vehicle with amazing speed, clearing each turn, hopping over every obstacle as if they were born to it – whereas I am in the back seat, head barely visible under the avalanche of documents eyes down, frantically jumping around playing the clown, trying to translate with my brain in overdrive – tomorrow I’ll slink into the building, leopard-crawling to my office, eyes and ears drooping,
while Hanlie will waltz in, as fresh as a breeze, and June will march in like an army sergeant-major, and the boss of the FLEA’s – ‘Foreign Languages English and Afrikaans’ that is, Karen, will arrive with the fury of a Valkyrie and launch another vehicle of the Language Service with dexterous speed pulling away with screeching tyres, while Hermien will arrive sedately, with phlegmatic ease sailing into the day, Ina will arrive quietly and jump into the fray without waiting for inspiration, the way that I have to; the Chief Director will arrive with aplomb, shout for a meeting demand explanations, then run away Mr Mohapi will fly into his office desperately searching his e-mails for lost documents, while Edward will stomp in shouting the name of each colleague as he makes his way to his office, while Doctor Jokweni will debate whether life can go on after the respite of the grave – in this way the onerous Vehicle that is Us, the Language Service, will get underway...

Margaret Alice
What have I been drinking tonight
Port Tawny aged in oak casks, hours
outside, philosophizing about life,
now it’s too late to start reading
about the Eternal Validity of the
Soul, too late to start translating
that new document – I thought I
could be Yang, trying for excellence
but life will have none of it – either
I’m sour and bitter and dedicated,
and boring to death, or I’m happy
and smiling and relaxed, enjoying
Port with you – I have given up on
excellence preferring joie de vivre,
you and the kids, I’ll never reach the
levels of excellence I’ve been
dreaming about - but we shall have
memories of such very good times...

Margaret Alice
Nothing beautiful is ever lost, it lives in our minds for eternity, the first time something happens it is already only a mental exercise, however real it seems, thereafter it lives on in a separate realm for evermore

I used to cry over beautiful things until I discovered how to return to the place in my mind where the memory shines as reality – now I’m not afraid anymore, I return to my favourite books and as they relive again, so does every event

I love dreaming up a storm, taking the vision which has the same validity as experience with me - the reason why I never read stories I don’t want a role in, of course, it will take too long to eradicate...

Margaret Alice
Mental Exercise, In Our Dreams 4.28.2008

Mental Exercise

Look into empty places,
listen within silences,
think of molecules
within every inch
of empty space

Beneath waking
consciousness we are
focused within other realities
while we are constantly reacting
to unconscious stimuli

Events are materialized
experiences formed by us
in accordance with our beliefs
and expectations; after death these
events may be re-experienced without
being a participating consciousness
joining the mass hallucinated
existences formed by our
contemporaries –

Re-experiencing
the same events
as a mental
and psychic
exercise...

Paraphrased from Jane Roberts “Seth Speaks” p.167-8

In Our Dreams

The most encouraging news is: we are already
familiar with all the conditions we shall meet
after death; where unlimited variations of
experience are open to everyone, possibilities
all being probabilities to a higher or lesser degree

We have three choices: – one, birth for another life on earth; – two, rehashing our past life and creating variations on all events; – three, entering a different probability system, leaving behind time continuity, my favourite – experiencing events intuitively where

Organization is provided by associations, making choices from a mid-plane of existence, an in-between stage of relative indecision; during a period of self-examination where we shall meet our other selves, a time for study and comprehension, offering commerce between various systems – where we have been often already – in our dreams...

Paraphrased from Jane Roberts “Seth Speaks” p.174-7

Margaret Alice
Focus strong, mind a thin line, think of my documents all the time, not allowing thoughts to run away, no feelings disturb the surface of my life

Watching Strictly Come Dancing, my mind creates a separate self who floats around the house, eyes shining, feet twirling, but I do not enter this new person

I stay aloof, watch her from the outside, not entering these fantasies, I do not identify with the face in the mirror, a dream-girl glowing with joy and life - I remain

Entombed in my role of assembly-line employee tightening my lips while the dream-girl dances to the waltzes playing over the radio enjoying herself

Without breaking my concentration on official texts to be read tomorrow, all the other personalities have as much fun as they like without me losing control of my primary role

Typing official documents in the office, my soul is content, allowing me to keep my focus strong mind concentrated like a laser beam on my work all the time

Margaret Alice
A computer is a perfect illustration of the manifold dimensions of reality, each time I click on an icon a new folder opens just like memories in my brain.

Too many folders open at the same time causes malfunction, computer short-circuits in synchronicity with me, all our documents shut down leaving us a screen saver only.

Mine is dark, I grab anything to reinstate the world, keep a book about a trouble-shooting angel with lovely illustration next to my document for the moment my mind session ends.

We waste a lot of time, my computer and I moving between states of consciousness, we understand each other so well – and that helps so much!

Annie Dalton 'Making Waves' Collins 2003

Margaret Alice
Mind Somewhere Else...

Returned to a cat-fight kitchen, cat debris covering everything, mud clods in the house, our brave dogs scared off burglars, iron bars opened with wrenches

Visited police, got a case number; received Psalms and the New Testament as a gift; scrubbing floors and kitchen tops, singing while I work, burglar bars welded back

Sharp spikes welded to gate, washing hung, rain, groceries, chaos, running to and fro, folding clothes, feet burning, fatigue, confusion in my head - what is the next step - the day is not over yet

Dinner to be prepared, I need a rest, dreaming is best, where is my heroine, what is she doing, I need to switch off, rest body and soul before continuing; such a very long day, have to send my mind somewhere else

Far away from domestic life...

Margaret Alice
'Miracle Of Existence

I am on my way again with my brain short-circuiting
and the Arabic vocabulary I acquired so painfully
locked up in a mental safe that does not want to open
for me, I tried to rectify this by running through
the files in my memory banks early on in the morning
but it is useless, all I did was to confuse myself
even worse than before, while the Pesticide document
is a dreadful threat for my sanity, a word like
Hexachlorobenzene seems obscene in length and meaning
I’d rather go out and play with Terry Pratchett
jog down the road with Mustrum Ridcully, Archchancellor
at Unseen University, clutching his wizarding hat to his head
calling up to other wizards to come down and join
in the fun, talking about the unhygienic habits of
the undead lurching along as well as the nasty effect
of atoms floating around and attaching themselves
to other people’s bodies – yuck, said the Archchancellor
we’d better put a stop to the miracle of existence
and I agree, no more miracle of existence for me
I want to join the dead!

Margaret Alice
Bonjour, Mon Petit Prince

do you still have the same cube -
a wall in the desert, where you wait
for the snake to effect your return
to unconsciousness -

You were so firmly convinced
of annihilation by death
but I’m sure that you’ll find
it’s much better than this earth
where we are rejected by loved ones

How can you believe that the YOU
that you are, can ever vanish
as if the wind would stop blowing
if there were no leaves
to sway and sigh in its touch...

Even if there were no-one around
you’d still find that all objects on earth
has some form of consciousness –
there is no need for an ear when sound is
relayed to a form of vibration

Nor for an eye when vision is traced back to
patterns formed by different vibrations
everything is an energy manifestation
I think you’ll find that your mind
is energy too – independent of YOU

My Petit Prince, I hope we shall share
some brilliant humour and marvellous fun
once our earthly journey is done
until then, fare thee well, I hope
to see you again!

2. Most Wonderful Fellow
I prefer dreaming to life any day - I might have had a horrible time as ME, but I’d say my imaginary heroine has a wonderful time!

He, the Hero, that is, is a most wonderful fellow, an amorous lover, an all-through-the-nighter

I’ll bet that is only ever a fantasy; and I’ve reserved it for my best heroine – I’ve imagined her – interestingly – not too beautiful, but kind of nice,

and she has adventures that take my mind off my sorrows. Given my theory of the Multiverse with infinite possibility, there is a place where her adventures could have come true – I’ll never rue capacity to dream – albeit, I’ll dream my life away: I prefer dreaming to life any day! And though you are so strict when sober – whenever you drink too much – you become such a sweet person – I think you should remain in a state of insobriety – forever!

Margaret Alice
Monday As Blue As Can Be

The Lord and Master of the Crocodile Castle wants to stop TV subscription after a weekend of abortive sport; cricket, rugby, Grand Prix, Ferrari’s team - Italian melodrama gone wrong, the Lord is in shock, switch off TV permanently

This morning the crocodile tried a new hairstyle, asked the Lord uncharitably, what’s that, she replied I was going for gypsy free-style, said he you’ve achieved Medusa’s writhing snakes on your head, Crocodile Kids concurring with this verdict

Crocodile not finding belt to hold up too big jeans, a Monday as blue as can be, a crocodile facing a week of trouble with snakes all alive on her head...

Margaret Alice
Monday Morning

Early Monday morning, wishing I were still in bed,
or alternatively, wishing I were already dead, but
here at my desk I don’t want to be, somehow it
seems to me that there must be another life, a
different kind of existence in another universe,
that is more fulfilling than this trajectory between
home and office, between mental storeys in my
mind, right now I’m on level subzero and falling;
desperately casting around for uplifting messages
to make my mental lift ascend to level one or higher
if I can, Monday mornings is a device to torture
unchristian souls like mine into believing in the
fires of hell and the sorrows of Purgatory, here I
am, dumbstruck by the enormity of living life on
planet earth and stuck in mental phases that
fade in nether regions of the black dimensions
down below sub-zero...

Margaret Alice
Mood Clothes 1. & 2.

Mood Clothes 1.

Reading science fiction furtively
“This Place Has No Atmosphere”
by Paula Danziger, set in 2057;
live models parading mood clothes
changing colour reflecting the wearer’s
feelings – then the protagonist

Is accosted by a young guy, she is
thankful she’s not wearing those,
not very sure what colour ‘nervous’
would be; but I know, having been
plagued by red cheeks and other
gawky signs when I was young...

Mood Clothes 2.

Her name is Aurora
and his is Matthew,
he took her for ice
cream; they thought
of new flavours –
lizard lemon and
fingernail fudge

They laughed so much,
then he asked her to
the homecoming dance,
said BESP, Beginning
Extrasensory Perception,
allowed him to figure
out she might like him

She was delighted; if
she had been wearing
mood clothes right then,
they would have been
shimmering in all the
colours of the spectrum...

Paula Danziger “This Place Has No Atmosphere”
Butler and Tanner, 1987; pp. 14 - 16

Margaret Alice
Mood Statistics In An Upwards Curve

Opening mental shutters and changing gears in my world-view motherboard, shared my apprehensions about strange events with Christine

Hanlie advised to talk IT with hubby’s colleagues, depression was mentioned and writing books about such blackness, I surmised people should get angry

Passion helps to improve the mood, offering Hanlie “Thanks for All the Chips” for absurd descriptions of invaders on the attack because failing to cope at home

Invaders impressed with a new device to switch off kids leading to peace treaties and cultural agreements; Douglas Adam’s brilliant observation that people with digital watches

Were greatly depressed, the solution was sought in moving wads of green paper about, but it did not help much since the papers were not unhappy, only people were...

Laughing so much, my mood statistics moved in an upwards curve from -5 and falling up to +10 and rising...

Margaret Alice
'More Gargantuan 11/12/09

I learn from my mistakes, or I try to,
I packed both foundation and powder
for skincare as we are leaving for Natal
at the seaside, because I know although
it will not make me look better, it will make
me feel good – and that is all I ever want

I have learnt it is at my peril that I ignore
what Tiaan is saying when he invites me
to watch a movie with him, tonight we saw
a moving rendition of gay rights, making us
aware of the danger of stereotyping, I
loathe prejudice, watching this

I saw how destructive stereotypes and gender
issues, saw how limiting a mother’s refusal to
listen to the wishes of her kids - if I did not
watch this movie, I would have lost these
moments with Tiaan, yet my life is about
him, working at the office to earn

The wherewithal to offer Tiaan and Nici enough
affluence to prevent them being emperors without
clothes, finding financial power to protect them; they
need not assume respectability behind a mask of
pretence - I am not like grandma Alice who could
keep fantasies of grandeur alive

Working herself to death, I am afraid, after seeing
her sacrificed on the ire of her own kids, I have lost
the desire to emulate her, I shall employ fantasy to
pay tribute to her; she did an epic task, more
gargantuan than anything I have
read about...

Margaret Alice
I asked for tea with hot milk
complaining Friday isn’t nice
“Because it’s boring” the waitress
sagely replied, I jumped on her
words – you’re quite right!
Boredom is beating me!

I ordered waffle with ice-cream
& syrup to end the space-like
boredom opened in my head
yesterday, a long time since I
sinned, would my system
see the challenge;

time to reflect on what my guru
says: All people are thoughts, I am
a thought to others – why do
thoughts create a mess in my
head? Is it last night’s dream
that led to these problems?

I dreamt of a time warp and ice-
cream melting as I drove, a strange
square face looking glum, spirit
intelligence Emmanuel says, I was
busy in esoteric realms, good heavens,
what was I doing there?

Seems ice-cream won’t survive
invisible realms – fear of losing
sensory delights can cause depleted
feelings. Though, after waffle and tea
with lovely waitress, Busi, I’m more
replete than I should have been...

Margaret Alice
More Space For Joy & World As It Is

More Space For Joy

I shall defend my right to experience passionate feelings against Eastern pleadings to give up joy and sorrow live in quiet submission to whatever fate brings; I know fate endowed me with my life’s limitations, circumstances and personality. I base my life on rational considerations, claim my freedom based on rationality but I shall enjoy feelings and emotions, capacity to react to stimuli creatively, refuse to be resigned and calm. If play of feelings creates karma, so be it - my life and relationships are founded on integrity, I’ll keep imaginary life intact and live my fantasy; Eastern methodologies, resigned receipt preventing pain and sorrow seem a waste of glorious capacity to feel. I willingly allow ideas hurt me as those wounds open up more space for joy just like Kahlil Gibran said.

Prefer World As It Is

I respect all viewpoints, believing everything can be made true, but we get to choose which truths we want to identify and interact with not the truth of Buddhism in Eastern
religion for me: The self and everything else is seen as empty – to facilitate creating a distance between action and result – no motivation to excel is left attaining that goal, no attachment to the result of our deeds; it leads to Unification and the end of the universe - but I don’t want that, diversity seems so much more exciting. Dr Hiroshi predicts existence of a utopian state of unity for the year 2244 – sounds boring, I prefer the world as it is.

Margaret Alice
More Than Reduction To Materialism (Rev.)
7.28.2008

All senses lost, all desire to look
for a solution; the last of my powers
used for remaining upright behind my
desk; not even diminished intellectual
stimulation reaches my closed-off mind

Goblin Party by Douglas Hill fails to
entice, nothing breaks the ice of an
evil spell stiffening my corpse – but
for eye-witness accounts I might have
thought my mind was caught in my brain

Mr Reductionist Materialism overjoyed
by absence of animating spirit or soul,
rejoices to see a debilitating condition
reducing me to only five faulty senses
and a non-functioning brain

Giving the lie to my claim life is mostly
wonderful – but I am obstinate and though
I have no personal evidence or experience
of it, I cling to a belief that life is more
than empty reduction to materialism

Should it be proven that this was only
illusion - it has brought me untold joy,
made this life bearable and cannot spoil
my everlasting non-existence when I
finally flee this faulty body...

Margaret Alice
Morning Of The Light

Morning of the goodness,
morning of the light
I’m going to rest my
head on my arms and let
my fantasies take flight
to the sensuous sunshine
where the feathery leaves
of the jacaranda trees
glimmer gold-green outside,
to a place near your heart
where my heart sways in
love’s lullaby to
listen in delight
as the wind sighs in wonder
as you whisper sweet words
of love in my ears,
while the blue sky
careses the day and shines
to the song of the sun
until the sun jealously
looks on as you start
to shine brighter and
brighter in an affection
that goes higher and higher
and outshines the sun, while
your whispered words make
the world disappear until
only you and I are left
all by ourselves in a world
of golden-green beauty,
where all beauty seems
to converge in
you...

Margaret Alice
Most Useless Political Instrument

A 66 page NEPAD document, Sinepad, combat climate change, reading it turns me into Quasimodo, mute and hunch-backed, why is it so difficult to struggle through a boring declaration of intent, a grandiose plan of development that makes me go cross-eyed, arrests my brain patterns, confuses the alpha and beta rhythms, turns me into a blubbing idiot, unsure of breathing, I agreed to read all documents to be discussed; thank you so much, my darling brain, for failing me completely, proving to be the most useless political instrument, only fit for little rhymes and small limericks, not fit for dramatic, world-shattering political statements at all!

Margaret Alice
BlitheIy I called my sister, yesterday
my mother reported 'Do not bother me
I cannot entertain you’ - I thought I was
helping her, I was wrong, my loud
presence taxed her limited power

At the end of today after finishing my German
document and the scrambled letter from Brussels
that does not make sense, I called her – my sister
cried, 'Mother is white as a sheet, tired, I walked
until my feet hurt

PLEASE support me’ - now I can mean something
to my family, although specialists say there was
implosion of little bones, I believe that my
mother’s life and abilities – even her
looks! – are safe....

Margaret Alice
Mozilla Firefox 6.11.2009

Mozilla Firefox - my new chaperone, babysitter, accompaniment to everything on the Internet, fearful of it turning into Godzilla I tried Googling Godzilla to see what kind of beast it had been

But I cannot open any site, Mozilla had strangled both Google and Yahoo, like a loving mother Mozilla underlines every spelling and grammar mistake I make when typing on the Net

In a strange quirk of fate Mozilla opened PoemHunter and now watches me like a hawk while I’m writing, I can’t go anywhere else, cozy and warm in the loving clutches of Mozilla, I fear the day when

Mozilla decides to strangle me...

Margaret Alice
Mr Beeblebrox Delightful!

I used to suspect that I had a hunchback, but it’s not true anymore, I used to think I had no neck, but now I have one, I used to feel gray and unloved all the time, now I move within a golden light

I used to shiver within cold words around me, now I’m aware of warm, loving words all the time, every day a new layer is added to strengthen the words of the previous day, I used to lose every positive thought

When I was swallowed by a mental Black Hole, now positive words form a bulwarks, don’t know what kind of magic this is, I’m warm and safe in my body and mind, old fears are losing their stranglehold

I used to think I had no hair on my head, now I even have it; everything is getting better since I discovered PoemHunter – Mr Beeblebrox, whoever you are, thank you, your magic is working

In amazing ways; I don’t have a clue and it is delightful!

Margaret Alice
Mr Reductionist Materialism – A Conundrum

Wayne Dyer says the body is “a curriculum to God” and all illness is indicative of separation from God – I’m afraid, if God is in Siberia; I must be in the Sahara desert -

I ran into Mr Reductionist Materialism who declared with glee, smile right round the face, when he is dead he will be gone, no soul or spirit left; and he assures me most joyously the same lovely fate is awaiting me also

Pity when he’s dead he won’t be there to enjoy his exultation at my discomfiture on being dead and not having a soul or spirit; ah, a conundrum there, I perceive – meanwhile

His consciousness will still be hanging around playing dead and it might take several ages for him to realize he is still alive – guess who will laugh at whom then?

Margaret Alice
Much More Exciting

Resigning our assessment forms, originals lost by Human Resources, we the incumbents who aren’t recumbent or redundant as yet – though the desire is there, I assure you – in between reading to my amazement that the President of Iran, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, will take part in a procession marching through Mugrabi Gate in Jerusalem, as arranged by my inspired Muslim... This is too much, I have to rescind all I said about life being boring: It’s much more exciting than I ever guessed

French Into English

Have you ever looked for chocolates so sweet it could sweep you right off your feet, literally, I can fall down and sleep after eating a whole bar of chocolates, wake up and immediately start looking for more – with lunch coming up and me being stuck in an office with no place to go, I’m going to eat that bar I bought and enjoy falling asleep right here where I am

Then I will be rested enough, though sluggish, to do all the boring stuff I’m supposed to be doing, reading a Muslim booklet sent to President Sarkozy of France, why we never shall know, Allah’s messenger suddenly got busy and I’m the lucky fellow that gets to translate all for President Mbeki, sure to be much better off for reading and dreaming
About Nashkurallah, feeling bright enough
after half a bar, I’m ready to start converting
French into English, Alhamdullilah

Kissing In Public

Invitation to sessions of Information
promoting awareness of HIV-AIDS –
inviting an HIV-positive speaker to
address employees – food-packs for
attendees, it’s like a trip to Kilimanjaro
backpacks, Macintoshes, The Way
Forward...

We shall be educated on the
dangers of free love, there is a
fine for kissing in public if you’re
under sixteen - but they are the
only ones who want to do it
at all

Margaret Alice
Music: Barcarolle Could Never Be As Wonderful...

Barcarolle should never be sung - it should be played on the piano, the way it was done when I was seven years old and we had our first operetta – the dance of the fairies in Princess Roselyn – first dancing in circles, moving forwards into the centre, then backwards again, one brother a gypsy, dancing and drinking, the other an elf in green, working away, my sister and I wore wide dresses to the King’s ball - Barcarolle could never be as wonderful ever again...

Margaret Alice
Music: Beethoven's Seventh, Changed By Song

Seventh

Beethoven's Seventh and Moonlight
Just listened to Beethoven’s Seventh - how
did they know to assign it as study material
when I was doing matric? How did they decide
on that piece of music that ripped my heart
strings to pieces? I cried on hearing those
repetitions - insistent - of sad-sounding notes
and nostalgic chords; I never managed to follow
the score when it was played in class; keeping
track of even notes and regular rhythms while
my heart was burning inside; I did not believe
in true happiness - people felt numb or sad;
that was my theory – true joy never was –
when I listen to Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata;
I see a person distraught, crying until a crisis
of feeling is reached in an ascending flow
of minor notes; then the emotion ebbs; the
person crying is calmed in his sadness...

Wrong Changed By Song

Started this day all wrong
catched in a morning long
day-dream – lay in the
sun to absorb life-giving
rays, that always calms
the Nile-Crocodile;

looked through magazines
for strangers’ faces to use in
my collage, unexpectedly
another personality took
over my mind, happily
singing a song –

for the two weeks past
there had been no song
in my voice, I could only
focus on books, if I tried
to sing my voice seemed
wrong, the sound did not

stay in my ears – today
my mind changed gear
allowing a different, musical
me vocal chords; it is a joy
to Elizabeth Serenade
and Phantom, every note

rings out sweet and clear; I
enjoy cleaning the kitchen to
the tune on my lips, I hope
this phase will endure;
it is great to feel
like a songbird again!

Is it because I found meaning
in words that threatened?
The miracle is all I know;
I sing while ostensibly
cleaning, mimicking work,
an excuse to sing along!

Margaret Alice
Music: Listening To Happy Strauss Waltzes In The Distance

Mind freed from material manifestation goes to a specific frequency – attracted to a special place in the non-physical dimension that is commensurate with its level of spiritual evolution.

The karmic thought patterns a person habitually practices in their material life, determine at what pitch non-physical consciousness will sound its song, what the harmonious overtones will be.

I hope to become the melody from Toricelli’s Nightingale Serenade, soft and fragile, with nostalgic minor notes and beautiful chords, hoping to meet up with all souls thereabouts.

Reverberating to Boccherini’s Minuet and Chopin’s Winterwind Serenade, Debussy’s Clair de Lune and Beethoven’s Moonlight Serenade – while listening to happy Strauss Waltzes in the distance...

Margaret Alice
Music: Peter Schaffer’s Amadeus

Watching Peter Shaffer’s Amadeus as therapy;
heavenly music played to the theme
quality outlives short-term sensationalism;
Mozart’s classic music outliving Salieri –
challenging God ascribing his own desires to Him
and subsequent events – Mozart’s arrival and musical talent – as God showing him up as a mediocrity;
ever accepting responsibility for his own choices;
not allowing Mozart freedom to be successful dethroning him in Vienna – pointing out how we refuse to see our own share in what’s taking place in the world – like I’m determining my role in contracting problems that prevent me from making progress in my chosen profession…

Margaret Alice
My Birthright! 27.09.09

Oh no, by now I am quite hysterical, I brought NO make-up on holiday, I am purple and red and white in the face – the cold – the sun – I have no face powder or cream base, I know beauty is deeper than skin BUT all I can see is skin without covering - the female psyche cannot accept being ugly like this!

We NEED help for beauty, we require a dream; my positive book says we need not be beautiful to feel it, we need only FEEL great – and I feel AWFUL!

No lipstick or eyeliner – I’m used to having unlined eyes, sunglasses covering everything; but no cover cream? ! NO, no NO NO! Matt from Shadow of Iris, you may appreciate the cracked pot when you see it, but I refuse to BE the cracked pot

I must cover the cracks with the help of beauticians, philosophise all you want; the female spirit cannot accept being bland – all pain and injury are used to advantage to sweeten my spirit – but I MUST have access to beautician’s arts for appearance, it is my birthright!

Margaret Alice
My Doll And A Book

Sent on an errand by my boss, saw a beautiful doll in a blue rain-coat, knew I had to have her to take with me wherever I go, the perfect companion.

Started when I was a student carrying a doll in my handbag, always my secret confidante, when students congregated in groups, I took my doll and a book.

Sought solace in solitude, bored by their chatter, feeling so lonely in their midst, not caring for their incessant noise, dolls have ever been my special indulgence.

More important than soft teddy bears, an imitation human face to be my understanding friend, to read and laugh and dream with me...

Margaret Alice
My Drum-Majorette Run 3.28.2009

Solved the problem how to enjoy marching to the song Pampoen by Steve Hofmeyer, simply do a slow-motion run as if making a movie, coming to the dramatic emotional bit - very tiring, but great fun

Also solved the problem of hiding my skipping to Kaboemmylies – by jogging to the beat; although many people on street today, I was not embarrassed by my drum-majorette run!

Margaret Alice
My Duty As Defined By You!

You are an avenging angel
sent by God to weigh our deeds
especially to judge me as I did not
comply with your every need and did
not meet your criterion of humility –
I did not carry out your instructions, did
not oversee and supervise, cut down and
criticize to make my little girl live up to the
norm you set, your requirements, you are called
upon to cut me down to size, set me right, without
regard for my self-image which ought to be destroyed
I should feel like the worm I am in thy sight, I should be
damned to hell for failing once again
to do my duty – as defined
by YOU!

Margaret Alice
My Erstwhile Crocodile-Life

....Philosophising about Life

Looks like I can't think outside the box
certain lines laid down rigidly by either myself -
or another mind living inside my head
that determines the form and direction of mind and my life
like those invisible Ley Lines
criss-crossing France, England and Europe
postulated by New Age writers - or maybe
there are special codes in my head - as described
by Dan Brown in Da Vinci's Code -
that set the course and flow
of my thoughts - and I mistakenly thought
we are creating our own reality!

I must accept that although
something within me might be directing - it
is not ME, not the EGO I thought
should be called the REAL me - but something
in my subconscious, something I can't feel or see
that refuses to look at some things
that I want to see, refusing to create
situations, characters and stories
I think interesting - even refusing
to flow with my daydreams and plans...
thus I have to assume that when
we arrange Life's Script in Framework 2 behind

The world we can see, I must have accepted
a part with very strict rules - and it is irksome
to live life in the way that I do! - because
whenever something good happens or
I have great fun and walk on the clouds
something in my brain starts shutting down -
when I have a great vision, filled with elation
I crash down to earth and fall into blackness -
now I understand why my favourite poet
Marais - was a morphine addict and
why he wrote that acidic pain was contained
in every sweet wine, in every red rose - he must

Have felt the same let-down after every thing good
and it makes such good sense to me
that Jonker ended life by walking into the sea -
but this power in my mind that won't let me be
and live life wantonly - won't let me die either
but keeps me around to feel all the Emptiness
of this Lonely Life - this must the Karma
I have gathered before - probably in
a previous life cycle, I must have been a crocodile
no wonder I like swimming so much - it is
a clear indication of my crocodile past -
and here I was hoping it indicated

A previous life as a dolphin - friendly and sweet -
but no, that would have reaped me such good results
therefore I must have been a crocodile very fiendish
and now pay the price for my erstwhile
crocodile life!

Margaret Alice
'My Father Is Eighty Today 24 May 2008

Eighty today - if I had to choose
a father again, I would choose you

the gifts given me cannot be measured
or counted easily, your hundreds of books
hoarded with mother’s encyclopedias,
works of Langenhoven, a text on learning
techniques found in your cupboard

a tape-recorder you gave us; we played
stories and songs and programs you taped
over and over so our lives were always
bound in the security-creating framework
of familiar sound

you adored mother’s playing piano,
introduced light music to leaven
her classical pieces, a diet of Debussy,
Schubert and Chopin, the records you brought,
Strauss and Mantovani to supplement
Tchaikovsky and Mozart

you brought us fabulous toys, a go-cart,
petrol-driven cabriolet, steam trains and
walkie-talkies, dolls with beautiful hair
and prams to push them in, the complete works
of Shakespeare, my first French dictionary

your unerring instinct for fun, your laughter
and sense of joy, jolly songs by Koos Ras and
Christ Blignaut, Silver de Lange and his
concertina – your favourite band, the movies
you loved, My Fair Lady and Dr Zhivago

your love for steam trains, for fine porcelain
and beautiful wood, for restoration, for antiques,
your delight in small children and joy in sunsets,
your words in unending stream, fast and furious as
a river in flood, your forgiveness for what I have
done to you, the way you kept my secrets

I love you father and the perfect
girl you chose to be my mother
I will always choose you
if given a choice
– for eternity

Margaret Alice
My Fledermaus Dreams

There is a rule that we may not consume edibles or drink at our work stations, I saw us all floating about like bats in the hall while eating and drinking – luckily I was wrong everywhere people are eating and drinking merrily, making coffee and chatting away, a happy atmosphere prevailing, reassured I pour oily, messy peanuts in my mug and consume with a tea-spoon, this way my hands remain clean, my keyboard stays sanitary, and I look like a lady – kind of – my wild, maniacal laughter might give me away...

Margaret Alice
My Guardian Angels Take A Well-Earned Break

This morning I shot like an arrow into the main road without stopping – did not see the speeding white Pajero. The kids were shocked, the driver looked askance as I swerved into the oncoming lane, I wasn’t fazed, felt contained in the protection of the Lord – yet wondered why I was so irresponsible as to charge into a busy interchange; then you call, wanting to know whether I saw the accident. What accident? Right where we enter the main road, exact spot

I nearly had a mishap – a taxi rolled, you say... It seemed to me a preordained calamity must occur there today; a trap to catch the unwary driver by chance – it nearly got the kids and me; by not stopping I had been following subconscious cues

imperatively demanding a catastrophe. I’m so glad that my father still prays for our safety – I understand why he keeps warning me when I’m behind the wheel – it is his code of love, he fears my guardian angels may take a well-earned break – they must be completely exhausted keeping track of me...

Margaret Alice
Rereading ‘In God’s Underground’ by Richard Wurmbrand, remembering my shock when I first read of his suffering in communist prisons when I was sixteen, the depth of his pain; impressed by his meditative practices that saw him through

How he danced and preached in his cell contacted his wife through telepathy, endured pain by stopping his thoughts with the words ‘Jesus, I love you’ – I was filled with dread because I feared I could never endure as he did

I felt overwhelmed for so long knowing it was something I could never aspire to - today, I still haven’t mastered the practice of meditation, though reading positive words over and over; I flee into Wurmbrand’s strength

From unsettling books like ‘Hungry Ghosts’ by Joe Fisher, knowing the Christian faith is stronger than the channeling of malevolent spirits; thanking Wurmbrand for teaching me to find respite from human mental constructs

In the most beautiful mystery of all, a belief system so under siege by cynical materialists, the only refuge is to say - of all self-created ideas, this is the most wonderful one offering more happiness than any other I’ve read

More validation is not required by me, a study of delight in God, the ecstasy of happiness, sitting alone in wisdom and fear, shielding the heart from the burning arrows of thought – though it is still only a dream for me

It is my highest ideal....

Richard Wurmbrand “In God’s Underground” edited by Charles Foley, Garden City Press, 1968, p.9

Margaret Alice
One day my ship will come, I shall return to where I’m from, this earthly home of body and soul will be shed, my mind growing strong and living in space as magnetic energy; I will be free from physical form and limitations

Finally breaking out of this isolation; living a life without the ability to contact spirits and psychics; caught in a cold left-brain fixation, in one storey of lateral thinking only while all forms of creativity are closed to me

I’m waiting for my ship to come, impatient for life to be done, my lessons learnt; lesson one: Never return to earth in a reincarnational existence; lesson two, always be honest and true, meditating on the meaning

Of all wisdom; lesson three, choose your parents carefully and know exactly what you wish to learn; lesson four, which I adore: don’t return to earth; there are a myriad different life forms in which to manifest intelligence

A variety of consciousness, infinite variations of enjoyable awareness – I’m just waiting for my ship to come, the spaceship of my planet, my home galaxy in another universe...

Margaret Alice
My Last Night On Earth

I’m trying to calm my soul by listening to Andrew Lloyd Webber’s “Whistle Down the Wind” and “Any Dream Will Do” – jumping

Right down unto “Pie Jesu” - crying again, the clear sound of the boy who sings with the wavering voice of Sarah Brightman, she

Keeping it steady with the strangest facial expressions while he sings away as all young choir boys do –

She blithely unaware that her type of voice is not the kind to be remembered by future generations, while the young boy doesn’t care

That he sounds like an angel; a human being in the making - all of them quite unaware of what their songs will convey to me and you....

Then you appeared, bent on having a piece of late-night toast, no appreciation for anything else – that is quite all right – you looked at me

Accusingly – it is midnight already – I’ve got to prepare for the nightmare of tomorrow, I’ve decided to let the dead bury themselves

I shall enjoy tonight as if it were my last night on earth...

Margaret Alice
My Mask To Hide Confusion

Ouch, that hurt, still reeling from the shock went through the day in a daze, running on and on, still staggering, clutching the place where my heart was pierced, still hearing breaking glass, splinters raining all around me, fearing every moment as it comes

Dowrick says to accept unexpected pain knowing we’ll survive; that’s bad news - surviving the last thing I want to do, can’t continue in my routine while I’m hurt; too weak to support a dream, a failing flame of hope, tried to explain, no-one understood

Can’t fathom the incident myself, not sure what it really means; where are my pearls of wisdom now that I need to work through pain, can’t explain the situation nor describe my feelings, no comprehension on any face, no ability to get through

Mute attempts at communication leading to enforced silence for lack of information, crying in disappointment, practicing my pose, my mask to hide confusion...

Margaret Alice
My Morning Metamorphosis

Looked at mannequins with beautiful faces in interesting dresses, imagined being them, going out looking so gorgeous, felling admiring men, dreaming of being six foot tall.

Wearing a white slack suit, changing myself five times ten, every dress representing a different occasion, had several different adventures during a trip to the mall.

Mannequin-me doing all things, attended a colloquium, went dancing, a bride getting married, impressed by the sweet expression on my mannequin-faces, the pert hairstyle.

The upturned nose, immensely enjoying my morning metamorphosis ...

Margaret Alice
Looking at my trampled theory, my explanations met with supercilious derision, labeled idiotic in the most insulting way – accompanied by the false superiority

Of his haughty claim that my right to “idiocy” will always be respected by His Excellency; while my pledge of faith in goodness provoked anger - a smart slap with a book

The fault is mine for talking to a disdainful atheist, affronted by my claim that life is mostly wonderful, threatening me with the necessity of suffering – I agreed pain can be advantageous and said

My cross is the allergy - Henceforth I’ll respect his right to nastiness by passing him with a dainty nod, not stopping, being called a fool to my face is quite enough to realize

He draws unhappiness to himself with a negative attitude, according to my moral coach it is best to act with rectitude and not aggravate His Excellency into visiting his malignancy

Upon me to prove his point that life is bad – with his disposition, he is bound to find life getting worse all the time!

Margaret Alice
My Soap Opera Life

Let go, recommends the ethereal source, don’t row against the flow, let go, happily drifting downstream - meaning a quarterly report – what I did when and with whom, why and wherefore – now it makes sense, I have to present my life as a soap opera, that’s why I hate writing reports!

I can’t watch soapies on TV, melodrama and intrigue, but every six months I must present my work life as a deplorable soap box event; the officer, meaning me in third person; translated official documents that were duly checked, stamped, filed, endorsed, e-mailed, faxed, and sent

She tore hair from her head – see the bald spots; made a list of the lists that had been made by her correspondents, then made a list of all the lists in existence, checked the Internet then went to bed with a headache in her head, they might assume in her neck if not stipulated my friends - every moment of every minute of every hour of every day

Was spent in the right way... she should be locked up and the key thrown away...

Margaret Alice
My Soul Is Gone...

I am stuck
my head is burning up, my legs
won’t take me anywhere, the pins
in my hair to tame Medusa’s snakes
crawling there makes me look more
like the Witch of Endor

Leopard-crawling, unwillingly,
down the passage, doing that being
already too much; staring at the words
of my text, realizing there is something
wrong, my soul is gone...

My life is redolent
with strange events,
my spirit leaving just like this,
it is most unfair!

I’m dead and nobody knows,
nobody cares, this empty husk
must pull me through this day,
every empty moment cold
and grey...

Margaret Alice
My Soul Rejoice And Will Not Succumb & On Strike Anyway

1. My Soul Rejoice

Bertrand Russel claimed “Scientific philosophy comes nearer to objectivity than any other human pursuit” – how terribly awful, how unbearable, how absolutely alienating and sad the loneliness within the reductionist positivist paradigm!

Claire Myers Owen “understood the scheme of the universe was good – not evil as Western society taught us – all people were intrinsically good…” I’m crying for joy, I know it must be so, though I have not experienced this myself

My Western karma of flawed world and fallen humanity is stronger than my intuition in terms of experience – but my soul rejoice and will not succumb to evil Western tradition and its utter and total sadness!

(Colin Wilson "Beyond the Occult" p.37)

2. My Mind Has Gone On Strike Anyway

Everybody is called up to strike officially today, my mind has gone on strike anyway, I have no choice in the matter, I had last night when I ate a warm bread-roll with butter, but that is the staple of life – it was so good, I withstood the advice of cold common sense in my head, logically the allergy would come into play, but I always say, I might have lost it, it could happen any day,
and then bread-rolls could be part of my diet – but as I ate and my throat constricted, I knew it was just a fantasy, yet I finished the meal and suffered the effects with the patience of an old-fashioned martyr, I’m sure I would be able to stand beheading by guillotine just as bravely as Marie Antoinette, I got through the night, though ending up on the floor, the heating making my temperature soar, not finding the switch in the dark, but what of it all? Now I also know the taste of those bread-rolls dished up by all and sundry and though my mind went on strike, I’m still me, albeit with less intellect and completely conscience-free, this is good too, it makes me adventurous and daring because I have nothing to lose having lost my mind totally, what else is there than living life blindly, without my conscience in the way, I’m free to discover where it’s at!

Margaret Alice
My Spirit

Magic is within me, the freedom I
dream of is in my mind, the vision
of escaping categorical imperatives
removes the fetters of necessity

I am free while I look down on humanity
conjuring an enchanting vision takes
me to a different dimension where
my spirit lives without deference

Sensory evidence lose their hold over reality
floating away on the wings of this dream that
will come into being because it is the right
thing for everybody

Love will set you free

Margaret Alice
Mysterious Strings

Sweet strands of mysterious strings so strange
the smallest scintillating entities in inner space
unceasingly vibrating to form spacetime
in ten dimensions –
rolled up showing four dimensions only
two colliding strings can join to form
a third string and then split again
to form two new strings called
time trousers – the excitement of
making choices splitting the universe in two
one going left, the other right
at the space T-junction
both the choices are realised
in two different universes
in an immensity of
freedom!

Margaret Alice
Mystical Union Of Science & Mythology

Spiritual quantum physics
particles ephemeral, captivated
by physics’ beautiful concepts
and aesthetics

Intriguingly - the mysterious
eta-naught particle becoming
pi-naught, gamma rays appear
in the decay-cascade debris
- elusive, exotic -

K-naught particles with a
mysteriously long lifetime
change in strangeness

- I love these terms! -

Cosmology’s mystical
cataclysmic event
creating all matter
with mythical force

- I’m hooked! -

Searching an opening
to the transcendent,
the Mystical Union of -

Science and Mythology

Smoot and Davidson 'Wrinkles in Time' p.15

Margaret Alice
Mystifying Mumblings

Reading Dan Winter’s Mystifying Mumblings...

“Length harmonics multiply non-destructively moving through light speed and the time barrier in an infinite-velocity harmonic-passageway”

How enjoyable to play with words that have no meaning to my lay-man mind, how restful to say “Recursion geometry becomes a template attractor into which self-awareness folds implosively”, words that shine and sing as I play with concepts bereft of all discernable meaning in my ever-fleeing thoughts

Margaret Alice
'Mythology: The Queen Of Dawn & Mysteries

Mythology: Queen of Dawn

Two men facing one another, the mighty
King of the Night against Little Feather, the
strongest of the strong, lightning flashing
from their eyes

The Queen of Dawn did not know whose
side to join – her husband the King or
Little Feather who liked her morning sky,
she tried to reconcile one with the other

When the King’s night ends and Little Feather’s
day is forcing his way in, the Queen of Dawn
appears soothing the quarrel with a beautiful
purple light

And the Queen is heard whispering in the
rosy glow of the evening on the horizon:
Little Feather, restrain yourself, the King
Of the Night, my spouse

Is coming – this is how three Kingdoms
came into being: The Kingdom of Night,
the Kingdom of Dawn and the Kingdom
of Day...

Quotations from “Forward to the Three Kingdoms” appearing in “At the End of
the Rainbow” – Legends of the Sun, Moon and Stars, Orbis Publishing 1984,
pp.62-72

Mystery: Fairytale Clouds

Today my thoughts must form fairytale
clouds, not the mad thunderous lightning
with purplish storm clouds of yesterday
raining hailstones of haste, making me
run around like a person demented
It was fun while it lasted, I enjoyed every moment and laughed with everyone I came across – starting with the news vendor; he looks a bit worn, but does he smile a big, wide welcome every morning!

Yet in the end my nerves were torn and patience was worn; it is time this early morn, to meditate for a while, finding my bearings; running a mile every day would pull a hamstring in my overwrought brain

Creating picturesque thoughts moving over the screen of my mind at full speed – I have to stop and sort out the images, making sure I understand their meaning ...

Atlantis

A book on Atlantis
a marvelous mystery
kindling warm interest beyond the sensory
adding more to the Pleiades theory
opening up unlimited possibility
with magical terms like Psychic Archaeology

Kind beings, more loving than we are today came to visit the earth - but couldn't stay came from the Pleiades constellation to set fire to my imagination to become part of earth's prehistory sparking interest to a new degree of intensity adding zest to ordinary astronomy

Subliminal beings came in the form of energy and gradually took on form - so the evidence say as described by Plato and Edgar Cayce...

Oh, how I adore such a marvelous mystery!
Golden Age

Through their experiments
the sea rose up and froze...
He crawled until he found
a cleft in a rock leading to a plain
five miles across.

He found a mighty city
half exposed in the hidden valley
half buried in a glacier's ice
he walked along
the first person to tread those streets
for thousands of years...

He saw fantastic devices
in this hidden valley
that had once been
home of a civilisation
greater than any now
upon the face of the earth
proof of a bygone golden age

Legendary Planet

'Pleadian Perspectives' by Amorah
Quan Yin, so evocative, so magical:
the Legendary Planet Maldek
meaning 'Unconditional Truth'
was shattered ten million years ago
with loss of Solar Truth
and birth of Solar Unconscious

'What does it mean, what does she say?
I don't know, but it brightens my day!' 

Maldek had a crystalline life-form
souls descended into physical at will
creating a desired experience
or lessons they wanted to learn
then ascended again
birth, death and rebirth were alien to them

'Would that I were there
to meet and talk with them! '

Exciting Speculation

Mystery creating exciting speculation
about the relations between humans and spacemen
in the infinity of a moment of eternity:

In the year nineteen hundred and nine
near the Grand Canyon's dramatic impact
a man called Hicaid
found a sub-terranean city
built with the most marvellous precision
vast enough to accommodate
fifty thousand people in all

he also found mummified bodies
of Oriental or Egyptian origin
claims the leader of the expedition

These tantalizing titbits of information
are presented for consideration,
for speculation about its significance
to enlarge the powers of the imagination!

Margaret Alice
The Lord of the Night, the Moon, felt lonely so the Lord of Creation bestowed upon him twenty-eight maidens to keep him company – twenty-eight maidens called constellations who filled the space of the sky and started dancing across with the Moon wandering from one to the other, watching them with great delight

The most beautiful had a reddish star on her shoulder called Aldebaran, he stayed longest with her, asked her name like a young man in love, “Rohini” came the reply, he made her his wife, made the other constellations jealous – the Lord of Creation put a curse on the Moon: For two weeks the Moon has wasting disease, sinks into the holy river restoring him

Then appearing again growing stronger until he is as fresh and full-grown as before – the alternating sickness reminds the Moon how to behave to the heavenly dancers, now he spends a night with each, with twenty-eight he just completes his round in a month...

Oh, faithless Moon! Don’t you see how the lovely Rohini is mourning for you; there is just one consolation for the unhappy star; she has become the guardian of all lovers on earth...


Margaret Alice
Namaqualand And The Atlantic 10.2.2008

Sunday 28 September 2008
..................Namaqualand’s Beautiful Town Springbok

Springbok is the brightest crystal and sparkling diamonds shining in pristine beauty, blue skies and green emeralds, punctuated by dollops of golden-yellow and orange flowers, framed by dappled rocks and sun-kissed hillocks; I’ve lost my heart to Springbok enclosed within the sweet embrace of Namaqualand’s brightest flowers, a playful breeze welcoming us with velvet touches; driving into fields of green, the beauty of the scene – brightest purple explosions amongst sun-coloured flowers, a kaleidoscope of sensual delight, mountain ridges representing colours in cymatics, illustrating the melodies created by colourful harmonies of chromatic colours – a sapphire sky stretched over lime-green gorse, rugged mountain edges, a musical composition of delicious colour themes; then all becoming a patterned carpet in shades of green and luminous cream...

A tapestry landscape in purple and yellow, flowers become a smile and laughter in the landscape, without flowers the land looks serious, austere, add the giggles of giddy yellow, the twittering of miniature pinks, purple splashes of full-throated laughter, and the land starts smiling, welcoming us....

Wednesday 1 October 2008
..................Watching the Atlantic
Watching the white foam of the bridal sea, the rolling cloak of a magical maid, sparkling with diamonds afar, the hem of her seawater dress marked by mocha and cream, framed by wet rocks glistening in golden sun

I’m sitting here looking upon nature’s mystery, the bride herself is nowhere to be seen, only waves of cloth undulating and breaking ceaselessly, only the voice of the bridegroom is heard in the low baritone and -

Wooden bass of the rolling and breaking waves, the bride’s voice is quiet, her laughter is caught in the giddy giggles of yellow flowers adorning the land, her shy expectation is depicted in blue flowers interspersed between

Orange and purple daisies and blossoms in pink, the guests are all ranged upon white cottonwool clouds drifting about in a blue, luminous sky, the preparations for a celestial feast are complete, I’m dreaming, the feast

Will begin...

Margaret Alice
Names Of The Constellations

All visible stars contained
within eighty-eight Constellations
- the Author claimed
names that intrigue
my Wandering but Meeting-bound Mind:
the Tarantula Nebula is in Dorado, the Goldfish
Hydra, the Water Snake is the largest constellation
while Crux, the Southern Cross is the smallest one
– a word of explanation:
the stars in Constellation have no relations
only sharing proximity in the sky
as seen from earth -
the brightest star is called Sirius
Canis Major, the Great Dog
the brightest star, the shining Lucida
in Orion, the Hunter, Rigel is called
while the brightest star in Carina, the Ship’s Keel
is known as Canopus -
with the names of the Constellations
I might just write my Magnum Opus!

Margaret Alice
Neither A Mermaid Nor A Dwarf

Went for a churning in the sea’s washing machine, the whitest foam and impossible to swim, standing in shallow water up to my knees only when hit by a wall of water sending me reeling backwards

Waves insisting on washing me out to Durban while the life-guards marked only a small safe area; the sea clearing out my sinuses for the rest of my life - I am a golem with a mermaid-chem in my head

But the sea requires more power today, I think a troll stands more chance of tackling and taming those wayward waves, neither a mermaid nor a dwarf can make any headway, I’ll turn back to reading Mr Tompkins by George Gamow

The Professor says ‘this object is mostly here, but partially there and even yonder’, just like my mind, bits of it are spread around, now I send a part of it to the Internet; I laugh as I read ‘You show a peculiar slowness of Comprehension’, that’s me, still finding it difficult to understand quantum theory, but loving the terms used to discuss it, if the quantum of action were very big, ‘the first quantum of caress’ would break a kitten’s neck! - while the professor’s words ‘The funny behavior we observe in the quantum world is just due to the fact that we are looking at them’ describes Hollywood perfectly, funny aberrations are caused by the paparazzi and us watching them in fascination daily….

George Gamow “Mr Tompkins in Paperback”
Canto edition 2002; pp.81,86,87,88
Margaret Alice
'Never Be Someone Else

Because we know that Arriman and Belladonna were a special number

He the Evil Wizard of Darkness found it within his heart to forgive her for

Being so very very white - while she used to repeat in front of the Magic Mirror every night: 'Everyday and in every way I am growing Blacker and Blacker...'

She never reached the appropriate level of darkness of all...

But I feel VERY DARK tonight... may I die in my fright...

Margaret Alice
'Never Confide 07/10/09

How on earth do people lead
their lives without imagination
I am as ugly as sin, but with the
gift of imagination - I dream of
beauty, hubby and nephew
reinforce that fallacy and it
keeps me happy

How can people remain conscious
of awful facts and stay calm, I cannot
do so, I change reality in my thoughts
until I can breathe again, I have to dream
up a new fantasy to help me through
bureaucracy, living life in
a fish tank

Every move monitored, written down
I am the clown, laughing at everything
cracking jokes all the time, I will keep
smiling even when my heart is breaking
within, nobody allowed to know the pain
and the suffering – I confided in you –
and you turned away; thank you

You taught me the error of my ways:
ever confide in anybody...

Margaret Alice
Never Entrust A Confidence To Such A Callous Person

Why do people take delight in nurturing all things negative, in propagating every damning word that was said to them in confidence?

It makes me wary of friends and family even more wary of myself – am I like this, if pressed in a family gathering, will I also tell all how bad

Sister felt about mother’s rejection, how paranoid mother supposedly was - I suppose I might, and once again decide never to visit the family to partake in general gossip

Your shock on hearing your sister and mother attacked by a sister-in-law who wasn’t stopped by your childhood hero – your elder brother - showed how deep such attacks hurt

She blissfully dissected the sweetest memories you treasure of your deceased family, but she did NOT say a word about them, she only revealed the contents of her mind

I shall never entrust a confidence to such a callous person – you did not expect the attack – next time you will be forewarned...

Margaret Alice
Existential Angst is growing, Youth Day means no work this Monday; I haven’t done any reading or writing yet, just drove around in the warm winter sun and thinking about nothing – searching for subjects to laugh about; looking for fun – but now that the day is nearing its end; the worry is growing again – I always worry about the rationale for my earthly existence - justification for being alive – and today I haven’t discovered any...

I’m growing scared, time is running out, haven’t done anything today, didn’t care for what the newspaper had to say, spent the day with family, a fourteen-year old girl hating her twelve-year old brother with passionate vengeance, the father happy to sit in the sun; I checked the work I brought home and did not feel like starting with it - while the feeling of guilt is growing; I never feel like going in the right direction – I just want to dream

Embroider on the adventures of my Ludmilla and her Semjonof...

Margaret Alice
Never Liked Goethe’s Faust

Today I shall try to apply
what Gretchen meant when
she said “Es schmeckt die Ruhe”
today I shall pursue hard work
so as to enjoy the rest afterwards

But I never liked Goethe’s Faust
and will never do, disliking the universe
of malevolence in which Mephistopheles
helped Faust to seduce the innocent
girl - Gretchen

She drowns her baby; is taken to jail
Mephistopheles appears and offers to save her –
she thinks at the cost of her soul; refuses the evil
offer to save her from burning in hell
everlasting

She seems to be an intelligent girl, it is
incomprehensible why she never knew of
any moral warnings against the machinations of
men like Faust under the guidance of a
demon from hell,

She simply refused his offer to escape
false human justice… I’ll never study Faust
ever again; there is no description of a benevolent
universe as delineated by Ayn Rand, no
rationalism and objective self-interest

In the choices made by the young Gretchen,
the only thing I retain, inspiring my thoughts
and my toil, is Gretchen’s wise declaration
“Es schmeckt die Ruhe”

When one is working hard, that girl really
was smart; how could she have allowed Faust
– guided by Mephistopheles –
to ruin her life so completely?
Margaret Alice
I love staring at the faces of my mermaids, the one I have not chosen myself, blindly decided upon by an over-zealous cashier who thought that the broken mermaid was not saleable – though I loved her facial expression – and replaced her with a thin, anemic-looking, sad-faced little introvert mermaid playing a fiddle; clearly an artist; her eyes turned in upon herself; withdrawn into her own world

And the new one I chose, with a sweet, hopeful expression, a look of innocent expectation while she is looking up unto the light, a face of trust, I made sure that the whole configuration - mermaid, dolphin and her light-tower, were all intact before trying to buy it; today I shall hunt for a third mermaid to add to the two I’ve already got, a new face as counterpoint, a new expression to analyse

Margaret Alice
There are three kinds of love:

1 Ideal, ROMANTIC love ‘pure and chaste from afar’ the unreachable star; 2 RATIONAL love, sacrifice for common-sense relationships, and 3 SPIRITUAL love for all of life as sacred

ROMANTIC love - unattainable; a guiding lodestar, a Quixotic ideal I won’t let go, my favourite authors have my undying devotion, they keep the flame of beauty and dreams alive

Many Romantic love poems are selfish and narcissistic with emotions effervescent, only a special few delineate soul-mates’ eternal love, I adore these, but it is

RATIONAL, common-sense love which makes the world go round – sharing religion, world-view and ethical conviction; sacrificing self to group, for our kids whom we love to bits

Boring compared to the fire and delight of romance; and the unconditional SPIRITUAL love of esoteric texts is out of reach; - we might combine some romance with rational love

Though experience shows life does not allow romance for long, forcing a choice between short-lived affairs and long-term, boring relationships; alternatives so unsatisfactory - thus

Love poetry is a secret activity, requiring one reply only, Thank you, next instalment please - to all authors who delight me - ‘THANK YOU, next instalment please - PLEASE.’

9 May 2009
Next Thing A Bogeyman Will Move In

I should have taken the clothes out before depositing my books in the closet, now books and clothes are heaped together and I can’t find a thing; there are even books under the bed; I’m scared you’ll throw the dog-eared and dishevelled books away if I leave them in the open – but digging for clothes I scattered the books; what a fearful mess in my closet – it’s scary; next thing a Bogeyman will move in – what shall I do then?

Margaret Alice
Nici Wanted Earrings

Nici wanted earrings for her birthday, I decided to join her in getting ears pierced, aware of a faint throbbing in the earlobes, a happy sensation filled with expectation

Later today we'll go shopping for shoes, her old ones look worn as if she danced all night with the twelve princesses in the fairy tale, an expedition to find the perfect pair

Afterwards a meal at a restaurant of her choice; though the day is grey and overcast, joy glows brightly in our hearts, to change appearance always make women feel smart, to be free

To hunt for shoes and clothing always infuses the heart with delight, I can’t wait to get the day underway, first regular groceries in the supermarket, then off we go, oe lá lá!

Margaret Alice
Nici’s Sixteenth 13.09.09

Nici’s sixteenth birthday
loving and self-confident
chasing rainbows and friends

I cry for the passage of time when
I am alone, the short, brief moment
she she was mine almost gone

Asserting herself, becoming braver and wiser, we do not clash because we set her free to grow strong

She is very superior, looks down on her mom and dad as archaic geeks to be humoured - while we believe

Kids are a direct connection to faith, hope and energy and can teach their elders so many things

She loves being in charge, taking the lead, she is the lady of the house in her childhood home

Testing herself before facing the world
I keep my tears to myself, she delights in being grown-up

While I quietly Iament losing my little girl...

12 September 2009

Margaret Alice
Happy Birthday dear Nici
may you always be head-
strong and full of fun

May you increase in self-
confidence, may your circle
of friends always grow

May your wisdom show how
the life you shared with us
infused us with hope

May you always experience
love, may your laughter and
discipline when we mess up

Always inspire us to try harder
to be better people, thank you
for your wonderful presence

Enriching our lives, filling us
with joy and delight...

12 September 2009

Margaret Alice
Nihilism Part III: Spiritual Malfигuration

All ending in a vicious rotation
back at university – listening to the
choir’s deadly incantation resulting in
spiritual malfигuration in the flirtation with
Latin phrases and atonal music

Repeating university rules as a dictation
up to the despairing ejaculation
of the great WHY –

repeating research for ancient theories’ rejuvenation
creating NOTHING, NOTHING new
discovering modern theories are actually old –
what mortification!
part of a continuous movement of speculation –
the Modern is only a New Interpretation
of mythological lore and biblical stipulation

do I detect – in your firm step now –
some hesitation?

Margaret Alice
Nile Crocodile In The Sunshine

The Nile Crocodile
needs to lie in the sun
to digest her
crocodilean breakfast
and longs for a swim
in the cool blue water
though it is winter
in Crocodile country
the evergreen leaves
sparkle with drops of diamond
in winter’s silvery sun
sky shining in brilliant blue
the Nile Crocodile
lies in the sunshine
warming her cold-blooded skin
guilty as ever
for not checking the kids
or helping with homework
leaving the kitchen
in a state of horror
tonight she’ll feel terror
when taken to task
but right now in the sun
warming up for the dive
into the icy water
she’s as happy as
a warm-blooded creature
all the cold-blooded fears
and broken-heart tears
forgotten for a
while...

Margaret Alice
No Thank You Indeed! 3.30.2009

Oh, infinite joy and brilliant excitement of life, after passing the work-on-hand test I am to be rewarded by the lovely promise of testing the NWU program this afternoon, quite irrelevant that I don’t know what it means.

We can also donate blood on the first floor – I’ve lost my taste for that gory job when fainting after a blood-donating-marathon, singing in the choir I just fell down, the evil maestro continued his sound recording without stopping.

Until the song was done – I’ll bleed to death happily if they can’t find blood for me, how on earth are we supposed to die if it is forbidden to bleed to death, to crash, to contract a marvelous disease that will exonerate us.

From horrible duties and awful activities, no diabetes, no heart failure, no cancer, no Aids, all of us growing grumpier with aches and pains – yet kept alive by modern medical technology? No thank you indeed!

Margaret Alice
No Victims In A Reason-Universe

Being an All or Nothing person
I was elated to read:
I create my whole reality
OR I don’t create it at all

If I don’t, I’m a victim forever
in an accidental universe
appearing without reason
with inexplicable complexity

A cosmic accident formed so beautifully
for being a victim - this alternative
to forming our own reality
I reject most strenuously

There is no other universe
the only choice is between
being WITH or WITHOUT a reason -
there are NO victims in a reason-universe

Everything has a reason
OR nothing has reason
I choose EVERYTHING
and will keep looking

For that reason for
EVERMORE!

Margaret Alice
Nonexistent Nondisclosure

Without noticing it, I changed into a Buddhist observing the world without preconceptions discovering the joy of existing like a pebble washed up on the beach

I have lost my Calvinist work ethic which was very weak to begin with, to say the least, I enjoy the peace, oblivious to the sinister undertones seen in

Threatening e-mails discovered by nervous Christine with her unnerving work ethic, her ceaseless activity shames the rest of society a nervous tic on her lips

I admonished her to sit back and relax, but she ran off to write a note of nondisclosure of interests since she has none, she insisted with vehemence

June regarded her with intrigued amusement we never tender, thus no need to bestir ourselves and reply to queries directed to members of parliament

Yet Christine is writing such fiery submissions on nondisclosure of nonexistent interests it would shame a saint...

Margaret Alice
Non-Human Life-Forms

The
Universe
is abundantly full
of intelligence – but
we do not respect any
that we do not understand
fully – people thinking differently
seem dumb to us – imagine then
non-human life-forms with a
strange kind of appearance
we could never revere
that which did not
meet our criteria
at all...

Margaret Alice
Visit to the ophthalmologist started as a major tragedy, the car keys were gone, took the spare keys, ended up in road works, took a long way round, ending in victory, we got two frames each, one for free, the ophthalmologist chose the one she recommended, we chose a second one, Tiaan was delighted, she disapproved of his choice, he loved the compromise of getting strong glasses in navy AND his own preference in aquamarine also

I was relieved, after determining why the letters dance before my eyes – contrary to popular opinion, it was not due to spiritual hallucinations, but astigmatism, she recommended small reading glasses for work, to see who came in when I look up, I insisted on gold while she wanted something more funky, a second pair for reading at home, she kindly explained to read a cookery book, help the kids with homework, I said I read books, she blinked, yes, you’ll be able to do that too

I chose big, round reading glasses for home, explaining I don’t mind not seeing when I look up, something I prefer not to do; all of us happy in the end; she a bit nonplussed - maybe if I can see my document, I’ll translate it with more equanimity...

Margaret Alice
'Nonsensical Phenomenon 25/10/09

Opened a bottle of Port, Allesverloren, translated as Everything Lost, forgiving myself for coming to earth as an evil spirit, enthusiastic support for hubby’s exotic dish until I tasted once too much

Gone the rapport we strived to reach, gone the false friendship – How dare you go on tasting, I want to present exquisitely, you are thwarting my goals - wish I could throw him and his dish into the sea, smiling

I am sorry, will not come near it again, realizing it is impossible to please other people, some hate the Torah, some hate creative writing; some hate both, life is a nonsensical phenomenon, the only thing to control is myself

I am going to read a fairytale and be sensible about life – it is the biggest waste of everything there has ever been, Terry Pratchett complains the gods do not hear prayers – how wrong he is, Adolf Hitler’s prayers were all heard and fulfilled

Because they were backed by the contemporary European culture of Hitler’s age – only then did praying Christians realize how loveless and dangerous anti-Semitism and racism was, how else could mankind learn...

Margaret Alice
No-One Else...

-I had a special friend- said the crocodile
-an alligator who listened to what I said,
then he was invaded by a virus, probably
Kaspersky, maybe something else, now
he is gone, I have to carry on

All alone, crying when nobody is looking,
I cry about my friend, the only one who
responded to my song, now he is gone
there is no-one else- The fault is yours-
the Blue Fairy severely said

-You have been warned before that your
anti-social ways will isolate you from
mammalian life, people move in groups,
find a group and walk with them- That
I cannot do- the crocodile sadly sighed

- I’m a reptile, my brain is primitive & skew,
I cannot think in sophisticated terms as the
mammals do with their evolved cortex, there
is no-one else- Fiddlesticks- sounded
the rebuke

- Practically perfect crocodiles always seek to
serve their fellow men- at this the crocodile
broke down, crying louder than before -I lost
my alligator friend- she sobbed -There is no-
one else- Mary Poppins tried

To soothe the poor old crocodile, but soon, and
for the first time ever, she was reduced to tears
herself, the crocodile knew, once Mary Poppins
cried, the world was coming to an end...

Margaret Alice
When you saw I had refuelled the Jeep in less than four weeks, you freaked –
‘How dare you fill within the month, don’t you know the cost of fuel? ’

This morning when you saw the tank on empty you explode again – ‘Can’t you fill this up before I have to drive? ’
It is a no-win situation I explain, with you getting angry irrespective of what I do, and you got angry again – ‘Do you want me to turn back home now, whining about my words like you do – I have a right to be angry, this is who I am! ’ you shout, and I know I must grin and bear it or face the result of answering, a verbal emotional attack

I give up, I cannot make you always right – but I too should have the right to an opinion although I will not be allowed to express it

Margaret Alice
Old clothes, too small now, yet even when I wore them it was not good enough, never good enough, I could never be thin enough to meet the norm

I am too short, my shoulders broad, I could not look good in whatever I wore, even when my thin clothes was a perfect fit, it was not good enough

My old black skirt, these jeans - still I keep them in my cupboard amongst old files and books and toys, the memory of how hard I tried to meet the norm

But fatigue won...

Margaret Alice
The dinosaur project is underway
we needed an hypothesis and quite
amazingly found one: Nothing about
the genera of dinosaurs can be proven -
whether they were plant-eaters or
carnivores; whether certain types
belong to them or another group
of reptiles; whether they vanished
from the face of the earth because
of a meteorite or an illness like
pandemic HIV Aids - nobody can tell
for sure! It’s a free-for-all!
With my boy of eleven having to
come to a conclusion, all we can say
is: Scientists and Paleontologists,
enjoy yourselves, unless you find binding
proof, without observation dinosaurs
are a spoof - one scientist hinted
they may have existed only as
constructs of our imagination!

Margaret Alice
'Nothing Else... 19/10/09

My positive book says whatever you want you shall have, as long as you concentrate and meditate and contemplate and think it into existence, to keep my job, I decided to do just that

It changed my mouth, determined to keep doing repetitive things pulls my mouth corners down, changes my face into a perpetual frown, while I focus on being an official

No laughter comes to me, to keep earning a salary, I have to chain my soul, tie up my spirit, cannot smile or laugh or enjoy life – when it seemed I would lose my job, nothing else felt good

I decided I might just as well throw in the towel and accept defeat, to succeed requires denial of everything and so be it, there is nothing else...

Margaret Alice
Nothing Would Ever Make Sense

If reincarnation is true
and I believe it – I do
because without it
NOTHING would ever make sense
being born on the pavement
living a short span of life
versus being a king
would simply too horrible
to contemplate
if it were not for the idea
of reincarnation – getting
another chance, if you so wish
to live an earthly life...

But why, oh why
did I have to choose
an allergy -
making me sad
ill and bad
when I eat
certain food?

My only hope
is to lift up my soul
to such an extent
that I never have
to come back
to this earth
just to move on
to another place
where corporeal existence
is just a far-off
memory...

The only way
it can work
is to solve
all puzzles on earth
and damn! - is that
It’s back to “Codes of Love”
with Mark Bryan tonight
so the pain in my heart
still goes on
all in the hope
that in this life
I can solve
the mystery
of pain and love
so I can start
to focus on
the things
above ...

Margaret Alice
Objective Non-Involvement & Obsession

Non-Involvement

You said I should try to stay anchored
in my own world with my feet firmly on the ground
when reading a novel and more especially
when reading lyrical prose – words sublime not meant for me -
any written word constrained to a private conversation
dedicated to another person in another time
and specifically when reading the Bible - not to see
all those words of damnation
as pertaining to me

And you said that the requirement
of objective non-involvement and reading critically
would safeguard all I meet and see from my
emotional extrapolations about New Age Theory,
the Philadelphia Mystery and every other conspiracy
on the Internet...

And until then I must take care when I hold discourse
with my fellow-men - or be prepared to brave
their censure, ridicule and rejection...

Obsession

Your obsession
with demonic possession
drove me insane
with unbearable pain

those I loved most
you declared
demon-possessed

as you ordered
demons to leave me
I was astonished to find
myself alone in my mind
so it was ME you were ordering out

do you contaminate
a loving God's name
by using it
to cover your hate?

Margaret Alice
Burnt my bridges, told an Afrikaner Oom
I believe all people are right, the only thing I reject is rejection, the Western spiritual tradition is quite decadent

Said he “You seem much too happy, do you sometimes feel totally sad” - “Yes” I replied, he continued “You don’t draw lines between things”

“You don’t limit justice to righteousness, contradicting yourself, it seems you call yourself god, so you must be an atheist” - but I am a spiritualist!

Concluded he “You are a nut-case, it is wrong to claim everyone is right at the same time, relativism and subjectivism are totally unacceptable”

My viewpoint has no value in an Afrikaner’s traditional eyes, only happy when feeling superior and being paternalistic; insisting that religion and culture

Are on his side while he consigns all my ideas to the void of oblivion...

Margaret Alice
Exploring the Cape West Coast, bought
a treasure in Malmesbury, a 1958-Psalm
book published by the Dutch Reformed
Church, archaic terms*

Bought Shiraz, Cabernet Sauvignon and
Port at Allesverloren where we found
everything to our taste, blue-gum
honey for my dad

Visited Evita’s Perron where Pieter-Dirk
Uys bought Darling Station, changed it into
a nauseum-museum of Boerassic-Park with
a restaurant where we were entertained with

South African Art Federation* songs, a picture
of Eugene Terblanche stares at you in a bright-
pink toilet, walls covered with Tretchikoff and
Evita’s political pictures

Pieter-Dirk Uys posing as Jay Naidoo, Bill Clinton
and Bishop Tutu, and his masterpiece, the Big
Crocodile himself PW Botha crossing the
Rubicon - Oe là là, Skattie

* Smeltend-Skone Harp- en Sitertone (Psalm 33)
* FAK: Federasie van Afrikaanse Kultuurverenigings

Margaret Alice
Oh Joyous World, Do Not Stand Still For Me

Today is a day for ABBA, their music and words are playing in my head as I run about trying to find out what became of the courier and the memo I wrote, oh joyous world, do not stand still for me, it is so great to be preoccupied with little nonsensical things that help others find the place they belong and what is the name of their favourite song, happy in in this land of ours, so full of potential and possibility - as big as our dreams and growing bigger still - while ABBA’s words are taking my soul on a flight of light far away from it all...

Margaret Alice
Oh Marvelous Confusion! 6.4.2008

We are moving again, I am happy to say, into an open-plan building joining the rest of our Department in Kingsley; how many boxes can be lost, how many files can disappear; oh marvelous confusion

At least for a few weeks all will be chaos and reorganization - some people are already in despair, but it is only fair new things should happen to us, if we can’t concentrate in the noise

If the quiet required for translation is lacking enough, I shall be quite content to walk up and down, “be-moaning” our “fate” with shining eyes, all the socialization and excuses for not doing enough

All the fun of running errands up and down; here we only occupy one floor, there we’ll be part of fourteen or more; I’ll see all my old friends again, tease the overzealous and laugh

At the pompous, there will be self-important people enough to keep me in stitches, big meetings and complaints galore, the more souls the merrier, that is my motto, I’m so excited by these new prospects

While my colleague sighs and rolls her eyes...
Margaret Alice
Old, Ponderous Mill In The Sea & Chandeliers

Old, Ponderous Mill

The translator fairies are hard at work, with magic wands they change blue documents into red; the francophones send documents in blue which the red anglophones do not understand; yellow Chinese and green Portuguese too, pink Mandarin and sweet Kimbundo

All are fed into the magic translation machine that changes everything, a bewitching place of employ, what a marvellous place where nobody shirks their duty – except one small fairy dreaming the day away – shouldn’t she

Wake up and start churning the old, ponderous mill in the sea that keeps the world turning about?

Chandeliers Shine With A Million Rainbows

The little fairy who is dreaming in translation land is me – and the ponderous mill of the earth that will keep it stable on its axis has not been turned by my hands at all – oh no, I’m dreaming of friends and ideas and reminiscences and fun in the sun with everyone – I’ve struggled through two short documents; now I’m staring at a LONG document while all my thoughts have run away to seek fun in a different domain and an empty, lonely Southern Scribe is left to churn the ponderous mill here under the sea of beauty where the magic is happening – but remains invisible to my all-too-human eyes; I sigh for deception and lies, for magic
and mayhem, for the earth wobbling on its axis
and poles changing location and all becoming
ship-shape and no molly-coddling for knackered
sailors and jolly pirates with cell-phones and
automatic guns buried Mafia-style in classic violin
cases, carried by pin-striped men with long coat-
tails while toffs and dandies are drinking all-too-
pink lemonade from long-stemmed glasses and
coloratura soprano’s hit high notes that vibrate
porcelain vases and glittering chandeliers
shine with a million rainbows...

Margaret Alice
Oh wondrous pain, ice-cream caramel
for breakfast, wiped the files in my brain
cannot prioritise, mind resonating with
nothing, gone all emotion, I am a
crocodile, feeling extinguished
I am on autopilot

Following a preset course developed by
my crocodile brain when I was a child
facing a meaningless world in which
I saw no place for myself, pride
became my guiding light

Isolation and independence, providing
in my own needs - dreaming dreams
the only way to transcend the pain of
existence, pitied and feared the
animal kingdom

I thought they existed in pain like me
while they were not free to overcome
such misery through fantasy visions

Distraught I regarded awareness with
awe as the most horrible aspect of life
knowing pain and suffering, my only
delight was to become someone else

There are many in my repertoire, yet
the allergy wipes them all out, leaving
the crocodile to deal with the world,
escaping into abstract thought and
into music

Today I believe life is supposed to be
fun, the crocodile is an aberration -
thank heaven for that!
Margaret Alice
On The Wrong Earth

I am too happy to be quiet and dead, sitting immovable, typing my document, I look at a word, but my thoughts jump away to a faraway place

Seeking another challenge, a new idea, can’t remain imprisoned in my office today, at least, not willingly; I will grow sad, start to feel bad, ashamed of my inability

To concentrate, guilty for not meeting the norm, a few flat words on paper, no faces, no conversations, dead; the quiet holds no magic today - Wayne Dyer recommends

“Feel inspired and significant” – I can’t while translating Interpol’s indictment of humanity as criminal; I am living on the wrong earth after it was destroyed by the Vogons

And resurrected by the dolphins...*

*Douglas Adams “Thanks For All The Fish”

Margaret Alice
One Long Peak Experience & Designing Our Hereinafter

Peak Experience

Colin Wilson says “We apply our sense of long-term purpose only to our physical life, not to mental life at all – we became Lord of Civilization while mentally still caught in the world of Ecclesiastes; we climb the highest mountains and explore all wilderness; but in consciousness we have not ventured beyond our own backyard; when change of consciousness is required, we pour some vodka - or watch the Rugby Cup Final, accepting peak experiences as some kind of pleasantry - instead of realizing its implication: All of life could be one, long peak experience – yet when we reach the top of a hill, we admire the view, then turn around and descend again, instead of scaling the mountain beyond; we accept mental stagnation as the norm of ordinary consciousness – and never attempt to build our insights into a pyramid of wisdom for reaching utter and complete happiness! ”

Designing Our Own Hereinafter

We are free to invent and design our own purpose and meaning in life; Buddhist, Roman Catholic, Jew and Christian; all designing our own Hereinafter - each one as valid as the other; I study all so as to choose the most
beautiful, the most noble and
enchanting (according to my
own definition), the most
honourable, the highest
integrity and most wonderful
realisation of Hope and Love;
combining the best of everything
in my own super-system; we
are free to design what we
wish for; I strive for more
knowledge to create the best
I can think of!

(Colin Wilson “Beyond the Occult” p.362)

Margaret Alice
'One Lovely Thought'

A new concept to play with:
Gematria – a study of the alphabet letters’ numerical values
the spiritual definition of numbers a conscious energy form

Given a solar number for light, double light and consecration – crystallines have the same frequency as sound and colour!

With a marvelous conclusion: our solar system is a giant, pulsating consciousness unit
- what do you mean?

I don’t know – I’m just enchanted by mystical concepts and words that imply there is more mystery than suspected in the course of reality unfolding in grayness!

Let’s add more colour and beauty: the crystals of higher dimensions link the whole solar system in a holographic universe – do you feel the wonder in this statement too?

The universe is a pulsating series of intelligent shapes in ascension culminating in...
One Lovely Thought!

Margaret Alice
The pastor did a one man-show, conducting the service and playing the piano, reading Psalm 90 and insisting we should all follow the Biblical Moses; New Year’s resolutions are to be based on John Maxwell’s dictum – heaven knows what, I was determined to hear as little as possible because I refuse to be told what to do as if being a brain-dead child; songs sung in English and Afrikaans, I wonder whether he fears that God can’t hear if a service is conducted monolingual only, the brilliant lady who did her woolly prayer - Lift us up in your arms, oh Lord, hold us tight – I have an inner fight when I hear sentimental terms like that - sang a song she composed herself, repeating the same five lines over and over; I was thankful when the frightful service was over, my one highlight today the police helicopter outside, security men ordering us inside, looking for criminals and two-way radio’s everywhere, though we saw nothing, it seemed the security guys had so much fun, we’ve got the best country civilian police forum, relishing chasing criminals – they enjoy the rush of adrenaline – and how else would the poor obtain new technology, how else would the well-to-do be forced to keep the economy rolling if their possessions weren’t stolen, otherwise they would cling to their stuff far too long...

Ps.90: 5 “Weggespoel het u hulle, hulle word ‘n slaap”
Ons moes dit uit die kop leer in st.6; dit was baie moeilik want die ou Afrikaanse vertaling is maar woes...

Margaret Alice
Only Thing To Be Dissatisfied About Is Dissatisfaction

I have a pet peeve: I hate a certain tone of voice
the complaining, strict, angry, loud tone by which
the speaker indicates they are dissatisfied with
whatever the world presents them with – and when
some people use this accusing tone to convey
good news, the message is lost in the stomach-
curdling fear experienced on hearing their summons
brooking no interference or refusal to comply – why
would people derive joy from hearing themselves
whining every day instead of expressing the joy
they must undoubtedly feel on living in this earthly
paradise, especially since we all know the snakes
that terrorise us so, are only figments of our own
imagination, and this world is an illusion open to
creative input and refutation; we all know the only
thing to fear is fear itself, and the only thing to be
dissatisfied about -
is dissatisfaction!

Margaret Alice
Other Stars And Planets; Here We Come!

Documents lost and found; the gods are truly good to me; got to pick up kids and buy some stuff and hurry home – but my head is full of the Hutchison effect and antigravity:

Electromagnetic effects reducing metals to jelly, with spontaneous levitation through scalar-wave interaction between fields electromagnetic and matter creating antigravity

Through high-voltage equipment in array - I don’t know yet what scalar waves could be; just as I can’t visualize high-voltage equipment in array; the authors say zero-point electromagnetic radiation energy

May provide potential power for craft to travel in interplanetary space - as well as supply in our electric power needs – unfortunately, I don’t understand too much - just enough to comprehend gravity can be overcome –

So other stars and planets; here we come!

Margaret Alice
Other-Worldly Whispers Of The Happy Undead

This quiet moment of bunched-up time
has no more room for me, I look around
and see my book Spirit Communication
that has to be returned to the library; but
I still want to dwell within the magic of
experiments in communicating with
the spirits of the so-called dead

I don’t want to remain anchored to this
moment in time anymore, I want to set
my mind free to go on unhindered travels
of magic such as Aladdin in a Thousand-
And-One-Nights; I’m strangled by the four
walls of sensory reality and I’ve had enough
of closed-book external existence

I want to enter into the magic of the primeval
elements; to visit Tornado Peak and learn how
to take a magical forest out of my mind, complete
with Red Riding Hood and Humpty Dumpty; visit
Belladonna’s laboratory and send stars on their
rounds; listen to the other-worldly whispers of
the happy undead and set off

To find Unseen University, the Discworld is calling
me, the magical noise of Music-With-Rocks-In is
becoming more real than the 21st century...

Margaret Alice
Outlawed 12/10/09

Narcolepsy, eyelids closing
in fatigue, head hanging heavily,
pushing my emotions back into
the deepest recesses of my mind
uses up all my power

Frustrated inability to change the
situation, not allowed freedom at
home because my gregarious nature
has been outlawed, wearing a social
mask at work, complete withdrawal

The continuous strain is taking a heavy toll
I want to fall asleep for a long, long time...

Margaret Alice
'Outlawed 27/10/2009

Marched down the street, my feet following my square prize fighter’s chin, focused on remaining a government official making lists and typing words, not allowing the playful James Bond girl to put in an appearance

Found two books to shine on our destiny within a wonderful spiritual universe beyond our dungeon reality in which I must serve: Swami Nikhilananda’s translation of the Upanishads balanced by Song in Siberia - true story of a Russian Church

By Deyneka, as soon as I have done my work, translated my grey words, I can visit esoteric visions in magical new books I have never read before, but first I must return to my document waiting to be entered on my list, I work illegally

By making no list when I start, my criminal soul rejoices in forbidden fruit, I break the law by working on unlisted documents - as long as I do something wrong, my concentration and focus remain strong, I am so glad we are forbidden to breathe

Think and eat at work, I only enjoy living life once it is outlawed, when common sense and ordinary activities are declared illegal, it is a joy and privilege to simply exist!

[Following the example of bureaucracy as hell, described by Terry Pratchett in 'Eric', we have to make lists of everything we do and say at work and it kills the spirit - so I survive by NOT making lists and rejoicing in common sense and reading about a better afterlife in esoteric]
books.]

Margaret Alice
Overcome By Bureaucratic Speak

I LOVE, ADORE – in fact, I’m overcome by bureaucratic speak, I’m smitten by what our administration has done:

Compiled a message of unequaled literary mystery, a message loaded with such sinister undertones -

So overflowing with conspiracy, so fascinating that I keep on staring mesmerized by the poetic daring

Of our administrative personnel:

“Chief Users - Capturing of pens must in future be captured on these ICN numbers please:

Black Pen   – 999955T4026769
Red pen      – 999955T26771
Blue pen     – 9999554026783

If you have a problem, please do not hesitate to phone someone you know...”

I didn’t know that humble things like pens had to be captured; will they run away, should we not comply...

Margaret Alice
P: Koos Kombuis For President – Tongue-In-Cheek

Koos Tshabalala-Kombuis creating a one-party state as in the rest of Africa, fighting against the DA even if he has to include Zimbabwe in the Western Cape; creating his very own race classification system, only Koos deciding who are ‘Africans’ and who ‘settlers’, creating a true African state with Cuban doctors, Haiti dictators, Russian advisors and Chinese technicians; building dams where none is needed, constructing railway tracks underneath the Karoo, decorating the land with expensive monuments of himself; banning all Western hospitals and pharmaceuticals – only traditional healers and sangomas would be allowed, because the President flies overseas for medical care – besides he’ll mostly be there, not here where criminals reign supreme; and Koos has the right credentials: living in England and mastering the art of drinking tea...

Article by Koos Kombuis published in Rapport 15 July 2007

Margaret Alice
Modern man already existed 2 800 000 years ago  
human skull and bones were discovered by  
Adrian Bashier and Peter Beaumont  
below a layer of earth  
2.8 million years old

Modern man had inhabited  
a cave in southern Africa  
in 100 000 BC already  
and human teeth and jaw bones  
found in Tanzania  
reportedly are  
3.75 million years old

Thus modern finds made in the 1970’s  
contradict biology textbooks as outmoded  
falsely claiming homo erectus evolved  
scarcely a million years ago  
wrongly indicating that Neanderthalers  
were the only humans in existence  
100 000 years ago

It is time for a paradigm shift  
à la Kuhn, I suppose!

Margaret Alice
Pacman Virus

I have just a small measure of control over my actions, mostly trying to help and being nice; when I sit down staring at a text that holds no interest; all self-control is lost, I can’t force my eyes to stay down, my thoughts jump around

When I stop all mental and imaginative activity to force my eyes to follow lines of grey words, my brain blows its fuses and stops working, all that I write is utter nonsense; there is a monster living in my head; a kind of Pacman

A chewing mouth destroying all in its path, a virus that devours my mental files leaving me dumb, listless, apathetic and catatonic, I hand in the grossest mistakes and spend days feeling miserable and ashamed – yet when the text appears again

My brain is electrified and summersaults into oblivion - I’m left with nothing...

Margaret Alice
Painful Sensation Of Clothing

Cold fury today, behaved really badly in a fashionable shop with sub-standard clothing, pulled clothes from hangers, nearly kicked them at salesmen, clothes everywhere and none I can wear

Enough to make a grown woman cry and a crocodile swear; horrendous clothes with low-cut bodice for total discomfort, awful tops for body-fit and all too short; I suppose I was born to go about naked

The fashion industry never heard of crocodile needs, wearing their badly designed clothes is another form of punishment just like Swami Prabhupada says, being aware of your bodily existence is a form of affliction

Only escape is in spiritual transcendence, in the meantime I still have to wear make-believe clothes in the illusionary world of the senses, if only Swami Prabhupada’s transcendental meditation released me from

The painful sensation of clothing on me!

Margaret Alice
Painkiller Works 4.6.2009

Painkiller works if I keep my head still, sitting immobile, movement brings on lighting flashes of pain again, I shall not eat this kind of dish again, the result is much too fierce, seems like I was born to gain spiritual advantage through lots of pain, waiting patiently is a prerequisite for getting through this, I used to fantasise and read when I was small – until a dark mantle of depression enveloped my mind and I couldn’t find a spark of light to lead the way, until I slowly read a favourite book meditatively; doing tests while suffering symptoms proved me a simpleton, with half my brain in a frozen state, I struggled through school and university, today I’m only half a translator too, always jumping into the deep end with my inability to look for details, being used to charge at mag-lev speeds through every deed to reach the end before my mind collapses and my thoughts are blown away like sea-spray from the crest of a breaking wave...

Margaret Alice
Quantum physics is shattering reductionist materialism, creating space for psychic phenomena appearing; with the non-locality - Alain Aspect, 1982 - of twin particles implying space and distance should be regarded as non-existent

With string theories postulating the existence of more than twenty-five dimensions, with the marvelous discovery of particles changing their behaviour under observation (offering possibility of proving psychokinesis)

Quantum physics is moving us into the paradigm of the erstwhile much-maligned - metaphysics!

Margaret Alice
Part Of The Spiritual Aquarian Conspiracy

I like icing thickly spread on a thin piece of cake, now I suffer discomfort profound, we had reason to rejoice so I ate lots of icing with cake, not the other way round; with our tax returns done, our driving license applications completed; we are model citizens in our own universe, I just had to celebrate, eating four pieces of cake with blobs of icing enormous; now my eyelids are heavy and I can’t stay awake, I’m loosing consciousness in a state of blissful nirvana brought about by gluttony – New Agers say it’s imperative to follow one’s bliss – thus now I am part of the Spiritual Aquarian Conspiracy!

Margaret Alice
Particle Zoo

A theory about
exploding atoms
in an atomic blast
proof of particles
that cannot last

Scientists used to claim
atoms should only contain
three types of particles

But when atoms were smashed to bits
new types of particles formed
different 'flavours' of
different kinds of 'quarks'
what a lark!
'A quark for Mister Mark...'

Now it is true:
there exists
a real particle zoo!

Margaret Alice
Passing On Pain To The Next One In Line 5.17.2008

Pain is a strange companion, according to Charlotte Bronte pain is a scorpion to be squeezed in the hand until it goes numb so as to deaden the pain that does not go away by itself

Doesn’t matter how I order my life, I have to traverse cycles of pain, for energy we have to eat, when I eat I am ill, when I don’t the pain goes away, as well as the power to survive

Balancing between waxing and waning cycles of pain, we chose our lives before we were born, my soul chose suffering to understand life, the pain of people who seem so arrogant

But underneath hearts are burning with feelings aflame, emotions sprouting from scarring thoughts destroying perspective and life, bewildered eyes chilling my soul, hardened mouths

Turned into stone, ostensibly people are active and happy, but underneath they are shrinking away, assigning blame in loathing of self and rejection of life, seeking compensation in passing on pain

To the next one in line...

Margaret Alice
Passionate Idea

I have a lifelong love affair with IDEAS and PASSION
Most people never realise that PASSION has nothing to do with love:
love is passive acceptance of what is
and I am seldom passively accepting
I am passionate and rejecting
cannot accept the world that is
Some ask don’t you love Martin and the children
of course – Martin represents the most beautiful ideas
of honesty, integrity and kind consideration
I love him – accepting what is
as well as the beautiful idea of the children

My passion concerns all ideas – music and language
and science and occult and magic and metaphysics -
my greatest fear has always been that ideas will shrink
and in Official Theory ideas are indeed too small
to contain the wideness of the universe
and the deepness of emotion – I once feared that I would die
for lack of ideas and imagination
but then I discovered the beauty of true morality
Seth by Jane Roberts and Abraham by Esther Hicks
and revived in the sweetness of passionate idea!

Margaret Alice
Penetrate Immeasurable Depths Underneath

Becoming a still life sitting immobile, one vertically layered life moment is just a grey second measured horizontally, we cannot dissect the beautiful vertical layers while floating on top in one thin, horizontal line only, unaware of the rest of the octave and the enormous content of the vertical shafts penetrating reality, the mind always stuck in the same thin, horizontal groove.

All attempts to point a microscope at the full-colour spectrum of a multi-layered vertical moment are blocked by the fast moving horizontal spiral that refuses the physical body a pause for observing everything contained therein – we live life on the tip of an enormous ice floe, bodies attuned to the rhythms of the solar system – while the mind is a free-wheeling mechanism looking for release.

From horizontal constraint - to penetrate the immeasurable depths underneath...

Margaret Alice
People Are Love In Manifestation 5.17.2008

A young girl of thirteen misled on the Internet by a much older person posing as a boy of sixteen, assuring Megan of her beauty

She confused false flattery with heart-felt truth, floating about on clouds of joy until suddenly “Josh” ended the relationship, causing Megan to hang herself

In all human interaction, reality or cyber-relations, the same rules apply; do not exploit or manipulate other people through emotional blackmail

People are raw feelings walking about on legs, love in manifestation who should be treated with respect and affection, in a word, just like YOU would like to be treated

Yourself!

Margaret Alice
Perfect World

If I could wish
for a perfect world
how should it be
a world where
we only do
what we like
or where we are
able to learn
to enjoy doing
what we have
to do?
A world where
others
like what
we do
or where
we do only
what others
want us to?
Where is the
balance
in all of
that?
Freedom
is such an
unfathomable
thing!

Margaret Alice
Periscoping In Fairyland 29/10/09

My mind resembles the croquet flamingoes in Alice in Wonderland, when I try to hit reality’s hedgehogs with my flamingo-mind it turns its long neck away, I miss material reality completely, finding a metaphysical universe in an immaterial dimension which my brother says does not exist

I am overcome by the wonders of symbolism and magical imagery, ideas about magnetism and water reflecting human consciousness, near-death-experiences and astral travel, paid to play croquet with the Queen of Hearts calling herself the Department of Arts

I try to turn my flamingo mind upright again and aim for the hedgehog of reality in the messages sent by the one-eyed Troll Interpol, sighing and floating down to earth, aiming for the Interpol message, missing again, beautiful words shining like golden rays in my heart

Bewitching my thoughts, I am floating still, remembering I was given freedom to follow my dreams, explore spiritual realms and visions I cannot anchor my feelings in Interpol’s bay while my flamingo mind is periscoping in fairyland - in a joy I cannot describe

Margaret Alice
Personalities Rotating Between Lives

The stranger sitting in my chair today is different from the person who was here yesterday - and the complete opposite of the person who worked here on Monday:

Monday’s official started by listing documents, Tuesday’s official translated Interpol, today’s official finds her mind’s contents had fallen to bits.

Cannot stand the sight of the very documents she must read and evaluate – how am I supposed to lead a reasonable life if every day is tackled with a different personality? I used to think it was various aspects of me myself, now I’ve read these personalities are all independent and rotate between lives, and I can’t

Work with today’s person at all!

Margaret Alice
Ph Passions: Falling In And Out Of Love

Passion

I’ve got a new passion, can’t stop writing maudlin poetry when experiencing these heavenly transports, least I’ve learnt to hold my tongue and not drive colleagues up the wall with my odes to joy, but I have to write about it so much to express a host of joyous emotions that is overpowering, juvenile and magnificent all at the same time

Stones

In the old days I fell in love with stones collecting them illegally in nature resorts, walking back and forth with enormous stones between campsite and beachfront, sitting up till three in the morning playing with them, at home varnishing them and placing them all over the house till the mess was too much and the kids started throwing them around...

Shells

Then I had a love affair with shells, collecting them for hours and lovingly washing them in the bath, sorting them then arranging the small shells in the big ones, pasting them down with salt and icing sugar, a flimsy affair but so delicate and enchanting, covering them with cellophane handing them out as gifts to my friends – what they did about the ants I don’t know...

Branch and Rope

Then I hung up the branch of a tree in my office decorating it with glitter and shells and anything nice, pictures of fairies and elves, and then
criss-crossed the ceiling with rope on which to hang more fanciful stuff, even condom balloons when it was forced upon us during a promotional campaign, feathers and small toys I secretly took from the kids’ rooms in a bid to save them

Bricks

Feeling quite insulted when my boss objected to this lovely mobile of mine whereas the cleaners designated me the local sangoma – an honourary title, of course - then I discovered bricks, the red clay ones called mamparas that glow with life and feel so good to the touch, I licked them and took them into the bath, the easiest way to clean them and scratching the bathtub irreparably, then

Gross

Pasting dried leaves and flowers on them, finishing off with silver glitter, a wonderful mess, brought them to the office one by one, bricks, dust, clay, dried flowers and glitter messing everywhere... Because of my odes to clay bricks a translator actually licked one - when I saw how gross it looked, I was most heartily ashamed and never did it again at least not where other people could see me

Grass Phase

Then I had a grass phase, being fascinated with golden elephant grass, I stashed grass everywhere and it was beautiful, but hubby was quite disgusted, grass is messy and we don’t live in a den – so out they went – then the stringing little-glitter-thingies everywhere-phase came and went, it seemed that passion phases were over - nowadays my taste is more sophisticated – but

An Affliction

I still can’t get rid of another affliction: Licking an
empty ice-cream plate; always making sure the kids can’t see me, but I know it is terrible all the same—only my mother forbade us to do it when we were small, so it became a token of solidarity among us that we licked those plates – in spite of her edicts against it, In any case, after that I discovered PH and my passions drove people wild, now I fall in and out of love without anyone being the wiser...

Margaret Alice
Ph: Bombard Us With Vitriolic Abuse

Why didn’t you post a poem or two today, what is this, a new campaign - Abstaining From Entertaining And Educating Savage Barbarians?

I’m so bored, I ate five chocolates in the hopes that sugar overload would kill, but I’m still here – project aborted - I’ve looked at Sacred Geometry

Couldn’t find a mystical point to delight and inform – next stop will have to be David Blaine, but I’ve exhausted him before...

My story characters could go explore Atlantis, send messages in Morse code – or maybe travel through the portals to the planet Lyra

Feeling bereft of the acidic dose of criticism that gives me indigestion and once again, makes one realize our demise is not far off

Why are you silent now, when will you bombard us with vitriolic abuse again, though I refuse

To become the modern person you see in all men and women, I still need to coach my soul to become a better thing

than it has been...The silence is deafening; hi sphinx, wake up, and kick us in the
butt!

Margaret Alice
Rearranged hubby’s pencil sketch
etched in steel against the wall
attached a butterfly in blue, eying
another necklace to take apart,
baubles of see-through beads
resembling dewdrops to be affixed
to my computer at Kingsley, looked
at my reflection mirrored on the wall,
is that really me? – I can identify with
the smile, but the other expressions
seem foreign in the extreme – and
the dream I had, was that me, could
it really be – that one day I’ll meet
my destiny? Actually, it doesn’t matter,
just imagining such an entity is good
enough, while anchored to family, kids
to clothe and feed, keeping my little
girl’s secrets, cherishing my own
fantasies – life can be
phantasmagorical
if we let it be....

I March 2009

Men From Mars 5.

Insomniac me, tossing and turning in bed,
got up and started typing instead, listening
to Tchaikovsky’s Nutcracker Suite with ear-
phones on my head, thus blocking the noise
from the TV where Tiaan is watching like a
real senior, enjoying the heckling in ‘Top Gear’

He now has rugby gear to try out for a place in the
school team, I had hoped it would be a passing phase,
but he wants to play a game in which the main aim is to
injure your opponent; let him lose interest, I pray, or at
least play without too many savages about, watching him
grow presents a show of a little boy

Donning the clothes of grown men, no longer his mama’s own, belonging to himself and the big world outside, while his dad is tearing his hair from his head about his little girl talking about boyfriends, unable to cope with sharing her, his dad does not worry about his son, only focused upon keeping his little girl from growing up

How different we are, men from Mars, women from Venus, both worry about their children for different reasons, instead of trusting in the benevolent universe, allowing their kids to make their own mistakes; I trust that my daughter will follow the principles she made her own, that Tiaan will fight off the savage hordes in future rugby wars...

Books I love 4.

Enjoying my Saturday treat, reading a book about magic glasses by Maurice Gee from New Zealand, they change the world into a more beautiful place, belong to the Moon-girl from another space

The evil Grimbles are looking for them to take over an enchanted world on the other side of a gate to change it into a desert, like their own world, a girl hid them in her hut among the lovely plants in her garden

Hubby makes angry bull noises about sports on TV while I read my book about magic and absorb so much, I feel like a magical person myself, all the enchantment I’ll ever need is right here in my hands

Luckily I read Agatha Christie, Sherlock Holmes, D.H. Lawrence and Henry James while still young, now in my old age I only have fun, reading books I love – children’s stories and New Age spiritual, I got the pain of being human out of the way
With a degree to prove that I have looked into painful modern philosophy, today feeding the fire of feeling in my breast - never again do I have to face the sad defeatism of Sartre and the rest!

Maurice Gee ‘The World Around The Corner’
Oxford University Press 1980

28 February 2009

Caressing My Ears 3.

Got some exercise, marching double beat to Gé Korsten’s operatic rendition of Liefling, skipping to Kaboemmielies, had to stop when people appeared, keeping up appearances, secretly walking like a drum majorette to make the walk interesting, gum-boot-jumping to Schuster’s rugby song when no-one’s looking, the music in my ears changes walking for health into an adventure, making me feel ten years younger, jumped into the pool afterwards, became a crocodile floating in the coolness, now I am the Southern Scribe typing happy words while listening to Carmen, small boys marching like ‘les petits soldats’ while the lovely alto voice of Carmen is caressing my ears, the orchestra going into overdrive...

28 February 2009

My Sacred Space 2.

You listened to Leonard Cohen again, full volume, I fought back by creating my own space with the headphones in my ears, listening to The Merry Widow by Léhar - drowning out Cohen’s music
you force on us, used to press my fingers
in my ears to exclude noise as I lay in bed
at night - or when my parents argued

I refuse to listen to ugly noises splashing
like dirty water over me, hurting my ears,
at school climbing through the window to
read on the front porch, sought solitude by
climbing on the roof, at work the earphones
create a barrier against the open-plan office
incessant noise like gunshots in my head, no
more forced listening to your Cohen CD

Washing dishes with The Merry Widow in my
ears, now listening to the Phantom with the
earphones plugged into the laptop, creating
my own sacred space, escaping the tyranny
of sounds....

27 February 2009

Invading My Space 1.

Darkness descending, night unending,
clouds all cold and grey, sun appearing
creating whiteness uniform, no golden-
yellow warmth today, your frustrations
are invading all my space; driving home
you swear at every interfering driver, the
car has no power, stupid road-hogs every-
where, you lecture kids in language spiced
with uncouth expressions – they are not
allowed to use the same, even dreaming
of your curses, waking drenched in sweat,
thunder and lightning all I hear each day, at
night all exhausted, feeling threats from all
directions, tired of trying to remain calm until
you rant and rave again, please -
give us a break...

27 February 2009
Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Anointed By Ideals; Heroic Impulses, Jane Roberts

Anointed by Ideals

I have not processed the events of the past two weeks, the wonderful incidents, the beautiful people I met the brilliant new ideas that were sown in my mind, I have been anointed by ideals flaming high, they are consuming me while I stand immobile

Silently, no-one to share these passions with me, my heart fibrillating within waves of emotion washing through me, there is no-one to talk to, no-one to ask for advice, I don’t have words to express the feelings that burn, when I say something I am told to forget all these fancies

It is my duty to describe grey reality in the drabbest words and overused terms I can find, I must find an old rusted iron to bind my free-wheeling mind to the here and now, there is no-one to talk to, no-one to consult, I’m crying alone, experiencing these feelings all by myself

The excitement and ideas received at the conference, the joyous events and people I met, the indigenous costumes - I am all alone in knowing and feeling with my heart fibrillating within me, I’m crying alone, the pain is growing into an unbearable loneliness – at least these tears

Are offering a temporary respite...
Heroic Impulses, Jane Roberts

Jane Roberts says the poet’s role is to explore the psyche’s horizons, pushing against psychological barriers, finding new truths

Opening up mystical theories, new visions of inner reality, a poet’s vision for the people relayed in words, sound, rhythm and song;

Teaching trust in the spontaneous self; because the theories of Freud and Darwin confined the imagination, cramping our style

While religion’s belief in a flawed human being contaminated all of humanity; although our impulses are heroic and normal – I shall read “The Individual” by Jane Roberts...

As an introduction to the subject of heroic impulses...

Jane Roberts 'The Individual and the Nature of Mass Events'

Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Brains Are Portions Indivisible

This world is a construct of
blurred holographic frequencies,
transformed mathematically into
sense perception by a hologram-brain;
objective reality has no need to exist
within the holographic paradigm.

Eastern religions always claimed
the material world is Maya, we are
not physical beings moving through
a physical world, it is illusionary;
we are Receivers floating through
kaleidoscopic frequencies
transmogrified by us into physical
reality within just one of the super-
hologram’s many channels.

The paranormal forms that part of
nature because individual brains
are portions indivisible with everything
infinitely interconnected, telepathy
becomes a way to access the holograph’s
information – I wish I were open to it;
the nearest I can get is through
the Internet but I can’t read fast enough,
summarise well enough to retain
it all in my brain – may I please
access yours, whomever you are, since
we are supposedly interconnected?

Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Charles Ford Is My Lodestar

Happy to report discovery of the panacea against all things happy and good with which the magical Internet always balances everything

Criticism of Emoto’s work on water crystals, kind debunkers who see to it nobody rejoices in something new – but

I’ve got news for them - my criteria for accepting a theory leaves enough leeway for anything weird and wonderful to be

We can only see what we expect, reality is so much bigger than you and me; Charles Ford is my lodestar in evaluating

Interesting facts and theories!

Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Dangerous Passion For Wisdom

In a frenzy of karmic demarcation, Motoyama* dramatically decries everything we feel passion for as possible sources of karma; Even in the quest for knowledge, insight and wisdom

he cites religions’ scions and science’s savants as too emotionally attached to their own theories, rejecting contrary evidence. Fixation on knowledge he says creates karma for them and their descendants –

BUT he misses the point: a true quest for wisdom should protect against taking pleasure in false evidence; karma arises when derailed by emotional attachment to falsehoods and fixation on truth is lost.

In an upsurge of karmic fervour Motoyama even warns against a passion for music; attachment to joy, laughter and fun can also bring the wrath of karma – he sees unemotional reason as the saviour of man,

relegating emotions to a dangerous subconscious realm. BUT emotions are necessary for interaction between world and body enabling us to set priorities to survive our lives. As said by Damasio in “Descartes’ Error”,

what should have been proposed was: "I think and feel, therefore I am"; because damage to the frontal cortex destroys our emotional centre and deprives us of emotional feedback, takes our decision-making ability away so we can’t use our reason... If we took Motoyama’s claims at face value, his book should be put down immediately as we’re inviting a dangerous passion for wisdom and information – incurring karmic effects by reading his book on reincarnation!

*Dr Hiroshi Motoyama “Karma and Reincarnation”, translated by Rande Brown Ouchi,1992

I
Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Equal Capacity For Wrongdoing

I embarked on a life with the firm intention to be an upstanding citizen; but all it has brought me is pain - each time I have to explain why I’ve fallen behind again, instead of disappointment and then encouraging me to continue in a life I hate to the core of my being; why not allow me to die and be reborn through reincarnation; if I can’t make it to the spiritual realms of non-physical life, where I hope to end up through accepting guilt and responsibility for everything that has ever gone wrong on this earth, thus showing awareness of an equal capacity for wrongdoing as the worst criminal?

Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Highest Ideals

The crocodile found the following on the Internet:
Wolfgang Pauli connected subatomic physics with paranormal non-sensory events

Experiments prove separation of mind and brain does occur at moment of death; claims Ronald Pearson in a publication called “Quantum Gravitation”

In “Consciousness as Sub-Quantum Phenomenon” Pearson gives the required mathematical back-up for the experiments proving

Deceased people return to earth to prove that the mind does survive death – oh how the crocodile wishes for the ability to

Research all these claims, since it seems to add fuel to its highest ideals and wildest imaginations....

Margaret Alice
I read all about these tough protagonists, these kids who faced adversity with a smile on their lips; I dream of doing the same, of treating life as a game –

yet when the so-manyeth calamity struck, I just couldn’t face life any more, throwing in the towel – I’ve tried my best, but tonight I need rest; ’tis too much, I can’t find meaning in life – I’ve read about “Jenny, Bright as a Penny” and “The Little Princess” by Frances Hodgson Burnett; my dad says he’s still reading Polyanna to keep his spirits up; Abraham says to look only where I feel good when I look – and when I look there is no-one home! I guess such is life, Abraham recommends finding joy in your own heart; in “Walking With Loneliness” Paula also says to embrace the growth offered by the lonely experience; Leo Buscaglia also embroiders the theme – to love all unconditionally – without expecting anything in return – now it is time to apply the principles I have come across – but break my heart, for I must hold my tongue, never revealing anywhere why I am sad – ’tis good, I’ve had lots of practice before, growing up in a hostile home where three grown-ups were aiming their shots at each other and if kids got in the way, destroying them

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
without qualm – I know how to walk slowly, wash up softly, cry in my heart where nobody gets to see the tears, it’s the result of the practice of years; now I have proof that the painful practice I’ve had in my youth will stand me in very good stead... Maybe my brother was right when he said our lives were over before it began – the photographs of smiling faces I plastered all over cannot save me from my fate tonight; of crying without recourse to any respite; I shall descend – but I’ll rise again, albeit after a period of lament – it probably was much worse before, I’ve only forgotten the cold of being lonely – but if others can do it – so can I, face my adversity with courage and a smile that is bright; I’ll cherish the photos of dad with hope in his smile, of mom with dreams in her eyes... How do you think they must have felt, the prisoners, when they were thrown into the Bastille? Just like me – only worse; grin and bear it; life is a curse – but it will pass soon enough!

Margaret Alice
I’ve found confirmation for my position on wisdom: Colin Wilson writes that "We are not trapped in some original sin, only in original stupidity – which can be overcome by intelligent effort; a sinking feeling is not a glimpse of meaninglessness, merely a leak of concentration – reducing inner energy; our assessment of human capacity is totally limited and inaccurate, as we are limited only by our bodies and the dullness of the five senses; we can learn to interpret our visions in terms of logic and reason; there is a link between mystical, paranormal experience and the power of the imagination! ”

(Colin Wilson "Beyond the Occult" p.361)

Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Liquid Light Golden

All you say is imprinting feelings through the body, all are birthed with a soul shopping list and the gift of free will, the only important thing is who are you and where are you heading to, we are souls pure, shiny white lights, interacting with spirit perpetually, time is material and physical not found in spiritual – heed life’s fragility, physical death is birth unto spirit where thought is reality, this life vibration is low while the world we’re in after passing is as we chose it freely, determine the attraction to evil, wicked or beauty, gratification in greed evaluated, review by repeating each of victims’ experiences with sincere remorse and receiving forgiveness by those wronged by you, relinquish materialism, sensitives quietly assisting the lost in finding the light, spirit-inspired, not publicly and without publicity or fanfare, no gratitude required, shifting focus for a glimpse of spirit recognising sycophants as a trap unto us no gift evident, no strings attached to free will, mediumship is the improvement of self, a vessel filled with wisdom by spirit setting aside inhibitions aspiring to truth, put feelings away with no conflicting thoughts in life’s sacredness, no pedestal and accompanying bitterness, giving what you desire to acquire unto others, spirit wants what is right without recognition with life force entrance red, orange in navel intuition, spleen filter yellow, clairaudience in blue, third eye in indigo, knowledge entrance in violet, white light enters and exists in mistiness, liquid light golden filling us completely...

Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Master Baby-Steps Of Beliefs

I’ve finished “The Afterlife Experiments” by Gary E. Schwartz, Ph.D.; as innovative as it is, with scientific evidence of life after death, it is archaic compared to Seth’s teachings

I shall leave hard-core scientists in the care of free-thinkers like Gary Scwartz, now I can return to the greater excitement presented by Seth: We are all multiple consciousness

Living various lives at the same time in several dimensions and different time frames at once; this is much better than Gary Schwartz’ painful adherence to sensory evidence

Trying to master baby-steps of beliefs mastered by Seth eons ago....

Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Perfecting Comedy, Being Wrong, Right

Perfecting Comedy and Humour Endlessly

John Payne* says nothing is caused by actions in another life, events are created by thoughts, not deeds

If we had burgled or murdered before, only the motives of these acts are the cause of future circumstances

Dr Hiroshi* states every action is a ‘seed’ that will manifest in every life; but it boils down to the same thing:

Keep thoughts pure, safe from negative attitudes and depression; full of sunlight, delighting in joyous accomplishments

And the beautiful world we live in; whether karma is defined as thought or deed - thought precedes, and should be conceived

As the primal cause of the events we encounter, we are attracted to people and circumstances similar to ourselves

It will be the same in non-physical existence, as well as all possible and probable material life, thus we can tell

Where we shall end up: I shall be among the playful clowns, exuberant in all forms of awareness and all kinds of consciousness

Laughing at ourselves in whatever way our form of existence allows us, perfecting comedy and humour endlessly...
Being Wrong-In Every Possible Way

Brilliant analogies, making me think in between bouts of hysterical laughter: "Hex is our thinking machine, with a hundred-yard-long drawer sliding out of a fourteen-inch-square box, drawers opening out of drawers - but no, this is the wrong way to think in eleven-dimensional space...

Says Adora Belle - A puzzle sliding in many directions at once; Stibbons replies - A graphic analogy, indeed, aiding understanding of course – while being wrong – in every possible way! ”

Yes, I also find that humankind must be a great analogy of something else – something BIG – while being wrong in every possible way!

Terry Pratchett – ”Making Money” Doubleday,2007; p.197

Right Question Not To Know The Answer To

Adora Belle asked – Is it alive? Ponder Stibbons replied – That is the right question, qualifying as interesting; the right question not to know the answer to...

Life is eternal strife, trying to compile a list of right questions, which it is interesting NOT to know the right answers to – Thank you, Terry Pratchett,
Thank you for that!

Terry Pratchett – “Making Money” Doubleday, 2007; p.197

Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Physical Pain Of Existence

We are
radio receivers;
our mind’s radio
is tuned to
specific signals
and we choose
what experience
we attract –

I’m trying to
tune my mind
to FM Classic
all the time,
aiming to attract
harmony and
classical beauty
in pleasing proportions –

though
I’m not successful.
I begat blinding
mind-disturbance
before I discovered
Abraham’s theories;

it seems
I’m tuned to
too many negative things
with my dial set to
bad political views,
conflict and
society’s problems,
exploitation and
lack of respect;

he recommends replacing
every negative thought
with a positive
counter-effect...
I read Abraham’s advice
over and over again,
hoping that focusing
on his positive
radio station
will help me
overcome fear
and alienation
from the physical
pain of existence...

Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Pin Down Meaning Of Life

At a magical level of consciousness we are floating about, joyously, in a sea of meaning
Even the worst events become interesting – an attempt to teach us something; ascending

Steps on an optimistic route; filled with a heavenly sense of connection and wonder
Finding the universe beautiful and unendingly exciting; with an inherent magnificence –

We only lose the capacity to discern its glorious existence; but a positive consciousness brings
A vision of how life can be transformed;
Ecclesiastes being a con-artist unmasked when

Assuring all that life is eternal toil, deadly dull and boring; clear revelation will penetrate
This lie in a fascinating world of infinite variety; there is no reason at all not to exist

At the highest level of optimism; use words to pin down the meaning of life so it cannot escape ever again...

Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Speaking Last Time, Perspective, Awareness

1. Speaking One Last Time To Those We Have Loved And Lost

“One Last Time” by a psychic medium, John Edward, speaking one last time to those we have loved and lost - born into a Western society with no room for spiritual values, except Christianity veiled under materialism

I admire the psychics with the desire to repeat their experience, hoping fervently to see spirit manifesting one day; but thus far it has been a lovely ideal only – without any spiritual experience beyond the five senses

Yet I refuse to remain caught in the illusion of physical life, though I can’t experience life in spirit, I dream and fantasize - even if it were not true; though no-one can prove it false – I will have had a better life experience than

The cold, materialistic one if I were to believe sensory evidence – preferring to let my imagination run free and see how far thought experiments can take me...

John Edward “One Last Time”

2. Where’s Your Perspective, Your Very Own World View?

You spoke of a need to break out of a negative mould and become positive again, but each time you see new attitudes for a new world

You turn back to classic Western thinkers, trying to become a walking
filing cabinet of encyclopaedic knowledge

Refusing to look at new insights – with the flimsy excuse “I don’t know the old well enough”

Well, you never will; your beliefs are emotional, neurologically entrenched information clashing with your cherished beliefs are rejected

To defend your biased ideas, protect you from fear, anxiety and emotional destabilization, always looking for classical authorisation before

acceding a point...

Where’s your own perspective, your very own world view?

3. All Awareness Precedes Physical Objects

I have to protect new ideas, theories and dreams with great care against criticism and rigidity when interacting with others

Classical thinkers relegated mankind to extinction, saying consciousness is locked up inside the skull, seeing man as a powerless

Meaningless being, stuck in time without wings - a sad system - I cherish a new dream, that we project our thoughts into physical form

We ourselves create the terror and glories of earthly existence, all form is created
by our consciousness, not the other way round, all awareness

Precedes physical objects and exists independently of the physical senses!

Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Too Many Shocks

What a miserable day – I’ve been reading Seth and his messages brought me no joy – he says several different personalities, all part of the same Energy Gestalt, are engaged in living their own realities – in different time frames right now

I only hope that one part of my Energy Gestalt is a sexy leggy brunette, enjoying fun with her friends, living it up, because spending the day as a recluse reading Seth and nothing else – except swimming in the pool – made me feel lonely

Hoping that other aspects of my bigger soul are having fun did not help; I had none, being as dour as those joggers I saw at the beach; while they are bent on improving their bodies, I’m focused on improving the mind, now Seth informs me

I’ll take my depressions with me after death – will the comedies help, all those humorous pieces I’ve learnt by heart, Don Camillo and Herman Charles Bosman; when the blues come over me after the physical death that apparently will not change me into the happy being I’ve come to expect by reading Abraham by Esther Hicks? Darn, I’m tired and lonely and sad, and it’s one day before Christmas – guess what is waiting under the tree: The Salt Sea Scrolls found at Qumran – just ready

To deal the death knoll to the Christmas story of one Jesus – there being three, at the very least – and an Essene at that – oh glorious curiosity, the Crocodile will bring about my physical demise at last – too many shocks to my system at once!

Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Where Magic And Miracles Happen

I'm a magnet attracting - so are you
this is where magic and miracles
happen, the secret is feeling good
so here's my dream - hold me tight

Let's just sit together like that, let
me lie in your lap, let us drowse
in unison, share the same vision
create the same scene

It's exhilarating and I thank you
the joy I'm feeling is overpowering
I will not let go of this any time
soon, you'll stay in my vision

All the time, all the way, every
night, every day...

Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Wisdom Of Wiseman Left Me Enchanted

- Playing on The Internet

Once again spent a marvelous time on the Internet, surfing the web, reading until my eyes are swollen and red - my work incomplete, a dastardly deed

But I could not tear me away from what a Wiseman says, since wisdom is my quest, I thought it best to listen instead of working today...

In Iraq studies in archaeology led to a new analysis of Genesis, using the methods of the ancient literary fraternity, shedding new light on its nature and authorship

Genesis contains evidence concerning composition & origin within the method by which it was compiled, as practiced by the patriarchs

The key provided here by P.J. Wiseman: Moses had compiled the book of Genesis from original tablets written in an ancient script

By the original people who had been concerned in the events, Moses clearly indicates the tablets had been records of ancient families

Genesis was written centuries before writing supposedly came to be, critics tried proving it was compiled much later than Moses’s time

They didn’t know writing had been used frequently a thousand years before
Moses was born, consequently, all sides in the Bible controversy

Imagined Genesis had been handed down by word of mouth, assuming writing unknown in the times of the patriarchs...

The wisdom of Wiseman left me enchanted by the idea that the events recounted in Genesis had been recorded at the time they took place – thus

Lending credence to ancient Babylonian texts as interpreted by Zecharia Sitchin!

- The key to the compilation method is the phrase “These are the generations of....” The Hebrew word “generations” means “family history drawn from the genealogical register’.

- The sentence “this is the book of the history of Adam” CONCLUDES a record already written, it is not an introduction to a subsequent record. Genesis is a compilation of a series of tablets that had been in the possession of the persons whose names are mentioned in them.

- Foreword by an; Former Professor of Assyriology in the University of London and Assistant Keeper, Department of Western Asiatic Antiquities, The British Museum.


Margaret Alice
Philosophy: Wonderful Thought

Reading 'Thought Forms' by Annie Besant and C.W. Leadbeater is fine, but I cannot continue tonight, not after having dragged myself to church

And producing the most terrible thought-forms as I listened to the 'predikant' telling the poor congregation in the most paternalistic way

How evil everybody is, how just like King Hiskia in the Old Testament, how self-centred and filled with self-importance - and threatening one and all

All with the Babylonians that will storm down on us in the year to come - and in the year past, did we show the previous lot of heathen invaders

The fig cake that healed our wound and the sundial that moved ten degrees backwards? - No, he says, we put the voice of God on 'mute'

(Strangely, he has always been on mute in my case, but I guess crocodiles shouldn't expect any privileges) - and we might invite the pagans

In, show them all our riches and our small number of soldiers - and ere long, we shall be invaded in the new year! We should, this professor of

Biblical studies continued, hold tightly to God's hand and rest on His Chest - ohmygoodness; what a way to go; but crocodiles aren't the

Demonstrative sort - and, the illuminated illuminary continued, if we don't heed His Voice, He will condemn us to death - just like he did with

King Hiskia - now that's a wonderful thought to hold in the mind as the new year unwinds!
* Pastor

Margaret Alice
An Alice-Crocodile with ethereal smile
floating through the house to the tune
of Offenbach’s Dancing Snowflakes
within the dreams generated by

“Far Journeys” by Robert Monroe; on
planets circling billions of stars, linked
within intelligent energy fields; other
beings are aware of earth planet’s life

Our flickering thoughts are met by their radiant
response in an acceptance way beyond mere
endearment, communicating with us by means
of thoughts, emotions and feelings

They inform us we humans are living several
lives simultaneously in order to learn lessons
through simulations until we start to solve
problems through the use of

reasoned resolution - I dreamily approve
of this view of reality...

Robert A. Monroe “Far Journeys”

Margaret Alice
Pioneering Poetry-Racketeering Buccaneers

An advertisement in black and sickly orange, stating “Be a pain” illustrating this maxim by irritatingly flashing every five seconds and hurting my eyes by its despondent colours

Certainly this thing is a pain that awakens an animal in me, ready to pounce on the screen and pounding it into bits; what a shame that management decided on painful black

And an insulting orange to torment all innocent readers and browsing strangers; all I hope is that dwindling readership numbers will bring insight and understanding to the colour-blind

Muddle-minded, eyes-on-the-financial horizon, pioneering-new-ways-in-poetry-racketeering; buccaneers in management!

Margaret Alice
'Play The Commercial Game

I don’t like streamlining and ergonomics all compressed into one efficient process, the act of creation, writing a verse in an emotional upsurge, mixed up with the act of promoting yourself

Business, commercialism, marketing, the hallmarks of a consumer society offering poetry as a product to be consumed, its criticism subsumed by its assimilation

Into deals, winning prizes – I write poetry when I reflect upon life, how can I jump up and play the commercial game from which I fled into a fantasy, or which I transcended in a new vision

of a new society?

Margaret Alice
Playing At Being Die Fledermaus*

I am headache-free and happy, running about
wearing my Hogsworth toga which management
magnanimously supplied all personnel as a corporate
gift; I love wearing mine and playing at being Die
Fledermaus, singing snatches from The Merry Widow*

Calling yesterday’s official to plague her into capturing
the outstanding payment (running loose since last year)
organising the retrieval of the German document, sent to
Portuguese Tony by mistake, then speedy delivery to
our freelancing Germanic translator

Trying to figure out how to work my fun sentence
into a normal conversation: Can paper tigers protect
sacred cows when loose canons hurt our cause? –
this will take some planning; imbroglio was easy to
insert, vanguard was not too bad, but this

Requires a definite plan - oh, glorious life!

* The opera “The Bat” by Johann Strauss
* Operetta By Franz Lehar

Margaret Alice
Playing It Languorously

Listening to Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata on my Naxos DVD that Nici copied for me, but the pianist does not feel the same pain I do when I play it – much too slow and with many wrong notes of course – but I love playing it languorously, feel the notes becoming sighs changing into passionate cries of pain and deception, feelings of such infinite depth that no-one can reach or fulfill them, pulling at my heart-strings until it feels as if they will break – but not so this note-perfect pianist, he plays unconcerned, there is no pain or desperation, no mad exclamations in his rendition, he is as cold as a block of ice in his cool and calm execution...

Margaret Alice
Please Reinstate Me Amongst Common Humanity

Oh, bring back my happiness
based on golden sunshine
green and yellow leaves
bathed in a golden light
against a beautiful
clear blue sky – take away
the gnawing fear
that these inabilities
you identified – to
manage a home
tidy and decorate,
makes me less
than a human being,
takes away my right
to be happy and content
in the golden autumn sunshine,
please reinstate me
amongst common humanity...

Margaret Alice
Plug Mental Socket Into Spiritual Energy 7.4.2008

Looking at an Ice Fantasy, knowing I have no energy, reading a promise - there is a solution to every problem and the question should be How may I serve thee - and not Gimme, gimme, gimme - I have no energy

How may I serve thee, I’m not asking gimme more energy; if I could meditate, calm my mind and look within, I would plug my mental socket into spiritual energy; right now I’m plugged into physical reality; it’s boring and

Humanbeingdom doesn’t mean anything to me; How may I serve thee? – I don’t give a damn, I feel fatigued and sleepy, have not made contact with the spiritual being within me, maybe it has deserted to another planet

Where more fun is to be had; in my office all is quiet – the only excitement is in my mind where an Ice Fantasy is coming alive; How may I serve thee...

Wayne W. Dyer “There is a Spiritual Solution To Every Problem”

Margaret Alice
Point Of View

I wish I knew where my head was, maybe it would be easier to stare at official lines without dreaming of a new, well-adapted, happy and free me listening to machine-gun voices enumerating blood-curdling facts in a succession of explosive sounds

A pepper-tongue duchess explaining my brother’s illness cheerfully, relishing similes of mother’s pain attacks, no quiet moment to assimilate facts – I’d like to be involved yet a restless, uncontrolled energy starts spinning out of control

My mind clamours for calm, time to renew silence, a means to process this information – to rewrite scripts emphasizing the positive from my point of view, reinterpret distorted pictures relayed from threatening perspectives with my own eyes

Replay stories from assumptions the universe is a benevolent holograph created by intelligent energy spinning in unequalled beauty delighting all using magnetic electricity to attract chosen events to experience...

Margaret Alice
Poised To Bite Each Other’s Head Off

Creating our own universe at Kingsley, balloons next to every desk, invitations to HR week, what that could be, nobody knows - a group of builders creating a hammering symphony, they’re tearing this place apart

Mobile air-cons add more noise - sister called, ordering me to endorse her view that her life with my parents was wonderful – while I saw three people locked in mortal combat; I dislike it when I am coerced into rejecting

The evidence of my senses simply because she refuses to face the truth that they are living a cold war, every facial expression, her body language and voice inflexion reveal irritation and tension, but she demands I accept her verdict

They are happily getting along – while they seemed poised to bite each other’s head off!

Margaret Alice
Chuck Bartovsky should make a movie in our open-plan office, descending to redo our kinky computer system, posing as Wendelin Wiedeking with an evil grin, then swinging down on the end of a rope.

Driving off in a fast Porsche, I shall be a CIA spy letting him into the building wearing a red T-shirt with refresher towels sticking out at the sides, an eccentric character à la Agatha Christie - how’s that.

The beginning of a new series where our pole-dancing hat stands, toxic air-cons and medieval-shield footrests can be showcased to advantage.

Margaret Alice
**Political: Africa’s Lodestar, Africans & Arabs; Koos, Zuma And I**

Africa's Lodestar

Addis Ababa – a jamboree of festivity:
Presidents in jets, pledging their promises;
size of entourage, taste in wine on display,

Organization of African Unity losing Africa fifty years, promoting poverty and blocking development; returning home to beat up

Opponents, jail activists, harass journalists
Kenya’s Mwai Kibaki stealing December election, stirring bloody conflict, Africa’s

Lodestar is lost, under a Sacred Principle between Africa’s leaders in misplaced solidarity, ignoring all evil by Africans on

Africans – destroying all in our continent...

[Reading the Sunday Times 3 February 2008
An Article by Mondli Makhanya]

Africans and Arabs

I’m out of step with the world and thankful for it – as I read about growing racism in the newspapers, I’m nonplussed

I find my own race and culture terribly boring, one-sided, prejudiced and intolerant, whereas other races are intriguing, amusing, fascinating

And enchanting – Africans and Arabs
are warm and loving, I feel their love and acceptance when dealing with them; Indians and Chinese are sweet

And courteous; while the Europeans are cold and calculating, or distant and superior – I’ve always been an outsider in my own

Race and culture, even the songs that I love, enjoy no cult following, when with my own people, I feel cold judgment and rejection

In the atmosphere, as well as self-righteousness – using my feelings as a gauge, I have to declare – a variety of races is

A blessing which I cherish - and remain out of step with the world – while people are fighting about issues of race

And pollution, I’m concentrating on preparing for life after physical death because the smallness of this world and the narrow perspective

Of people’s vision - is suffocating me...

Koos Kombuis, Zuma and I

What the heck is going on? First my brother – now another, a colleague at that, though a secret as yet – are all leaving for Australia. What are you guys doing over there so as to attract all and sundry away from South Africa?
Before we move to Kingsley building
Henry is leaving – now how fair
is that? I understand about my brother,
he always brings chaos in his wake,
to make trouble over there is only fair,
people need hair on their teeth

To deal with him – but Henry was
a special colleague, he believed in my
special abilities – and now he is leaving,
you Aussies will have him – enjoy – but
it’s not fair at all! Only Koos Kombuis,
Zuma and I will be left!

Margaret Alice
I cry for Africa,
Afrique du Sud where
we won freedom before
accepting
accountability.

We abuse liberty,
 infringe rights, make
the line between “yours”
and “mine” opaque and
ignore the notion of
reciprocal duty; we don’t
know what it means to do
unto others as we would have
them do unto us, except where
we give in token what we
expect to receive in kind

Europe plundered Africa under
God, left Christianity chained
in an era’s exploitation blessed
by autocracy; when tamed by
Renaissance Europe left Africa
behind - the next step was freedom;
but we never learnt how to respect
freedom’s household duties;

We tasted liberty’s heady glory
taking charge of ourselves with
no ethical wares except a God of
Vengeance, never learnt what mutual
obligation meant – never learnt why
it would become us; today we know:
We have a right to our own life

And why should we respect ALL life?
Our forebears never did. We have right
to freedom of thought, conscience and
religion – never were taught to respect
all differences as sacred and worthy;
just as our masters exploited, maimed
and killed us, so do we. The rainbow
nation is killing one another, rule is
survival, ANC won its struggle through
violence – now it seems violence rules
by right again in my beloved Africa...

Margaret Alice
Let us never forget Snow-White The Brave in Africa; a girl of eight; little Rachel de Beer, and her six-year-old brother trying to find a lost calf in the snow; on getting lost themselves she dug out an ant-hill and bundled her small brother in to keep him from freezing; she lay down in the opening to protect him – but she did more: She took off her clothes to keep him warm; unbearable to think of her suffering - how did she do it, what inner strength, what flame of love enabled her to do so much; how heart-breaking is contemplating such sacrifice; the next morning they found her body ice-cold; her brother still alive; he had survived – she had saved his life! - Oh, let us never forget Snow-White The Brave - in Africa!

Margaret Alice
Politics: He Came As Their Saviour

By way of being a spokesman, Mr Mbekis’ acolyte, discussed Carte Blanche, violence on Zimbabwean streets, the populace following Mugabe in a narcotic trance of land reclaimed - happy in the early days

Farmers evicted, one per cent of the population, how then can you say land reform brought the country down; Mugabe won by fulfilling his people’s dreams, by making them scream against the previous regime

Now they reject him, vote against him, how should he feel, have they no loyalty – he came as their saviour, was hailed and crowned, given carte blanche to blacklist the West as the source of the pain and unrest

The people rejoiced in his teachings, attacking farmers on street, now they are embracing foreign ideas like human rights – a Western abomination in an Africa recognizing only the dictatorship of African Saviours

Western colonial powers once had enslaved them, Mugabe and Mbeki freed them from such slavery, how then can you expect them to accept Western values on responsibility, and much worse, individual freedom?

Margaret Alice
General-clothespress-inspector-head-superintendent Goatslegs asked to wed a charming porcelain Shepherdess with golden cloak

A porcelain Chimney Sweep of the same fragile porcelain promised eternal love; the porcelain grandpa nodded yes to the General who

Already kept eleven wives in a dark cupboard, the Shepherdess eloped with her Chimney Sweep saw the wide world for the first time

Overcome, begged to return home, back they went broken grandpa fixed with glue, could no longer nod to the General; the lovers together forever

A charming tale, I shall be the porcelain doll, you will be my beloved Chimney Sweep, together we shall hide from everyone

When we return - all obstacles will be gone!

“Andersen’s Fairy Tales”, Macmillan, 1966

Margaret Alice
Portions Of My Soul

Sitting here, head fit to burst, pain my strange companion, the movie I'm watching not working to make me forget, once before today a pill took the pain away - then it came back and seems to be here to stay, stronger painkillers are needed methinks, luckily, physical pain washes all mental and emotional pain away, so I shall grin and bear it and hope that other portions of my soul entity are having a better time, doing more exciting things eating healthy foods and improving the world while I would prefer to die...

Margaret Alice
Positive Chem

Today
my golem body
is responding to
the positive chem
keeping up a
running commentary
in my head

A marvelous mixture of
real compliments
true events
storybooks, Unseen University,
Zaphod Beeblebrox* and
Mustrum Ridcully*,
love poetry

Keeping the fire alive
in my eyes – see
the red glow
in my heart also –
while churning
the ancient mill
golem-like...

* Douglas Adams
* Terry Pratchett

Margaret Alice
Potholes Abound

Driving back from Newcastle in Kwa-Zulu Natal, potholes abound, Charlestown, then Volksrust, also Standerton, concentrating to miss those dreaded pockmarks that can destroy a tyre and strand us far from home along a lonely road

Overtaking slow-moving trucks, moving at snail’s pace at times - ever vigilant, ever careful, nerves all frayed, the wrong road, we should have taken another route, as route-planner navigator, beautiful voice said; but we knew better

Following our instincts, suffering all the way for fear of crashing and never getting home, potholes of the most amazing proportions, tiring body and soul in vigilance, you drove so valiantly while I fell asleep as I always do in a moving vehicle

You brought us home safely, tired to the marrow; how can we thank you for being ever wakeful, ever strong and dependable, always taking care of us? We can only try to soothe your frayed nerves; rest awhile, you are a hero in our appreciative eyes...

Margaret Alice
I read Malcolm Yorke* this morning, great fun, a teacher with imagination, the one we would all have adored – just like Susan Sto Helit from Thief of Time** – this teacher played a different role every day, first as Mr Grinbaldy, a clown then Mademoiselle Margot Tutu teaching ballet; Wednesday he was Mr Sling, a medical nurse, Thursday he was Mrs Crumble from the Cake Shop and Friday Mr Splash, a well-known artist

While Miss Susan took her class on field trips, When they studied time, she took them to Australia and Turin to show them time differences, when the principal opened her classroom door, a red Indian arrow flew out, though the class was normal inside – how did Susan do it? And who would be interested in her, Death’s granddaughter, but the son of Time herself?

I love these tales of the bizarre, filling in the spaces of the imagination among and between the visible lines of reality – since dark matter makes up ninety per cent of the universe, these tales must belong to the invisible stuff that makes life worthwhile!

* Malcolm Yorke: Young Hippo School
** Terry Pratchett: “Thief of Time”

Attack of the Killer Computer Chips*

Friday, happy Friday, was Peggetty**-day; a peg-doll family living under the floorboards; all they needed were little peg-children, which they acquired when Penny made them some
My own spy-characters living it up with white and red wine, far-off missions and happy returns... while Karpoesjin excelled in two jobs at the same time, Semjonof understanding him, but Ludmililla did not – what a pity the world turned into an “Attack of the Killer Computer Chips” on this back-sliding Saturday...

*Paul Zindel “Harry and Hortense” p.5
** Anna Standon “Peggetty”

Priorities Wrong

Yesterday I still tried hard, tried my best, prepared a meal with care, projected joy and acceptance unto you, read Anna Standon and found peace in belief in magic

Today I pluck the bitter fruit of failed efforts, read a very sad book by Paul Zindel, about death and Icarus in a hopeless world, then you explained what made you angry:

Whenever you bring a computer home, we mess it up, the home PC is so messed up, we can’t access the Internet, the work PC suddenly started to hang, you spent twenty minutes on it

To get it going again – I have a technological impairment, that much is clear; when you asked me to look at properties for investment, I didn’t care, my priorities are wrong...

In Paul Zindel’s book the world needs saving and the characters are living in despair; but I believe the world doesn’t
need saving, we only need to trust in freedom, look for wisdom, live in love

Yet my world seems as black and sad as Paul Zindel’s book makes it out to be – and I don’t know why... Reading about “dynamic and exciting teenage schizophrenics”, changing our thoughts about life and the zodiac guide, while planet Earth is described as a big, sad event – made Saturday into a day of negativity...

Feel of Adventure

Just finished “Cliffhangers” by Eric Weiner* restored my faith in dreams – Meredith learnt to tell lies from her Dad – who called it “sweet-talking”; so she lied to one and all, wasn’t believed when she claimed she had never stolen four thousand dollars – but by being brave and sticking to her story she convinced top criminals of her innocence; even to give her a fee; and she decided no more lying after her ordeal of being fed to a lion (albeit an old one) and thrown into churning cheese; once again the feel of adventure is coursing in my veins...

*Eric Weiner “Cliffhangers”

So Much Soul...

The Idols-game – Munro and Andriette are singing rock and roll – with so much soul, Andriette has a quality voice, if she doesn’t win I’ll stop watching

so much feeling and emotion, she cried when the other contestants were voted off – she has an artist’s temperament, others were just –
talented, lots of personality, yet

Andriette has something more, so much soul... then quietly Munro sang "Tears in heaven", Eric Clapton, and the judges cried – even you had

tears in your eyes, and Andriette’s pain was augmented by Munro’s deep feeling and expression; how does one choose between them? Both velvet voices – so much soul...

Screaming With Delight

You put up a tepee where I place myself and ALL my characters, they can go out one by one, tackle little bits of dream-reality before running back, screaming with delight – just as your wonderful words and their effects come streaming in from cyberspace...

Price Somewhat High

You say I am free to live my own life, as long as I don’t expect you to come along, I am free to sing as long as you don’t have to listen, I can be anything, as long as I’m anchored in one continuous reality when I am with you; you bring stability to my fast-paced imagination - but the price is somewhat high:

Never being me as I feel at a specific moment, always playing second fiddle to your moods and needs – I thought it would be salvation to live a strict-rule-life, yet it brought me so much pain, I don’t know what I gained;
except the ability to dream a dream of such magnitude
real life seems quite dull in comparison...

A Beautiful Life

Fatigued simply because emotions asleep –
typing a Pastor’s words about evangelizing
a continent of heathens; Africans couldn’t
see Christ came in peace when Christians
in Europe were killing each other during
the Second World War

Zimbabwean men cut off a woman’s four fingers;
no amelioration, no respect for life or personal
pain in our pagan country – a civilizing message
came ensconced within the violent display of hate,
when Europe were still destroying itself... Today the
EU has balance restored, human rights being honoured

Member states accepting responsibilities; but
African people unsophisticated, life has no value;
Christianity only used to suppress populations,
criminals walking free because beloved ANC
dismantled all colonial vestiges of might,
anarchy reigns supreme

We live in islands of safety, the excitement of
unbridled violence cascading in waves all around us,
the Systems of Police and Justice have been discarded,
creating a paradise for criminals governing as
Powers of State... still, it is wonderful when I
look at my country’s beauty,

My heart and my soul feel free, unbound, happy;
though they can force me to kneel, the spirit is
beyond all control, I choose my feelings and attitude,
dreams and ideals – therein lies true freedom –
for anyone who activates that ideal, in the
unfolding of a beautiful life!
Margaret Alice
Terry Pratchett’s Tiffany would have hated the depiction of Belladonna with her White Magic in Which Witch by Eva Ibbotson, when Belladonna approached flowers appeared and snatches of music played in the air, old men remembered the Christmas feasts of yesteryear, a ladybird rested on her upturned nose and squirrels and butterflies hid in her long golden hair, eyes blue like periwinkles

Good grief, Tiffany would have torn this story to pieces while I love it, studying it to make it my chem for today – the writing in my golem-head that tells me what I should do, though, I’m a very bad golem, never concentrating on the job at hand, I’m probably more of a rocky dwarf than a hard-working clay man; but once I start marching down the path, I become a Second World War soldier

I’m most likely a marching dwarf, dreaming about becoming a golem with Belladonna as the chem for my life – would this count as ancient religion, would blind Io approve?

Margaret Alice
Pratchett: Create Wisdom Not Far From The Listening Monks

My deepest wish is to reach Enlightenment Country where people know there are no machines, only the idea of machines even if they still use computers, where there are no fax machines, begging the question why people keep sending faxes

Where we know there is no administration, even if we still register all procedures, where we name things that don’t exist such as hope, dreams and visions, where we search for the essence of being and the seat of the soul

A place where we create Wisdom - not far from the Listening Monks listening to the echoes of the sound that played the universe into existence, near the Balancing Monks restoring the world’s equilibrium with special weights

Right next to the History Monks who are seeing to it that tomorrow happens according to plan – this is the place of my Dreams where I wish to be, I hope I will meet you there...

Terry Pratchett, “Thief of Time” p.40 & 41

Margaret Alice
Pratchett: Looks Down On The Phantom For Having Bad Taste

After dissatisfaction with Pratchett’s cynical presentation of the opera experience of a gifted singer lacking the looks, I began a story in my head; right now the heroine, very gifted, also plain in appearance, is singing “Labiamo” from La Traviata in the most enchanting mellifluous voice, with nuances and facial expressions that make the listener forget just how plain she is in the delight of her marvelous rendition of this vivacious song. Carried away by this fantasy I cannot concentrate on work at my desk but now I need never see such a fantastic performance for the joy of having the experience, in my story she receives the accolades she deserves and she looks down on the Phantom for having bad taste!

Margaret Alice
Pratchett: My Filing System Just Like Unseen University

My personal filing system is a very good imitation of that of Mustrum Ridcully, based on the same principles:

When I find notes I need, I file them on the first available flat surface – that is the floor, each file left open on the right page.

Makes my office difficult to navigate, but I find all I need eventually, and at home when the books keep spilling from my blue mosaic table onto the floor, I simply shove them under my bed, out of sight but ready to be read.

Whenever I’ve a notion to whenever the dragon of angst and uncertainty threatens to swallow

My belief in the goodness of life!

Fun At Unseen University

Why I would love to visit Unseen University

There is a Prehumous Professor of Morbid
Bibliomancy

and a Posthumous
Professor of Morbid
Bibliomancy

who took Early Death
with only a given value
of dead

Archchancellor Mustrum
Ridcully practiced The
First Available Surface

Method of filing, more
than half the snooker
table served as his

filing system – this is
a world I would love
to experience!

Quotes from Terry Prachett “Going Postal” pp.171,174,306

Margaret Alice
Pratchett: Nichtlachen-Keinwortz, Mr Bent

Nichtlachen-Keinwortz

Building a machine that represents the operation of a financial system by means of coloured water gurgling in glass tubes and valves, all this illuminated by lighting caught in a jar by an Igor come from afar so that the banking system can be studied by sloshing coloured water around in various containers; Terry Pratchett does not suffer from Nichtlachen Keinwortz Syndrome at all, tears of laughter are coursing down my cheeks as I’m laughing wildly while reading his novel “Making Money” in which the tongue of Moist von Lipwig runs away from him while his brain seductively leads him into making promises of paying out money in an attempt to reform the banking system that went bankrupt because old ladies are in short supply and people prefer old socks and mattresses to the dilapidated banking system...

Mr Bent

A serious banker, Mr Bent, is very happy to say that he has NO sense of humour at all

As has been proven, says he, by the ancient art of phrenology, interpreting character according to

The nature of the face; he is delighted to inform the reader he has Nichtlachen-
Keinwortz Syndrome

To him this strange characteristic is a wonderful gift – to me, it would have been the biggest tragedy:

To laugh is a godly opportunity to enjoy the human comedy – and shed a few years in a moment...

Quotations from Terry Pratchett “Making Money” p.55

Margaret Alice
Precious Moments Of Exquisite Joy

Tea time at ten, been running since seven, only typed about twenty words, looked up ten terms, for the rest tried to organise a farewell function

Too little too late, only speeches will take place, what fun, filled in leave forms, listened to a colleague expressing distress, signed a quarterly report

Buscaglia says it doesn’t matter which path we take, under, over, left or right; as long as we enjoy the journey, I’ve enjoyed this little morning so much

Loved jumping around, making comments and being alive, precious moments of the most exquisite joy...

Margaret Alice
I'm mesmerised and fairy lights you sent to
shine in darkness of a cave wherein I miss the
sun are lighting up my life... do not delay, you'll
never be a grievous poet anyway - to bring so
much delight and lead me from this darkness
says the same - you will receive the light and
happiness yourself is what my visions say!

Lovely reading lines delineating what you
meant, not riddled flows suppressed but
focused, prism-pressed and perfumed true,
beautiful, incandescent, pure – wonderful
the faeries saved by you who strove to
make them real for me, you knew how
much I needed them, a selfless sacrifice

Allow yourself a vision lighting darkness
overwhelmed in which I need some grains
of pixie dust to cast in rays which you directly
know but I can only dream about – and yet
you sent the guiding light to me, thank you!

Margaret Alice
Private, Confidential 2.

Foreground me and background me are different, background me has too many feelings, foreground me – the mask I wear – must remain the same, never showing anybody the Alice behind the scenes still feeling young, reactions to words much too strong; all things triggering reactions from background me - feeling that entity looking out through my eyes

Wishing I could set her free, but she does not meet the norm, she is too weak, liable to misunderstanding, fearing all the tags people hang around your neck if you are not strong and self-assured, she is safe all hidden away, allowing her to read with me and feeling her emotions, private, confidential, that way she’s safe...

Off To Cry Somewhere 1.

Unpacked my bookcase, moved heavy stuff, now tired and sleepy, need a break, reality is closing up, the world closing over my head, too tired to concentrate, after all the activity and adrenaline I have no power left; pride keeps my head up in the air, resting my thoughts in heady words is not enough, I need to think – with screens going up, I can’t see my colleagues any more, feel like crying in disappointment, visual contact was fantastic, now isolated with the irritating typing sounds undiminished, I have a crying spell, it was nice to see Hanlie smiling all the time, now I’m an animal in the darkness, hearing but not seeing, this is awful, I’m going off to cry somewhere...
Margaret Alice
Problem With Parables 01.09.2009

Parables pose serious questions, when Jesus said he knocks on our hearts and if we open unto Him, He comes in, I am worried that if the person within is bound with strings, scared and gagged, not able to open the door, however much they want to break free, will Jesus turn away and leave me be? He should open the door and save me instead of waiting while the devil is singing and laughing and dancing with glee, though a happy devil sounds so enticing, I cannot fear him as religion recommends, still; it is unfair to expect an idiot to open the door, it should be done for me; though I try with all my might, I cannot open the door to my heart, and it is not fair, not fair at all!

Margaret Alice
It was in my second year of lecturing  
that I met Prof DuPlessis and Tannie Yvonne  
he leant on my desk and asked me to come  
to meet his family  

I told him about my Disillusionment  
with Contemporary Philosophy  
and he agreed – he could see  
I was looking for Improvement  

He played the violin and turned Saint-Saëns  
full volume on while conducting  
an imaginary orchestra  
in his head  

I met the magical Tannie Yvonne  
and spent an enchanted night there  
we spoke about Staal Burger and Bog Met Blou Maandag  
it was broadcast before my time, how did I know it  
they enquired – I told them my father taped it  
and we loved to listen when we were small  

Tannie Yvonne had a office at university  
where I could visit her – and I often went there  
because her loveliness was a breath of fresh air  
in that stuffy building – and I took her to see  
Fantasia by Walt Disney – those images of demons in hell  
that would later plague me in hallucination -  
but with Tannie Yvonne next to me  
it was the best fun!  

Margaret Alice
Oh dear, I’m the victim of patrocliny,
I inherited all my father’s shortcomings,
his genius for creating insufferable chaos
and changing every clean-up session into
a worsening of the situation

His fear of all things mechanic that
communicates itself without us lifting
a finger, the sewing machines in domestic
science class immediately seized when I
appeared; I couldn’t master a computer

Until a blind typist taught me, only she had
an inkling of my staggering degree of stupidity
whereas experts were oblivious of and
impervious to requests to explain really
slowly; she knew about

The scared little alien hanging from the rafters
in my head, I find ATM’s just as confusing as he
does, we hate it when cleaners insist on deranging
us while we’re working, we both get lost while
driving when taking a wrong turn

At least I have devices in place to help me, being
the progeny of the 21st century, but my poor dad
had to help himself all those years ago
when we were small...

Patrocliny - noun: Inheritance of traits primarily from the father

Wordsmith [wsmith@]
Physical life is just as hallucinatory as dream life; dreaming self thinks waking self is a dreamer; with daily experiences forming the substance of all these dreams.

The creativity, life and vitality of physical existence is generated in the dimension of dreams, we are only projections of our own dreaming selves.

In the dream dimension we learn how to construct physical reality day by day; there we solve our problems and set all our goals; flesh created by soul.

When depressed our psychic state is tuned to the experience of depression, we only see what we WANT to see perceiving pre-selected data in accordance with our ideas.

We actually CREATE data ourselves, experience following expectations, obsession with evil leads to evil encounters – consciousness being the perception of

Various dimensions...

Ideas paraphrased: Jane Roberts “Seth Speaks” p.160-163

Margaret Alice
Promises

I love promises of all kinds, but those I love the most are promises we fulfill ourselves such as the promise that the marvelous power of magic resides in my very own mind

Wayne Dyer’s promise that we are capable of achieving perfect mental equilibrium in all circumstances have me trying his words on the tip of my tongue

Balancing my mind on the edge of the precipice of self-empowerment, trying to discern and then align myself with the order of the universe, dreaming about fulfilling the promise made to myself...

Margaret Alice
Protection From Yourself

Stephen O’Brien, stunning clairvoyant, superb medium, declared: YOU are your own protection

You can only link up with the spirit influences you draw to yourself - through

The Universal Law of Attraction – the only person you need protection from is

YOURSELF

Margaret Alice
Evil Godzilla Firefox, stubborn PoemHunter and a permanent headache is a terrible combination, no safe space left in which to breathe, trying to query Qassam rockets fired by the Sharia with the aid of zakat money - evil Godzilla opens Google without language function, long struggle to find Wikipedia

Then Godzilla opens PoemHunter who refuses to accept poem submitted, demands name & password over and over and over again, headache intensifies, stuff big blobs of Vicks Vaporub in my ears to keep the painful swelling down, pain and frustration are destroying my life, I’m a brain-dead idiot

Ready to throw in the towel...

Margaret Alice
I know
which button to push
to blow-up, Q-fixed fountain-pen
Fatima-Blush my friend; when
he explodes, fire bursts from
his nostrils and ears

I enjoy the explosion, but
miss him until he shift-shapes
again, I suspect he learnt the trick
from the fake-Rolex salesman-
demon in Will Smith’s movie
Men In Black

Margaret Alice
Quantum: Common-Sense Logic Being Inapplicable & Quantum Theory

Copenhagen Interpretation of wave-particle duality

Quantum theory is mechanics on small atom scales where common-sense logic is inapplicable

A wave-system controls all the places where minuscule objects are at any moment in time

Behaving as if occupying a large number of places simultaneously in a ghost-like unresolved wave-state of limbo

Until when an observer looks at them: Then the waves collapse into a reality of particles!

Quantum Theory: Consciousness Pre-Exist Creation of Matter?

Objects consist of billions of collapsed wave-particles

No object exists until it is perceived accepting the role of consciousness in creating reality

YET all mainstream scientists
still insist consciousness
to be brain function only
made of brain matter

An obvious paradox
puzzling theorists:
Matter cannot exist
prior to any brain! !

Has quantum theory
demonstrated
some consciousness
has to pre-exist
the creation of
matter?

Margaret Alice
Questions Without Answers

Where did those Ley Lines lead connecting so many ancient sites revered places, dolmens of Brittany ancient cathedrals and holy sites - did the Ley Lines of Energy really converge in Ancient Egypt - in the Great Pyramid of Cheops that was built without the aid of fire to light the way, and without ramps of enormous complexity?

Do the Ley Lines refer us to a place called Atlantis where energy was directed by crystals everywhere - is that the reason why Rene Noorbergen found energy emanating from the Pyramid of Cheops when he stood at the top and suddenly flame burst forth from flammable stuff in his hand?

And is it really true that leaving a blunt object under a pyramid correctly aligned will sharpen it overnight - my brother tried it at home and claims it didn’t work - but what does he know about alignment and Pyramids - having only read Lyall Watson on the theme?

And what about Zecharia Sitchin who claims the Annunaki came to Tiamat - before it was split?
as part of a godly game
quoting the fact that

The sea bottom is so thin
compared to land -
Who says he isn’t right
about Enlil and Enki
making a Lulu – a Worker

To serve the gods
toiling in gold mines
with the DNA of gods
from the stars in their blood?
Who can answer those

Questions tonight?

Margaret Alice
Quietly Fading Away...

Today the sun is ever so shy, she clothed herself in soft blue cloth, furtively peeps through slim silver lines at the quiet, misty world - seeing something good from time to time, then her shiny crown lights up behind the soft, hiding clouds, she is smiling in delight at some of the sights, around me the sound of paper tearing, everyone is throwing things away the regulation way, making lists of books, dragging bags around; I have even fixed up two boxes for me, emptied my bookcase, regarded my papers - then ran away, packing is a distasteful action, there are too many things I dislike today, no wonder the sun is hiding her face, she knew what was coming! I'll follow the sun in hiding my face away too, tomorrow is another day and clearly today was not made for living – but for quietly fading away...

Margaret Alice
Quilt

I’ll wrap you in a quilt of warm, loving words
make you realize how wonderful you are, do
you trust yourself enough to let me beam all
you feel back at you, will you allow me to
reflect the beauty of your soul

Margaret Alice
Ragdolls On Bureaucracy’s Door-Step 27.08.2009

- Eternally young, I will rejoice while repeating my well-known song -

Deepak Chopra mentions experiments old people taken back to their youth environment are rejuvenated body and soul, I smiled, I do this all the time

Rereading the stories and books of my youth singing Anna Rudolph’s songs ‘Ons is die blom-metjies blou en geel, ons staan waar ons staan want ons kan nêrens gaan…’

Darn, this is a description of government officials ‘Here we stand simply because have nowhere else to go’ - loss of freedom delineated in the songs of my youth

A ragdoll on the rubbish dump, broken and old voices welcome her, but alas, what sight meets her eyes - tears stinging my eyes, we are the ragdolls left on bureaucracy’s door-step

See senior officials reduced to despondent smiles living tattered lives in a corporate nightmare, I see us in this, an old pumpkin and a broken shoe, a wilted carnation, an empty can of beer

An old gramophone record – this must be me turning over and over in the same groove; according to Chopra Eastern guru par excellence, this procedure keeps me eternally young

I will rejoice while repeating my well-known song...

Margaret Alice
Rainbow In A Can

Working with a headache, new age guru’s prophesy that mankind’s sole purpose on earth is to enjoy what we do; so shall I go chase a rainbow of chemical joy? Why not indeed, why should I go to my grave with my liver and stomach intact and my heart so aggrieved by the pain in my head? I am off to delight in the painkillers found in Aladdin’s Cave, currently called pharmacies, so I can join in the primitive joy of my tribe in having a team in the Rugby World Cup!

Margaret Alice
Raining Outside – Survival Weather

It’s raining outside – survival weather, saving our lives but overcast weather makes me feel bad, I need the sun to feel better; whenever I am down I go outside and lie in the sun, when it’s rainy like now, there’s no hope, all falls apart, the negative side of my mind turns up, and I can’t change it into happy and content regardless of what I do, say or eat – the only thing that helps is sunshine, but rainy weather bringing the water we need, is necessary – so I have to keep my sadness inside while applauding the good effects of rain in our lives...

Margaret Alice
Reach For The Divine 05.09.2009

I emulated everyone who made it in the system, represented rational principles logical, cool and consistent, but I discovered it was a bad act I could not sustain

I could not become a good imitation and an original I would not be, living my life as a second-rate imitation of practical sense, cutting myself internally

Until I found visions and dreams beyond the illusion of reality, appreciating infinity, time unlimited in which to reach for the divine become a being sublime, never getting it done

Aiming higher every time and never getting it wrong as there is no perfect ending the universe goes on and on ad infinitum!

Margaret Alice
Reading - Favourite Hobby

Read the newspaper today, great suggestion: Make a list of all the books you've read to return to them with ease - my list begins in 2003:

Angélique et la démone, Anastasia Krupnik - the two stories complement each other remarkably well - then Born For Love by Buscaglia, Celestial 911, Beyond Death's Door by Michael Rowlings Why Me, Why This, Why Now by Norwood; and Tough Times Never Last, But Tough People Do by Robert Schuller; also Secrets Of The Lost Races by Noorbergen, Recycled Crafts for Kids;

Spellfall by Katherine Roberts, Memoirs of a Dangerous Alien, Johnny and the Bomb by Pratchett; Sex Education by Jenny Davis; The Crystal Singer by Anner McCaffrey,

Thursday's Universe by Martha Bartusiak; Mayan Prophecies by Maurice Cotterel - oh wait, my book indicates I read the previous two in 2001... the list teaches me that reading is my favourite hobby, and I have only indicated up to November 2003; reading is the source of my own bibliotherapy, of course...

Margaret Alice
Reading “spirit Messenger “ – The Afterlife

Gordon Smith says: Each mind gravitate
to a level of understanding most suited to
their Concept of Heaven, we take
ALL our skills, good and bad
with us, due to our personality

We can determine survival of loved ones
by intelligence, memory, personality and
individuality of communicators returning
because of their Love and Affection,
the Spirit World responds to those

Who are hurting...
My loved ones are still living,
when will I get to see them again
YOU say it's easy – just go see them -
I am not allowed...

Because I must guard my mind
against the corrupting influence of
dreams and mercenary tricks
using people for
selfish ends...

Margaret Alice
Recapture The Ability To Be Joyful Again!

Glittering day, light sparkling light
buildings and trees shimmering bright
crisp beauty framed against a blue
intense, birdsong all around us

Layers of pain that my thoughts
have to flow through, mental blocks
and painful thoughts that my mind
has to traverse in a negative curve

Temporary relief and roadmaps found in
Mr Tompkins’ adventures with the quantum
constant, stickers of flower fairies to be
added to documents dreary

Lifting my mind above the restrictions
of bodily conditions, mental fatigue
blocking the inner focus on positive
thoughts flowing ever more sluggish

Constriction in head and ears
filling me with innumerable fears
that lead to tears when newspapers
point out all of the failures

From rugby to a Princess’ untimely
death, sinking deeper as symptoms
reappear, loosing contact with George
Gamow, pulling even God down

Into the depths with me, until
even He is powerless to help –
that’s why YOU are so important,
as long as you remain strong

With an impish grin, ready to
tackle problems, proclaiming your
views on strength found in discipline -
my faith is anchored in you
To pull me through the painful
sinking into allergy’s symptoms
until I’m strong enough to trust
my own mind again

Though slower than others, though
always behind, strong enough to
recapture the ability to be joyful
again!

Margaret Alice
Recognizing Our Divinity Again

The Only tragedy in life is man’s failure to realize his own Divinity; the personality exists in the glow of happiness - potent enough to dull all sensuous delight.

Western culture teaches pessimism as a logical response to our human existence, but every peak experience, every feeling of mystical intensity shows man as an active force, capable of changing the universe; Beethoven said his symphonies will free men from their miseries, music is the incorporeal entrance to Higher worlds of knowledge; we are powerful gods - salvation lies in recognizing our Divinity again!

Margaret Alice
A New Route

The sensation of lukewarm sea water
too shallow for swimming, perfect for
drifting; then sitting under ten-storey
high fir trees, the sea and wind sighing

You’re playing with your new cell phone
while I’m caught in the nightmares of a
Castaneda, wrapped in my own mind,
in need of shifting my focus

To things that I like, because I’ve heard
and read too many things that are sad
and threatening – time to reconfigure
a new route for my mind!

Water And Currents And Rocks

Your new diving mask let me see psychedelic
bubbles in its strange colouring; I was the last
one swimming in the sea, the wind strong;
but stronger in me the enjoyment of the delectable sensation of currents washing over my
body; staring at sliver glimmers of fishes;
savouring the feeling of gliding through water
powerfully, feeling as free as a fish myself;
in the end Tiaan forced me to leave, he was
freezing, so was I, but the heavenly sensations
were making me delirious, I can’t wait
to go back, to feel it again: Water and
currents and rocks and enchanting
fishes to see!

A New Way Of Living

I changed into a dreamer today, clad
in a black evening gown, sallied forth
to enjoy a magical night on the town,
I imagined my favourite characters
There; thought up a whole scenario
of lovely delight; while we shopped
and talked, watched out for hippo’s
and crocodiles, saw rhinos and
buffaloes, my characters discussed
philosophy, poetry and the prospect
of a new universe where the imagi-
nation was free to invent new ways
of living and being and seeing, new
ideas for interaction and creating
and making and thinking – I had the
most marvelous time, with you and
the kids talking away while I smiled
with little to say, recreating the world
in my mind – a new way of living and
loving and being and seeing!

Margaret Alice
Red Pain Of Raw Realism

I have read Graham Hancock and Zecharia Sitchin, David Wilcock and Robert Beauval, though bewitching my mind, I can still return after reading them; this year I reread the stories of my youth – Stella Blakemore with her ideas of nobility and ideas grandiose, and my brain went completely haywire

The shame remains of asking our German Professor what he thought of someone obscure, quite unaware the author had no standing in literature - the Times Literary Supplement made it very clear only authors suffering cynical depression while creating negative realism without ideals, qualify for academic laurels

So I discard literature, concentrating on fairy tales, myths and legends - once realism is introduced, the magic is lost; for let-down cynicism I simply watch the news, no need to wade through Balzac or Henry James to feel the red pain of raw realism

scorching my brain...

Margaret Alice
Red-Hot Pain

Being me is not easy, it would have been better if I could have turned into you as I’ve tried to do, eating spicy and varied dishes without complications, now you are sleeping while I’m moping about, pain forcing me into philosophizing about life - when the prism in my head is squashed and pulped, deformed and compressed; the world shrinks and sound turns into pain, vision becomes burning, ideas become suffocation

I’m always brave and claim I can stand the pain, but when an attack starts, my self-pity grows to mythological proportions, enclosing me behind a glass wall of pain – discerning a distorted picture of the world while unable to interact with anything; with pain intensifying, I can’t recall the jewels of beauty and wisdom I have collected, can’t slumber or sleep, turning into a block of senseless stupidity, focusing on the most essential aspect of anything, unable to enjoy non-essentials

With this noose waiting to strangle me dangling in my head, I hate non-essential time-consuming details with a vengeance - setting the heavy iron ball of molten-lead concentration moving takes so much effort and self-discipline, must follow rules to remain pain-free and positive, no time or desire to focus on temporal things such as material possessions, must find the most enduring perspective, make it true and applicable - CREATING meaning for a life unbalanced in terms of sensory distortion and brain dysfunction - is the only way to keep going in spite of

Energy-depleting, senseless waves of red-hot pain...

Margaret Alice
Gone all the games that I play, only Dante’s
darkness is left; gone all fantasy, only thing
left is nothingness, gone all thoughts of
friends and of life, everything meaningless,
a Sartrean feeling of sinking in dustbins,
l’enfer c’est l’autre; l’enfer c’est moi; I
should listen to Leonard Cohen’s monotonous
tunes, Clair de Lune; even Shostakovitz
would do; l’étranger c’est moi, perpetually
estranged from artless living in confidence;
always poised on the brink of a bottomless
void of estrangement, alienation from all
that I love, I wish there a switch I could throw
when things go awry; angry and deceived,
trusting in good did not bring me victory; I
must descend into the maelstrom - the threshold
is crossed between being in control and sinking
in the flood of harmful sensations and dark
feelings of fear of everything; even you,
always trustworthy and faithful, loyal and
caring; I fear even you when my head contracts
and pounds my brain into a pulp; I fear life
itself, with its red-hot sensations and painful
vibrations that stop my thoughts and saddens
my heart....

Flee From The Pain...

The pressure in my head threatens
compressing my brain - fear starts
to take hold - I want to flee from the
pain in my head pain in my ears –
from every noise the sound of your
voice - from constriction that feels like
strangulation suffocation - I won’t mind
the end of it all - just hate the process -
besides it has never been successful at all
the allergy only makes me feel miserable;
but afterwards I always live to tell the tale
– is this really what life should be about? –
If it is, I’m against it, I shall always prefer
joy to what is gained through this pain!
All because of malted hot chocolate
I did not know the reaction would be
so devastating – I hate and fear noise,
movement and food - when
will I be sane again...

Margaret Alice
Accompanied hubby to church where we learnt the Pastor is going on leave to the Free State, well, that is what I remember best after a sermon focused on the fact that the nativity scene did not include the three wise men, they came afterwards

I fail to see the importance but it clearly made the pastor feel better to get it off his chest - right now I am gloating about a tidy kitchen, I cleaned it myself; hubby smiling after watching ‘Bedtime Stories’ with Adam Sandler, promising happy endings

The universe splits every time we make a decision and for every probability there is a happy ending in an alternative universe and every happy ending is the beginning of a new infinite cycle of choices which explains the meaning of infinity - I feel so much love

For my family, knowing that after leaving them to their own devices à la Shantaram they will go on trying means and ends to their hearts’ delight until they figure out whether the end justifies the means; I want to read ‘Seth Speaks’ by Jane Roberts to enjoy Seth’s take on reality

Claiming we live reincarnational lives not consecutively but simultaneously – that our seventeenth century experience runs concurrently with our lives in 3000 AD, something I love to contemplate; impossible to ascertain whether it is true, but so glorious to stave off boredom!

Margaret Alice
Reintarnation To Karmageddon

Language is flowering, new blooms of meaning abound everywhere: Reintarnation, returning to life as an idiot bozo

Bozone, a substance that stops bright ideas from penetrating, Karmageddon, people sending off bad vibes, the earth exploding

Decafalon, getting through the day consuming only what’s good for you; Dopeler effect, stupid ideas seeming smarter when coming at you rapidly

Beelzebug, satan as a mosquito, Abdicate, give up all hope of having a flat stomach; Oyster, sprinkling my conversation with Yiddishisms

Lymph, to walk with a lisp –

Oi vey, I’m a lonely Oyster walking with a Lymph today, my present existence is a Reintarnation, my only hope Karmageddon to end it all, I have Abdicated ages ago, no Decafalon could ever save me, living life in Bozone....

Washington Post

Margaret Alice
Puritanism - a haunting fear
someone might be happy when
we should live unhappy lives

Atoning for the sin of spirit falling
into physical existence through
sinful conception

Warped my youth into guilt and fear
Abraham’s website is the antidote
reality is inter-subjective consensus

We are free to create joy just as we
created all the repressive systems
in existence

Freedom to choose the best-feeling
thoughts is founded upon respect
for all other choices

From a smorgasbord of ideas while
ignoring things we dislike without
blowing them up

We all live on islands
role-players finding their
own preferred settings
writing their own scripts
choosing their own scenery
the music and atmosphere
existing within their own
imagination

A most wonderful
experience is to choose
to be joyous and elated
interested and
stimulated

History science philosophy
and religion teaches original
thinking holds more joy than
old stale thoughts

A cynic in my youth I discover
innocence late in life – joy of
appreciating self and others
in this benevolent universe

Joy of devotion to a self-chosen
goal and ecstasy of energy – I am
impervious to ennui of the blasé
I release The Little Alien

Living in my head to lead
in a great adventure of consciousness
character overcoming challenges
discovering glorious sensations

Sensation of being deliciously alive
an experience I will not exchange
for all the riches under the sun!

Margaret Alice
Religion: Bombs Falling, Voices Calling

Took a stroll through a Christian bookshop, saw a book admonishing all to be disciples, not simply “Christians”

A novel about a forty-year old Methodist preacher divorsee still having to sermonize while she lost the ability to pray - until she meets a boyfriend

Another single Methodist preacher who finds his childhood sweetheart on the beach, both of them scarred by life – oh my goodness, thank heaven I never wanted to become a Methodist preacher

Another story of the Jewish jihad – holy war in Jerusalem, bombs falling - voices calling: Where be thee God; Open Your Eyes, These Are Free-Wheeling Humans, God said

An allegory about a broken pot called “Beloved” who is restored and visits heaven’s library – what a romp, completed by Maxwell’s advice on leadership

According to his guidelines on integrity it seems to me all the good leaders are in heaven already, only the bad ones are left here on earth...

Margaret Alice
I’m typing a list – now at number 49
the strange thing is that
although I hate it
I’m resigned enough to carry on
while the characters in my head
are going insane, breaking all rules
going overboard
creating havoc in a make-believe world
where everything is larger than life
a melodrama taking place in my mind
while my hands are typing –
and I thought if I tried really hard
I would start liking this sort of thing
but I hate it all the same – luckily
I am resigned to my fate
concentrating on the promise
on the horizon - that one day
I’ll have a pension and then
can go off to see the world
though at this moment
I couldn’t care less whether
I ever see this world or not -
I need a new consciousness
a new awareness, my old mind
has to be replaced – I’m looking
forward to life after physical death
my mind is full of doom and gloom
cannot bend itself around to see
the beauty that is glowing around me
the golden sunshine is wasted here
stuck in this mind of mine, I’m just a
statistic – a survivor of the
horrible performance assessment
now the joy of a new manager
is waiting for us, how weary,
stale and unprofitable – just as
Shakespeare said, this world
seems to me – I’ve made a mess
of this life that seemed so full of promise
when I was young – now all that is left
is typing a list of names, it is a game
to send it on to the President
people complaining about Mugabe
as if complaints would help, all a game
without a positive end...

Margaret Alice
Responsible Intelligence

Intelligence - Energy Fields
filling space with filigree fingers of lace
interconnected Energy Fields form
all units of time and space

Mind forms the Cosmos and Beyond
part of a Universal Intelligence
mind changes natural law
because as spiritual beings having a human experience
we have created it all

Quantum physics describes far-off action
with no Discernable Cause
our own Consciousness affects the outcome
belief sets the direction of course

Shine a light through a split
while you visualise light as a wave -
smaller waves appear on the other side
visualise light as a particle stream
and triangular particle patterns appear!

So explain to me how
you can still claim today
you have not been responsible for
what happened yesterday?

Margaret Alice
'Return 05/10/2009

Slowly the day unfolding in concentric, many-dimensional lines turning upon themselves spiralling into nuanced shades of meaning

My soul turning inside out running about talking, filling in forms, trying to find myself in quiet contemplation, my frayed spirit

Needs to re-orientate itself electro-magnetic vibrations must recover the space that used to be mine before we went off on holiday...

Margaret Alice
Revealing Me 10.09.2009

No relationship
saves us from depressed
descent into the pitch-black pit

Shining people congregate far
from dark and murderous thoughts

I read Lewis Carroll, Esther Hicks
and Paul Gallico - visionaries and
spiritualists

Never logical translators and rational
technologists, though their brilliance
is admirable

I wonder why visions dreams
and hallucinations never
plague them

Margaret Alice
Revelations (Rev.)

In retrospect and with perfect hindsight
the glue with which you fixed the spinning
rear-view mirror for perfect sight became
symbolical; we all knew what we should
have done, but then it was too late;

Repairing broken wings of my two fairies
symbolised the reuniting of Carine’s heart;
I broke the glass table top into a million bits
representing lives shattering after Nico’s
untimely tragic death;

Linah says breaking what you hold dear is a
sacrifice to save a life, I gladly cede the glass
top for Carine’s but why couldn’t we have
made one in time to prevent Nico’s fate;
his cousin Lee still cries each night,

I despaired when Carine cried yet you were so
relieved disclosing Nico’s death; you needed to
let off steam so I became a punch bag – which
kills romance; the Swami says if affected by
your anger, it means I hold anger in me too

I can’t let off steam the way you do, directing
frustrations at you or the kids because I know
you have nothing to do with what happened;
I have to swallow my ire, wish Armageddon,
a conflagration as predicted in Revelations

Margaret Alice
Reverse The Process Of Love

We shall have to infuse our very own parents with the love they require to get past their pain - only then will they be able to forgive their own forbears – and we shall not hand over our pain to our very own children...

But how do you love a towering tornado an attacking virago, an animal in pain? How do you calm her down, make her sit quietly to receive the medicine? How do you touch her heart, the place that still smarts, and bring back the sunshine she never knew?

How do you and I go about helping them?

Why, oh why were they always fighting to win, with an almighty din that made joy disappear for years at a time? I know you cannot talk to your mother, she has allied herself with one such another as herself

But maybe one day there will come a time when we can apply the balm of forgiveness to her and her sister, the golden-haired fairy, who became such a goddess of aggression...

Margaret Alice
Revolt 25 June 2009

Bursts of noise
officials in full school uniform enter
excitement as we
hug and laugh

I’m wearing Tiaan’s  track suit
his school cap – his blazer
he wears himself

I’m bursting with delight
so many people
commemorating 1976 when
South Africans refused
to go to school

I can’t wait to run through
the building from floor one
to ten to check on everyone
see what the others
have done

Sylvia looks fantastic in
her school gear, Karen will soon
be here and the day will really
begin – no work is the general cry –
that is what they did in 1976

we have to stick to the spirit
of their revolt that dismantled
apartheid and
bought freedom for all!

25 June 2009 - Department Arts and Culture
commemorates the 1976 school protests
against apartheid in South Africa.

Margaret Alice
Ridicule, Estrangement And Exploitation 5.1.2008

Trying to give meaning to a neutral life perceived as meaningless by an irreverent self is a useless task; serving humanity seems doomed after what happened to Socrates and Jesus Christ.

Socrates was forced to imbibe a poisonous drink while Jesus was nailed to a cross, I cannot decide whether I am part of the vicious mob that would crucify unconventional men and women.

Or whether I should try to elevate my soul into the wise heights of a Socrates, or up to the levels of loving kindness of Jesus, who had been sold into the hands of his prosecutors – while He has

No real disciples in the West today as all so-called Christians are chasing welfare and progress without regard for their godly leader’s creed of poverty and empathy with the lonely and lost.

We are living in a meaningless society where ease of life and limb and speedy displacement are the only ideals open to pursuit – being unselfish and good seems to elicit frowns

Leading to ridicule, estrangement and exploitation; it seems there is no country or nation where high ideals and inalienable human rights are still regarded as the guiding light....

Margaret Alice
....I love the idea of living in a giant hologram, all evidence to that effect is a source of delight - herewith a summary of an article by Marcus Chown - New Scientist 2009...

See a giant detector
called Geo Six Double-O
à la James Bond Double-O Seven

Looking for gravitational waves
from super-dense objects, mysterious black holes and shining neutron stars,
rippling in space-time

Finding none, yet detecting inexplicable noise, thus Geo Six Double-O made the greatest discovery in physics in half a century

Craig Hogan,
Astrophysicist from Batavia, Illinois, says the noise indicates the limit of space-time, where all dissolves into grains like zoom-in dots on newspaper photographs, the end of the smooth continuum

Geo Six Double-O found the point where space-time is causing microscopic quantum convulsions

Proof that we live in a giant hologram: the universe is a 3D image recreated by light bouncing off a two-dimensional cosmic film – such is the fabric
of space-time!

Our world may be a giant hologram - 15 January 2009 by Marcus Chown - - GEO600 -

Margaret Alice
Robbed And Maimed & Joy And Wonder & Moments Of Vision

Robbed And Maimed

Boredom - the cause of humanity’s troubles
the inability to find anything even remotely
interesting, finding no resonance with anything
I see, nothing interesting on the Internet

Proving the world is still the same, but my feelings
changed and having the faculty of reason without
emotional content is completely useless, no wonder
many take anti-depressants

It is simply to forget the emptiness in their heads!

I’ve committed the grave sin of leaving Terry Pratchett
next to my bed, I fear boredom more than anything -
carrying books guaranteed to be interesting – but today
I was determined to work my way from A to Z

Now I’m left with black-hole-syndrome in the head,
nothing worthwhile seems to be alive or able to survive,
only the frustration of suspicion that I shall always
repeat this experience in my life

Whenever a critical point is reached and my brain is
saturated, I stop to feel, not even crimes and violence
have the decency to come looking for bored old me,
I will have to put in an application

To be robbed and maimed in the name of breaking all
this boredom – it’s driving me insane!

Joy and Wonder

I’m also fascinated by moments of purest
joy - godly sensations of freedom –
blessed moments of illumination, as described in this account: “I felt as if
the whole universe was poured into me – or was welling out; my soul was thrilled;

my consciousness went out in all directions simultaneously - through the sky and into
all space beyond; I went up to the stars and planets to be among strange entities,

beings a million miles high who moved about; revelations swept my being - too fast for

my mind to record - other than realize the joy and wonder of it…”

Moments of vision

In moments of vision knowledge is acquired through the mind’s visionary faculty that easily penetrates reality

Derek Gibson experienced the world becoming a beautiful phantom – a fairyland of browns and greens - surging vividly

Unseen, only felt – his mind developed the faculty to live what his senses were registering, knowledge and power surged through him -

He suddenly KNEW he was part of it all...

Colin Wilson “Beyond the Occult” p.22

Margaret Alice
Robbing Robben Island

How does one teach people not to slaughter
the golden goose laying the golden eggs, but
to take care of and let the eggs increase?

How does one teach the golden-goose fable to
people to make them understand the beauty
of rational self-interest?

Robben Island’s prison was entrusted to its
former inmates who dipped into the income
made from tourists paying to see where

Madiba dressed stones in an ancient quarry; the
scam was revealed, the funds for its upkeep are
gone; this mindset

Can’t be changed surgically; only by teaching people
how to take care of rational self-interest by investing
in future dividends

Can the need for humanitarian aid be prevented,
keeping the goose alive and selling eggs makes
so much more sense than

Eating today and receiving alms tomorrow – maybe
a course in fairytales will be Africa’s salvation, a
world of common sense is taught that way...

Margaret Alice
Pratchett said the devil caught the ancient Aztecs and Maya* making it too easy for the common people to reach heaven in a happy death through their practice of live human sacrifice, it was all wrong

To create hell on earth they were instructed to strive to improve the lot of their fellow men their unimaginative attitude used to invent a hellish bureaucracy, turning the minds of a continent into sludge

Administration is the devil’s own invention to kill the spirit, tonight I briefly escaped by watching A View To A Kill, James Bond escaping a fire, climbing down a ladder with a girl draped over his shoulders

Not a mark on her dress, high-heeled shoes never lost, hair magnificent; this is what life should be like, I wish to be blown up since I cannot wear high-heels and striking hair, living the half-life of a zombie

A member of the undead, no mind left, heart cold, only the brain automaton carry on, swallowed by the snake of mediocrity, required to play the role of idiot in life’s charade

Quoted from p.57

*Aztecs and Maya called Tezumen in “Eric”

Margaret Alice
Roses From The South Waltz

...........................................Strauss............
...........................................Waltzes are.........
...........................................delicious, washing........
...........................................over me in waves, as if.......... 
...........................................the sea were singing to me, ..........
...........................................long rolling movements working............
...........................................up to a climax and I begin to sing................
...........................................and dance as the wave hits that............
...........................................wonderful new phase where the............... 
...........................................water breaks in velvety bubbles.............
...........................................and sparkling white lace, then............... 
...........................................I loll about in the surf -....................
...........................................being rolled to and............... 
...........................................fro as the music.............
...........................................plays........................

Margaret Alice
Roses Wither & Die

Read Proverbs last night and feel deeply depressed; what happened to my quest for wisdom, what happened to the search for words with insight, what is the result of my attempts?

What happened to my ideal of thinking before I speak, contemplating spiritual peace and how to attain it - why did I think such barbed-wired thoughts that my emotions and feelings launched a revolt?

How did I end up with this dry political text, why did the world close up like a scorching desert, why did I lose the tracks leading to a green oasis of trees meant for rest? Why did the roses wither and die?

Margaret Alice
Routes To Escape Are All Blocked

Fear, unreasonable, irrational, dreading another
day, not knowing which way to turn, facing the
unwillingness within me to continue to breathe,
the body is willing, but the spirit is weak, too tired
to run away, if eternity is anything like life on earth,
the onyx alternative is eternal death with its marvelous
rest and unconsciousness; happy lack of awareness

Looking through my books with positive thoughts,
reading this is a benevolent universe – if so, there
is a snake living in my head, I have fallen into the
Black Hole in my mind and the routes to escape
are all blocked, I want to walk to the library, escape
the voices, the noises, aggressive typing all day, the
worst nightmare has befallen me: Quarterly report

My rebellion and disgust so strong, it makes me
nauseous, I HATE writing those, cannot overcome
Mr Hyde rising in me, I’ve lost Dr Jekyll completely,
now primitive and angry, in revolt, can’t find the sacred
space in my mind, got to calm down, fleeing the chaos
threatening to overwhelm me, it is just temporary, not
having an office means life is an artificial pose

A constant masquerade, no place to be natural, observed
at all times, no space to cry, feelings in me I cannot own
publicly, fulfilling duty, doing ONLY what is required, no
space for me, life a quagmire of practiced actions and I
need to cry, needing privacy to hide away, the only refuge
my fantasy, that faculty deserted me today...

Margaret Alice
Ruled By A Creator-Son

Been pressed within physical reality long enough, time for my escape:

A map of the Grand Universe found on the Internet, An ‘Isle of Paradise’

Quite central - the residential universe of the Godhead, Superconsciousness

Followed by Super Universes, No.7, Orvonton - I billion inhabitable planets

And 100 000 Local Universes, ours is Nebadon, ruled by a Creator-Son

Earth itself is called Urantia, ruled by a Planetary Prince...

The Multiverse sure is big enough, no need to suffocate in small ideas

And lack of time – infinity never stops...

Margaret Alice
Rules Make Life More Interesting!

Great fun when imitating accents for the security guard, he laughed delightedly, my Beryl accent is brilliant

Hermien wanted change, wandered the building finding her some, found Corney’s work station on floor one

Adorned with models of African huts, giraffes, flower pots, kids’ drawings, my eyes opened wide, we had been told

No decorations would be tolerated, but all the rules have been broken; we eat at our tables as our “pause area”

Still has no chairs, we boil kettles for coffee and tea as our kitchen is under construction, now I’m planning on sneaking

My mermaids into our sacred work station, thank you Corney for all the insight, rules were made to be broken, we can do anything

The only function of rules is to make life more Interesting!

Margaret Alice
Run Away From My Mind And Myself...

For a brief moment I focused today
for a very brief moment I visualized
exactly how I was going to do the filing
all in one go - then lost that focus as I
listened to music, enraptured by Dalida,
carried away, into the wide world beyond
the walls of my office, and beyond that
into a world of dreams, into fantasies
I cannot get back, now I’m lost in a
compassless world of fragmented
visions and misty ideas, I cannot gather
the scattered filaments of concentration
together, they keep on falling apart and
spilling again, and the knowledge in
my heart of the meaning of life and my
specific part has also gone – therefore
I’m drifting here in-between spheres
half-awake and half-dreaming, half-
aware of the seeming reality around
me, but quite unable to bring the
fragments together in material
facts, should I drift on or run away
from my mind and myself...

Margaret Alice
Sacred Stupidity 04.09.2009

Blessed all my documents with required indication they exist, entered them into a list without deleting calculating codes indicating page and word average on a daily basis

It is an abomination when a paper is left without official identification, date of arrival, date entrusted to my loving care, date sent to production line for standardization, date returned to client, date saved by e-filing

Data entry into calculating lists is my favourite activity, the 99% black matter of the universe consists of invisible background administration, the big bang leftover radiation germinating new procedures

In every unfolding moment of life-sustaining time I joyously treasure each document, a sacred feeling of dutiful stupidity permeating everything, I have no existential fear while safely ensconced in a web of official lists determining every moment of my being, each step I take as a calculation automatically carried out by artificial intelligence of Excel documents humans will never feel abandoned again in a lonely malevolent universe

With artificial intelligence plotting their life course for them!

Blessed Administrative Friday 4 September 2009

Margaret Alice
Sacredness Of Life 6.22.2008

Making notes from a book on reincarnational lives makes me sigh, sometimes these new concepts are too high for my intelligence; I’m determined to learn everything printed about such occurrences –

My policy is to accept all subjective evidence from all sources as valid for that person; never rejecting anything; never expecting that the same will necessarily be applicable to me; but never questioning

The validity of their own experiences, hoping to learn honour and respect for the sacredness of all forms of life...

Margaret Alice
Sadness After Feeling Their Thoughts

Why analyze traditional thinkers – haven’t you noticed the sadness after feeling their thoughts?

Why not create new concepts of God that fulfill all your needs and dreams; don’t you realize

Regurgitating opinions of failed systems will not change yourself or the world?

Why not read exciting books with new theories unheard-of before

Rethinking life from a new vantage point? The vision from here is intoxicating

Possibilities endless; why stay immersed in the Western corset, why not take a look

At ancient Eastern wisdom, a system so like quantum-physics, describing

Consciousness in a new way, while recognizing the power of observation to change

The thing that is studied – because it feels your attention which proves it is aware, while you

Are so proud to announce most of the world is quite dead, yet Implicate Order Theory Formulated by David Bohm illustrates how awareness is universal

In our hologram-universe? You want to reread the Classics – while unaware of the Moderns

Nietsche, Marx and Freud is old hat, you’ve read them before, be brave and go forth
Discover new territory - be your own judge,
don’t decide in terms of another’s mind...

Margaret Alice
Sagittarius And Scorpion

Sagittarius and Scorpion
walk all over my dreams - shooting down
my sweetest schemes
Sagittarius CANNOT lie - being oblivious to
what the truth can do
never intending to hurt - surprised at the effect of
his honest words
I CANNOT try to confide
in Sagittarius
Scorpio WILL NOT lie - doesn’t give a damn
about pain inflicted by his honest opinion
a law unto himself - he can’t accommodate
a weaker way
I DARE not confide
in Scorpio

Ephemeral Cancer - Moonlight Dreams my Astrogenetic Fate
from glad to sad for no apparent, discernable reason...
Snegourka, the Snow Maiden, melting in spring
the bittersweet painfulness of the Moonlight Sonata
inexplicable sadness of Boccherini
and Clair de Lune

the illegal emotion, sensation and feeling
manifesting in camouflage
the real me would be living a total
disaster

Margaret Alice
Nici* made me a video, a video dedicated to Marilese*, a video of ALL her photos of flowers of the West Coast, pink and purple, yellow and orange and red, green leaves with dew on it, everything beautiful – a series of pictures – a video to the background of the music of “Oh, what you do to me, Oh what you do to me...” – these flowers have me singing happily, her dad so proud; she took the most beautiful flower photographs and put them together in a flower video – playing the tune of my favourite modern song – I’m beyond impressed; I’m begging her for more of the same sweet intoxication...

*....Nici, her real name is Nicolene, my 15-year-old daughter

*...Marilese - my real name, Margaret Alice is the name of my ....maternal grandmother, Margaret Alice van Wyk née Puth, ....my name is compiled from hers, she took care of our family ....in the most exquisite way, and later when I was alone in a ....flat, she stayed with me and took care of me, she was an ....angel I think; and she loved flowers so much, I hope ....her spirit is watching the video with me...

Margaret Alice
With all role-players and stakeholders gone on the Literature thing, literature-less me is staring forlorn in the distance, an act I have acquired and mastered at the Emergency Room, feeling listless

I have Griffin’s Castle by Jenny Nimmo ready as there is no-one to talk to, June always delighted by translations that drive me to tears, Hermien loves repetitive tasks that take me years, correspondents are gone

There must be bubonic plague somewhere, maybe swine flu took its toll on my few acquaintance, I am still struggling with sore throat and blocked nose, family members are fed up with life and the strife to keep the body alive

Hubby grumbles because I take my work troubles home, the hellish temperature does not interest him in his industrially cooled office, my guru says while I feel like this I can forget finding a friend - I hang on to my book with religious fervour

The only refuge for my purgatorial soul, wish I had more sartorial company, but it is not to be...

Jenny Nimmo “Griffin’s Castle” Methuen
Children’s Books, 1994

Margaret Alice
'Saurians Should Be Extinct

We should be extinct, we crocodile moms who abandon our kids when they make the water; saurian’s have no parental duties beyond the basics of a successfully hatched egg
Yet we manage to survive midst mammalian life through vicariousness bound in a barrage of extrasensory but second hand perceptions drip-fed through books, theories and ideas
With life we sing along full of gusto and open mouths shouting the words of songs which play with our thoughts – though we notoriously lack ability to even make or play the instruments
And we survive because the saurian’s open season is banned for wont of preserving a uselessness to make the mammalian species seem even more than magnanimous when all else patently fails

Margaret Alice
I am as ugly as sin,
the moment I make peace with it,
though loving everything beautiful,
seeking harmony, when I make peace
with my disintegrating facial skin,
remembering how shocked I was the
first time my face peeled off
totally at nineteen – when I accepted
ugliness as my birthright;

you point out that no factor 50
sunscreen will save what is left –
I feel better about it all, the sun
is a killer, not the nice friend
I always cast him as; The Maya Sun
that made everyone disappear, that
had the priests offering still beating
hearts of still living human beings;
to keep the sun from consuming
their landscape and everything else

I am better off not blaming you
for my skin’s moon landscape, with
craters on my chin; you saying no
facial cream can redeem the damage done
while a teenager in South Africa
Remembered travelling with my niece
when I was fifteen, warning me against
the dangers of too much sun,
then going off to Durban at nineteen,
with my friends at university,
ever bothering about sun-screen
Yes, you are right, nothing can save
me now; I’m on the way to resemble my
grandma and my mother at seventy five,
the most I can do is save my kids...

Margaret Alice
More terms to entice and delight, giving wings to the mind: Dynosphere – spherical, fluid aether bubbles, molecules and atoms are vortex formations, spherical symmetry of standing wave patterns

The unification of electromagnetic polarity and gravity leads to the formation of a sea of aetheric energy, charge is equivalent to aetheric pressure; energy flowing from negative high-pressure into positive low-pressure areas, a high intensity of such electromagnetism creates an anti-gravity propulsive force, Townsend T. Brown says a flow between negative and positive poles creates a river of energy in the aether

Flowing towards positive low-pressure poles - stronger than gravity – with this antigravity propulsion we can travel to the stars and beyond, the universe becomes our oyster, but

Do we want to send our aggressive progeny everywhere shall we teach other planets to play rugby and cricket to prevent them from venting their ire in war and conflict, shall we acquire spiritual wisdom from them
Or will they learn it from us -
if they do, how low down
the scale of mental
evolution could
they be?

Margaret Alice
Scared Out Of My Wits

I am scared out of my wits
by what Gordon Smith claims
in his book called “Spirit Messenger”:

‘We create our own Kingdom Come
each arrives at a Place where
they’ll find Comfort and Beauty

According to the State
of their own Mind’
how I live on Earth

Determines how I gravitate
to a state of Beauty
in the Afterlife

In a state of Grace
we understand Life, Love
and Beauty in a new way

I am scared now -
How am I creating
my own Kingdom to come?!

I want to say – Love
but I can’t - I’m scared
of Love turning on me!

Margaret Alice
Scared Too Early In Life 10.8.2008

Listen to the Skater’s Waltz, my heart bursting,
what beautiful melodies, I love waves of feeling
overpowering heart and soul, love the impression
of rising up on the notes; what I love even more

Is feeling a sweet, sharp pain cleaving my heart,
waves turning into electrical circuits of driven
emotion, I feel I should cry for the magic in
notes creating a song of unequalled magic

I love the feeling of a lover imploring a sweetheart
to dance and skate with him, share his adventures,
give him the love in her heart, the feeling that she
longs to comply with his request

But she is scared, skating away daintily, hiding from
life and possible sorrow, scared too early in life, the
wounds in her childish heart have never healed, the
shock of discovery that love doesn’t last

Was too much; still lamenting the loss of her
childhood heroes...

Margaret Alice
Falling into the brain’s empty moonscape: David Longford’s Discworld Quizbook caused the mind’s magnetosphere to roll over and over, the unknown side turned face up, my interpretation of Pratchett light-years removed from his

All important points ignored by David Longford setting irrelevant questions, ignoring the essence of concepts such as the magic of a Mustrum Ridcully filing on the floor, or the enchantment of Time Being a Non-Existent Woman locked up in a glass case

The scenes my mind distilled from the source text of a Terry Pratchett, were never touched upon by the factual, wordperfect David Langford...

Reference:
David Langford “The Unseen University Challenge' Terry Pratchett’s Quizbook

Margaret Alice
Schubert’s Serenade is one of the saddest pieces of music I know, my mother used to play it on the piano, when it plays over the radio, I cry and sing - I won’t insist - I’ll never insist – ahaaah, ahaah aha ahaah, I will never- - insist, you are as free - as can be-, I won’t insist, I’ll never insist, all you give me - has

......................................to
........................................be
........................................free -
 ahaaah, ahaah aha ahaah, I’ll never insist, for anybody, I’ll never-ever insist...

Margaret Alice
Alice wanted to play croquet, but couldn’t convince the flamingo to hold its head still, and the hedgehog kept on rolling away before she could hit it – whereas The Queen of Hearts only had to point the flamingo at the hedgehog – and it started to run straight to the goal – that is not fair! Alice said, but the Queen of Hearts did not hear; so Alice wandered away and came upon three flat cardboard men painting some roses red – why are you painting them red? Alice said – because the Queen wanted roses red and we planted white ones instead, they said; may I help you? Alice begged, – sure, join in, they did accept; soon Alice was painting the rose petals red – a red ball is middle C, Alice softly remembered, what do you mean? enquired the cardboard men – I mean doh in doh-a-deer is red and round, Alice explained; so the roses are in C, she said, but the men were surprised, do roses sing in chord C? they asked stupefied, Doh-a-deer, a female deer; Alice sang...

Margaret Alice
Science: An Atom Is A Spherical Torus Formation

Atoms and molecules being only vortex formations without electron orbits – complete spherical standing-wave patterns in spherical symmetry, an energy pressing in

Towards the centre of a spherical object – a river of energy is flowing between negative and positive energy poles – always moving towards the positive

Stronger than gravity; the negative high-pressure source in an atom pushes towards the positive low-pressure electron clouds – flowing into the nucleus

Energy is swirling in an atom – into a low-pressure central vortex formation traveling through electron clouds; therefore energy fields have

A spherical structure – analogous to the vortex quality of smoke-ring’s movements straight lines moving through a fluid energy medium

Forming a spherical vortex; rotating fluids forming a whirlpool along the rotational axis - inside a round area, forming a hole right through the spherical centre

Water flowing in forming a narrowing central vortex, momentum lets it flow out at the bottom, the vortex widening towards the outer edge

The same as the torus formation of the inward curling movement of smoke rings such is the structure of the spherical torus at the quantum level
Now I know what an atom is -
a spherical torus formation!

Margaret Alice
Science: Cosmological Constant

All began
with the Big Bang -
Matter, Energy, Space-Time
appeared from NOTHING in a
Split Second, postulating
a Mutually Attractive
Gravitation
Force...

Mathematics
showed Explosive Creation
continued at a Rate of Expansion
billions and billions of times greater
than Astronomical Observation
could allow for: The Problem
of the Cosmological
Constant...

Margaret Alice
Science: Describing Our World In The Most Poetic Terms

Alternative scientists call the aether by thirteen other terms also: Prana, collisionless shock waves, plasma, soliton waves – would they be solitary?

Radiant matter; then a few very odd names indeed: “od” short and sweet, etheric energy – mediums ought to rejoice – and orgone, ah, the stuff of science fiction

The fourth state of matter also - what would the first three states be? - and “neutrino sea” – water always sounds enchanting to me; the graviton – sounds very grave,

Tachyon Field – aha, got-cha, Terry Pratchett, now I know where Mrs Tachyon in Johnny and the Bomb got her name from! – and Feinberg Field – the name of a

Quantum physicist herewith – very illuminating – and to top it off, they postulate that God is a dynamic neutrality, including his being balanced harmonics

God is zero point space, chaos as well as hidden order and God also is Magnetism; it all boils down to ten-dimensional torque and consciousness

Superconducting, levitating, mono-
atomic metal, dancing within the torus shape; these scientists are modern saints, describing our world

In the most poetic terms!

Margaret Alice
Science: Entanglements

According to quantum physics, particle photons split in cyclotrons react instantaneously to stimuli received by only one of them – scientists coined a term ‘entanglement’ to explain psychic events and ESP through invisible links, in responding to the same stimuli in space-and-time transcendence – we ourselves are a mass of entanglements; part of a greater entity in which this is being reflected, attached within a continuum; we are part of a unified field interconnected with ALL living things, our thoughts creating reality being influenced by the thoughts of all others; yet we all choose only a few with whom we wish to interact; as I look at you and see your hope and trust, your vision and dreams of love and lust; the question frames itself in my eyes: Will you become entangled with me; both remaining free as a separate entity - because we need to dream differently, enriching each other while recreating history?

Margaret Alice
Science: Ezekiel’s Spaceships

The very next day Alice happened to meet a NASA Engineer, Mr Blumrich, who told her all about Ezekiel’s Spaceships: The spacecraft had a central main body supported by four helicopters; a crew capsule on the upper side – in humming-top shape – a quasi-conical lower portion to meet high-drag aerodynamic requirements; with a rocket engine, plug nozzle, reactor, and radiator; propellant tank and propellant; a central power plant for helicopters and additional units; an environment control system and unit of reliquefaction...

Alice did not understand much; but she knew enough of Ezekiel in the Old Testament to realize that the four living beings must be the helicopters - and the wheel within a wheel must be the spinning top; she was delighted with what Mr Blumrich taught!

ich “The Spaceships of Ezekiel”

Margaret Alice
Science: Minute Balls Too Small To Be Seen

Superstring
Theory – my Favourite!
cried the Crocodile in delight -
Sub-Atomic Particles represented by
Loops of String vibrating at different Harmonics
representing different Particles with extra Dimensions
curved to form minute balls too small to be seen...
there are three dimensions - plus time –
then higher dimensions, following
Einstein’s Curved Geometries:
Objects moving in Straight
Lines - But in Curved
Space-time...

Margaret Alice
Then Alice saw an ancient violin and asked Merlin to play it – I only play gamma-ray tunes, Merlin said, it is a quantum violin and doesn’t play anything else – I once had a quantum-cello, for optical tunes, but it is lost; then Merlin played “Nucléet in C Sharp”, a very sad gamma-ray tune - Alice thought the music very strange indeed, with ocean waves breaking on sandy shores, interwoven with high-pitched tunes like the whistling of an arrow swishing by – it had a strange, powerful effect on her– she closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep….

Based on “Mr Tompkins in Paperback”, George Gamow

Margaret Alice
Science: Seismic Sonata

A seismic sonata
based on seismic data
recorded motions after an
earthquake converted to forty-five
notes matched to the earth’s amplitude
an oboe playing one note to illustrate that
the earth was perfectly still – against background
noises; a piano playing three-second intervals, the oboe
then overlaid the piano – described as looking at a
diamond with the naked eye; as well as a
jeweller’s lens at the same time; the
listener experiencing wave motion
over time, hearing the complexity
of earth’s movements in a
fascinating, cascading
sound!

Margaret Alice
Science: The Aetheric

Aetheric Quantum Mechanics
A moving object loses inertial mass, gravitational mass, and electric charge when approaching the speed of light

With increasing speed, a particle’s gravity and inertial mass decrease

At zero gravity and zero electric charge matter is converted into a field

In a new quantum physics of transmutation - objects approaching the speed of light leads to the displacement of energy and mass into a higher vibratory level

In an octave of seven energy densities corresponding to a musical scale as well as the seven colours of the rainbow

Superluminal-Speed-Impulse

Space and time
both flow within
spiral ing torsion
fields

Travelling
at superluminal
speeds which exceed
the speed of
light

The
super-
luminal-
speed-impulse
move through
space-time as
intelligent
ener-
gy

Mani-
festing in
torsion waves and
conscious-
ess.

&8195; Source: The Internet

Margaret Alice
Science: The Same Short Thrift With Which You Dismissed

When independent researchers engaged in alternative sciences with no mainstream leg to stand on doubt each other’s findings because their experience is different

I understand why mainstream scientists prefer hegemony in tying themselves to one pole of consensus perspective; when you postulate that

Humans come from the Pleiades while doubting Dr David Zinc’s claim about the link between the Pleiades and Atlantis simply because

He used a medium in his research while you dabble in Egypt and star maps, you self-righteously reject his evidence as based on unacceptable premises

While you blissfully force your own idiosyncratic premises - that the Egyptians told a specific story in their pyramid constructions - on the same cynical group

Of scientists out there, they simply hang you by your own shoe-laces, giving you the same short thrift with which you dismissed Dr David Zinc!
Margaret Alice
Drosnin allowed for freedom of choice in events; choices between probable alternatives; while Adriaan Snyman has a deterministic view of the future; placing the Second Coming in September 2000 and accepting Armageddon as inevitable; but quantum physics says time is a tapestry in which all times exist simultaneously, teaching that our consciousness is creating all events - we determine what happens, while accepting the evidence for timeless codes in the Bible, I reject the determinism that says destruction is inevitable –

By making the choice for love - as we are doing individually and we hold the power – we are creating a new world without the need for Armageddon – it is a probability that won’t take place

In our version of reality, we are creating a new society with a new world view in which the choice for freedom and love is bringing about a new world which will dumbfound Snyman’s invincible conviction that Death and destruction is inevitable – because it is not!

Michael Drosnin “The Bible Code II”
Adriaan Snyman “Die Messias Kode” (The Messiah Code)

Margaret Alice
Science: Universe Of Electrically Divided Light

Walter Russel, brilliant philosopher, also proficient in music, literature, architecture, painting and sculpture; received a Doctor of Science degree in nineteen-forty-one,

claimed that illumination into cosmic consciousness is our ultimate goal, that the electrical energy that motivates us is flowing from a Supply Universal,

that balance is indicated by joy and inner ecstasy is a normal state of mind because when we lack joy, our bodies form toxins destroying life,

that the world is an illusion formed by bits of broken glass and three mirrors in the dual light of waves moving within an electric mirror octave,

that matter has no real existence, being a recording of static primary light interacting electrically with two other dynamic lights,

that matter is only light-waves in motion, electrically divided into opposite pairs, patterned into the things we experience,

that the universe consist only of moving rays of light appearing in sound, colour and form; that light is affected by electricity,

that he had an inner vision of the whole invisible colour spectrum in three-hundred-and-sixty degrees beyond the limited outer senses,
that he charted the nine spectrum-cycle octaves within the zero of undivided magnetic light in a universe consisting of -

Margaret Alice
Another magical mystery
to contemplate with
satisfaction:

The DNA and RNA molecules of
chromosomes resonate in
an octave tone

In a musical dance of cells and
atoms, molecules and energy fields
swirling to the rhythmic beat

Of the sound waves - nature dancing
to sound and music - Ernest Chladni
sprinkled sand on steel disks

While a violin played, the vibrations
formed beautiful symmetrical patterns
in the sand

Hans Jenny devised a tonoscope,
an oscillator vibrating a metal plate
placed on top of it

Containing various things which produced
different patterns: Paste formed pictures of
early cell-division

Other substances formed nautilus shells
and honeycombs; powder formed into
the eye – the pupil and iris

Chanting the ancient mantra AUM
through a microphone vibrating
the metal plate, produced

A perfect circle containing concentric
squares and triangles, identical to
the geometric symbol
Used in the East to represent AUM, thus ancient symbols are based on vibrational patterns

Pronouncing vowels of ancient Sanskrit and Hebrew produced the shape of their written symbols in sand...

The ancient people used vibrational patterns to develop writing and language, it seems!

And I’m intrigued...

Margaret Alice
Screwtape Is Alive And Well

Screwtape is alive and well
and living in my head
instead of writing letters to Dear Wormwood
is composing letters to my soul:
every day as I come into my office

Screwtape begins the daily letter – remember
you can tell that life is meaningless
so go surfing on the Internet
to find an anchor for you mind
and see what you can find on esoteric matters

Screwtape knows my fear of boredom
and my worries on modern serfdom
our enslavement to technology
in this our modern technocratic life
so he attacks me at my weakest point

Screwtape was described by C. S. Lewis
I wonder if he knew him well
whether he also had to fight
the need to visit the invisible realms
to help him through the world of sight

Screwtape will not let me go
I have sold my soul
to the glories of the underworld
strange theories and great mysteries
anything to escape

From the world I know!

Margaret Alice
Secrecy Of Anonymity 15.09.09

Being an anonymous observer who serves the devil more often than she should, given that she likes him for his faithfulness in bringing desired temptations to everyone who needs a break from imagined holiness

Being the source of wonderful fun showing how sarcasm against the haughty and condescending helps release pent-up aggression against self-assigned importance, chronicling my thoughts in the secrecy of

Anonymity...

Margaret Alice
Secret Spying 02.09.2009

Playtime when I was eight or nine changed me into an old Anglo Boer War spy; I stood on cut tree trunk and spied my fingers over my eyes

When the bell rang I ran to my post for reconnaissance on the tree trunk turned slowly looking at plants, the rising hillside for encroaching enemies

All too soon the bell rang returning us to a stuffy classroom, I all smug and satisfied with my secret spying from a book I was reading at the time

I was reading HJ Vermaas “Oë Oor Die Einders” [= “Eyes On The Horizon”]

Margaret Alice
Secret Valentine & When Seeing A Flaw & Name Is Safe

To My Secret Valentine

I listen to the whispers in the evening air, imagining they were sent by you, I dive into the velvet waters of the swimming pool, imagining it is your embrace I feel, shivering with delight in the soft caresses of a lovely summer breeze and make-believe that I am touching you, I read some messages stealthily and pretend that they were sent by you, I watch the sun set slowly, cloaking clouds in pastel colours pretending that it is a special moment to be shared with you...

When Seeing A Flaw Within Me

My secret love gave me a gift; never holding a grudge or a negative thought; such is his gift to me

My secret love minds beauty, keeping himself happy; when seeing a flaw within me, he
never mentions it

Turning away from unpleasant things, never mentioning anything that isn’t pleasing to him

My secret love has a positive attitude towards himself and me, remaining connected to Core Energy

My secret love is a sweet influence in my reality, creating opportunities to flow radiant joy to me

My secret love develops the imaginative faculty, talking about what’s coming and how much fun

It will be – for ever and ever...

Your Name Is Safe In Their Mouth

The day broke into a million pieces, the golden sunshine is wasted on us, the curse that covered the weekend encroached on today, hurtful comments regarding people long dead, can’t make amends for the things that I said

Levity falling flat on its face, humans in groups is a bad attribute; Edgar Cayce suffered so much because helping people is the most dangerous deed there can be, rather be self-sufficient unto thy self; NEVER interfere with other people

Cayce should not have helped others
and suffered rejection, he should only have cared for his loved ones and written his memoirs for a few hermits and me, people in a group always refuse to see truth

Beyond mainstream consensus, Cayce painfully learnt evidence can’t convince people at all, all eye-witness accounts are lost without sanction of church and convention, let humanity be, look for joy in your own individuality

Be a light unto yourself, go for love as defined by two to eight-year olds: 'When someone loves you, the way they say your name is different. You just know your name is safe in their mouth.'

Margaret Alice
See The Future - Looking Backwards

A Rabbi says
Isaiah states that to see
the future
we have to look backwards –
the Hebrew states
read the letters in reverse
of the first five books: Genesis to
Deuteronomy – the Torah
See Eliyahu’s experiment published in
1994 Statistical Science
- Equidistant Letter Sequences in Genesis –
rabbi names matched
dates of birth and death
against odds of
one in ten million

The Rotenberg-Rips computer program
is based on the Talmud:
everything has been foreseen
BUT freedom of action is given
as said physicist Feynman -
probabilities only
can be predicted
there a myriad possible futures
the outcome determined by US
predicted so long ago...

Margaret Alice
Seen On Screen

Never Say Never Again –
I love it when James Bond
blows up Fatima Blush with
his fountain pen, I want to
blow up everyone crossing
me in anything, such as the
lady in the black Golf chal-
lenging me in my white
monster today

I was cruising happily
when she tried to cut in
from the left, without batting
an eye-lid I kept on the tail of
the car in front of me, she fell
back, then attacked from the
right, trying to push me from
the road, I continued

Without slowing down, the same
adrenaline rush as when James
Bond killed and destroyed enemies
of good citizenry – I point my finger
at everyone while making explosive
noises, seeing a signature James
Bond girl when I look in the mirror

Oh, lovely imagination, to become
one of the characters I have seen
on screen, used to act out movies
at school, today I still do, and
I always will!

Margaret Alice
Self-Control And Subterfuge

I’ve been lucky enough to have my hair cut by a complete idiot, on perceiving its quality and texture she cut it in layers – now I have nothing left, can’t create a style, looking like an idiot myself, enough to spoil my day

Dishes first, then catching up on the work of today, when the going got tough I couldn’t find the right terms, frequent upsurges of adrenaline in getting angry at being frequently interrupted by an inconsiderate colleague

Took my little powers of concentration away, sitting like sardines in a tin can one can’t sit back and enjoy solitude, leaving me no energy, growing feverish and hot, once a kind surgeon offered to remove one adrenal gland

To lessen the adrenaline rush caused by any emotional change; saved by a second opinion advising me to make peace with chronic headache caused by my volatile nature, my only recourse practicing self-control and subterfuge

The advantages are HUGE, a little goodness leads to epiphany, so I’m willing to pay by suffering the feverish anxiety caused by things going awry, hiding the discomfort of fluctuating moods as best I may

Never sure that I will be able to complete any job, trying to create an upbeat mood superficially by focusing on positive thoughts only, writing a few poems during the day...

Margaret Alice
I love buying fairies, but they seldom wear glitter enough, tonight I added silver glitter in glue, even my porcelain figure got some glitter too –

Tomorrow I’ll do the stones I picked up in the Karoo with glitter in gold, adding shine to my life, fighting the idiotic practice of watching Depressing stuff on TV, experiencing the tragedy lived by the characters in the story, though it is quite clear they do it to themselves, moving from

Self-defeating behavior to self-destructive choice, making it obvious the scriptwriters were told to force the audience to tears, wasting the nervous system

On false feelings and sham emotions, wearing out life’s energy in negative experience instead of creating positive ideas; at least teaching

The audience negative events result from stupid choices; even a child can see the silly characters were forced into making the worst choice in order to

Illustrate how to create a sad scenario – not a single bad event happened without the character carefully orchestrating the heart-breaking affair, since

Tear-jerkers are popular – at least I hope people learn how they themselves dig the holes they keep falling into...
Margaret Alice
Selfhelp: Cherished As An Invaluable Gift

Dealing with pain – physical pain – the Eastern guru says stand on your head, my head is too sore; dealing with emotional upset, feelings of insignificance; bad planning, I should have had a pill for this

Another self-help piece of advice: Deep breathing, visualizing the Eternal Force, whether it be God or intelligent energy: Nothing works, the pain holds sway, am I guilty for being this way?

Apparently yes, it could be karma, bad thinking patterns; whatever it is, it keeps me grounded in the painful aspect of reality; keeps me feeling scared – I cannot achieve, cannot do my job, cannot compete

The pain sees to it; every positive moment cherished as an invaluable gift, escape that happens momentarily, more precious than jewels; when I’m feeling well, I refuse to look at things

That make me feel bad, I’ve got enough contact with pain - through the allergy!

Margaret Alice
Sent For A Spell In Purgatory

I was part of the Spiritual Aquarian Conspiracy; Now cometh the price to be paid: My breath has left me, I cannot breathe any more; constriction the price for spiritual indulgence; nirvana will be paid for in contortions as muscles tighten some more – I’m afraid I’m an alien and the New Age cannot explain why an alien must pay for her bliss by being sent for a spell in Purgatory ...

Margaret Alice
Glad you’re back, how was the Cape, we missed you – though we had some fun, ate some illegal cake, watched mindless TV, went to bed quite late

I watched my DVD on Law of Attraction; When Abraham told a young lady she could choose to like her job and enjoy the ride unto tomorrow; instead of crying about

An unfair change in job description, she could enjoy the idea of her being in employment; I made the decision to focus on my document with its acronyms and repetitions

Thus far I have sent loving energy to every document prancing across my table – though Wayne Dyer meant it should be sent to other human beings -

I send it to the stuff that forms the essence of my life, and it’s working like a charm; the documents and I are still seeing eye to eye!

Margaret Alice
Ayahuasca made
Alan see demons,
sharp ears, hands
replaced by claws
with talons

Only Kate looked
serene, beautiful;
an aura of peace,
shining brightly
into the night

The shaman says
Kate’s spirit is strong,
something she does
reaches thousands
of people

God is blessing her
work and will bless
her all the days
of her life

Alan, Kate’s husband, recounted his experience with Ayahuasca
Kate Turkington “There’s More To Life Than Surface”
pp.259,272

Margaret Alice
Caught in a Mission and Vision Speech
I make my escape – reading and dreaming about
investigations of alien spacecraft and other-worldly beings
James Bond adventures and erasures of Those Who Know
Project Disclosure announcing propulsion and anti-gravity
using electromagnetic and zero-point-energy technology
set to change drastically the oil-based economy
my escape is complete: my mind and my soul
are gone – only the body is left
to try to go on!

Bathopele, Service Delivery, Transparency...
while I’m dreaming: electro-gravitic technology
for traveling above ground making roads obsolete
traveling at more than 10 000 miles an hour
in man-made aircraft while whispering about
mysterious structures on the moon
the Pentagon does not comment because
UFO’s do not exist – only balloons, swamp gas
and military aircraft...
what a lovely meeting!

Margaret Alice
Shades Of Blue; Threads Of Gold

Wondering about my new discoveries:
Consciousness playing hopscotch in and out of reality

While focusing on hallucinations and dreams, the mind perceives various realities from many levels

Of awareness, sometimes fifteen to fifty times in one hour, if intensely vivid we become aware;

Lapses in consciousness weave through the fabric of awareness, colouring feelings – mine are coloured

In shades of blue with a few threads of lustrous gold; a symbol of the hope preserving me from freezing in

All hues of blue!

p.340, Jane Roberts “Seth Speaks”
Margaret Alice
Wondering about new discoveries: consciousness playing hopscotch in and out of reality while focusing on hallucinations and dreams, the mind perceives various realities, many levels of awareness, sometimes 15 to 50 times in one hour, if intensely vivid we become aware;

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p.340, Jane Roberts “Seth Speaks”

Margaret Alice
Khaderbhai was a fanatic with no respect for freedom, he did not care that success depends on respect for the freedom of people to choose for themselves.

Khaderbhai chose to serve the Afghan war exploiting crime to finance it, hanging himself by his own words when he claims he tests goodness by asking:

What happens when what we do, is done by everyone else: if exploitation is generalised freedom and trust will be lost in suspicion - he fails his own test.

Doing wrong for the right reasons is self-defeating, means always becomes the end helping the Afghans through crime and drugs increases the suffering.

Karla and Shantaram suffered the consequences of exploitation - Karla realized she was exploited by Khaderbhai while she was exploiting others - and surrendered to despair.

Shantaram realized that his freedom was destroyed by Karla and Khaderbhai’s connivance, their love for him was a ruse to deceive and use him (because he used others, they could use him).

Shantaram is saved by choosing to forgive them for their provisional friendship and tainted love, knowing treason cannot diminish his feeling of freedom and self-esteem.

Purified love allows betrayal to strip childish ideals and romance away - he absolves them, refusing to hate anyone for being unworthy of trust and devotion, free from the curse of cynicism.

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Accepting their choice to have no respect for love and life, his heart free from bitterness, his mind undefiled, honouring their freedom to be mercenary in their using him for their own ends

Without revenge or responding in kind...

Gregory David Roberts “Shantaram” Abacus 2004

Margaret Alice
Reached p.404, juxtaposition between love – which always kills romance - and imprisonment of the man called Lin, the author, he receives a beating

I can look back with him, but in case of pain in present tense, I can’t go on; the only pain I can contemplate is my own, when another person is suffering

It becomes too much – the woman he loves suddenly losing him, I can’t stand the feeling,
Lin Shantaram, Man Of Peace, author of so many good deeds

Beat by police on page 404 – I can’t go on, stopped to cry until I’m calm enough to begin again, it hurts too much, give pain to me in retrospect

NEVER use the present tense!

Gregory David Roberts “Shantaram” Abacus 2004 pp.1-404

Margaret Alice
Reading Shantaram, I am impressed, he introduces his tale by realising he is free while being tortured, freedom represents a whole universe

His eyes zoom in on the happiness of people living in slums, women ethereal, his mind fastens on the wide, radiant smile of a Bombay guide

He finds in him a marvellous friend, he trusts the hotel owner on instinct, becomes a trusted companion, he sees the attractive, inviolable aura

Of a beautiful woman, loves her on sight, recalls Sanskrit legends about a destined karmic connection, souls enraptured, loving every thought of the other

Legends also warn fated love may be the obsession of only one of twinned souls, he describes a love affair with the city of Bombay – the delight that sings in his feelings

Enchanting my mind!

Gregory David Roberts “Shantaram” Abacus 2004 pp.1-35

Margaret Alice
Christmas is a time of reflection
about the most beautiful historical
construct dreamers and seers
ever compiled, the question of
veracity nullified

By the sheer grandeur of the
magical story of God sending
love and peace unto mankind
in the form of a heavenly child
who submitted to crucifixion

For the ideas and dreams of love
and forgiveness he preached
everywhere, offering the most
beautiful ideal of selfless love for
those of us who want to follow

Dreams, thus improving the quality
of man-made reality...

Margaret Alice
Shimmers Of Translucent Gold (Rev.) 6.30.2008

An alien with a remote control is watching the pictures flashing on the electromagnetic screen of my mind as my camera eyes scan the world’s hologram which my laser-brain construct into images

It must hate the world in which I live; discovering compiling lists of publishers was my job for today, the alien gave me an electrical shock which changed my level of consciousness from contumacious happiness to

flutes vibrating round water drops in multifarious blue, interspersed with flashes of bell-like sweetness in silver, weaving between violin strings recreating everything in shimmers of translucent gold, accompanied by pianos playing in minor aquamarine to

angry frustration where thin alarm bells shrill in my ears incessantly and lines in my head are squashed into a mess of thin wire mesh and sounds become a club smashing thoughts to mind-numbing pulp...

Margaret Alice
A Scary Shotokan Pose

Violence and mayhem reaching
new heights in the land of my
birth, but I adopt such a scary
shotokan-pose, shady criminals
are afraid of accosting me

My colleague Hermien being too
scared to walk alone in the CBD
scelepped me along and found to
her delighted surprise, no further
remarks or attempts

Were directed her
way!

Reptile Docile

Crocodile mother worried about
welfare of the crocodile kids – she
read reports of studies proving
Mothers being their kids friends are
a bad influence; afterwards the kids
are bereft of an authority figure

To relate to the idea Crocodile began
shouting at kids who laughed and ran
about – it is clear they already suffer a
lack of discipline. Crocodile, being a
reptile of docility, gave up said struggle,
accepted resignedly her kids will say –
my mother failed me terribly

She had the temerity to be a friend
when what we needed was a stentorian
disciplinarian to bring us down to earth.
Oh, woe is me, hating newspapers for informing how badly she is failing in trying to lead a mammalian life...

Give Me Leave To Play

Lovely autumn morning, I bought Viennese Collection with Mozart Symphony No.35 in D Major – “Haffner”, Beethoven Symphony No.2 in D Major which I studied in matric – just the Finale, Allegro Molto, with Strauss Viennese Bonbons

You counteracted with balancing measures by buying “Guitar Jollification” with Ressano Garcia – I swayed to it, immediately, what energy, then Guitar Razzmatazz with a nice beat, followed by Aikona meaning No Way, with Silver Bells*

Now we are in synchronization with each other, you are happily playing your new CD; my only request:

Please give me leave to play my Viennese CD also!

* “Silwer Klokkies”

Margaret Alice
I have nobody to talk to, she cried, answered she herself in a stern aside, it is because you speak a different language and nobody cares to learn your strange vocabulary, better give up and learn to speak as everyone else, use the same nouns and verbs to designate the same common-sense ideas.

She turned away ashamed, she cannot give up her language now, a construct of so many years produced while wading through a vale of tears the culmination of all her thoughts and dreams even when she screams in isolated loneliness she holds her language dear, she cannot sell her soul for aught, she looks up.

And listens to the song of those who sing with different harmonies, she joins the chant her colleagues repeat determinedly then turns away in tears, it does not work, there are no overtones the sound is wrong, the melody is gone and the shrapnel of the warbled tune hurts her skin while blood is dripping everywhere.

Daggers meant for those apart cleft her mind and opened up her guilty heart, underneath we are all the same and every knife turned upon one another finds its mark in us...

Margaret Alice
Silver Glitter Amongst Gold Braiding

How shall I ever get along without Nici’s love?
The house turns into a mausoleum whenever she’s not here, giving me a kiss when she passes by, hugging me, giving me assurances of love.

When she was small, I taught her we were born to love each other, other people, animals and plants – in short, the whole wide world; when she goes off to visit a friend, or on a school Excursion, the lights go out, silence descends, I become morose in my isolation – then she returns like a ray of sunlight, I can breathe again, she hugs me tight and laughs.

With silver glitter amongst gold braiding – lighting up the house, and though I sometimes refuse to smile with her, hugging my pain like a precious jewel, she never allows her mom to remain in the cold of dark outside, she always pulls me back – the day she leaves the house, I’ll cry continuously, for months on end, her love is so important, I have found...

Margaret Alice
Sinful Extravagance At The Dance

Driving my mental car full-speed through my book of beautiful, shining gems, quite content with my conclusion of spiritual incompetence, abruptly my journey is stopped by crashing into the rock-hard crystal of appreciation and self-love: Appreciation of others and self is matching the intention of the universe – and me being so happily despondent

So self-satisfied with moral inadequacy, forced to face the fact, only through love can energy flow – I was so content floating in the sad stream of my discontent – so here goes: I shall give up my cherished negative attitude and cultivated cynicism regarding attaining spiritualism; I shall – most unwillingly! – work on self-love and appreciate

My life, moral ineptitude, bunions, black-hole mind and all – love and enjoy every cynical, unprincipled mischief-maker I come across, exchange jokes with self-proclaimed clowns, commit sinful extravagance with every fiendish fellow I meet at the dance...

Margaret Alice
Sing A New Society Into Being 6.4.2008

Even rocks and grains of sand have consciousness; as people who don't show any emotion don't excite the imagination; inanimate objects excite even less;

The minute consciousness of plants or people with eyes turned inwards don't reach us at all; but sound and movement catch our attention, therefore

Rocks and stones adorned with silver glitter creating the illusion of movement are alive for me; words are inanimate, frozen and immobile, dependent on

Movement and sound to come alive, when strung in the right way, conveying pictures and feelings through rhythm and melody, creating awareness

Of spiritual meaning, sucking us in to share any emotional experience; words become godly; just as sublime as music itself; we all search for

Such godly words, explaining the good intent of consciousness in creating the material world; though suspicious of man’s root assumptions

That limit the freedom of spirit and take love hostage by artificial rules of morality, we are free to adore the gift of music in words

And sing a new society into being...

Margaret Alice
'Sing For Myself 21/11/09

New headphones, soft sponge covering my ears, discovered how to make voice recordings, sang Webber’s Phantom and and crooned Whispering Hope, Abeheidschi Bumbeidschi and Dominique, strange little voice vibrating alone in the air like a disembodied spirit

I tried to anchor myself, bring the diaphragm in play, to my infinite delight sang a duet with myself, just as Pratchett said, NOT with my mirror reflection, but with my voice on tape, what fun, playing sing-a-long with myself, I love recording devices of all kinds – though I’m too shy to sing for others, I can sing for myself!

Margaret Alice
Read Erich Kästner at school
‘Drei Männer im Schnee’, fell
in love with ‘Schlittschuhlaufen’
(ice-skating) , a lovely tongue-
twister, just as enchanting as
‘Funkelnagelneu’ (brand-new)

I love German dialects, such as
‘Mädle Rück Rück An Meine Grüne
Seite’, a traditional song with a sweet
melody, and I enjoy singing German
‘Quatschlieder’, poking irreverent fun
at everything, such as ‘Kolumbus’
instructed by the Spanish King to
find America

I love repeating nonsensical terms
like Wide-wide-wit-bum-bum and
Tankelie-tankelaai Tannie Stootgaring
as well ma tant tire-lire-lire – it doesn’t
have to mean anything; the words must
simply sing in my ears...

Drei Männer im Schnee..... = Three Men in the Snow
Mädle Rück Rück An Meine
Grüne Seite.......................= Song about young maidens
Quatschlieder............... = German ditties, fun songs
Kolumbus war ein braver
Mann...............................= Columbus was a brave man
Da kam der Spansche König bei ihm an,
Kolumbus sprach er, braver Mann,
entdecke mir Amerika........= The Spanish King arrived and
........................................... asked Columbus to discover
...........................................America
Margaret Alice
Oh dear, the only advantage I derived from looking through this book is the lovely sing-song name of Nikhilananda but as to the story of creation, it comes too late for me.

It has been destroyed by authors who saw modern wonders in the Mahabharata, atomic bombs; as for purification and ethics, I have seen enough in religion and humanism, believing in freedom first.

Everything else is based on freedom’s glory, once we realize the extent of our freedom and know we are controlled by belief in determinism, we can live as exalted beings; I wander far and wide, trying every system.

Just to find that every path is right, also the way of Brahma, our culture and choices determine our spiritual home; I shall leave Hinduism in its traditional niche, seeking enlightenment in things I can identify!

Swami Nikhilananda “The Upanishads”
Phoenix House, 1957

Margaret Alice
The High Energy Magic Building at Unseen University where fluxes in the morphic nature of the universe show the impermanence of seemingly rigid time-space which illustrates the implausibility of reality.

The ‘thaum’ is the smallest particle of magic, made up of resons or thingies, representing reality fragments made up of FIVE flavours: Up, Down, Sideways, Sex Appeal and Peppermint the SIXTH should be Spearmint...

The Disc-world’s rendition of quarks with SIX flavours: Up, Down, Strange, Charm, Truth, Beauty - How lovely...

Quoted from: Terry Pratchett “Lords and Ladies” Victor Gollancz,1992, p.97

Margaret Alice
Skipping Down The Passage To Registry...

Filing to the tune of Dalida singing Arabic music, the rhythm makes me move like a camel and the words – baladii, my country and habibii – my beloved, makes concentration on French reports and Chinese legal documents difficult indeed – keeping to the rhythm when skipping down the passage to registry, is an art - my body moves all by itself, I have no control over the rhythm invading every part of me, I have to can-can to w lamma nadaanii, and sing fid-dunya al-kabiirah – in the big world – with her, because she brings the big world into my office, into my heart; and frees me of the restraints of my daily chores!

Margaret Alice
Once a mother, a gossip-monger, had beaten her son for refusing to divulge his dream; his crying attracted their King whose youngest daughter got beaten by him for insisting on learning his dream.

Saved from the gallows by Hungary’s King who resolved to learn his dream, he slapped the princess who, at her father’s behest, was doing her best to hear his dream, and he was locked up.

War-instigating riddles had been sent to Hungary’s King by the Sultan of Turkey and the answers came from the locked-up son, he was released, his magic sword slaying the Turkish horde.

The Princess was betrothed to him, he became King, then he thanked his mother for beating him, thus attracting their King; now he was finally free to divulge his dream:

He had dreamt that he became Hungary’s King; had he told his mother and she told everyone, Hungary’s King would have slain him...

From Folk Tales of the Magyars, Andrew Lang Collection

Margaret Alice
Smile Only Stopped By My Ears 6.19.2008

Watching pigeons fighting World War II, pigeons admitting to loving pink with the help of truth serum, Nici wants to watch “Valiant” instead of “The Weakest Link”

We see Pigeon Soldiers meeting up with the French Resistance - Mouse Division, she says I am “Charles De Girl” introducing herself; my smile is only stopped by my ears

There is Roland the Mad Mouse Expert in Sabotage; Squad D must take a message through France; guarded by Pigeon-Eating Falcons, “Bugsy” plays truant

But returns, becoming a hero, before Valiant flies off with the message to far-off England and the plans are changed – attack will be at Normandy...

“Valiant” currently showing on channel “Movie Magic” in South Africa, and “The Weakest Link” on the BBC channel.

Margaret Alice
Marco has the gift of invisibility, writes poetry, aunt Varvara is a vegetarian vampire, an uneasy combination, I sigh happily, exactly the kind of family I want to read about, poet Marco knows invisibility is a prerequisite when exposing feelings and thoughts, today I am invisible also, wearing my earphones To block sounds of conflict as Jane, not humble and obedient, rebels against the guidance supplied by June who does not understand the inability of her latest student To submit to rules of any kind, to comprehend bureaucracy is a game of snakes and ladders, you throw the dice to be swallowed by the snake of humiliation until you ascend Another ladder, only to fall and lose your life... Adèle Geras “The Fantora Family Photographs” Hamish Hamilton 1993 - Quotes from pp.1-4 Margaret Alice
I realize that I am myself at home
singing and laughing, played with
the lyrics of My fair Lady; translated them into naughty Afrikaans

Read Psalm 38 to enjoy the lovely
terms created by the devoted in
1935; I thought I had changed for
the better, but it seems to be

The effect of my mother’s prayer
changing the hearts of my family
although Tiaan still jokes about
pills for the noise

I enjoy reading about Universal Sufism,
balancing it with Catholicism and Hinduism
while delighting in the poetic license of the
Dutch Reformed Church hymns

Were I only able to concentrate on official
words suffocating in my suffering
document, I would have felt
so virtuous!

Margaret Alice
Soak Me In Your Acronyms

Dear Document-Mine; I come with love divine to listen to thy words and sentences, even when I lose interest in life and being, no longer wishing to survive, I’ll continue listening to all you say

Speak, Document-Mine, convey all your sorrows to me, soak me in your acronyms, let me delight in SNU and DSCR; CAF and UNDAF; all being relevant to the DRC’s continuous development

I’m now a Dopey Grumpy-me, ate a waffle, struggling to stay awake and contemplate Snow-White’s fate in the DRC when the evil step-mother of the mirror comes with contraband of poisoned apples and Alice bands to sow conflict and unrest in wonderland...

Margaret Alice
Soap Bubble Of Fantasy & New Vocation 6.25.2008

Fantasy

The lift in my head fell down the shaft of my mind, this is a Victor Frankl day, a search for meaning to help me through the ache, when you got angry the lift fell, the dial changed from a vertical four to below zero; I respect your right to your opinion; I’ve learnt my lesson, another item added to the list of outlawed ideas, I shall pay my dues of deference to you for being a good person with high principles and honour your temper; you have a right to insist on your version of truth and I should never mention a contrary opinion – fine, if purple is red and the moon is black and the sun is blue according to you; I meekly agree; it does not matter one iota to me whether they are black and white; as long as the lift in my mind rises again and my cork of happiness floats to the top of the foam of my life – I shall
create a soap bubble
or two of fantasy to carry
me through this day...

My New Vocation - A Modern Miracle

Maybe if I study enough books on this,
I can become an acclaimed psychic, if I
practice long enough, maybe a respected
medium, in contact with the spirits of the
dead; bringing messages to bereaved
and grieving people

I would accommodate all seekers, early
morning till evening, answering queries,
stilling fears by explaining secret mysteries;
those grim atheists who, like Stephen Hawking,
feel we are computers with a C-drive only, no
mother-board or G-drive that will carry on

As we expire; I will happily help to laugh
out loud at the absurdity of their belief that
electricity can die; magnetism being just a
faint mirage and TV sets are supposedly
independent – no need for programs and
TV stations; that every radio

we destroy is proof that there has never been
a bigger thing like a broadcasting station; I
would gladly serve the nation with a myriad
explanations for the weird phenomena
accompanying every civilization – and my
erstwhile workplace would know

So much peace and prosperity without me,
they would see my new vocation as
a modern miracle....

Reading Roy Stemman - Spirit Communication
Went to buy a birthday card
returned instead with imitation
flowers for my computer, a bright
pink tulip, a soft peach rose

look at my squatter camp office,
flowers swaying in the air-con
breeze, needing only verse
enhancing idyll atmosphere

Romance sustaining me while
transcribing agriculture in Burkina
Faso – my progress so slow I will
be here a hundred years

every moment feels a week in bed
nightmares torture my soul when I
remember this boring tract of
husbandry and geology

Margaret Alice
Soft, Wondrous Disclosure 5.

Real love is free from expectations, not insisting that anyone we love, love us back, yet we all demand

That right, creating unhappiness, others can only give what they are able to, not what we request

Love rejoices in a gentle, guarded unfolding revealed in soft, wondrous disclosure

Based on belief and trust, giving all while hoping to produce love in the beloved person

Freedom from disillusionment lies in demanding love from ourselves only, freely spreading kindness

Leo Buscaglia 'Love' Souvenir Press 1984 p.66,67

A Mentally Retarded Eel 4.

Something unique determines how you project in this world, how you alone see it, but we’re dropping uniqueness by not persuading people to discover and develop it

Education should help everyone discover their uniqueness and teach how to develop and share it - the only reason for having anything – we should be saying show me your difference

I will learn from it, but we try to make
everyone like everybody else - as in Animal School, a rabbit, bird, squirrel, fish and eel wrote a curriculum for digging, running, flying, swimming and climbing

Insisting ALL animals take ALL subjects, the rabbit got brain-damaged from tree-climbing and stopped running, the bird broke his wings by digging and stopped flying, while class valedictorian was

A mentally retarded eel who did everything half-way – a broad-based education we force on our kids just as it was forced on us, to this day I can’t do arithmetic, never mastered knitting

For that reason I was deemed brain-damaged also, but I held onto my tree, going into dreaming...

Leo Buscaglia “Love” Souvenir Press 1984 pp.9,10,11

A Flame Of Delight 3.

Buscaglia tells how to reinforce gorgeous, tender, loving human beings: Care about yourself, all is filtered through you, the greater you are, the more

You have to give, with greater understanding, you can become the most fantastic, beautiful, wondrous, tender person there is

With a mind so big, it is filled with exciting dreams; we are so much less than what we are - desire to
grow by directing your power at
growing, feeling, touching

And smelling, leaving no boring
second; technological life is very
boring to me because my senses
are never required to touch, feel,
smell and hear

Only my eyes look at pictures and
words, searching the most beautiful
to convey wondrous ideas with
rhythm and melody, never seeking
negative descriptions

Buscaglia ignited a flame of delight
in me; I continue the process of
becoming devotedly...

Leo Buscaglia “Love” Souvenir Press 1984
pp.8-9

Margaret Alice
Solar System Sunset

Our solar system – our Sun-King and his planetary minions happily enthroned in Orion, looking out towards Sagittarius prancing like a horse, gyrating up and down while orbiting around the Milky Way centre part of a star-supercluster speeding towards an unknown destination attracted by invisible power - has already completed the course twenty-one times dipping and rising like a horse on a merry-go-round

Leaving us with this question:

Will the solar system one day disentangle itself and ride off into a celestial sunset free from its spiralling orbit around the Milky Way centre?

Margaret Alice
Some Fairy Dust 25.08.2009

My guru says not to go for quantum leaps, effect changes incrementally; it does not work for me, I’m either deeply depressed or totally joyous.

After attending the most boring meeting ever, an all-time low, could not wait for incremental joy, called up my three-year-old self to march to the library.

Then we went to collect new T-shirts, Cindy in pink so I started singing “Let’s take a drink, a drink, a drink, to Lily the Pink, the Pink, the Pink the saviour of the human race.

For she invented medicinal compound, most efficacious in every way” dancing while swinging my new T-shirt, getting in everyone’s way, Dr Jokweni begging some of my energy.

I threw him some fairy dust, his face beaming now, a big smile, while I’m running through my day!

Margaret Alice
Some Sort Of Protocol

As I came down the aisle and you told me
I looked beautiful – three times in all -
I thought it was some sort of protocol

Later at work I asked my colleagues about
it – There is no such thing – they sourly
replied; only then did I realize

You really meant what you said; only afterwards
did the glow of joy shine in my eyes – I missed
out by not realizing how special the gesture

You were making at the time – it seems that
all of life’s important events derive their true
meaning only in retrospect

When I’ve been angry with you about some slight
or show of insolence, I remember your compliments
realizing that problems are not that important

Within the broader context of life; the love we share
weighs more than all our differences – the universe
is powerful enough to meet the needs

Of each, without short-changing another; though I
grumble and explode from time to time – while you
explode more frequently – those special words

Built an invisible bridge that spans the human
divide and always enable us to cross back and
forth between anger and love, without

Falling into an abyss of lies and deception, hate
and rejection – with you as companion, I’m
willing to take on the devil himself!

Margaret Alice
Something Incredible…

Feeling love spiritual,
part of all the love in
the universe

Sharing vibrations,
melting body and soul,
exploding in surges of
energy

Surrounded by absolute love,
two energies in unison
becoming one; merging

Physical touch
paling in comparison to
a union spiritual

Minds meeting, looking at
each other, excitedly,
ecstatically

Something incredible
is happening to us...

Margaret Alice
Need a chocolate, need to plop
a sweet delight into my mouth
to satisfy the urgent desire for
escape from being stuck in my
body in space and time, I’m
off to the first den of iniquity
where all souls are caught by
sticky stuff, go down into perfidy
with sweet explosions in my mouth,
once my blood sugar is going up
and down, all circuits overloaded
to perfection, I’ll face the words
that threaten me by their cold and
boring objectivity, words that jar
my nerves and drive me to distraction
with their unemotional meaninglessness,
I’ll pin my restless spirit and rebellious
heart down by blasting my mind away
with something sweet and chocolaty...

Margaret Alice
'Somewhere Else 06/10/09

Tiaan and I, we are the clowns
in the family, we change saying
good-night into a ceremony, re-
peating good-night over and over
in various tones until someone
shouts at us to stop

Tiaan offers me pills in sepulchral
tones when I sing songs without
knowing the words, we make stupid
rhymes and take our cues from words
like Paternoster Lambertsbaai, he
knows a verse about Joe a friendly ou

Nici shouts at us, she is the rational one
working out routes when we feel lost re-
membering landscapes and buildings,
Tiaan stares at the clouds, never knows
anything about direction, hubby needs
arrows to direct him while

I am never quite sure whether I am in
my skin or somewhere else...

Margaret Alice
Song For Monday Morning 4.20.2009

Kicked off with Rodegast*
’substitute all fear with love’
found the air-con working
in the office building

Made a list of work on hand
June explained colour-coding
took the place of names
instruction from the boss

The happy opportunity to talk to
Charles, danced to Mantovani
in the lift, chocolate for breakfast
a lovely snowflake poem from a friend

We are vibrantly alive in this cool
atmosphere,007 would find crawling
much easier here, let it be Sean Connery
he will always be the only Bond for me!

* Pat Rodegast and Judith Stanton “The Choice For Love”
...........20 April 2009

Margaret Alice
Song: 'Walking Back To Happiness”  1.5.2009

Laughing at myself, always enter ATM card the wrong way, look at the illustration and never understand, my dad says he suffers the fear of death when faced with the machine, I inherited it from him, his aversion to heat also, he has his own fan, a tornado

Very satisfied with life, got a dentist, an eye care specialist all lined up, a hairdresser to change my feathers into hair, the drain is fixed, the grass cut, I’ve been all over town, visited the library, got nine books, bought two Peter Cheyney’s and a CD from a surprise box there

The Swingin’ Sixties, Sandie Shaw, Petula Clark, Walking Back To Happiness – this is what I’m doing today, walking into the joy of a new beginning...

Margaret Alice
I love my family, I love my kids, I love seeing their faces and hearing their voices and holding them

I love hubby and all his schemes and his plans for improvement and the way he forgives

I love my mother and her hare-brained ideas, I love my father and his notes and his songs

I love my sister and her belligerence, I love my poet friend who creates dreams fragile and sweet

I love my colleagues who work so valiantly design new forms and always help me to conquer my fears

I love my brother and his love for words, I love it when he cracks his whip so that terms

Line up for him, I love his dismissal of things that cannot be known by the senses and sibling understanding

Of the games that I play; I love that we share genes so that he understands everything I say when I am confused

I love this beautiful world of music and sounds, symbols and ideas, I love the love that I feel for everyone

And most of all, I love the love they give me when they laugh at my ideas, I love eyes that are happy
I love songs that sing in my ears....

Margaret Alice
Sonification, Variations Magnetic, Crop Circle

Sonification

Data from protein, earthquakes, brainwaves and lightning on Jupiter; visual graphs and tables – converted into sound; Sonification: Listening to changes in pitch and volume; scientist being elegant in their experiments now wish to create beautiful music from all their data; the recorded radio-waves of gases in interplanetary space are slowed down to an audible frequency; scientists are listening to lightning on Jupiter, to earth’s aurora, cosmic radiation belts and the solar wind... the aurora sound like Star War’s laser guns in an intergalactic battle – commission a composer to turn sound data into lovely music...

Terrestrial Field Variations Magnetic

Solar electromagnetic radiation and particles in interaction with the planet earth will cause terrestrial field variations magnetic, affect DNA manufacture on date of conception, change the chemical properties so elemental of water; reacting on humans, animals and plants; all this substantiate the one true conclusion: Personality is just a genetic mutation!

The Crop Circle Enigma

The Crop Circle Enigma - worthy of investigation a subject so worthwhile to study in meditation: Lucy Pringle says she feels the `energies`
in crop circles caused by microwave radiation -
claimed by biophysicists to affect the central nervous system
beneficially in some subjects - in 1996 she inspected
the Mayan Symbol Crop Circle at East Oakley in Hampshire
her friend Andre underwent positive changes in
consciousness there - feeling rejuvenated
and free of care

In 1997 Lucy Pringle went to Germany
to open Marianne Krill’s Crop Circle Exhibition
in Bonn - with hundreds of pictures, photographs
and diagrams - sensitively presented intellectually
scientific findings together with legend, myth
and spiritual quality - unique essentially -
Crop Circle Interest in Germany
is immense – so why are we
still so reluctant to go and see
the Crop Circle Enigma?

("

Margaret Alice
Soul Is Permeable Like An Open Membrane

Reading books on spiritual, non-physical matters, because being enclosed within stone-walls forming a stronghold, with impenetrable gates threatening to close any moment

The twelfth hour might chime any time, my clothes turn into tatters, my crystal coach becoming a pumpkin, the coachman turning into a rat; the footmen becoming lizards

Reading “The Road Less Travelled” by M. Scott Peck – the soul’s permeable and diaphanous like an open membrane, thoughts are moving to and fro between everyone

Reality being a feeling that comes and goes, happiness turning life into a comedy; sadness changing it into some kind of tragedy... I have no control over the feelings that come

Only damage-control is applied, fighting back with a several files full of positive thoughts; though they never stay, they help me get through until

I feel better again; why should the pendulum in my head keep on swinging between happy and sad; why do my emotions automatically steer into the doldrums

Requiring first-gear and extra exertion to reach for positive feelings to drive the darkness from my despondent mind, when all I read is so resplendent with promise

Of love, joy and eternal life?

Margaret Alice
Sounds Are Free To Dance And Sing

I must discover the reason why
people created this here system
where inspiration is crunched,
freedom is lost, imagination is
strangled

I must quickly complete this puzzle of
life, then get out to a new kind of life,
a new universe with different life-
forms, the present world is not
for me

Nothing created in human civilization
seems worthwhile; alternatives must
be found, I want to escape all
sensationalism, all forms of
altruism

I want a world where awareness of
all kinds is revered, where freedom
is uppermost, where consciousness
is seen as an open, interpenetrating
matrix system

Where love is recognized as the
invisible energy and magnetism
that accepts all things as they
are, without judgment and
setting conditions

A world where communication is
natural, unhindered by fetters like
languages, where sounds are free
to dance and sing without rules
enslaving them

To meanings without tunes...
An adventure speeding down the highway at night, accelerating in growing joy and delight, tasting freedom, speeding towards the airport, Dorette returning tonight, after four years in Thailand, her sister next to me to navigate

I go left where the directions indicate going right, flickers on, turning right in front of another car, lights flashing, parking at international flights, Dorette arrives, all vibrant and bright, forgetting the ticket for parking in the machine

A security guard waving us out using his card to open the gate, life is wonderful, a fast car, the highway ahead, at first I was careful, then felt the pull of speed, flying down the highway ever more faster and faster

Speed intoxicates, I’m as intoxicated as I’ll ever be....

Margaret Alice
Speeding Away Angrily

Hot young stars shining in blue
make love to nebulae in order to
produce new baby stars from
dust and gas

Emission nebulae shine because
they emit light when stimulated by
the loving radiation received from
those hot young stars

Reflection nebulae shine because
they reflect the light from loving
stars around and in them - but
dark nebulae

Appear only in silhouette because
they block out light from radiant stars
and bright nebulae – they are suffering
from depression and loneliness

Dying stars have an effect on the nebulae
who loved and protected them: either
drifting away quietly from the slowly
dying love in the star’s core - or

Speeding away angrily after a violent
supernova explosion of wrath – so
please don’t explode and send me
speeding away like those nebulae!

Margaret Alice
Under pain of death, under all manner of provocation and threat in the red fire burning of aversive motivation – I cannot go on with this text. The moment is dead, non-existent, erased from eternity; my inner theatre of dreams is emptied, no single vision presents itself to appease, no winged word escapes, takes solitary flight

Words spin like candy-floss filaments in glass transparency, my heart resonates with nothing, cymbals remain quiet, no sound is heard in the inner part of my mind, my inner voice imprisoned within itself, conscious mind sulks shows no sensitivity for existence of other realities; locked in a physical prison which is me - I can’t do anything until my dreams switch on their light, illuminate darkness in my psyche – ’til then I exist a minute consciousness just on the threshold of total extinction – if dream light is not switched on soon!

Margaret Alice
'Spirit Be Free! 16/10/09

Being fair and non-judgmental I tried
the advice of health aficionados, brought
potatoes in the skin to the office for a
nourishing lunch, ended up with chemical
imbalance, so much for healthy stuff

Give me toxins and poisons and everything
deadly you can think of, as long as it tastes
good and gives the system a kick, I need
only live a short while in as happy a state
as is possible, since healthy food tastes
awful and then makes me feel worse

It lowers my quality of life and should be
eschewed with religious devotion, we take
our feelings with us when we die, not our
bodies, if body preservation makes me un-
happy I will have nothing of it, I shall eat
and drink what taste buds prescribe

Living happily so I can share my happiness
with others and take it with me after death,
leaving all rules and prescriptions on earth
at death, I shall love wildly, overindulge in
beauty and give free rein to anger just as
I shall give free rein to all passion

And my spirit shall be free!

Margaret Alice
Spirit Of Winter In Love (Rev.)

A new book to read, a treasure,
extinction exquisite, description
enticing – a Pratchett, about a girl
called Tiffany Aching

The spirit of winter is in love with her,
gifting roses, icebergs, showers of snowflakes,
like my Ice Princess moved only by beauty,
nostalgic music, spiritual bliss

Anticipating this treat, too scared to begin
until I won’t be interrupted, can kill if
recalled to reality when engrossed, staring
longingly at my new Discworld novel

First collect kids then see if the heroine
is as debonair as Susan, Death’s granddaughter;
the resonance of beauty and delight Pratchett
creates when he designs his characters

I love his sardonic one-liners, implying
more than meets the eye...

Terry Pratchett “Wintersmith” Corgi books, 2007

Margaret Alice
Time to wave goodbye to aller Elend
apply recommendations, eat, drink, be
merry, laughing at depression, focus on
a brilliant vision I would love to explore
until distanced from the cause and can
ridicule it appropriately

Hope you focus on washing dishes and
bed without another thought in your merry
head, thank you for your trouble, may the
spicy food not make you wobble or suffer
as you dream of rugby games, boring
Boks donning toks

Winning in such an exciting way the second
world cup for flamboyantly arrogant Wallabies
needs new justification for existence, Boks are
probably too dangerous and inflict too much
pain, we need a stylish cup where elegance
is the name of the game...

Springbok fairytale reflecting on the whys
and wherefores of rugby games

Margaret Alice
Life is really getting better and better
as seen in the entertainment industry
James Bond has been replaced by a
new nerdy hero who stands for integrity
in everything, big-time cons hang on to
family values

The main spy is a girl of highest principle
we delight in watching this series, replacing
the old blasé and immoral James Bond who
believed the end justifies the means, the latest
pantheon of hero’s believe that means becomes
the end, therefore

They always act with deference to love and loyalty,
popular culture is a clear indication of what people
do to create a better world, leaving intellectuals and
academics behind, entertainment follows where the
people lead, now I dream of being a character in the
new series

Filled with new ideals!

Margaret Alice
Squatter Camp Station 1 - 3.9.2009

June saw through my subterfuge, no exotic bazaar, but a squatter camp is my work station, a purple blanket from home, storybooks scattered everywhere, papers and files, a purple lotus picture of a spiritual human being, dried leaves affixed to my computer, socks, running shoes and my water bottle adorning the floor, my toga covering air-con vents, my inborn genius for creating chaos in my wake fully operative...

Windmill Of Officialdom 2.

Found enchanting pictures on the Internet, staring in delight while my colleagues see red, all figures to be redone, old documents to be reassessed and to what end - simply to make some bigwig look good, who had never been involved in the process, who cut our budget, making us look atrocious, who needs window-dressing

Staring at hurricanes and resembling galaxies, mental hurricanes blowing through the office, our local novice quietly forging on, not sure yet where the sun rises and where it should set, the rest of us charge ahead with the zeal of a pack of hyenas, ready to attack and destroy the rhinos of problems blocking our path to private nirvana, carefully ignoring the production sheet on my screen

Doing only one little thing before dragging my feet, digging on the Internet for pictures of Walt Disney’s Fantasia, the fairies skating to the music of Tchaikovsky’s Nutcracker Suite, an additional dimension to embellish documents
lacking pictures, my soul revolts against them, besides, Sancho Panza within me is dreaming with Don Quixote about how to attack the windmill of officialdom....

Margaret Alice
Stage Of My Mind

Beautiful new day, soft morning, fluffy golden sun, pastel blue sky all washed-out, what will you bring to me, a happy memory, a new song, a brilliant vision, a sweet dream? What surprise has this day in store for me; if it brings me nothing, what can I give to it? Watching school rugby wearing my sunscreen, will that be the high point of my day? Is there some way to escape the dreariness of the march through the uniform bleakness of the boring questionnaires we have to translate? What scene can be set, what characters to populate it, what events be made to unfold on the stage of my mind?

Margaret Alice
Star Government Official

Too tired to sparkle, too tired to get up and go anywhere, just made a detour this morning on my way back to bed by briefly stopping at work, as a heavy hammer pounded in my head and my neck was growing weak, eyes swollen to slits; simply said hello - goodbye in the same breath and returned home where I soaked my headache in a bath, then got back into bed, kids safely in school, wish I could drink a wonder pill and get up all energetic and tackle the world with the enthusiasm I love, I have found ALL the documents required by the auditors - I’m a star government official, and here I’m stuck in bed, ‘tis not fair!

Margaret Alice
Forlorn, Sulky Princess sat in front of her magical spinning loom, she was to spin all the straw into gold, but she had no taste for her work; dreaming of moonstones with a soft pearly shine; she did not want to work with things hard and cold such as gold; if only Rumpelstiltzken were there to spin straw into gold! She dreamt of a prince that would come if she pricked her finger on the magical loom – he would follow the ley-lines that connected magic medieval places in England and beyond – even into heathen France; waking her with a kiss should she fall asleep as her finger was pricked; but then she sighed; looked at the bales of straw all around; remembering that England abounds with fairies and magic crop circles - and saw a vision of fairies taking her there; a strange fairy king kissing all her tears away, then dancing a fiery fairy mazurka... That is where Sulky Princess is now, dancing away with the Fairy King; not a word did she say; only staring, eyes burning, at the magic vision....

Margaret Alice
'Stark, Raving Mad (Rev.)

The crocodile is stunned beyond rescue of all saurian aplomb; payment request handed to least derisive official, two weeks gone, called today to determine resolution, informed insurmountable obstacle on invoice has arisen

Crocodile runs around to enquire first hand, informed by main alligator in damp treasury swamp said quote was wrong, no payment can be effected without change, but once again a well-kept SECRET. As yet no-one has yet seen offensive quote –

These officials are stark, raving mad, we beg advice in case of delay and they faithfully refuse. Finance is a grand example of all Worldly Ills; run by mad administrators who will not communicate, brains switched off by UNDAF, PAP and CAF...

Margaret Alice
Start With The Padre & Accept Judge And Judgmentee

The Padre Complaining

Consulting my guru’s today:
Change the Invisible Reality
that is yours uniquely, they say
I love my beautiful colleagues

but my visualisation of that
official translation, is very vague
indeed – each time I start with
the padre complaining

the members of his congregation
were guilty of immoral behaviour
I think of PoemHunter and open
the site – why should the

connection be so strong
in my mind?

Accept Judge And Judgmentee In One Step

Another guru writes: Have a
power of love that does not judge
that means my pious padre, so
 solicitous about the state of the
souls in his church, is judging
them all the time

excommunicating thirty-three,
he sanctimoniously writes, because
they apparently made love to those
they are not allowed to touch –
heavens above, the missionary
does not know the power of love!

How can I translate his stuff
without commentary? But I should
not judge the missionary for judgingi
others - all judging another... how
should we accept judge and
judgmentee in one step?

Margaret Alice
Stay In One Place While Swimming Wildly

If the neurons stopped their wild firing so that vision and consciousness stopped flickering on and off; I might have been able to see or at least understand; but as it is, my mind is a flickering bulb on the verge of going out

Emotional experience is gone and as Seth emphasizes the importance of emotional understanding and I have none; I should crawl into a hole and stay there until my brain stops misfiring and I can think again and feel again

Such times as these I can feel what it is to lose a sense of chronology and causality, life becomes one big moment of now and since everything can’t enter my consciousness simultaneously, my brain simply starts

Short-circuiting, interrupting the forward motion of time so that I stay in one place while swimming wildly for shore – and there’s more – I have NO sense of responsibility, the nearest I get to that is by trying to hide the fact...

Margaret Alice
Stern Reality’s Cold Embrace

1. The Cold Embrace Of Stern Reality

Remaining steadfast within the
cold embrace of stern reality,
taking Tiaan to town, he sets
off an alarm in the Main Library,

we leave without a book, return
to the page in the Swiss Missionary
document, continuing adventures
of discovery – marvellous mysteries

of meanderous bureaucracy, of
yet another person again trying
to obtain payment, being sidestepped
by a magical system;

looking for moral support of my writer
counterpart – finding none, all is quiet,
not a word has been sent, not a mote
made it past the quiet portals of infinity;

thrown back into reality – Miss Jaquet
died at the age of forty-two in Jerusalem –
this is deep indeed, a point to ponder, food
for thought – all life comes to naught

and here I am, wasting away a lovely
and clearly-outlined day in an office
without a window to the outside –
with a little boy in tow –

it is time to start a new dream,
a new adventure, a new fanciful
scheme to escape from flat,
one-dimensional reality

into a multiverse
of infinite possibility,
a myriad probabilities where
I’ll be making the rules...

2. Lightens The Burden Of Insight

Suffering boredom, wishing
I could embark upon an exciting
trip researching mysteries unexplained;
cannot be content in a world
without beginning or end –

These cold, here and now moments
without meaning, without direction,
I fill them in with emotional content,
with overpowering sentiment –

Thanks to all who consent
to play roles in my dreamland
fairy-tales, by being yourselves
you make donations enlarging life

Thank you to boredom, to the
need to do more than relay
reality in grey; I will go digging
in the library’s garden of delights,
find the spark that lightens
the burden of insight...

3. Pocket-Full Of Starlight*

Under a gloomy sky
I found a book – found
four actually – “Gates of
Glass” with glittering
stalactites and rainbowed
cliffs the most exciting

from a library of dreams
“Dream Weaver Chronicles”
afforded me a glimpse of
golden threads connecting
life – with these books in hand
I catch the falling stars I need

a pocket-full of starlight meets
the darkness of the way ahead,
I’m keening for a falling star,
to save it for a rainy day

“For love may come an’ tap you on the shoulder
some star-less night.
Just in case you feel you wanna’ hold her
You’ll have a pocket full of starlight....” *

* Lyrics by Lee Pockriss and Paul Vance

4. The Emotion’s Just Too Much

Closed office door in crying fit,
lost control of rational thought
when Internet site opens slowly,
couldn’t find e-filing, finally did;
had no reference #, went to get
one a block down the street,
entered in form, log-in name
wrong, password rejected –
finally site accepted conditionally
as long as I went through form
and okayed everything, clicked
and clicked, list appeared telling
me what steps to take to check –
step 1 came on screen but all
the rest disappeared, back to
Help-function, computer hung,
stunned by what I’d done – lost my
head, closed site and tried again –
brain exploded in red-hot searing
pain, couldn’t try again, smouldering
heat welled up, closed door with
tears threatening; adding injury to
insult an SMS on my cell-phone,
Internet instructs me go to e-filing, check all details before form will be accepted – cried exasperated I tried, tried in vain, bawled in frustration – can’t think with brain burning from this mad explosion, can’t think at all, the emotion’s just too much...

5. A King’s Ransom

I have spent a king’s ransom on medication to enable me to earn the money with which I can pay for the medication that enables me to carry out nonsensical tasks, so I can eat and sleep in a clean house and drive a car that won’t fall apart on my way to work, to earn the loot with which to buy more medication just for me...

6. Flights Of Fancy

Flights of fancy enable me to survive the inane routine of life: “When the Sky Fell” by Rand and Rose Flem-Ath provides one of those: As the earth tilt changes an interglacial period starts such as the present, which began twelve thousand years ago, we still have twenty-nine thousand years before the next glacial epoch; this is long enough to try and clear up our emotions

Everything else is fine, technology’s divine – but humans are not, we grumble and suffer, looking for meaning while our natural feelings are in a mess, all our meditations about life, its sense and purpose, have led us to conclude that life is not worthwhile; I agree, if life is to be spent in suffocating the soul and suppressing emotion – distrusting the universe and hating our essential being – we have become

Criminals all, contained within the constraints of the
imprisoning reality we have constructed by ourselves!

7. Old-Fashioned Aficionados Of Armageddon

I accept everything is real; we sort everything in terms of purpose and desire; therefore I read “The ECK-VIDYA – Ancient Science of Prophecy” at speed, knowing it is a possible avenue of a probable reality

I don’t like the slant author Paul Twitchell takes on reality, the way he rewrites history, though his perspective is as valid as the next boring history professor’s view, I choose not to make it true for me

Being a master of an ancient esoteric cult he makes detailed predictions about the future of humanity, creating a probability that only old-fashioned aficionados of Armageddon will cherish with relish, delighting in

Paul Twitchell’s visions of complete destruction in completion of a six-million-year Sugmad cycle in which so-called Heraclians and Clemains will hold sway; I prefer positive evolution of human consciousness, learning to love our emotions

To honour the world and all its manifestations of consciousness in various degrees of complexity; the ECK-view of a master taking all “children” back to perfect Oneness with the All is much too negative – though, of course

I respect it just as much as I respect yours, whatever your system may be, if anger and righteous justice are the way you follow to your happiness, I wish you joy while wending my own tortuous way to the Wisdom I have been seeking for so long...

Paul Twitchell “The Eck-Vidya – Ancient Science of Prophecy”
8. Life is Full of Surprises

Life is full of surprises – for me, moving the burning sensation of low-blood-sugar right into a migraine is one of those – however does the mind manage it?

First there is the ringing in the ears called tinnitus then the heavy feeling of weakness; I run and get food – sometimes peanuts, other times a waffle

But I’m always baffled – the hunger is stilled and the head starts to throb – why in heavens name, why? I can’t eat wheat so whole-grain bread is out

Cheese and meat cause migraine, salad worsens the low-blood-sugar pain, I’m walking a tight-rope, balancing between feeling bad and going insane

The phenomenon drives me mad; New-Age theories make me sad – apparently it is all psychosomatic, were I but better in feeling and thought

I would have been as sprightly as a pin – but no; my psyche insist on dragging karma and feelings of guilt– if I’m to be this maladjusted

In eternity, there is hell before me – I prefer to believe I will be free of pain in infinity...

Margaret Alice
'Sucked Into The Funnel Of A Mental Tunnel

My mind sucked into the funnel of a mental tunnel, eyesight going and ability to prioritise gone; even the beautiful thought deserting me; nothing left – is this, perchance, a taste of death?

Have to practice a positive setting of consciousness, cannot enter non-physical with the mind stuck in reverse or neutral; this migraine and general malaise is the pits, all mental preparation

Should shift the receiver antenna; but no; still receiving only white and red noise through the waves of air, caught in a motionless moment; the mind empty, stopped time sequences

I hate this lifeless timelessness when the earth stops turning for me, these quiet periods when nothing happens in my head, I always suspect my brain is dead and burial is all that’s left!

Margaret Alice
Suffering Supercilious Superiority

Brabys; looking up sister’s address, knowing
my propensity to lose my way, Trichardt Street

Know how to get there, drive on without deviating
from the main road until we come to Kingfisher

Then Bloubos and Olive – lovely names, painting
a picture of birds in a forest, though I know

Most of it is suburbia and industrial area, but armed
with knowledge, I’m prepared to brave the unknown

Territory, ready for anything, I SHALL impress
my kids with my expertise and know-how

Not like the previous time when I could not keep
up appearances - had to admit total ignorance

Suffering their supercilious superiority...

Margaret Alice
Sufficiency Of Inefficiency

South Africans managing to flee the humdrum affairs of their lives – even criminals have their sights focused on something other than crime: The Springboks are ready to fight to a metaphorical death for the Rugby World Cup come Saturday night;

Everywhere team-building spirit is seen: School kids wearing the national gold and green; the Department of Arts and Culture serving Potjiekos* to employees; TV-presenters wearing Springbok clothes – a symbol to unite the Nation of Rainbows

in their diverse approaches to life; I hope we simply win because we are far behind the rest of the world; the threat of Black Empowerment held over our heads; even what little dignity we have left in a small corner of sport is under siege –

without that, what more can I say – thank you Amore, for being our answer to the Posh Beckham-syndrome; thank you Steve for being our very own Bono; thank you Mr Mbeki for being an ambassador of the sufficiency of African inefficiency?

*Like bubble-and-squeak prepared in an iron pot over a fire outside

Margaret Alice
'Sugary Things 27/11/09

I know how to survive anxiety
that knots in my stomach, eat
a chocolate for quick release
of energy to help me breathe

Insulin upsurge balanced with
a sweet drink, concentrate on
work at hand, no metaphysics
ignoring ontology

Start repetitive action, let my brain
relax into the rhythm, focus on the
joy of eating sweet sugary things
delightful immediacy - although

Reality does not present evidence
of good intent, it does not threaten
at all, therefore I assume all is well
even though my heart

Is heavy in my breast...

Margaret Alice
Sunday Night Meditation

8 February 2009

I can only play Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata when in a certain emotional state, as if tuned to a radio station like FM Classic, an uncomfortable place, a tunnel-vision state of affairs, when happily tuned to another channel, I can’t play - can’t find the notes at all

Read in my book*, in 1976 astronomers discovered the Milky Way galaxy was moving at 600 km per second in a different direction than predicted by Hubble expansion, suspicion of the Great Attractor surfaced, discovery of superclusters ahead, a reminder of the Seven Samurai

A delightful chronicle of these discoveries and theories, illustrations of mysterious movement in Time Life Books created excited anticipation how esoteric literature would interpret such scientific investigations; Egyptian mythology speaks of the Sun sailing its ship

Through the seas of the universe’s immense Spaces - how thrilling to know the Ancients pondered these questions also!

*Georges Smoot & Keay Davidson
“Wrinkles In Time – The Imprint of Creation”

Margaret Alice
Sunday Night Tv, Lying On Your Lap

Sunday night TV,
lying on your lap
I don’t want to
wash dishes; Seth
says we are consciousness
living many lives at once;
I wish another self
would appear to
wash dishes for me

Maybe there is a
domestic counterpart
of me somewhere; time
is not consecutive;
Seth claims everything
happens all at once –
another me is
in existence

Right now...
could conceivably
come and take
care of all the
tasks I detest!

Margaret Alice
Sunflower-Like

Pink wrap-around blanket like a
Peruvian skirt to face the office
freezing cold - minus 1 degree
Celsius outside

Wish I were in the Pyrenees, we are
just as cold without snow for beauty,
our little world wobbling at home -
Carine depressed

Trying to process loss of her beloved,
sadness expressed in the leg growing
sore, long days reading the complete
Harry Potter series

Seeking ways to turn her mind sunflower-
like towards the golden sun outside, the
promise of new beginnings as soon as
she is strong again...

(2011/05/03)

Margaret Alice
Sunscreen Ceremony

Sitting on the fourth floor balcony, laptop balancing on my knees, reading old poems, following dreams, listening to music playing in the games area, watching kids playing putt-putt against a background of blue sea

State of panic has been replaced with calm acceptance, missing the excitement of yesterday’s anger, having become a calm bandit banished to the beach every morning, watching the performance of the other holiday-makers

Struggling all the way to the beach with grim determination in self-imposed exile to blue-bottles and oily sand, a relentless sun beating down on us mercilessly, instead of feeling unmitigated enjoyment, I worry that the sun is frying the brains of all who sit around

Without hat and umbrella - grinning when I see an alter-ego family, the woman wearing the same sandals as mine, the man wearing the same hubby has on his feet, she’s sitting on the same chair as mine, sighing in relief as the comparison ends; the man applies sunscreen with religious devotion

To every part of his sacred body while the woman rubs her kids with sunscreen as if partaking in a holy ceremony – I never bother much, sunscreen’s for the face only, the rest of the body is left to face the elements all by itself...

Margaret Alice
'Superbro, First Beau & Chuck

Enjoyed your poem, learnt a lot about you, how did you manage to be a teacher at twenty, but it seems so right for my Superbro

Hein was here, Nici’s first beau, what fun - he came along to the library; talked loudly, incessantly, took over the show, commented

On everything, feels he’s in charge of keys, counted back nine months from his birth – he’s Leo in Astro-genetic terms – that explains

So many things, the self-confidence the way of conducting himself, it’s a joy to have him around, took all the kids with me on my shopping spree

Tuesday was WONDERFUL, later we all watched Chuck on TV, the device that was supposed to jump-start his life spelled certain death

Luckily the device self-destruct and though Chuck’s dreams of freedom are shattered, his life is saved; this Tuesday turned out to be

The most marvellous day of my life!

Tuesday - 30 July 2009

Chuck – Spy Show on DSTV, Nerd meeting beautiful girl...

Margaret Alice
Superficial Differences...* 7.05.2008

My Heart Expand

I wish I could describe
the feeling I have
when General de la Rey
sung by Bok van Blerk
is played

I feel my heart expand –
wish it was my normal
everyday experience; when
I feel elated, I could
then go even higher

When Bok and the cast
climb into de la Rey’s place,
recreating war scenes, feelings
of suffering for a just cause -
for the freedom of my nation

For self-governance and mother-
tongue - my heart is fit to burst –
afterwards I cry again about
unnecessary suffering
of women and children
in concentration camps...

...And then - watching Dr No
first James Bond movie, feeling
appreciative of Fleming’s genius –
the same nation who fought my own,
providing the best ever
movie escapism

But what can we learn?
All divisions amongst people
are superficial, we are one,
like Wayne Dyer says, although
we cannot feel it, even when
reading in “bonne foi”

Languages create division
as superficial as all the
other divisions distinguishing us;
BUT – in a novel, destruction of
differences is equated with
non-existence...

* Tog is dit so lekker om in Afrikaans met ons
  stywenek-medenaaste die draak te steek!

Margaret Alice
Superhumans Shine In Loving Radiation

I’ve reached the part in Robert Monroe
where he visits the future after the year
3000 – humans have transcended the
need for physical bodies

Being pure consciousness, which can
inhabit any awareness, from a leaf to a
cloud to a panther and bird; they live
ensconced in a reball*

A resonant energy balloon keeping the
layer of air around the body always
constant* and people hibernate
as much as they like

Movement takes place through the power of
the mind, the earth is restored to perfect
balance*, food being created through the
intensity of concentration

Obfuscating all vestiges of human
survival – this is the perfect place
for me, how can anyone expect me
to return to the present

Now that I know how little our rituals of
survival mean, what spiritual progress
will bring; how superhumans will shine
in clear, loving radiation

At a date in the future – how strange
to contemplate “how small we are,
how little we know...”**

* Quotations from Robert Monroe “Far Journeys” pp.212,213,215
** Must be sung to the tune of the song: “We laugh, we cry, we live, we die, and
when we’re gone, the world goes on, we love, we hate, we learn too late, how
small we are, how little we know!”

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Margaret Alice
Surviving Society

This week stretched before me like a magical gift, rich in promises, now we’re reaching the end, no more freedom, no more innovation on the spot, I’ve got to get back into the rut – office in the morning, dinner in the evening, translation in between, I’ve lost my feeling of calm anticipation, wish I could run away, since my protagonists are caught in their story with no escape, I’m stuck in my mind, I must force the mind elevator up, must reach a higher storey of glory, a fantasy place without context and situation, total freedom to improvise without the restriction of surviving society...

Margaret Alice
I’m not interested in your shenanigans, I’m not interested in anything; I don’t care to fight monsters and dragons, it pretty much feels as if I’ve been swallowed by a dragon personally.

I’m inside it now, wallowing in the blackness of dragon intestines, combing through the mine of spiritual wisdom I’ve stored in my mind whenever bored enough to dig for pearls of insight.

Though I try with all my might to take off and fly into a new spiritual world, in my mind’s eye all I see is scenes enacted by my characters living in strife, their shenanigans fail to elicit a chuckle.

So who is watching whom, am I observer or observee, why don’t I laugh as my characters create fun, unfolding stories in my head; why do they act independently of the me who is presumably doing their thinking?

If I’m not interested in their shenanigans, am I not interested in me? - if not - and the work on my table is more wearying and immaterial by the minute - where did my spirit go, is my body ill, or my mind?

A new Spanish Inquisition would be a solution to existential dilemmas of withdrawal and depression – although, to me, this is dragon-time, empty of meaning, empty of me.

I’m lost without my spirit, does the soul still exist; if it does, has it become a dragon itself, swallowing time and meaning, devouring space and being, leaving empty space where I used to be...

Margaret Alice
Sweet Music And Sweet Nirvana

Looking at a Knowledge Map
I’m not interested in Genetics
with questions on engineering –
we should breed more wisdom in
the human species; I’m not interested
in Human Sciences either, I know enough
about emotional intelligence by Goleman
to realize I have with very little; Psychology
per se is schizophrenic and only serves to
confuse; Biology only interests me as far as
the electro-magnetic consciousness of plants
can be determined when they communicate
chemically; but Physics - Atomic and Quantum,
Particle and Nuclear, Electromagnetism and
Acoustics - sounds so interesting; I want to
know more; Astronomy, Astrophysics and
the marvellous theories woven in Cosmology,
with its occult brother Astrology and my
favourite - Astrogenetics - is sweet music to
my ears; by the way; I do not accept Astrology
defined as an ancient pseudoscience at all –
Maurice Cotterel and Lyall Watson both made
it clear that water’s chemical properties; determined
by the electro-magnetic influence of planets and
sun - are responsible for the hormonal qualities
on which astrological types are based – related
to date of conception - this science is well-nigh
perfection!

Sweet Nirvana

Paying karma’s price for the
vain presumption of my youth:
Striving for accomplishment
at any price – karmic law
acting on my childish plea
came up with fitting punishment for me
by inspiring my industrious mates
to organise a language course
where my thirst insatiable
for the strange and new
led to learning of strange terms
and even stranger verbs
requiring endless repetition
for retainment in my brain
where a deep, dark hole
is waiting to devour and shrink
every shred of knowledge it takes in -
and sure as hell my poor brain swells
as it gulps in the sweet new things
before all sinks into the depths
never to rise again - karmic law is king
my life serves as a dire warning:
Beware of lofty aspirations
otherwise one has to learn
endless lists of words by heart
that just increase the need to flee
from karmic law to reach the blessed state
of sweet nirvana...

Margaret Alice
I am perpetually tired
I read and read
try to work up speed
but the material does not enter my brain
stays on paper never forms
concepts for me

I might as well be reading Greek

A colleague who seemed
meek but was filled with iron
and a sweet voice underneath
acted with poise kept me alive
I am at a loss
nobody to nurture no guidance
no need to buoy up another’s spirit

I am alone in my work
no-one knows I am there
no-one to impress with diligence
no-one in need of advice
no-one needs caress of my soothing words
no-one to enlighten with ideas

I keep trawling the Internet
even charlatan’s theories leave me unmoved
only a paragon of good citizenship who
thinks me a nutcase is happy with my greeting
he, the sweetest paragon
the world has ever seen!

Margaret Alice
Education in beauty is the most important part of our earthly lives, yet it is not the eye, but the soul that sees – when we look with the immortal spirit, we shall discern the difference between beauty and ugliness

Beauty is found in melody, in happy chaos based on underlying structures; discordant sounds made randomly becomes a cacophony representing hellish punishments, listening to certain kinds of modern music

Creates a wish to return to the soothing sounds of the classics; all things beautiful follow the magic of the Golden Section, proportion is everything, the sweetness of love confers the above attributes to everyone...

Margaret Alice
'Symbols Of An Invisible Feeling

All sensual descriptions of love are only symbols of an invisible feeling, representations of experiences with non-physical meaning.

Love is Invisible as well as being beyond – far beyond the senses, seeing and touching and hearing and tasting and smelling.

Love is understanding and listening, not hearing; staring and not seeing, sniffing and not smelling, singing and not making a sound.

Seeing into the dark, hearing into the silence, feeling into the nothing; reaching beyond the known into the unknown, in mythological depictions of love.

We use human terms to describe something indescribable...

Margaret Alice
Time to prepare for tomorrow, to change my dial from happiness to sorrow, getting ready to charge the next hurdle, the ubiquitous production sheet, the bane of my administrative life, accounting for every moment I’m alive, every thought in my head, justifying all to the thought police

Explaining every step I took, trying to prove I am a soulless human being only existing to serve, yesterday’s bad news made me feel miserable enough to tackle my boring document, tonight I have to scare myself into doing my duty if I want to feel worthy enough to breathe in peace

I can only bog down and do meaningless work once I achieve a feeling of peace with being a nonentity, I am getting ready, logically no innovative being would ever divulge the thoughts in its head, I must carefully weigh every word that will be said, bureaucratic hypocrisy can never tally with reality

Otherwise we would all have been extinct already...

Margaret Alice
Tamileelam And Vavuniya 4.15.2009

Came to work with pizza-induced muscle spasm, made it through the day until lunch at twelve, now the neck is growing worse - driving mom’s taxi today, must pick up kids from school

I have such nice terms with which to play, the bank of Tamileelam and Vavuniya, Sri Lanka; the language itself is a joyous illustration; got the ‘World’s Best Fairy Tales Volume 2’ from the library

Enjoy the pictures I stared at in primary school, especially ‘Snegourka, the Snow Maiden’ and ‘East of the Sun and West of the Moon’ – the stories are ‘smaller’ than I remember them because

I had embroidered them so much in my head, assigning more meaning to them than they really contain, but they form the backbone and frame of my dreams, I cannot let them go...

Margaret Alice
Tannie Yvonne Duplessis

What is wrong- veins and muscles contracting in spasms

'What should I do? ' I ask my Internet advisors Seth, Abraham and Neale Donald Walsh

'Look to your dreams'

Last night I dreamt I was condemned to execution, could that illusion be the reason for my confusion?

'Change the past to set yourself free'

So I change past condemnation to warm acceptance by Brenda and Birgitt and tannie Yvonne.

Margaret Alice
Divine Cosmos by David Wilcock, ninety per cent human DNA is used for communication, Russian scientists say, human consciousness works like a giant Internet system, we can tune into each other the way animals do, but we needed to lose this group ability in order to become individuals; not remain caught in group spirit governed by one single mind; reading in happy surprise

I would LOVE to tune into this biological Internet, I love communication and new information, super to tap into each other’s consciousness on the right frequency - but I only wish to receive positive thoughts from positive people, I am baffled by negative thoughts – maybe this is why I have no ability to tap into the minds of other people as yet!

David Wilcock – Divine Cosmos - Google

Margaret Alice
Teach Me Not To Tease The Gods & Blue Monday

Teach Me Not To Tease The Gods

Today I declared my mastery of pain. Tonight I despair and it’s worse than the hurt; I laughed at the gods – who are laughing at me; I am deserted

Knowing the depths of hopelessness. Whereas pain was exciting in red, this passion is dead, the thoughts in my head feel like ice chips, burning

In cold emptiness, cauterizing nerve endings, freezing depths. I have only surface consciousness left; why did I brazenly say pain meant little to me?

The gods must have heard, sent this attack so I can see an allergy is not to be laughed at – I must fall on my knees, beg forgiveness from vengeful gods for disdaining pain. Yet I know however contrite I am my indomitable spirit will rise again, I shall fight back without sympathy or commonsense.

How can I become humble when arrogance runs deep in my blood? Please make me humble, teach me not to tease the gods, to accept their power, bow gracefully...

May Blue Monday Never Come...

I brought them all home, three letters to the President sent by mavericks and dissidents, messages tearfully translated for the one-eyed Cyclopian Troll
Interpol; the template for the new Production Sheet to record my monthly deeds; the Pesticide Document to be checked, corrected and edited...

Lacking the inspiration to look at them, though it would lighten my burden, change blue Monday into a sunshine day in a glorious way, but I am a truant child

Interested in a million things, except in what I have to do, improving reality in daydreaming, doing my household chores with new relish

Washing clothes, going ferreting with Nici in town, anything and everything that makes it impossible to settle down and do my work...

May blue Monday never come...

Margaret Alice
A friend moving house, many
books, a few golden oldies -
too many light romances:
Love too popular a subject;
intrigues proving love is never
subjected to wisdom, describing
misconception and irrationality
as the golden rule, little wonder
there is no mental progress
with books teaching readers
how to mess up life, a myriad
ways to jump to wrong conclusions
and promote misunderstandings,
making improvement impossible

I prefer books teaching me to
overcome limitations in reality,
instead of perpetuating them!

Margaret Alice
Teardropp Memories 7.17.2008

A spaceship travelling between planets, a long, lonely trip, having visited beautiful places, remembering the teardrop-sweet wonder of wandering down memory lane; now facing the square, bitter taste of traffic congested, unsure which lane to choose; swerving embarrassedly between trucks and fast-moving vehicles, not understanding the difference between the R12 and N1 or why the N3 is neither left nor right; but right in the middle; talking on the cell-phone, asking directions, a kind driver having a heart attack, ignoring invitation to escape into the left lane; can’t think straight, can’t choose at all, stopping on yellow stripes; calling again -

A garage attendant issuing instructions - turn left into the R12; sister says turn off at Atlas, industrial grey area, trucks pressing from all sides; an endless road, menacing direction boards, calling again – where to turn - keep straight, don’t turn away – suddenly turning grows into a desire too compelling to refuse; finally directions to turn left – I turn – left again – but my steering wheel turned right already, beneath the subway, feeling the presence of an undefined menace - stopping the car – I’m lost – where are you - don’t know, nothing seems right, all slanting away – you should have turned left and left yet again, stay there, I’m coming to get you; she comes, silver helmet on red Scooter

She ahead, me following; shaking with fatigue – arriving safely, teardrop-sweet memories safely stowed away, never to be lost in eternity...

Margaret Alice
A Quantum Mind Spans Space-Time

After watching Andrew Lloyd Webber’s Joseph and his Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat, I realized that Joseph cried because he was glad his youngest brother Benjamin and father had not died and his brothers had changed

They had changed so much, where before they sold Joseph into slavery, green with envy about his dreams and technicolour coat now they were willing to lay down their lives for love of their father and his favourite, the youngest brother Benjamin

The blood ties and tribesmen love of family must have tugged at Joseph’s heartstrings and Joseph’s impeccable integrity, making him refuse sharing free love with Potifar’s wife, and his gift of dreams enabling him to save all Egypt and the Faro’s kingdom

Marked him a sensitive person, I share his passion for crying to relieve the pressure in my heart, I share his feeling of estrangement from the family of my birth, my brothers are dispersed, my twin sister is not accessible and so many things went wrong in our house

My heart always rejoices with allegories hidden in ancient tales, Andrew Lloyd Webber’s songs revived my joy in ancient Bible history while the Bible Code research sets my heart aflame with expectation about the quantum nature of our relativist universe marked by the signs of

An outside super-consciousness, a quantum mind that spans space-time...
Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber “Joseph and his Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat” with Donny Osmond, Maria Friedman, Richard Attenborough and Joan Collins

Jeffrey Satinover “The Truth Behind the Bible Code”

Margaret Alice
'Teeth And Tears

[Through Gnashing Of Teeth Rewritten]

I know I’ve been an animal in previous lives – convinced I’ve been a dolphin and a crocodile, now proof I’ve also been a cat

in Michael Ende’s fairy tale the cat declares he only does things that gets adrenaline flowing;
I have the same problem exact

no challenge is no-go for me, a grave failing; still no-one is kind enough to put an end to my routine-existence misery

work achieved through gnashing teeth and tears overflowing – threats of fire and brimstone finding things done only halfway

cannot master existence routines, exhausted, filled with self-loathing praying for relief in early death – destined to live my hell on earth

hereafter a purified me will go straight to heaven, to travel the universe and beyond, happiest soul ever to have been a crocodile!

Margaret Alice
While innocently trying to survive I was taken to task offering to pay costs – travel and accommodation – of invitees to Translation Day –

I explained it was not my decision; my words were brushed away by irate administration aware of the system’s constraints – I made clear

I was merely a Messenger carrying out Instructions received from Above... This plainly illustrated my point: - Our theme should be “Let’s shoot the Messenger -

Translator - Interpreter alike” because “they are the cause of every mistake ever made”; that way I would have been happily joining the non-physical presences in Hereinafter; instead of lounging about at work; shocked by the terrible misunderstandings that mark the tenor of human communication...

Margaret Alice
Tesla’s Dream

Wireless power to unite the earth
Tesla dreamt, power freely transmitted
all over the earth, picked up by a simple
receiver

Electrical energy beamed to large
cities – even ships at sea, power
broadcast in a dramatic financial
revolution

Shifting the power and status of
many nations on earth – all because
the earth is alive with electric
vibrations

Acting as a giant conductor of
electric signals – Tesla wrote of
Transmitting Electric Energy sans
Wires

In a world-wide power system
pumping energy into the earth
picked up by detectors: HOW is
unclear

Maybe using the voltage difference
between the earth and upper
atmosphere...

(From: David Peat “In Search of Nikola Tesla”)

Margaret Alice
Thank You

Life is so confusing sometimes
we have to work so hard to get
it right - but we have to keep trying
I suppose...

Margaret Alice
Thank You, Quietly

You did me a favour, I was grateful, then you reproached me for having to do it, I guess that means although you did it, it doesn’t mean anything… Good deeds only ever count when we willingly do it without reproaching, berating or blaming the person for whom we did it… I’m sorry you ever had to take such pains to help me, sincerely hoping your anger and ire will prevent you in future from expenditure of energy on someone as unworthy as I am – then no more reproaches, blaming me for everything, thank you.

Margaret Alice
That Form Of Torture

I have just finished reading a book about Pirates with cell phones – you may well imagine how difficult cell phones make a pirate’s life – but they are Executive Pirates – just as the Pirate was threatening his victim, his cell phone rang he answered disclaiming – who is calling me at this important point of my life? – Luckily, the pirates were easily swayed into good behaviour by the soppy love talk of their victim and his lady love; the pirate begged the detective to put him in jail for twenty years – he would never knit a ladder again; never embroider a pirate flag in prison embroidery class; he promised him – only he can’t stand syrupy love talk at all; any prison sentence is better than that form of torture, he

Margaret Alice
The Anonymous Soliloquy

I write
to unravel my mind
to clear the chambers of my conscience
to sing a song that won’t disturb those
who never want to listen
when I adore a tune and want to share
the emotion with a loved one –
who isn’t there

I need to organise my thoughts and feelings
to classify and pack away new information
cleaning unsolved anger and festering wounds

I want to share my fears, emotions, tears
unfounded joy and secret hates
with another mind – anonymously
because in one-to-one conversation
I have thus far failed abominably
and I daily fear I would find a tear
in the new fabric of this anonymous soliloquy
– or even worse – that it would be stopped
that silence would return to my mind
until I am as lonely as before –
maybe even more
for the pain of loss

Margaret Alice
The Atrocious Text

Now I have to sink into it, the atrocious text written by an attorney, with judicial terms and legal wordiness that kills the soul and makes one doubt life’s worthiness, I have to sink into a depression profound, sucked into the vortex of the analytical mind, read every word, sounding as terrible as if drafted in hell, casting a spell of infinite doom in my office, opening a space to the dungeon dimensions so all kinds of wild phantasmagorical plagues can come in to invade my private space, colleagues shaking their heads in desperation, what should we do with this unwilling person, should we check all her work - or simply ban her to the dungeon dimensions - and be done with it?

Margaret Alice
The Beauty I Adore

Every beautiful word ever written, every enchanting idea, every wonderful story, every great myth about precession, all legends about courage and strength

Anything that adds beauty and wisdom to my imagination, I try to convert into melodious words and record on paper to remember for evermore

Repeating often so my brain will retain the knowledge even when the records are lost; do not fear when I appropriate something beautiful you said

I love the essence of the thought, I don’t hold you responsible for creating beauty in my life – that is MY job, I do not look at the individual, my focus is on

The wonderful dreams and visions produced, adding to it, the author may be dead for hundreds of years or sitting next door, if your thoughts are special

I keep them alive by repetition, keeping them safe in my heart; irrespective of the speaker’s identity, the beautiful words guarantee you are sensitive to the beauty I adore

All poets are exonerated from any responsibility for living up to the beautiful ideals they create, no expectations of the creators, only focusing on the beauty of their words

Margaret Alice
The Boss Runs Around Wringing Her Hands

The Boss stomped in here – Hurr, harr, lips hanging down in quiet bitterness - Where is your list, hurr harr, consolidate with everyone else – Where is your production sheet grrrr - I haven’t compiled it yet – Stop everything else and do it IMMEDIATELY Aarrgghhh!

Roaring like a lion, she takes to the passage again, stomping down in the anger of the self-righteous – glorying in her power to terrorize the unwary; but the Nile-Crocodile is a stoic-epicurean who enjoys the sadism of torturing the bureaucratic systems of the efficient

Overstraining minds and systems until something cracks somewhere, a nerve snaps; and the Boss runs around wringing her hands and crying hysterically...

Margaret Alice
The Bubble Was Frozen

24 November 2008

Early morning in the office, sounds like a busy market place today, people coming and going, almost a fair-at-the-beach atmosphere, the air-con is on and makes it festive right here

Sacred memories surfacing when Alida called, we covered the scary events with laughter and fun – but it was serious, the Little Prince is still there, sitting on his wall in the desert, waiting in despair for the snake’s release

The episode was scrapped only because the limits between reality and dream were not clear; the fantasy threatened to interfere with my duties; to contain the dream, keep beauty intact and ethereal

The bubble was frozen while I turned around and went back through the trousers of time to a previous moment following another line into a predestined future kept in a safe, locked away, untouchable, not to be interrupted

Until the right moment when Godot is here – yes, waiting for Godot is still going on...

Margaret Alice
The Cause Of His Secret Gripe With The World

Beyers Unknown from IT said
to switch off my computer every
day – I did not, of course, but
then today my conscience won –
he did say it would make it faster –
so I tried it and just what
I feared happened:

My password rejected, I’m informed
that I’m locked off, contact your
administrator – so I did and he changed
my password again – but what’s the use of
ordering us to switch off daily if
we fail to switch on again?

Beyers says to change our passwords
every seven days – it’s policy –
doesn’t he know we only learn
the rules in order to break them
without getting caught?

Beyers isn’t a sport, he is much
too serious, condemning the whole
NLS* for using photographs
of themselves as screen savers,
proudly declaring he has none
of himself; I think I’ll go see him
next time I’m at Kingsley* and
determine the cause of his secret
gripe with the world...

*National Language Service
*Kingsley Building

Margaret Alice
The Cold Front

A cold front is coming
predicted the weather bureau
and voilá! it’s here
for the first time this year
we lighted a fire
and relish the heat
of licking flames, glowing embers
while I’m floundering in
The Spiritual Notebook by Paul Twitchell
regarding the universal thread
called ECK - never heard of before
I’m confused, drowsing in
the heat of the fire
with chocolate liqueur:
Find God by NOT searching
for Him – just by being,
trust in a Living Master -
once again my quest will remain
a theoretical construction
I don’t understand a single concept,
but I’ll always continue
this research – all philosophy
excites my imagination
a useless faculty, the author says
only states of consciousness
are accepted – in what state
is the author then? – The esoteric! –
suggests imagination, although banned
and I round off my quest
with cherry liqueur...

Margaret Alice
The Crocodile Attitude & Loves Science Fiction

I need to sleep - is the crocodile creed
and woe is me when trying to sleep
And it just won’t come – feeling listless □
and bored, without being able

To determine the score of metaphysical
planning – Law of Attraction succinctly
Stated by Colin Wilson: A negative attitude
attracts bad luck, while a mood of optimism

Creates things going right: The crocodile
attitude is swinging loose...

The Crocodile Loves Science Fiction

Here I am, stuck in time, caught in deep freeze;
can’t move ahead, can’t turn back, caught in the
short-circuiting of electric disruption in brain-
functioning – already calling up the spectre
of the holidays:

What to read, what to eat, what to say - to pass
the time without letting on that something is wrong?
Something that can’t be solved – the Crocodile
angry and bored, Alice looking for illustrated
story books; the Ice Princess supercilious

The Scribe finding it nigh impossible to write
in trying to be a companion of sorts – the brief
reprieve of swimming in the sea and lounging on
the beach – book in hand – then passing the time
in sitting back and vegetate

Easy for you with your glorious good health,
well-nigh impossible for me coping with inner
turmoil and a restless mind; maybe I should
reread all books on Atlantis again, the
Crocodile loves science fiction so much...
Margaret Alice
The Devil There 1985

Confront the devil there
I tried to say the magic word the magic name of God
I could neither remember nor recite - a cross my single talisman
and survived a night in hell –
how could you lock me up - send me away unidentified?
I told them I was twenty four – they said you don’t even look twenty-one

Then they came, Prof DuPlessis and Tannie Yvonne
identification - from disbelief to open denial
she’s in regression, regressed to the age of three
she can’t do arithmetic - she can’t even knit!
said Tannie Yvonne – she studied philosophy
with German and English and French
she doesn’t knit and never did her arithmetic

Psychologists asked what is twelve times twelve
I couldn’t say - they spoke psychology - I spoke philosophy
how do you feel? - like an Existential-Nihilist
l’étranger en l’enfer – a stranger in hell - a metaphysician

That’s all wrong – don’t prevaricate – how do you FEEL
who is the Queen of Hearts – who the White Rabbit
I couldn’t answer that - I had not identified me
I who strived for accomplishment opened my mind
and found  - Nothingness!

Couldn’t think chronologically, couldn’t set priority,
couldn’t act consecutively
then an angel came, an angel called Tannie Yvonne
came every week-end to teach me to knit –
since they insist!

Margaret Alice
There is nothing for me here, Father;
Of course not, my child, the world is
not your real home; Father, I am alone,
crying in despair; Yes my child, you
will water the planet’s parched earth
with the tears from your eyes

Adding to the dimension of compassion
for the sorrow with which this world is
afflicted, poised between heaven and hell;
Father, my tears are scorched, burnt
away, this is hell; Of course my child,
your tears are most needed here;

But Father, I’m burning away! - To learn
to have compassion with others, my child,
you must pass through the fires of hell;
Father, have you no compassion on me? -
Yes, I do, see, I am burning with you,
together, we are facing the flames

Burning in people’s hearts forced to be
criminals by the pain they suffer daily,
the pain of deprivation and hate, the pain
that will only be taken away by the soft
touch of unconditional love; Father, I
cannot help them, I am dying of the
pain of rejection myself...

Margaret Alice
The Divine Mystery Glue

The divine mystery glue
holding the unverse together
outweighing visible material
nine to one -

a powerful gravity
that makes the Milky Way
a Spiral Galaxy
while frisbee Andromeda
is hurtling towards us
at three hundred
thousand miles an hour
to merge in growth
within several
billion years -

I shall be there
an invisible consciousness
part of the divine
mystery material!

Margaret Alice
The Dream Itself That Forms The Substance

Your friends were here – we spoke about everything - except about what’s important to me; no-one was interested to listen to any of my theories;

No-one cared about my rhyme scheme which made me feel so happy and radiant – but that’s okay; Abraham would say – whether anyone ever cares about you – or not – is irrelevant

All happiness should lodge in your own heart; nobody needs to understand – or take part in your concerns – for it to bring joy and fulfilment unto yourself –

Even if I were a nonentity with nothing to say or explain – I still remain a disciple of Abraham’s policy of dreaming the best dream I can find – regardless of my total failure

In realizing any dream of mine – it is the capacity and ability to dream; and the dream itself – that form the substance and matter of my whole universe!

Margaret Alice
The End Of Tomorrow

If nothing matters
but just one thing
how we treat others
why is this norm
never used in
the evaluation form?

If everything exists
simultaneously -
if time is a form
why can’t I understand
everything
immediately?

If wormholes exist
so we can burrow
through the Universe
can it be that
consciousness opens a wormhole
to burrow through

The fabric of space-time
to reach the end of
tomorrow?

Margaret Alice
The Evening Is Also Ruined

Coming home in a negative frame
of mind; I tried my best to think
the best thought I could find; trying
to focus on everything good – but
the meeting was completely ruined;
the moment you saw me you got mad;
the entrepreneur’s project has to be
started today and for that you blamed
me right away; all my hopes and ideals
came to naught; nothing worked out
as it should; I earned a lecture to boot;
and that after declaring my allegiance
to you; I can’t understand – why did it
all go wrong? Abraham’s law of
attitude promised me that as long
as I tried to offer my best all would turn
out good – yet the opposite is true;
the evening is also ruined - but WHY;
just answer me that!

Margaret Alice
The Fake Snow-Flake

The white light of your attention entered the prism of my mind and became every colour of the rainbow from dark-red to light-violet; with green, yellow and blue in between
Your white-light loving attention consists of all these different colours, you are sparkling sunlight in a white-light spectrum, ready to be the whole universe for me, singing in a sacred frequency...

Margaret Alice
The Family Rutaceae 9.18.2008

The importance of Measures Phytosanitary may never be underestimated

All shall be complemented by the right Plant Health Glossary, pre-clearance and

Additional declaration shall be required, no Xanthomonas citri in the parent trees

The blood-line must be pure, no muggle trees shall be tolerated, only full-blood

Citrus in the Family Rutaceae will be imported, having received the Dementor kiss of death

Seeds sprayed with hydrogen peroxide and fumigated...

Margaret Alice
The Fleas* Are Fleeing In Dread!

I live life according to the principles of Chaos Science, looking for patterns in seemingly random, unpredictable events - looking at the results of our dependence on initial conditions; examining all those conditions assiduously; thus I’m perfectly prepared to weather the storms, ups and downs; of the Translation Day Committee Meetings, keeping minutes and commenting; enjoying the company of all our colleagues assigned to the same task – though the rest of the FLEAS* are fleeing in dread!

*Foreign Languages, English and Afrikaans Section

Margaret Alice
The Fun And The Jokes

The guilt is mine -
I have to accept
the reason why
I cannot connect
with sister and mother
facing their hostility
after confronting them
with their negativity
towards my father
is my own weakness -
psychosomatic overreaction
when shocked or attacked
as you frequently
point out to me
when mom throws a tantrum
I am scared, run away
when you tried to frighten me
just in jest, playing a joke
I jumped high in the air
and cried so much
you were scared
by my reaction
you never tried it again -
when the doctor used
an electric saw to cut off
plaster of Paris
I went into shock
once again – and when
you played at falling down
dead, I lost it completely -
you don’t want me
to confront hostile family
fearing the effect
of the shock –
it is my own fault
that I can’t see them
until I have proved
that I can deal
with hostility -
until then
a life in seclusion
quietly, no arguments -
oh, how I wish
I could become strong
to once again
reach out to them
working through their
hostile rejection
until the song and the dance
the fun and the jokes
that we used to share
become uppermost!

Margaret Alice
The German Schwarzwald In The Forests Of Knysna

Africa, I love Africa, my continent, Africa
my beautiful country comprising the beauty
of Provençe in the Cape’s Ceres Valley, the
majestic Swiss Alps in the Drakensberg, the
German Schwarzwald in the forests of Knysna

Africa, I love Africa, I love the Africans,
wear my blanket like the Matabele, doing
a Zulu dance in moments of glory, dabbling
in Fanagalo as spoken in kampongs, trying to
imitate Khoisan clicks in my songs

Africa, I love Africa, I love the cultural mélange
in South Africa mine, where the Atlantic meets the
Indian Ocean at the southernmost point, where Table
Mountain’s mist lives in my mind in the devil’s contest
to smoke with Van Hunk

Africa, I love Africa, where the Cape of Storms lives
in my heart in the tales of C.J. Langenhoven, written in
Afrikaans, the culture that gave birth to my people and
me, a mixture of French, German, Scottish, Dutch and
Irish forbears...

Africa, I love Africa, in the tale of the Little Hope
with tunic and crown, waiting impatiently at the Cape
of Good Hope for the arrival of southern nomads and
northern sea-farers; tales that inspire my thoughts,
burn in my dreams, filling my mind...

Margaret Alice
The Glorious Sight Of The Horsehead Nebula

Did you see the beautiful photographs of the Pleiades? Seven bright stars easily discernable while several smaller ones are also faintly visible, all enclosed within the remaining dust and gas of the life-giving love of the star-bearing nebulae – shown in white and blue space photography...

Then, oh joy, the glorious sight of the Horsehead Nebula, a silhouette of – me thinks – a sea-horse outlined against a warm background of red glowing gas with a bright, shiny sphere in the foreground, Alnitak – a star in Orion’s belt – while sad, dark nebulae fill the rest of the photograph,

A bright dot of reflected light shows the way to keep hope alive – at the top of the picture a white-blue star as found near the southern end of Orion’s belt –

The book lies open next to me while I struggle with an unwilling e-mail migratory system and sending out invitations in eleven official languages...

Margaret Alice
The Greatest Miracle 1-4

Hot Chocolate Liquid Love 1.

This morning luxuriating in Leo Buscaglia who ran a love class at university since love is the core of life, living, sex, growth, responsibility, death, hope and the future

People guiding each other in love as delicate as Chantilly lace, a professor said love is irrelevant, but one look at PoemHunter destroys that fallacy; never try to define love

Definitions delimit love acting as a mirror reflecting each other, see the reflection of infinity in love for one another; with a glass of hot chocolate as liquid love to give a great start to this day!

Leo Buscaglia “Love” Souvenir Press 1984
Quoted from The Introduction, pp.2-3

The Greatest Miracle 2.

You can only give away what you have, if you have love, you can share it

I could teach you everything I know and still retain all my knowledge

It is possible to love everyone with equal intensity and still retain all my love energy

There’s many miracles to being a human, but this must be the greatest miracle
Of them all!

Leo Buscaglia “Love” Souvenir Press 1984
Quoted from pp.6-7

A Flame Of Delight 3.

Buscaglia tells how to reinforce gorgeous, tender, loving human beings: Care about yourself, all is filtered through you, the greater you are, the more

You have to give, with greater understanding, you can become the most fantastic, beautiful, wondrous, tender person there is

With a mind so big, it is filled with exciting dreams; we are so much less than what we are - desire to grow by directing your power at growing, feeling, touching

And smelling, leaving no boring second; technological life is very boring to me because my senses are never required to touch, feel, smell and hear

Only my eyes look at pictures and words, searching the most beautiful to convey wondrous ideas with rhythm and melody, never seeking negative descriptions

Buscaglia ignited a flame of delight in me; I continue the process of becoming devotedly...
Something unique determines how you project in this world, how you alone see it, but we’re dropping uniqueness by not persuading people to discover and develop it.

Education should help everyone discover their uniqueness and teach how to develop and share it - the only reason for having anything – we should be saying show me your difference.

I will learn from it, but we try to make everyone like everybody else - as in Animal School, a rabbit, bird, squirrel, fish and eel wrote a curriculum for digging, running, flying, swimming and climbing.

Insisting ALL animals take ALL subjects, the rabbit got brain-damaged from tree-climbing and stopped running, the bird broke his wings by digging and stopped flying, while class valedictorian was a mentally retarded eel who did everything half-way – a broad-based education we force on our kids just as it was forced on us, to this day I can’t do arithmetic, never mastered knitting.

For that reason I was deemed brain-damaged also, but I held onto my tree, going into dreaming...

Leo Buscaglia “Love” Souvenir Press, 1984 pp.9,10,11
Margaret Alice
The Gutter

Headed for the gutter
headed for disgrace
doomed to be a failure
lost the dragon race
fighting with the dragon
fighting with a pen

tried to calm the
whirling thoughts
carousing in my
head, tried to force
my eyes to see
some reason
in the text

Failed again
so dismally
- you will end up
a bum - everyone
will chorus loud;
- can’t they see
I’m already one?

The gutter just as
interesting and
meaning more
than office space
insanity - and
open plan
compare
with any
squatter
camp...

Margaret Alice
The Inconsistency Of Your Own Mind

Oh give me words to explain my father to you, to the world, to everybody; it breaks my heart when he is attacked on the ground of false rumours that were spread about him; I’m crying in my helplessness to defend him; you just don’t listen to what I say, I refuse to talk to you as long as you insist on degrading him to a state lower than Heathcliff, as long as you persist in clinging to the false illusions created by his Catherine; you decried her as irrational – yet insist on perpetuating her lies, cannot you see the inconsistency of your own mind?

Margaret Alice
I regarded the arrogant being
that was me, regarded the mess
he made, turned and walked away

returned with soldiers and guards
trued him up, an iron mask like
the brother of Louis Philippe

I had him thrown in a cage
where he belongs, making
sure he was safe

underground, quantum physics
stipulates every possibility
exists somewhere

While he would be a prisoner in
this reality, he and his alternate
possibilities will survive

as long as the universe
endures, no energy is
ever lost...

Margaret Alice
The Look Of My Happy Eyes (Rev.)  9.8.2008

(Revised)

‘I can replay your laughter in my mind and so will have it with me always’ the Alien known as BB-9 says in the book ‘Computer Nut’ by Betsy Byars

The story imbued with atmosphere all roseate – the sister plans a birthday party for their dog, complete with sweets and frilly party hats

Father plays with train sets in the basement; everybody makes the best of life; happily I sigh, wondering when I can make the same progress

Sweetness of the story’s cozy atmosphere subliminally seeps into my consciousness; my eyes create a better world by looking through roseate new glasses

(Original)

‘I can replay your laughter in my mind and so will have it with me always’ said the Alien known as BB-9, in the book Computer Nut by Betsy Byars

The story is imbued with a rosy atmosphere - the sister of Computer Nut planned a birthday party for their dog, complete with dog biscuits and frilly party hats

Her father plays with train sets in the basement; everybody makes the best of life and I sigh in contentment, wondering when I will be able to make the best of life also
The sweetness of the story’s cosy atmosphere
subliminally seeping into my consciousness;
the look of my happy eyes bringing a
better world into existence


Margaret Alice
Astronomers surmise that nine-tenths of all matter exist in unobservable state; invisible black matter that cannot be directly detected; but that has to exist in explanation of the strange movement of galaxies around a central core; with outlying regions moving just as fast as the inner parts; gravity is not enough to bring this about – but the sticky dark-matter molasses would see to it that the stars revolving around stay all together; just as the magnetic power of love is a glue that contains the human world - preventing people from blowing apart!

Margaret Alice
My father made me a cassette
with The Maiden’s Prayer at my request
when I heard him listening to it –
my father’s love for me lives in that song
as I listened to it this morning,
variations on a single melody line, lines of
notes forming waves in my
mind – a piano playing repetitive chords,
like his repetitive words - never
varying the truth, as dependable as sunshine,
full of integrity, just as insistent as
these weaving lines – not once has he ever
broken his word, once given; not
once has he ever made false promises;
a maiden never could have had
a more loving, true father; I sing along:
‘Ek onthou, ek onthou, ek onthou,
ek onthou, ek onthou, ek onthou- elke woord! ‘
(I remember every word)

Margaret Alice
The Male Attitude To Rugby...

Koos Kombuis saved the day by explaining the male psyche regarding rugby: at six minute intervals his thoughts return to rugby, when watching, nothing is allowed to disturb him, everything centres on rugby, it’s a hallowed and holy activity - far beyond the confines of common existence; thank heaven the Springboks won on Saturday – please make the bickering on racist quotas stop; otherwise he’ll go on strike and start thinking of love every six minutes – Liefling - and THAT would be a real tragedy!

Koos Kombuis’ articles in the Sunday Newspaper is a life-saver, he comes up with the funniest observations and ideas and gives one such insight into the caveman psyche of the average male – at least as seen through Koos’ eyes… Current joke – professor meets guy with IQ of 130 and they discuss Einstein’s relativity, meets guy with IQ of 80 and they discuss women; meets guy with IQ of 30 and they discuss the Blue Bulls! Poor rugby fans are really run down at the moment, but they WILL autocratically monopolize the TV.

Margaret Alice
The Morning After

I played around with word and sound
whispering my dreams into the wind
enchanted was I by the delight
of echo’s beckoning me
to venture forth

When I looked up my gaze was stopped
by ferns and trees - I frolicked some more
as I adore the freedom of life
in forests and dells

Then a strange voice sweetly caressed
my mind and my thoughts, telling me
what I’m feeling and dreaming - but
it was all wrong, that strange siren song
didn’t reflect my dreams
and ideals

I grew afraid as the voice tried to teach
of dangers unknown - I challenged it
first show me the morning after
what will happen
afterwards?

Tones of bitter regret and remorse
crept into in the voice, berating me
for refusing to play – so I gathered
my dreams and my thoughts

And ran away!

Margaret Alice
The Most Efficient Bureaucracy Ever Seen

I’m so delighted by the new form for obtaining authorisation for carrying out the job we were assigned to do, five signatures only required, rather a disappointingly small number, but I’m sure it will soon be rectified – when-ever a problem rears its ugly head, we’ll appoint another person to check, it provides such a lot of jobs to make sure not a cent more is spent than should be paid out – for that reason we’ll appoint another five new Directors, with medical and pension and a goodly salary – all to ensure that everyone adheres to all the regulations, that the rules are never bent – though we spend a fortune; not a single extra cent will be paid to a service provider – spending a thousand a day in the service of transparency and the saving of a rand or two, will make us the most efficient bureaucracy ever seen – and that is the height of our ambition, without procedures we are set for perdition!

Margaret Alice
The Music In Words

I have a passion for the music in words – not the best, I confess, but still that love is burning in me yet I have to earn my bread by violating words and contorting them into conveying horrible information about ills and pests and political mayhem, and I hate it so much, why should it be so-why have we not the ability to live for our art, to be free? I know, I’m nobody you’ve said it again and again now if I were someone I would have made a billion and tripled it – love of philosophy and poetry will never lead me to be someone at all – and without that triple billion and just the right degree of low-key humility, I’ll never make it – thank you kindly I don’t want to make it poets are notorious for dying alone, in poverty I only want a place where I can be myself – without a triple billion, without the required humility without reading a cookbook without photography and woodworking too without being perfect - like thee!

Margaret Alice
The Near-Accident 7.31.2008

Margaret Alice drove into a pole this morning, didn’t realize the car was badly injured, then as she tried to drive home, felt the full force of the near-accident: The wheel alignment was out, the right front wheel completely skew, the car wouldn’t go, the car park attendant directed to the wheel alignment garage where Manuel - Manuel Lennon – checked the car –

It is busted madame, you have to drive it to another garage, Margaret Alice hysterical – the kids are at school, who will take care of them? – I cannot drive, the car’s wheels are all skew, said Schalk Jordaan – we’ll drive the car to the garage, Manuel in your car, we’ll take you there; I called Caroline, she went to fetch Nici and Tiaan, Celeste at the garage – this will cost you madame; I smiled, yes it will,

But my kids are safe; here is Barbara and Lieb, they’ll take me home; took the number and details of Manuel and Schalk who drove my broken car all the way to the garage, I was too shaken and scared to drive my little lame duck; they took care of me and my car, made sure I had a lift before they left – how can I thank them? They’ll never know how much they meant

To the lady with the broken car – but in this poem I’ll let them know how much their help meant!

Margaret Alice
The Next Millennium

There is the hustle and bustle of a meeting somewhere, the Relocation Committee is briefing all on the move, only the crocodile not attending, she prefers the cool ambiance of the swamp in her office, the calm atmosphere of the Swiss Bulletin delineating the movements of Swiss missionaries between Europe and Africa, with an air of conspiracy she stealthily closed her door and continues to drift among the staccato facts in her dreary document, if she continues at this reptilian pace, she might finish it before the start of the next millennium...

Margaret Alice
The Perspectives Of Inert Matter

Our Bodies, Outer Egos, Subconscious, and Inner Egos simultaneously co-create Space-Time in nested fashion

Self-Directive Action was seen as Living Matter while Static Action was seen as Inert Matter - but ALL Action is Self-Directed Action in varying degrees, therefore everything qualifies as Living Matter

The Postmodernists acknowledge the Perspective and Space Continuum of things like tables, glasses, magazines, paintings, carpets and air molecules

Though objects don’t have an Outer Ego, Subconscious or Inner Ego like humans, they are formed by a different kind of Consciousness

The modern notion of a singular universe out there somewhere has been replaced by the postmodern notion of a Multiverse of Nested Perspectives

and the Perspectives of Inert Matter

Paul M. Helfrich

Margaret Alice
The Prince Of Feeling

First your fingertips touching my heart, then
your lips touching my soul, making me whole,
giving me hope, igniting joy, a small flame
spreading and filling my mind, words rever-
berating in every thought, making them glow,
creating dances in rainbow colours, seeing is
empty without hearing and feeling the movement,
you brought the sound and the touch changing
seeing from cold and meaningless to warm and
enchanting romances, an affair of the eyes where
I feel what you say and hear what you see – your
words setting me free to drift on a dream and smile
at my life and throw kisses at passers-by...

Margaret Alice
The Right To Be Me

I used
to try to become somebody else,
when I was young I thought I could change
myself, I looked at my passionate, headstrong
family and decided I would become an emotion-
less, rational human being who only did what’s right,
this inner fight made me miserable as the mental conflict
caused hormonal imbalances and I couldn’t eat or sleep,
when giving up and trying to be myself as I was made,
my body felt better and my spirit rejuvenated, trust
and belief growing stronger; hope strengthened
by knowledge and observation, I accepted
that I had the right to
be me...

Margaret Alice
The Right Word Should Be “apprehensive” (Rev.)

Back from the library, they’re angry with me – I lost a book: “How To Write Really Badly” (as if one needs advice!) and must buy another to reinstate the lost one...

Tiaan is reading aloud from “Spud – The Madness Continues” by Van De Ruit; it’s better than mine – “The Giver” by Lois Lowry – It’s about fun, a car breaking down and dad selling mom “Giver” is caught in fear, given over to describing it carefully, looking hysterically for right adjectives; he had been taught “distraught” should be “distracted”, an abstraction in attention so his “frightened” should be “eager” and “excited” with a shudder of “nervousness” – thus the right word should be “apprehensive” – and that would apply to me too...

Margaret Alice
The Sacred Sticker

Laughing again, solved my boss’ chair problem, the back tipped back too far, visitors ending up with their legs in the air, tried to lever upright, but it wouldn’t budge

Pulled off the sacred sticker - assuring furniture stuck in one place for eternity – from the offensive chair, affixing it to a straight-backed chair, she beaming with joy

My criminal soul rejoicing within me, one small step for criminality, one giant step for humanity...

Margaret Alice
The Same Golden Line 3.

Reading a summary of Sitchin’s books by his fanatical devotee, wanting to rewrite history, inserting emotional comments, spoiling the effects of a scientific text, trying to prove we are slaves created by alien intelligence

But the story unfolding is as nebulous as all the other versions of history we have already come across, yet revealing the principles of truth, wisdom and integrity have always been the lodestar of the thinking mind

Preserving those who adhere to it - I close the book with a sigh, detesting tales of exploitation and immorality that lead to death and war, while I trace the same golden line through all history and myths: True salvation lies in wisdom

And self-discipline, rules of ethics allow men to live and die in peace – my quest is to live in wisdom’s bliss, to define the sublime, to experience nirvana in creating and disseminating the beauty found in harmony and melody; to die in peace, satisfied

That I have reached for the unreachable star together with the Man of La Mancha....

Mesmerising Me 2.

Being a goddess is very well until the time when heightened consciousness and higher awareness are in the way of pulling back into the brain and preparing lunch of something quite mundane

Returning to routine mind-sets comes as a relief – emotions half-asleep, comforting robotic actions allowing us to draw back
into our shell; boring, everyday persons behind our eyes

A mood of elation being quite fantastic, but coming down from the heights to get on with life is required, playing at being a love goddess is wonderful for a while; living life outside yourself, away from your own mind

Observing self from somewhere else, as private as a circus artist high above, soon becomes uncomfortable - after playing I was someone else; I came to rest within myself, reading an esoteric book for self-inflicted pain

Once again detesting the immoral beings in Sitchin’s devoted disciple’s epistles based on cuneiform scripts in clay, rendered in the most horrific English – mesmerising me against my will...

Ancient Clay Tablets 1.

Reading Zechariah Sitchin’s theories regarding the content of ancient Babylonian clay tablets is always depressing, the technologically advanced Annunaki from planet Niburu, practically immortal, were morally and ethically completely barbaric, without a clue about principles and ethical codes, without reverence for life and understanding of personal freedom; they are held up as an advanced race – I don’t want to revere or acknowledge them, I prefer the development of humankind today; thanking his intellectually superior disciple for summarising Sitchin’s books succinctly, but we are doing very nicely without emulating ancient barbarian cultures promoting enslavement and moral depravity, we have that area well covered already, thank you!

Margaret Alice
The Seven Samurai

The Seven Samurai mapped peculiar galaxy motion
diverging from Hubble flow
in the Milky Way vicinity
caused by gravitation from clusters nearby

The Local Galaxy Group is streaming towards
the Virgo cluster - together forming the Local Supercluster
pulled sideways by one such another:
Hydra-Centaurus

These two Superclusters together
are rushing towards an even greater mass –
a profusion of galaxies called the Great Attractor -
a gargantuan structure!

Then the Seven Samurai reached its heart
where galaxies started to flow
in an opposite direction - back to the Milky Way
and the Wheel of Life is complete

So the poet and visionary
visualise the spherical motion
while the philosophers speculate about
its great symbolism!

Margaret Alice
Reading about old records having been falsified in Biblical times by Essenes and Zealots, discovery by the wrong people could lead to certain death - symbols and codes were used as subterfuge and wrong names and dates as camouflage - just like Government information today;

Masses of people have ALWAYS been led by misinformation and deception, when we find those misleading records we cannot decipher truth from direct lies; isn’t it amazing that nothing has changed in two thousand years – will it change in the millennium to come?

Yes, I believe it shall; we shall keep on progressing and evolution of thought, accepting freedom and understanding of meaning of life shall allow us all to construct a new society; we have made amazing progress in morality, from sheer hedonism to acceptance of

Responsibility – who knows how far we can go? – I believe in possibility as infinite; the sky being no limit – infinity as unending forever!

Jane Roberts “The Eternal Validity of the Soul” p 442- 447

Margaret Alice
I must go and save my love
from the Snow Queen’s palace –
built of driven snow, doors and
windows pierced by winds

...My love once saw a snowflake brilliant
...white, beautiful and delicate turned
...into a snow maiden, dressed in finest
...gauze – but ice, hard and glittering...

A hobgoblin’s changing mirror made
all good and beauty into the bad and
ugly; the mirror fell and shattered
and a shard lodged in an eye

...It saw the plain and the ugly,
...when a splinter pierced a
...heart, it turned into
...a piece of ice...

Hans Christian Andersen

Margaret Alice
ALL
is possible
within the INFINITE
scope of consciousness,
there is meaning in each
thought – perceived as lights
forming patterns - spirit ALWAYS
forms the flesh, not the other way
round – we are ALL united in webs of
consciousness - the soul is open-ended;
although it seems like reincarnational exist-
tence involve past and future events; they are
parallel and adjacent – existences reincarnational
coccur within us – the idea of simultaneity of
reincarnational lives is acceptable fitting
Jane’s temperament - YOU and I live
in MANY realities in MANY centuries
at one time – all existence and
consciousness are
interwoven...

Jane Roberts 'Seth Speaks', p.423 - 428

Margaret Alice
The Star Of Ideals

I’m not anchored very well on mother earth, from red to the solar plexus, though I’m filled with love, it’s mostly theories and things, books I can open and close, people I cannot

I love communication and third-eye mysteries, but all alone in my head - spiritual indigo not penetrating me, I’m as closed off and limited as I’ve ever been, my life held together

By hope only, I trust in things I cannot see, believe in ideas with no equivalent in sensory reality, my life follows a single trend: Moving from magic to mystery in a dream, without a shred of evidence

But I never give up hope, hope shining in silver and gold against a dew-fresh background, I keep following the star of ideals...

Margaret Alice
Coming home on a rainy Monday
I’ve been several persons today, but
Marilese came home to her family;
a letter, an envelope, original,
different, a ribbon, stones, to
join those in my office, a photo,
a fairy, I travel backwards in time;
a hairpiece, a colleague’s comment,
your hairpiece looks like a frayed carpet,
I’m happy, wearing my golden hat,
can’t see to type, but that is all-right, I didn’t want to see the
one-eyed Cyclopian Troll Interpol
in any case...

* Yuri Nieman, a South African poetess on PoemHunter, thank you for the
stones, I have already covered them in gold and silver glitter in a token of sun
shining on them!

Margaret Alice
The Sublime, The Unearthly Wisdom Of The Divine

I love and value wisdom, integrity and beauty more than myself, anyone else or any other quality

In my life journey I never met anybody with the capacity to embody these virtues, neither I myself nor anyone else

Lowered my standards to merely striving for these high ideals, dreaming of them, but still haven’t met anyone

Who shares my quest, the only people who profess to dream the same dream are out of reach

Living in a world where all are forced to regurgitate ugliness without requiring anyone to look for wisdom and beauty

Those loyal to duty do not value beauty while those who create beauty scorn wisdom and integrity

In this imperfect world I have chosen to align myself with those who serve duty - while my heart burns for beauty

The falsehoods offered by the cynical and unprincipled tastes of ashes in my mouth while my soul hungers for

The sublime, the unearthly wisdom of the divine...

Margaret Alice
The Thistle’s Offer

..........A Fairytale

The King and Queen were sad, they had no children, so the willow tree, led by a thistle, weaved a crib in which the thistle buried herself and died, the King and Queen found a baby within – who became their heart’s delight, they closed off the garden from all outside, keeping the princess safe from other children until thistles took over the garden, children were called in to pick them – and the princess disappeared, her job done, the King and Queen loved all the children of their kingdom instead – But why, I cried, did the princess have to disappear?

Vivian French “The Thistle Princess and other Stories” Walker Books 1995

Margaret Alice
“Lawrence LeShan theorized the power of the non-conscious is not Freud’s unconscious darkness, but a super-conscious, far-above normal awareness;

In reflective calm the poet withdraws into himself to listen to the unconscious; with awareness withdrawn from sensory perception into the spaceless; timeless

Mystics make the assertion there is a better knowing than through the senses, in a universe marked by unity; time is an illusion where evil merely exist in appearance”

What a relief to know it is so – I’m so unhappy in grey reality with the evidence of the five senses; it is my karma to dream of the super-sensory realm

While being unable to reach it – but nothing; no force on earth, can stop me dreaming about the vision within that keeps me going....

(Colin Wilson “Beyond the Occult” p.36)

Margaret Alice
Unhappiness is getting me down, reading
of this man in an Austrian town keeping his
own daughter hostage in a dark cellar for
so many years – and though common sense
says, leave them to their own choices, I still
have to ask - how could it have happened?

I cannot understand, people say just ignore, it
happens only once every million years, watching
shows starring an unscrupulous heiress, how to
deal with the facts, if we are ALL free to make
our own choices - how did his captive daughter
lose her chance of making

Her choices herself? If this is a universe of
benevolence, if man is a rational being, how
can such situations develop, how can a man
victimize his own family in such a way – does
it matter to us? Yes it does, what does it say
about the freedom of ALL human life?

Allow people their freedom to hurt each other,
the way Africa has obtained its freedom from
homicide through Colonial governance - only
to slowly kill themselves though their self-
inflicted wounds – as long as they do it to
themselves?

Margaret Alice
Things To Love 09.09.2009

Only solution that ever works for the allergy
is to eat sugars for instant energy, followed by
instant let-downs, bien entendu, but at least a
momentary revival of interest in life is worth
several hours of pain and confusion

Life is a trade-off between ups and downs, an
average of neutral middle-of-the-road moments
neither passionate nor desperate, is a worthless
deal, I prefer paying in blood for the things I
love to sitting in restful calm with things that
cannot stir my soul or move my spirit

I want to live while I'm alive, I'm sorry I complain
when I feel bad, but if I did not I cannot exult in the
good times, I had reached a state of resigned calm
long ago - neither up nor down, life turned grey
like ashes, everything seemed horribly dead

To be able to feel joy welling up, I willingly accept
the gnashes where pain sears, burning welts in my
skin, every crevice becomes the birthplace of more
joy than before, the best is, nothing leaves a scar
everything heals beautifully, the pain is needed
in advance to create space for the joy to come

Whatever the deal, if enthusiasm and passion are part
of it, count me in, I love unguardedly, give totally, grieve
unrestrictedly, bleed internally, lamenting profusely and
in the raw place formed by the pain new sources of
fulsome joy grow, fountains of energy surging upwards

I keep a look-out for more things to love, subjects and
people, though the clashes between people I love make
me ill, I go on loving them and always will, BOTH are
right at the same time, if only they could learn not to
force their opinions on each other all the time

Oh, people are wonderful, even though they put
daggers in my heart, I shall always embrace them
hug them, adore them, keep my laments to myself
and those who suffer through my outpourings on
paper, the long-suffering page taking care of my
secrets so well...

Margaret Alice
Blue skies, happy objects outside enjoying the sun’s shimmering caresses, my book saying the Big Bang did not take place in pre-existent space, primordial content exploded creating space and time while it took place, the universe is still expanding today

While cosmologists cannot speculate about what lies outside their own observatories, spiritualists do not suffer from the same limitations and can use mental license to describe a whole multiverse outside any possibility of sensory observation

Without the theories of spiritualists, I would have been very depressed, caught like a fly in the trap of a sensory universe, the mind limited to finite bodies - but knowing reality is an illusion created by magnetic energy, all things visible manifesting awareness

Consciousness is unlimited and all-encompassing - enables me to read the speculations of Stephen Hawkins who is quite content to say all is pre-ordained, though we must act as if we have free will; good grief

As long as he is happy with his own conundrum and his predetermined acolytes enjoy doing everything as they have been programmed to, while I believe in real freedom and thinking my own thoughts...

Margaret Alice
This Secret Agent 4.28.2009

Good grief, been at the office for two and a half hours already, all I can think of is sleep and rest and running away, carefully constructed a list of work on hand and hammered my footrest together again; we’ve been instructed to furnish the asset numbers of our foot rests - only good as weapons – to Mr Rikhotso and our hat stands - resembling street signs - I hung my pink top on it to differentiate it from the street signs outside - to a Mr Lyborn; all these maneuvers have used up all my available energy, this secret agent now wishes to attack someone with the footrest and use the hat stand to gouge out eyes...

Margaret Alice
Those Falling Pianos

Sitting behind my computer like an astronaut ready for take-off - wishing I could run off to replenish flagging energy, escape momentarily from this background of office and voices into another context with thoughts floating freely

Even engaging with Dowrick would help, though I disagree with what she says – advising to trust others, accepting deception because safe in the knowledge of survival assured – but I prefer visualising possibilities, working it out in my mind

Before engaging with life, I trust unconditionally and keep it that way by keeping out of the range of strangers; even fictitious characters suffering necessitates scrapping the events, redoing in a better way – our emotions tell us what is coming

We can amend before the event or wait until the piano falls on our head, then fix in retrospect, but it will take longer to get back to feeling good, I prefer keeping out of the way of all those pianos falling every which way...

Stephanie Dowrick “The Universal Heart” Penguin 2000

Margaret Alice
Threatening Things Disappear

Each colour contains a sound frequency - each sound has a three-dimensional form, when sand vibrates on a violin, the most beautiful patterns appear

Reality, audible, visible and tactile is the multilayered manifestation of a single vibration, the one original energy appearing in various forms

Tonight the colour seen is silver and black, the sound is dark, deep and negative, appearing in formless sand, life being meaningless in a world

Where forms are empty; I fill the spaces with dreams; but dreams are not always enough to protect against destruction in thought, yet when I turn my eyes

To beauty and harmony and think up a storm, all threatening things disappear and all that is left is the electro-magnetic energy of love, filling all manifestation with life...

Margaret Alice
Three Orange Cats 4.

Hot chocolate and three orange cats
called Aries, Leo and Sagittarius, to
find the mouse that will help the sorcerer
get back into his picture, back to Tudor time

A two-hundred year old shape-shifter called
Yolanda who presents as a twelve-year old
child called Belle Donner, deadly nightshade,
a rat called Rembrandt

Now I’m ready to face the day, thank you Jenny
Nimmo for writing this story about a Blue Boa who
makes its victims disappear, just the right sparkle
to magick my rainy day!

19 March 2009

Exotic Names Balm My Soul 3.

This is as far as I can go in deprivation
of sensory stimulation, just click-click as
we type, no music in my ears, the Walkman
left at home, boredom pulling my scalp tight

The only solution - read my book furtively,
a Mr Onimous with 3 cats saved the dog
‘Bean Runner’ - an invisible boy who likes
jam and whose big toe is visible, regrettably

An academy for teaching art and music, a boy
called Fidelio, a Mr Boldova – the exotic names
balm to my soul, my colleague Jane studying
Translation Theory and an even more

Enchanting name - Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi –
translation as peak experience - if creative
imagination is allowed, translators being
actors and musicians – Gloria!
I’d better go out into the passage and sing some more, Dominique-nique-nique s’en allait tout simplement – I’ll go with him – routier, pauvre et chantant -

And sing with him - Gloria
In Excelsis Deo!

18 March 2009

Eyes Upon the Horizon 2.

Left to my frustration – the Internet doesn’t open up, when it does, it is slower than a snail, no music in my ears, took a stroll around the block singing to myself, all my favourite old Dutch hymns and Latin chants - Ave, Ave and Benedictus, Psallite Deo Nostro – goodness filled my soul, peace descended in my heart, felt the beauty of dedication to ideals spreading warmth into the day, Onward Christian Soldiers and Kumbaya, my mind is cleansed, hope rekindled, my eyes upon the horizon...

(Well, it was true until I tried to opened PoemHunter – then I tore more hair from my head, I may not sing in open-plan squatter camp, if I could, I would have sung:

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Throbbing In My Ears 1.

Clever non-physical entities say it is a privilege to live on planet earth in physical capacity, but I’ve got news for them – to be at the mercy of the senses, listen to noises I don’t want to hear, see things

That hurt my feelings, feel the throbbing in my head is NOT a privilege – it is an awful spell in Purgatory, once confronted with life as is without my survival kit, I can’t find joy in possessing awareness

My positive book says I need only create a virtual reality to feel good, well I’ve got news for them; when my head is sore, reality falls out of my hands like a red-hot ball of fire, and no amount of

Virtual manipulation reinstates my feeling great until the right pill targets the source of pain in my head, once I’m hungry, there is no way I can discern the sublime in a burning stomach

And the throbbing in my ears...

18 March 2009

Margaret Alice
We, Hermien, Hanlie and I, are the Three Witches of Lancre* – helping Jane, our new magical colleague master the witchcraft of driving computers at full speed, making tables, using dictionaries electronically

Discovering more about Collins-on-line, teaching her about the wizardly G-drive - we three witches of Lancre – I mean DAC, Department of Arts and Culture - we three witches know enough to help a new language magician in FLEAS -

- Foreign Languages, English and Afrikaans Section - how to mount the Internet traveling broom and fly between sites; though she keeps to well-worn ways leading between dictionaries, grammar and language; while I veer off in any direction

That catches my eye, Slaughter Engineering and Lyra’s humanoids, where reptilian hybrids adorn the stars in the sky – maybe I’m the only language practitioner who actually dabble with the demons in hell...

Terry Pratchett "Wyrd Sisters” – three characters, Nanny Weatherwax, Granny Ogg and Magrat

Margaret Alice
Who am I in this
chessboard three-dimensional
of an egg-carton universe - a queen
free, happy and strong - or only
a soldier, a bishop, a knight?

In this fractal network of love
with the matrix’s geometry similar
at all levels - so that I see
all of you similar
all the time

If I love someone and
he loves me back, I love you too
when I fear him, I fear you too
similar in the fractal universe
touching vertexes

Do you and I form
an octopolar formation
on the earth’s spherical surface
coordinates connecting to show
the fractal inside?

Is love a continuing fractal
around the whole universe - just as
the Sun field magnetic combines
in formations - as a fractal connection
between Sun and Universe?

The same love structure
on many levels of size –
love atoms group together
in perfect Platonic
crystalline structures

Electron clouds flow
through a nucleus - the heart
in the centre - a structure of atoms
that form an octahedron
of perfect love

Various levels of love
in harmonic expansion
the universe’s structure is
determined by love’s vibration
at all levels of size

When love’s frequency
increases geometry's complexity
what happens? -imagine
our world as a love matrix
based on rules

Where gravity of love
can be broken - the structure of love
in the galaxy where the same structure
is found at the small
quantum level

The Fractal Love Principle
begins love’s arrangement
in the arms of our own Galaxy –
with geometric alignments between
passionate pulsars

Three-dimensional love in a fractal structure!

Thoughts and Molecules

You live in a mental world - the physical
is formed by belief – a thought - that is
repeated over and over again
intellect, talents, habit and fear indicate
what is your belief

Change belief - think of the person you want to be
and Voilà! the deed will be done...
thoughts make molecules that mirror mental images
the capacity to learn any skill is unlimited

Clearly this clever author has never tried to learn Arabic
clearly he's from his own Parallel Universe

Shift to a purposeful state, feel inspired and significant

I am very ignorant - How should I do that?

‘Your intuition let you know you have the ingredients for bliss’

Well, I was born without intuition then
or maybe I lost the ingredient list
on the day of my birth!

Margaret Alice
Woke up with a headache today, running through the office building like a popinjay, wasting time with vain and empty chatter; what will make this headache go away?

Sitting quietly and visualizing warm, golden light enveloping all, happiness in sunshine and blue skies giving respite from pain and work and toil and thoughts

The lift in my mind is charging up and down, up while I’m chatting to someone, down when I’m sitting still; I wish I could start feeling better simply by an act of will, I wish I could breathe

Without experiencing the pain of suffocation, due to the allergy; I wish the pain would go away, I wish I did not have to suffer so frequently - maybe this is punishment

For past and future sins, for all the vain and empty chatter with which I try to pass the time of day when I start to feel so very ill, I wish I could run away, from myself, from this body

From the allergy...

Margaret Alice
Late night, tired but happy, Tiaan home
after a brief disappearance, cell-phone
battery dead, his dad feared he was
alone in the dark

My heart rebelled, I could not visualise my
son all alone and abandoned at night, I
knew Tiaan was safe, I had prayed for
my kids before they were born

I did not want kids if I could not be sure of
their safety, then quantum physics furnished
proof prayer works because conscious-
ness changes the world

Irrespective of religion or god-entity chosen,
belief in a benevolent universe keeps my
loved ones safe, Nici is always sur-
rrounded by love and goodness

I cannot live without such knowledge,
quantum physics enabled me to tackle
life without the anxiety that blighted
my youth...

Margaret Alice
Tiaan wrote me a mother’s day message, as enigmatic as he himself: ‘Forget the years gone by and enjoy every moment of the rest of your life, with all the love in the world’ quoting Psalms 1 and 115

I love him, the most wonderful thirteen-year old in the world; his sister being the most wonderful fifteen-year old; arranging her purple room, part of a mother’s day gift; fixing, painting the house to colour preference

Hubby is sweeping and cleaning, I’m writing and reading, bought a million socks to face the bracing Siberia at work every day; the band of labourers is kind and obliging, joking and laughing, goodwill in the air, permeating everything

I put Tiaan’s letter in the same file in which I keep my father’s letters to me, to be framed and mounted, says hubby...

Margaret Alice
Tiaan’s Room

Sunday 5 September 2008

Cleaning Tiaan’s room after a terrible wind buried the house under a blanket of dust, discovering toys from long time ago, tying them up in plastic bags and ferrying them to my cupboard, I can’t let the toy animals go, the tigers we bought for a project, toy cars, the train set my dad gave him, a large model car, school books all dusty, sporting his handwriting which has been disintegrating over the years, cricket playing paraphernalia, old encyclopedias – Tiaan doesn’t read them, but he loves seeing them in his bookcase, he loves their company...

Margaret Alice
Tie My Soul To This Place By Inhabiting Ice-Cold Duty

Early morning at work; the day is so very fresh
in shining white roses, dreams alive in my head,
my colleagues seem so content with the work
that confines the mind to four walls against
Infinity; I cannot stay, my mind is far away

My body left behind, still bound to space while
I’m transcending time - if I were meant to work
for a life, I should have started in another way
I left myself behind in travelling the mind before
I knew what being human was all about

I thought material existence was just a place to be
anchored in space while time freely moves backwards
and forwards; I never learnt to invest in reality before
setting off to a different dimension; I can’t remain
stable in the distress of the physical plane

While my body is bound to earthly life my mind is
travelling freely; right now, I’m off in a fantasy while
sitting at my desk – maybe it’s not fair; maybe there
should have been a time of living here and now,
but it’s too late, I can’t learn the trick

As proven by mental break-down when I try to acquire
an ordinary conscientious work ethic; every time I try
to tie my soul to this place by inhabiting ice-cold duty,
my heart freezes within me - here I go, wish me luck,
I wish I could stay for a while and just be happy

And content while immobile enjoying the Here and Now...

Margaret Alice
Till Eulenspiegel Terms 09.09.2009

I come to the office like a veritable
Till Eulenspiegel following the letter
of the law, sitting at my desk, endur-
ing the heat, making no complaints

A soldier on duty - just as Till kept the
letter of the law forbidding him to let
his feet touch the kingdom’s soil, he
simply brought his own instead

Loaded a wagon with soil and sat on
it when passing through the forbidden
kingdom, escaping from death because
no-one may touch his neck in beheading

I am here in Till Eulenspiegel’s terms
manning my post while there is a fire
raging in my head, cold symptoms
making it impossible to concentrate

But I get paid to serve needy clients, work
alongside valiant colleagues in the heated
trenches, sniffing and spreading germs, in
two weeks’ time I am going on leave, cannot

Lie down and leave everybody to their own
devices, I always put in an appearance, doing
my best to sit up straight, checking translations
causing nihilistic attacks of such existential crisis

Feeling like Death himself, fires raging in my head
as I have already said, but I am forging on, moment
by dreary, drab, grey and meaningless moment, the
little Alien in my head already almost dead

Margaret Alice
Time Is Dead, Killed In Meetings 6.3.2008

I am swimming, swimming, swimming, just keep swimming, swimming, swimming, one word and one phrase at a time, though my consciousness experiences total lack of context and absolute meaninglessness, I have my brain in a vice-grip and we are making the trip through the document; a most amazing occurrence, mostly I fall into the holes in the network filaments of reality, but today the vice-grip is steady, just plowing forwards, irrespective of isolation and complete lack of perspective; life had become totally meaningless and still the vice-grip is holding, keeping steady; one word at a time, one phrase towards eternity, doing my job, putting down words in a series of meanings that will bring nobody joy, will not be blessed by a reply, a piece of work that will fall down and die sooner than it has been written; if this is why we have human rights and why I have been born, then the world has to be destroyed, the sooner the better, wasting the magical gift of consciousness on white and grey, colorless words in bleak sentences reporting facts cold and empty, facts that offer nobody succor, that does not sing or resonate with anything, simply report on a meaningless meeting and planning one such another – people killing time, time is dead, it has been killed in millions of meaningless meetings held everywhere...

Margaret Alice
When inactivity forces one to live in the head,
when all has been done and said, when there
is need for change of scene but no power to
bring it about, no more movies running in my
head, no more memories, no more dreams

Enclosed within reality without meditation to
help me through this boring spell of general
chaos, hammering and noisy air-cons, I had
my illegal sweet treat, now time to pay-up;
holding my head upright while falling asleep

The flow of time turns into molasses and treacle,
my mind seeking fun in the scene in Maskerade *
Agnes to sing Questa maledetta like Christine –
Kwesta! ? Maledetta! ! – in her own soprano it
sounds magnificent

But Christine’s good grasp of wearing a dress
makes her the winner of the contest, laughter
with a tear for Agnes; talent scorned in favour
of Christine’s star quality, a twinkling
appearance…

Terry Pratchett “Maskerade”, p.101

Margaret Alice
Gave away my power to an author* who created death for a small boy in a wheel-chair, he had been picked up by the mystery ghost train - the story lost its warmth, all comfort gone; all I have to do is find a better-feeling thought, but I am tired all the time, I shall go to sleep to find more power to start another book, leave the place-of-not-good-enough behind, there is a dream somewhere waiting to be found...

I found the dream in another book**, a broken violinist ailing through the passages of Bloor’s Academy, a boy from another time bringing the Time Twister with him; the lady smiled, took the gift, went back to a time before her hand was crushed, shining hair and eyes delighted, showing all the cast dreams can be realized when we use all the opportunities strange events might offer us!

*Susan Sallis “No Time At All”
**Jenny Nimmo “Charlie Bone and the Time Twister”

Margaret Alice
Time-Shifts Are Dangerous II

8 February - Saga of Today -

I’m tired today, after a week of battling with fatigue I still haven’t found my feet, some kind of intolerance causes energy to leak from my supersensitive system

I lay in front of the TV to get some sleep, then got up but still can’t keep my eyes open, my head’s too heavy for my body, my thoughts empty, I feel depleted

Nothing stirs my feelings, all I can think is I need more sleep, looking at newspaper pictures and wishing for some energy, I hate this lethargy, overwhelming fatigue –

My beloved is angry, the decoder is demon-possessed, refuses to acknowledge the card’s presence, no communication between these pieces of modern technology means

No image on TV; I sit in the kitchen, enjoying the cold air-con stream, while my beloved jumps up-and-down and screams curses of all kinds at the gadgets and pieces of equipment that refuse

To work, he’s working with the pressure-cooker, his blood pressure rising ever higher, while I hang my head; I’ve found several magic things at the home industry, feeling too tired to indulge

My taste for enchanted objects, my system has shut down – time shifts tapped what little energy I had for today...

Time Shifts Are Dangerous I

Collected Tiaan from school, driving in a pool of
brightest sunshine, the world sparkling like a jewel,  
emerald trees in shimmers of gold, a sapphire sky,  
delighted to drive on such a beautiful day

Driving, driving along, suddenly time shifted, I don’t  
know where I am, can’t recognize the steep incline  
of the street, don’t know the houses around, Tiaan  
busy with MXit, I’m alone in my confusion

Where am I and why am I suffocating inside my head,  
my ears ringing, muscles of steel imploding my body,  
I turn around and drive back the way I came, must have  
taken a wrong turn somewhere

I recognize something, what I cannot tell, it is familiar,  
turn left and the world comes into perspective, I know  
where I am, keep straight to go home, pass the new  
route that threatens confusion again

Time shifts are dangerous, where did I go, was my brain  
short-circuiting, did I fall into a minute Black Hole, what-  
ever happened, it is scary, ate sugar at home to put an  
end to the chain reaction in my head....

Margaret Alice
Lying on the floor, rolling over and over, I remembered my sins: This morning I ate the left-over macaroni, now sleep is just a memory, in between reading my book “Wrinkles in Time”, playing with a doll as a model à la Rumer Godden, putting her to bed, remembering Tom Thumb and his bed made from an acorn, rose petals being his blankets, ferrying Rabbedoesie, as I call her, between table and floor, having built my miniature garden for the miniscule birds, reading all about the search for background radiation and anti-matter particles...

I’m so glad I discovered spiritual literature, Ancient and New Age, without the flames of their awareness theories blazing in my heart, the cold emptiness of cosmology would have killed me, the idea that the Big Bang Universe could burn out and die, that awareness is just a fluke of nature, that life is the effect of random processes; chills my soul, makes life seem utterly bleak, my choice of beliefs is determined pragmatically by what works - such cold, freezing theories don’t work at all - while Spiritual conjectures with its concomitant extra-sensory perception Work beautifully, providing inspiration to continue life...

Finally taking out the magic objects I have found today: A butterfly, miniature birds and a bottle of jasmine-perfumed oil, maybe not exactly a magic pencil that can write by itself, or a flying ship from Norse mythology

But still enchanting enough to revive my flagging spirits and reignite hope in my heart, though I don’t know exactly what triggered this allergy attack, only finding that rubbing Vicks on my face brings relief
My diligent search for a way to escape from the despair has paid off, I’m bewitched by the beauty of my magical objects, I dream about building a miniature garden in which to fix these miniature birds

That fill my heart with thoughts of sweet music and freedom...

Margaret Alice
To A Special Friend

Look for that Time Tunnel
and travel into the past
change events there
before you come back

Life is given to us
devoid of meaning
with no significance
so we create it ourselves

Fill this neutral life
with happy memories -
blot out the sad ones
forget the bad ones

Look to the power of your mind
the clarity, power and strength
to choose the interpretation
that serves in creating happiness

Reflect upon wonders unknown
the marvels and mystery
of magical tales – such as
how Hope was saved as a gift

To man when all ills,
pain and suffering escaped
from Pandora’s box -
or take up a cause

Fight like Don Quixote
against windmills of woe -
read a favourite book
put your mind in a wonderful place

Reflect upon friendship
listen to special music:
beware of Debussy
Chopin and Mozart are great
And let me know
as soon as you come back
from time travelling
how you are doing

I’m also fretting and suffering
wasting precious time
on wasteful thoughts of
if only – but let’s make a deal

As soon as we are feeling better
we’ll write each other a letter
explaining the method of escape
that freed us from pain -

And created happiness!

Margaret Alice
Oh, to be a dame
created by Mickey
Spillane – elegantly
smoking long-stemmed
filter cigarettes with
the ease, poise and
grace of a cat, purring
with content in her
magical world - or
at least, smoking
with obvious anger
such as Adora Bella
Dearheart from
Going Postal by
Terry Pratchett –
to be anyone else
than myself today;
I’d be a man of
clay, with a chem
in my head to tell
me what to say –
to force me, a golem,
to work unflinchingly
every moment of
every day...

Margaret Alice
'To Dissociate (Rev.)    21/10/2009

My mind managed to dissociate,
while I keep my thoughts in a firm
grip, not allowing joy to take away
focus from my job, my mind created
a new personage living a separate life,
having lots of fun without affecting the
clamped-down bit I use for work

My mind found a way to enjoy a fairy
tale in a separate compartment so that
the enclosed bit remains dead, ready to
read nasty little documents; thank heaven
that the mind has many dimensions, each
capable of functioning independently, I
cannot live in the present-tense ego

That handles the here and now, need
escape into other places and fictitious
characters thinking new thoughts
somewhere else or my life
would be unbearable...

Margaret Alice
'To M.C. - My Moral Coach

You believe in principles inviolate
while I believe in you only,
you believe in absolute truth
while all I can see is subjectivity.

I tried living according to
your theory – and guess what?
There was nobody left in my life.
I was bereft because nobody

could meet the high ideals you
and John C. Maxwell state to
be preconditions for living life
with integrity

my integrity is suspect I suppose
as I cannot meet your high standards
for morality, I am so human
and so fallible whereas you

insist on the highest principles
but maybe, just maybe
love unconditionally is quite enough –
I’m willing to give it a try, tonight...

Margaret Alice
To My Father

How wonderful that now you realize how much your colleagues and other people felt for you – although you never won the heart of your wife, left out of family life; you were an exceptional imp, naughty and noisy and always into breaking the law for the less privileged – a Robin Hood – I remember when a bleeding man, stabbed by a knife, knocked at our door, you took him to hospital, refusing to abandon him to his lot – I discovered your sterling qualities belatedly, but I’m so proud of you, I emulate you when I sing and dance to a happy tune, never forgetting your fascination with Boeremusiek*, Jim Muller*, Die Klokkiewals* and Richard Strauss – how my sister and I ran around the table to the music you played – thank you for teaching me what happiness is!

*Boeremusiek: An indigenous kind of Afrikaans music played on concertina
*Jim Muller: An Afrikaans pianist and composer
*Die Klokkiewals: Piece of music by Jim Muller

Margaret Alice
To Soar Above... 10.14.2008

I’m scared of sinking into my body,
trying to hover a few metres from it,
yesterday my body fettered my soul
and manacled my mind

Even feeding it a waffle to take the
effect of MSG away didn’t help, I was
exposed to the view of the world
unable to lead my own life

Today I am angry, scared of what pain
and suffering my body can cause me,
did not give it MSG flavour enhancer
deliberately, never knew

It was in the dish till afterwards, then
pain caused me to wear my sunglasses
inside, my eyes kept on closing, I was
exposed, betrayed by my body

I’m lifting off by mind power to soar above
this weak vehicle in which I am supposed
to complete a physical life...

Margaret Alice
A service provider must
apologise for being alive
and worthy of payment:
“Sorry, nothing deposited
in my account. I know
they have problems,
but this is ridiculous! ”

I stare at the page, unable
to laugh at the absurd,
working for free for the
Government seems to
become the norm; through
sheer inefficiency - building
in countermeasures
to block corruption, nothing
gets done, no payments
effected, I’m the outsourcing
official – the feeling of
helplessness reducing me
to total apathy, I’m still
staring...

Tomorrow, I’ll stare again...

Margaret Alice
Total Failure Is All That Would Do For Me

A meeting this afternoon, casting
gloom on all that I do, causing a
migraine to well in my head, we
shall discuss our shortcomings -
oh please, the list is endless

The time allocations are wrong, the
performance evaluation must be
rewritten, I simply can’t think of it
without feeling nauseous – how
can we rewire our emotions

To do things we dread - with a positive
attitude? I feel like dying in my chair,
the black bile of rejection is rising in
my throat – this is no life, this is
sub-human existence

I wish the aliens would blow us to
smithereens; I don’t care about life,
it is a miserable piece of deception,
false expectations and rejection, I
don’t want to fit their requirements

For perfection; I don’t want to aim for
mediocrity – total failure is all that would
do for me; total defection; I’m going to
send my mind away leaving the robotic
automaton in charge-

The ugly brute without feeling or meaning,
just a nasty machine filled with darkness
and hate – just as evaluation requires...

Margaret Alice
It was a long night, filled with dreams of factories and supermarkets and seeking parking, finding none, this morning the sky is grey and overcast, wanted to start washing, now I can’t, you appropriated the TV, cricket is of absorbing interest, so no uplifting movie, where shall I take my mind for some relief from inner pressure? Maybe one day I should do something about my neck growing stiff so that I can’t sleep in comfort; this might explain negative dreams and nightmares that so often plague me, the feather pillow brings only emotional relief, I can’t relax when lying down, this morning necessitates so much existential investment – while my positive book says simply choose love instead of fear; so I’m working on a theory that my inappropriate remarks are of a helpful nature to those who resent my inane stupidities as much as I resent the words I came across in “The Choice For Love” by Stanton and Rodegast, with one thing I do agree – until I experience a tree, It doesn’t exist, everything is neutral until we touch it, without us, what we touch with our presence would literally not exist...


Margaret Alice
Tough Me Appeared 3.30.2009

Sensitive
me cannot do administration,
the dreamer within me cannot type a list,
walking about as sensitive me nearly dying
of fatigue, trying to work as soft me I fall apart,
so I got up, shouted loudly, clapped my hands,
jumped up and down, sensitive me left and tough
me appeared; soft, feeling me is a basket case,
cannot do anything, moping about with no ability,
no strength, no power, I cannot live life like that,
so lock up her thoughts, don’t let her get out, here
we have tough and strong and cynical me to do
administration, only she can function within
meaningless life in routine, she can work up
energy to get busy, she doesn’t feel much –
that is her salvation, she is loud and full of
joie de vivre, without her feelings become
overpowering – but problem solved, with
tough me in charge, I can do things I hate,
read books I detest, deal with life without
getting hurt, without stumbling and
falling down, without needing time
to contemplate...

Margaret Alice
'Traced Back To Pre-Diluvium Times

In perfect Mary-Poppins style
decided on rum punch for
breakfast, being at work,
I could not

Had to be content with rum chocolate instead, it was
so old, no trace of rum
in the taste

But ate it all the same, now this cold-spell day appeals
in a lovely new way, I feel vibrantly alive

Already catered to the needs of the one-eyed Cyclopian Troll Interpol,
now only

A request for a certificate of death; life feels great filtered through the hue
of the lovely

Chocolate flavoured with rum - even though it can be traced back to pre-
diluvium times!

Margaret Alice
Trautliebster Requirements

This Pearly, Shiny, Twitching Permit shall not be interpreted granting exemption from compliance with subliminal provisions

The Act of Dreams of the Marigold Age (The Colourful Act of The Diamond Universe) - oh, joyous law

Any other cuddly, gurgling, woolly, or disturbing Act, Hamlet, Macbeth, The Moor of Venice, ordinance, regulation

Runoff water, rebellious water drops, referred to in the condition of Self Righteousness, complying with quality requirements

Of Magical Thaumatological Standards, prescribed in terms of section 21(1) of the Bewitchment Act, (Act Emerald of The Crystal Age)

Published in Dreamland’s Notice for Beautiful Times of the Graceful Position of Lotus, with such affectionate requirements

From time to time determined by the Minister of Magic and Mayhem; to be drained, contained and restrained, gravely maintained

In highly irregular, completely befuddling, muddling, dwarfish, illegal manner - runoff water not complying with Trautliebster requirements

In Wichtelmännlein Liebkranker condition, as well as sporadic leachate, leeches, public and private pests, runaway trucks and merry-go-rounds;

Is liable to confinement by orders of Mary Poppins and Miss Bianca...
Margaret Alice
There is a world of magic out there and I am sitting here with no magic in my vicinity, imprisoned, as good as buried while still alive, no song in my heart, no dream between the visible world and me.

All I can see are documents, meaningless, no hope in anything, feeling this miserable, crying surreptitiously, I will erect a bulwark to protect me from this feeling, start from scratch, my fortress down, breastplate lost.

Compass spinning, gyroscope swinging wildly - but I know I shall overcome the desolation in my mind, I have done it before, it takes some time, slow everything down until time and place disappear, wait to reach the centre of the inky blackness.

Waiting there till prescience provide luminescence and the vision needed to guide my feet, no more crying, no more fearing the godforsaken blackness of despair, finding peace in trust, knowing visions shall return when summoned.

With a trusting heart!

Margaret Alice
Tryst Between Unwillingness And Conscience 6.3.2008

I don’t want to be here now, again
painted my lighthouse mermaid with
glitter in silver and gold, played with
the picture you sent me, changed
her lips and eyebrows

Donned my black suit, changed the
world’s fate in an imaginary political
coup, hoping that thinking the right
thought would take me to where I
should be

Which is, unfortunately, NOT where
my heart wants to be at all, how do
I submit with grace to my fate? My
fate, apparently, is to be bored with
my state of consciousness

Trying to change my thoughts is failing
completely, organising a tryst between
the unwillingness living within me and
my conscience, is proving to be a total
disaster...

Margaret Alice
Watching Dingaka, Jamie Uys,
African culture, justice, gum-boot-dancing, tula-tu-tula-baba-lullaby

Killing an adversary for killing his
daughter, an eye-for-an-eye;
crying for Masaba, crying for

Cultural clashes, crying for
African cultures and Western
traditions, African heart breaking

Big cynical lawyer, not understanding,
punished for doing his African duty..
“Do you believe I want to be your
friend? ” “No, you don’t want to
look pretty damn silly in court again...”
a challenge, “Find my friend, Mputi,
take care of him, ” “We’ve got a deal...”
Mputi became the gardener
tula-tu-tula-baba-

“Hang Masaba, otherwise
you have betrayed me” -
Masaba murdered the child

Of a man devoted to his family,
the cruel death of his child -
he grew up in the jungle

With laws as stern and binding
as any of our statutes -
Makwena has a strong

Sense of justice – he believes
in right and wrong - punish a
man who harmed his family
In ignorance of the ways of
the white man – which is
no great loss at all...

Based on the movie “Dingaka” made by Jamie Uys

Margaret Alice
Mother fell, I got an expert to
tune the piano. Sister angry
‘Give me the money, we
have to preserve life’ but
I believe quality is the
essence

Saving the piano saves my
mother’s soul, the rest is not
material gain, without access
to a musical instrument, she
might as well be
dead...

Margaret Alice
'Turn Into A Diamond 15.09.09

Came in early, poured water
over the carpet, sitting here
in swimsuit and shorts, got
hold of water in a spray can
that had oil in it before, now
I shine like the rising sun, but
feel nicely cool

As soon as our local termagant
gives her permission I shall switch
on the small fan next to my chair
the noise is offensive she says
but later in the day she bears
it willingly, I am ready
to face the day

Buoyed up by the thought that
heat changes some carbon into
coal while others turn into diamonds
I shall turn into a diamond in the office
furnace today, while coal hearts burn
red-hot in their zeal and work effort
which I applaud

I shall shine with insight and vision
like a true diamond should, may
the fire burn even more
brightly today!

Margaret Alice
Our business writing course will teach me to overcome resistance to writing – oh my I never knew I was resistant to writing, so I immediately decided to write something to post to the Internet, just to overcome this resistance I never knew about, but obviously must have been keeping me from writing and posting more profusely and joy of delight, we are going to draft templates for routine letters, what marvellous ecstasy, the word routine always implies wonderful repetition, just the kind of thing to turn everybody into dedicated writers, jumping up and down in enthusiastic appreciation of the enjoyment entailed in writing as a game – e-mail etiquette, protocol – I’m turning cartwheels in joy!

Margaret Alice
Reading poems through my feelings, 
finding meaning in expression of emotion, 
the tone of voice is heard in the length of 
lines, use of nouns and verbs, choice 
of melody and sound

The twinkle in the poet’s eye is conveyed 
by the structure of his poem, the cynical critic 
is clearly discerned; ferocious anger and threats 
are heard in furious lines - I eschew all those, 
it is too menacing

Preferring love declarations, creating scenes for 
imaginary characters – the whispers of a poet in 
love can change a day in black-and-white into 
a glorious song of colourful delight, 
melodious to the touch

I leave realism to those who wish to perpetuate 
the status quo and enjoy society as it is; while 
seeking wisdom from prophets and seers 
describing visions and dreams 
of unconditional love –

- creating a new universe –

Margaret Alice
Twinkling Lights Of Magic

I have just finished reading my book of magic
passing the glass table with my magic poster
looking at the twinkling lights of magic
outside – cherishing the tale of a Gypsy girl
working magic with water in silver and gold

Telling all that those who passed on, went
to the Happy Place and the best way to spur
them on is to dance and sing – first slowly
and sadly, showing them they will be missed
then faster and faster and gladly

To show them they must move on, we shall not
grieve for them, fully expectant to meet them
again - in the Happy Place as soon as we ourselves
end up there, joining our loved ones...

Margaret Alice
Consciousness hard and cold and sharp
and all bunched up, determined to keep
my concentration, my brain was shivering
in a spasm, the world rippled, the dungeon
dimensions opened into our universe

Douglas Adam’s couch appeared through
a rift in this reality, I could not sit still, could
not read or listen to music, could not type
words or understand, ran and ran, until
the mind invasion was over

I can sit still and type again, the restoration
started with a ghoul saying ugh, eating a fish
finger and saying yuck, seeking in dustbins for
red, unspeakable things; my mind came to
rest as it contemplated a kind genie

Hiding in a bottle from the cold; a devilish enchant-
ress with a necklace of human teeth, blighting and
smiting in a most sinister way while the ogre kept
looking for a sword to swallow and a typewriter
changed into a nest of vipers...

Margaret Alice
'Uhuru! Africa Is Free (To Fight Itself!)

Africa for Africans, President Mbeki declared wisely – and white South African numbers fell to nine percent of the population; Africa returns to the hands of its original inhabitants, as it should be, the way it would have been all those years ago

Zimbabwe is doing better than we, only one per cent of white people are left. Colonialism is Uhuru and finally a thing of the past. Africa is free to kill itself, focus on ethnic wars, cleanse strange Western influences – incomprehensible ideas of democracy interfering with traditional tribalism, autocracy and nationalism – Uhuru!

Margaret Alice
Ululuing, Jumping High 1-4

Ululuing 4.

I’m so overwhelmed this morning, a new DDG, whatever that may be, she requires everyone to introduce themselves, star sign, shoe size, explaining what right you have to be alive, what job you think you do and why

How often you brush your teeth and why you won’t resign or die within the next five years or so, why you have a desk; lay her suspicions to rest that YOU are not the pest who messed up all the budget submissions

It was not YOU who threw work orders away - this is a new day, following a new, glamorous, excitingly administrative way, I can’t contain myself, I’m dancing in the passages, ulululing and jumping high!

Doing Nothing At All 3.

Oh, my excitement was justified, after yesterday’s meeting where problems were identified, TWO new forms have been added to the stack of ten that have to be filled in to keep track of every job that’s done

Forcing clients at gunpoint to evaluate every word that’s sent
to them, we shall halve our work
in order to prove and justify every
step with forms enough, thus all
problems will be solved – soon
we'll be doing nothing at all

Just fill in forms, as Terry Pratchett
said, the 99% missing dark matter
of the universe is the administration
that is going on!

My Cup Runneth Over 2.

Managed to make a list of things to be done,
getting quotes for dictionaries - the excitement
is killing me – it is my favourite activity; looking up
lists brings me untold joy, I should be filled with
manic enthusiasm à la Buscaglia

The next step is compile a Production List, my
brain short-circuits immediately on discerning
so much joy in store for me; moving on, monthly
statistics, I’m losing my tenuous hold on sanity,
too much wondrous activity

Can’t contain so much happiness in my little mind,
a million questionnaires; I give up, this is too much,
such wonderful prospects, my cup runneth over,
need time to assimilate it all; a sick leave form,
then, oh joy of joys

Sublime delight, a staff meeting at ten, antibiotics
at ten forty-five, Chris explaining freezing air-con,
June claiming her brain is frozen now, Jane
wearing three jerseys and long socks, me
talking and laughing with everyone

No starting on the heavenly jobs awaiting
me; oh lovely life, oh joy is me!
Figurines In Purple 1.

Browsing yesterday, found a small violin
carved in wood, a metal ballerina and six
little figurines in purple, added all to the
collection adorning my computer

Keeping me company - a dragonfly,
dewdrops, miniature birds, roses and
flowers and two smiling wooden dolls,
my work station becomes

A place of happiness, a colourful corner
in the general drabness, a home from
home where I can be alone with my
thoughts, safely ensconced

In my earphones - the heavenly music
of my favourite operas, feeling the
magic entering my soul

Margaret Alice
I face another call: Carlos Castaneda,  
"The Second Ring of Power", a story  
about sorcery and challenge, describing  
a journey to freedom and impeccability,  
it will be engrossing, mind-blowing

I don’t want to sacrifice the sea-side  
holiday to such a journey, a “brilliant  
assault on the reason” - as a matter of  
fact, I have very little reason left, I would  
rather stay attached to what is left

But Seth is packed, I want to experience  
Jane Robert’s philosophies in the sacred  
Cape Vidal atmosphere, under the fir tree  
cathedral, in the wooden huts, diving at  
day-time with fires and dreaming at night...

Margaret Alice
Boitumelo is a singer, she sings Silent Night in Sepedi beautifully, her voice clear and strong, every note perfectly formed, keeping within the key perfectly, wish she could sing some more, but she works in IT and must install a new PC for our colleague

Her song interrupted by an electric bore preparing to install cameras in our work area to catch all thieves at it, we shall be under constant surveillance, presenting our own big Brother Show, if sold to a TV company – would our State Services Opera be broadcast as we stage it here?

Boitumelo singing Sepedi, me singing Italian, Karen complaining less noise; adding the conflict and trauma of people getting on each other’s nerves, some working wearing a ferocious frown, others eating and drinking loudly, some playing the clown – I suspect it would be too boring for words – unless Terry Pratchett could write the script...

Margaret Alice
Undercover Depression (Rev.)

9 October 2008

suffering undercover depression
hiding negative feelings
attempts at joie de vivre
failing hideously, talking
around and away from
the overwhelming distress

packing Swiss Mission
documents separately creates
a terrible mess, can’t track
and match translations
to original texts
can’t fix the problem
feeling fear growing
fleeing is moral cowardice

how to tackle the problem tomorrow
desperately seeking solutions
worry killing concentration
can’t read, can’t write
can’t watch TV – inner
disturbance worsening, worried
feeling guilty, admit to
false cheerfulness failing
accepting defeat
of escapist mechanisms

sublimation by making
my heroine suffer a nervous
breakdown – can’t revive her again
don’t want to lose my protagonist
reviving her requires resolving
my own problem

complete missing and mixed-up
Swiss Mission documents
turn off the light with a sigh
still haven’t conquered my unwillingness
to fix a mess...

Margaret Alice
Unending Night

Another sleepless night, awake with the allergy, feverish, head stuffed with cotton-wool, painful, reaching the end of all my good intentions - the preparations to remain as peaceful, as sane as possible – are coming to naught, after contemplating living encouragingly and meditating on what it means to live lovingly, I give up and give in, the fever is more than I can combat tonight, what the devil does the restaurant at Augrabies put in their food that puts me through hell when I take a bite? I tasted a small piece of bokkoms (dried fish) yesterday, that’s true, but last night I slept rather well, whereas tonight I haven’t been able to close my eyes, it’s all very well trying to learn endurance and grow spiritually through hardship and discomfort; but I give up, the fever’s too much, I can’t continue the good fight any more, I honestly admit to myself that I’ve reached the end of my tether, symptomatic relief was not reached in any way, I’m ready to cry through the rest of this unending night...

Margaret Alice
Found a book, but it does not create a safe place, instead of spiritual guidance it provides an account of a journalist’s investigation into channeling and discarnate voices, the title indicates its negative content ‘Hungry Ghosts’

He unmaskas a few spirits as untrustworthy, just as people lack integrity and must be tested before offered friendship; discarnate entities are fallible and untrue, using people’s weaknesses to gain their own advantage

It is not what I wanted to know, yet I’ll stick to my guns, all people and discarnate entities, spirits and guides, have good intentions

But ALL lack the ability and insight to realize their good intent, the highest quest is unconditional love, based on wisdom and intelligence

Joe Fisher’s unmasking of mischievous spirits is a warning that spiritual guidance must precede all dabbling with spirits...


Margaret Alice
Pratchett’s Unseen Academicals was a joy from beginning to end, the author is a prince among men

Ridiculed fashion items like six-inch stiletto heels and all kinds of bling, empty-headed models

Remunerated exorbitantly for glittering while toiling labourers doing necessary things are paid next-to-nothing

Pratchett’s depiction of the Discworld is bathed in a golden light of happiness everybody joyously engaged

In activities normally depicted as unmitigated Misery; does Pratchett realize how much the positive attitude of his main characters

Contrast with his cynical omnipresent narrator perspective, does he see the juxtaposition between two aspects

His protagonists acting with integrity and his blasé narrative voice, the dualism must cause a war in his mind – verily, I suspect

That is happening at present, while Pratchett is telling a world-weary tale of human nature, his characters are presenting a morality play

He cannot subdue them, cannot force decadence on his characters, they are whiter than snow – how much does this irk him?

I would love to know...

Terry Pratchett ‘Unseen Academicals’ Doubleday 2009
Margaret Alice
Untamed And Free 5.5.2009

Sitting at work on a chair that is
torturing my back, time effectively
dilated to infinity while we are floating
over the surface of reality

All its many vertical dimensions hidden
from our sensory powers, seeing just the
smallest range of light, hearing but a few
frequencies of sound

Imprisoned within biological limitations, with
no effect on our emotions, doing work which
offers no challenges at all, does not stimulate
the imagination

Living within a grinder to cut up our dreams and
kill the spirit until we resemble a machine – well,
luckily I’m the most awkward, useless machine
that has ever been

While time is taking me on its wings in and out of
existence; there is no way to keep my soul enclosed
within meaninglessness; although the outer shell is
useless stupidity

Hidden within is the chrysalis, forever untamed and free;
forever malleable to the power of illusion and fantasy;
forever beyond the reach of the material crushing
machines which they call

The happiness of conformity!

Margaret Alice
Uplifting Discontent

With you in rugby heaven
and me running about looking
for opportunities to cause
trouble and generally light
a fire of uplifting discontent
somewhere – I love people
meeting the discontent, it is
so uplifting to watch them! -
life is simply wonderful...

Margaret Alice
Use The Left Brain’s Limitations

The purpose of life is to learn to use the left brain’s limitations – not to escape from them – in the growing problem of consciousness: Transcendental Meditation can help us escape one-dimensional reality, but a total focus on the right brain leaves us incapable of mastering life and dealing with practical problems - I am sad upon learning this;

Because I have experienced its terrible truth: Shamanistic reading I’ve done as a child made me incapable of enjoying sensory fun; later studies in left-brain pessimistic philosophy left me with a reduced sense of feeling in reality – and a too strong swing back to the sensitive right-brain feelings made it so difficult to cope with

The routine jobs of everyday; my adventures in states of consciousness are still in its beginning stages and I’m starting to doubt that I will ever make some headway, the problem being that I am alone in experimenting with changes in consciousness – except for reading books on the subject, I don’t know anybody who is doing the

Same - all material point out the dangers inherent in this kind of experience; I shall intensely study Colin Wilson’s “Beyond the Occult”, applying the requisite stops before tumbling headlong into the right-brain abyss....

Margaret Alice
'Usurping The Tv...

I don’t mind you usurping
the TV for all the sports
you watch, but this is
just too much –

It is already late and
you have been
watching for
an age!

Margaret Alice
Valentine Locked Away...

To a special, secret Valentine – you don’t know who you are, I have Beeblebroxed my brain, sliced it into compartments, you exist in a secret place - I keep you buried where everyday awareness cannot find a way unto you, no access to the knowledge locked away

Other visions and dreams have been super-imposed over you, you can’t be seen, even I, writing here, don’t know who you are; wishing you a Happy Valentine’s Day, if you get goose-bumps on reading this, it might be you, if you remain cold and unmoved, it never was meant for you...

2009

Margaret Alice
Variations On Mr Tompkins: 1. Stupefied 2. Mr Velikovsky

1. Alice Stupefied

In Merlin’s workroom Alice saw nuclear particles of a quantum material leak through obstacles: Merlin had a model of a volcano representing the repulsive force surrounding an atomic nucleus; when Merlin flipped a ball up the slope, not hard enough to reach the top, it disappeared half-way up, saw the wide-eyed Alice; then the ball re-appeared in the middle of the slope and rolled down again: radioactive alpha-decay, said Merlin; Alice’s eyes growing wider still; the quantum-oak barrier is a repulsive electric force - could be so dense particles would escape only after billions of years, such as in the nucleus of uranium - Alice was stupefied by all she saw...

2. Mr Velikovsky

When Alice woke up she enjoyed tea with the Mad Hatter and then ran off to visit Mr Velikovsky, the author of Worlds in Collision – he explained to the curious Alice that Venus could have been circling Jupiter and then was thrown out of orbit, destabilising earth long ago; exploding supernovae might have caused...
the earth to move on its axis;
the earth’s rotation was once
in an upright position and
it was nearer to the sun;
the days were longer,
there was a permanent
cloud cover and people’s
lives seemed to be longer
also – Alice was quite
overcome on hearing
all these wonderful
things!

Based on “Mr Tompkins in Paperback”, George Gamow

Margaret Alice
Variations: Travelling ng Maxwell’s Demon

1. Alice Travelling

Alice was absolutely thrilled about flying with the Cheshire Cat to deep space, flying through the Milky Way, he showed her the whole galaxy; the sun in the arm of Orion swinging about the centre; moving up and down in the pancake plane of space, like a merry-go-round horse; Alice clapped her hands; the Cheshire Cat showed her how the sun progressed in a corkscrew movement forwards, his minion planets corkscrewing along; then she saw an electrical mirage of a timeless universe where all heavenly bodies appear in all positions at the same time, forming flowing lines instead of little dots, just like a time-lapse photograph of sorts; Alice never had so much fun in all her life!

2. Alice Meeting Maxwell’s Demon

As Alice carried along, she came upon Maxwell’s Demon, tall and lean with olive skin, pointed nose, and eyes burning in an intense glow; and he asked: Would you like to see the law of increasing entropy being broken? – Yes please, Alice said, the Demon took her hand; suddenly everything began to expand, growing big – and she was floating in the air with Maxwell’s Demon, foggy tennis balls were whizzing by, these are water molecules,
explained he; then Alice saw large particles doing the tarantella; what are those, Alice enquired; organic molecules in Brownian motion, the Devil replied; then they saw a wall of packed tennis balls – an ice crystal; Maxwell said; then with a tennis racquet he swatted molecules in one direction; creating furious agitation and molecules escaping through evaporation; suddenly Alice woke up and heard the White Rabbit cry: Holy Entropy, see the moisture boiling round the ice cube; a statistical fluctuation in the law of entropy! Alice smiled as Maxwell’s Demon winked...

3. Music Notes

Alice asked the Crying Mock-Turtle about music notes, he said: Every note has colour and form; the first, middle C, is a red ball; to her astonishment Alice had to draw and colour red balls – But what of the sound? – Just wait, the Crying Mock-Turtle gulped; The second D is an orange icosahedron with six sides; with a paintbrush Alice painted the most beautiful one; The third E is a yellow octahedron; Alice painted yellow four-sided forms galore - And how does it sound? Alice enquired in exasperation, the Mock-Turtle sobbed: Red C pulsates at 288 vibrations per second; orange D at 324 vibrations - But what does it mean? Alice cried; in zoomed Mary Poppins to save the bewildered child: Alice, it means - sing with me: Doh, a deer, a female deer, Ray, a little dropp of sun, Me, a name I call myself...

4. Monochord I: Theories Monochord of Sound Harmonics

Then Alice met Mr Daniel Salter and asked him: Please Sir, why are you writing so furiously? -I’m writing a book called ‘Cosmos Life Clearance’
What is it about? Alice asked; About Pythagoras’ Theories Monochord (such exciting theories had never been mentioned to Alice before) explaining Sound Harmonics form the building blocks of the universe (Alice thought those building blocks were found in quarks!) - red light vibrates at the same wavelength as the sound of the middle-C note, but with many zeros added to that; Chladni’s vibratory physics indicates the shape of a sphere or a ball is formed in producing both middle-C note and red-coloured light – therefore; sound, colour and form are based on the same principles of mathematics – called the Theories Monochord of Sound Harmonics! - What lovely ideas to play with, thought Alice; why don’t grown-ups teach these theories to children?

5. Monochord II: If Only She Understood Zero-Gravity...

Alice listened with wide-eyed wonder as Mr Salter further explained: When we replicate nature’s laws in mathematics, we can use alpha and omega wavelengths to duplicate matter and spirit; implosion – as opposed to explosion - shows that when an atom compresses or collapses violently, like a star collapsing into a dwarf or black hole; a whole new science will provide the formula for using all the free zero-gravity energy surrounding us – which is not based on the use of fossil fuels or nuclear technology – therefore will save our world from destruction – and here he regarded Alice solemnly: Isn’t that the most important thing of all? – She most vigorously agreed; saving the world sounded grand and something to which
she would aspire - if only she understood
what zero-gravity meant!

George Gamow “Mr Tompkins in Paperback”

Margaret Alice
Then Alice came upon Niels Bohr, sitting on a mushroom drawing atomic structures for quantum cells: Who are you and what do you do, asked Alice; I’m Niels Bohr and I create electron tracks – would you like to see an atom? – Yes, Alice eagerly replied, and whoosh! – she swooped through the air, suddenly moving around a nucleus where other electrons were chasing each other along elliptic tracks – Alice had joined the electronic community of a sodium atom – but she felt very lonely as she had no playmate, she had become – a valency electron! – when she complained; Niels Bohr said: Alice, appreciate solitude to contemplate your soul in peace; but just then Alice jumped into the orbit of a chlorine atom and a happy electron of opposite spin welcomed her: Delighted to meet you – come glide along! – Alice was much happier in the chlorine atom than she was in sodium as a valency electron...

George Gamow “Mr Tompkins in Paperback”

Margaret Alice
Velikovsky Explained, Man Shall Be Freed, Upsetting...

Velikovsky lives in a box full of notes under my bed, he said long ago there was no contrast in seasons; the earth turned upright on its axis –

without precession as a zodiacal phenomenon – I must be a soul descended from the prehistory he sees, that would explain my despair as winter grieves again – having left allegedly;

kids swimming, capering in shorts and T-shirts – now a cold spell, the wind stopping Badminton practise in the back-yard, it is far too wild for that – a mean wind which wreaks right from Siberian steppes;

escaped a scene in Dr Zhivago;

wishing I were an actor in that epic – a player in an act by the Marquis de Sade – anything but me in this cosmos where Velikovsky’s theories offer unsettling explanations.

I would gladly defer to Pratchett in Discworld – prefer Sir Simon running around pleasing His Highness – or the three witches planning to win back Magrat than to contemplate Saturn exploding, Venus disrupting Mars and the orbits of Mercury and Earth – I have not found a way of reconciling this with Lobsang Rampa – I’m too tired tonight with winter returned – just like Velikovsky explained
it would have to from this age
and for evermore...

Man Shall Be Freed

The planet earth has been cursed
as the Old Testament explained
I used to think them wrong, how
could it be, but now understand:

Once the earth had no need of rain;
two suns had shined permanently
earth perpendicular in upright position
no seasons to bring snow and blight

A permanent mist covered the earth
gravity was totally different from
what it is today; enormous animals and
human giants, like King Og of Basan in

The Old Testament walked on the earth
then a great cataclysm - Saturn exploding-
topped earth on its axis and natural
forces were unleashed – the Cyclops

of the Greek myths; men and animals
perished together; then the near approach
of Venus - every fifty-two years recurring
caused electrical exchanges - earth was changed

once again – that may have caused the exodus
of Israelites from Egypt – with the ten plagues
the catastrophic phenomena of that event;
leprosy with enforced separation might

have been radiation symptoms and the earth was
cursed - nourishing foliage was stripped; valuable
soil was dispersed - then Venus destroyed Mars
with death of all Martian life; even Mercury was

Forced into a new, unstable course around
the sun; poor earth suffered still and today
the earth still sways wildly like a ship
on a wild sea – let’s hope that in the future

The earth will turn upright again and
find its own Cape of Good Hope
where man shall be freed from
astrogenetic aberration again!

(Footnote to Velikovsky Explained)

Upsetting The Apple-Cart

Maybe it would be better
to watch the TV show Ugly
Betty than trying to read
Velikovsky – his insights
about pre-Adamites; about
giants and a primitive earth
changed through seven stages
of seven main planets; that
some think still might exist
concomitantly, while Velikovsky
feels they refer to seven
different stages; once the
earth received no rain and
was filled with prehistoric
animals like dinosaurs- then
all was changed after the
Flood that brought us Noah;
the earth lost its nourishment
and all people and animals
started to shrink – once the
moon was bigger and brighter
than the sun; then it moved
away; once both moon and Venus
harboured life and then died
through a terrible cataclysm;
once the sun used to shine
continuously and the first
people nearly died in fear
when the sun set for the
first time – my mind is shot;
it cannot bend any more tonight;
I’m trying to find similarities
in all theories; but Velikovsky
is upsetting the apple-cart
that was launched in my mind
by Lobsang Rampa with his
stories based on Tibetan
Monasteries; sitting in front
of the TV with the PC while
Ugly Betty is showing is
driving me completely insane;
maybe Velikovsky with all
his scary ideas is still
better than TV’s Ugly
Duckling tonight...

Margaret Alice
Velvet Atmosphere

Sunday morning 5 September 2008

Ah, the velvet atmosphere of our own local shop, cosy and small, finding everything easily

While the big, new supermarket is garish and cold, a shopping trip becomes a marathon walk

Buying a specific product becomes a mind-boggling exercise, the check-out till a hostile place without goodwill

While our local shop stocks fairies and writing material at the pay-point - I can feast my eyes and delight my mind

Waiting in line to pay; soft lighting, a smiling cashier, a warm atmosphere...

Margaret Alice
Very Best

Learnt orthopaedic surgeons are mechanics who hammer in steel pens, leaving wound care to nurses and lesser beings, Annelise, an old school friend, a nurse who does house calls, came and doctored the wounds, ripped off the hard fabricated shoe so we could tend to Carine's left leg

Declared the wounds beautiful, no infection, Carine teaching others her philosophy of accepting Nico's death, house ringing with voices, ceaseless activity, Carine needs help to the bathroom, something to eat, cream applied, I wash dishes in between, Nici and Tiaan share their views of me

Their serial killer mother out to get them, Tiaan says I drive like a maniac, throws his bleeding body in the street, rejoicing as he expires, Nici says I am a terror who appropriated her boots without asking, Carine my staunch supporter who refutes their lies, the sun shining, Estelle visiting, two babies

Jannie talking to Martin, all warmth and beauty, her boss Koenraad, Leanka and Caylin wearing a crystal necklace - I am so blessed, the mother of children who chose to live, thanking her guardian angels, Carine's biological mother, Leonie; her grandma, Nico who always insisted on -

- The very best for Carine

(2011/05/29)

Margaret Alice
Vibrating Energy - Platonic Solids

Bravely lay upon my bed
aches in arms and legs
discomfort in my head
no-one to talk to, nothing
to be said, continued my
quest for exciting new
terms – for interesting
concepts

Aetheric quantum mechanics
the physics of transmutation in
the vibratory levels of the aether
when approaching speed of light
mass and energy are displaced
into higher vibratory aetheric
densities, differing in energy
and matter quality

Corresponding to the seven
dimensional planes of existence,
alogous to the seven notes of
the diatonic octave, reflected in the
seven colours of the rainbow, re-
presented geometrically by
Chladni’s figures

Vibrating energy appearing
within the form of the
five Platonic solids...

Margaret Alice
Victorious Love 5.3.2009

Some dreamers sing about love in such a way we all want to commit suicide, some depict love as a tale of eternal deception and jealousy, but then one day appears a singer with a new attitude, depicting love in such a way we all kneel at his feet

More than just a troubadour, more than vague visions, he depicts a new reality in which love is true and the world is new, he sings joy and trust into our hearts and gives us hope and ignites a spark that see us through the darkest times, he gives us high ideals, he creates a new way to overcome the vale of tears and find a triumphant, loving, affectionate way to live in victorious love, to discover passion and burst into flame and find the light in ourselves...

Margaret Alice
Overjoyed, a video will be made of translators at work, Hanlie should flick her glossy hair while looking up words in dictionaries.

I shall talk to myself, searching frantically for all kinds of stuff – translators at work would be boring BUT people acting

As if they were translating would be interesting enough, Angelina Jolie pouting at every word cuddling street urchins

Cocking her gun to shoot every irate client on sight, that would promote translators at work no doubt!

“Promotional video with DAC-translators” Prepare yourself to be videoed on Thursday 8 October, from 10:00. It is an HLT project. Surround yourself with dictionaries or whatever. No need to dress up, but let’s not have bare feet or Speedos on display.

Margaret Alice
View-Master Clear

See bright outlines glowing with life
I'm wafting about on the gold ray of joy
a thousand poems to give wings to my feet
though refuses the book that I want
I dream of beautiful things and of God
the blue of the sky is intense everywhere
I tell all staying inside of the marvels out there
autumn is shining in golden sheen
the glittering sun seems to call
sprinkling shiny bits of diamonds on everything
I have to be in the rays of the sun
marvelling in the velvety heat
that caresses the skin
soothing the mind
and helps me to find
joy everywhere!

Margaret Alice
Visions Too Sublime (Rev.)

Should we measure people by ideals and not accomplishments? By this dictum dad is tops, he loves “My Fair Lady” - kept the music score I used for speeches loves “Gone With The Wind” and “Dr Zhivago”, awakening chivalry; idealises my mother, refuses to hear her criticised although acerbic in himself – when measured by his own ideals I love him even more!

Apply this to my mother and she also scores; a gift to rise above conditions even those self made - pleading innocence - amazes; taught me how to tame vicissitudes of life, how not to be a mercenary - her dream of teaching music, getting all of us to sing made my love of tuneful poetry -

with visions of ideals much too sublime for ordinary life....

Margaret Alice
Visiting the museum was not a success, parking was a mess, walking three blocks down while singing happily did not appeal to a thirteen-year old girl who feels her eleven year old brother sends her round the bend, neither kid appreciating the fact that their mother can’t withstand the temptation to try the acoustics of the grand old domed building, dinosaurs were the object, but the crystals and minerals held the real attraction creating a glittering mine where dwarfs could easily be found digging, while the butterflies suggested the presence of fairies – and the little information on dinosaurs did not bode well for the field research part of the science task, each time the subject comes up in my mind, an alarm bell goes off and fear freezes my brain – never again, never-ever again shall I offer to help with school projects, I can’t make it into a game!

Margaret Alice
Voldemort And Death Eaters Appearing Everywhere

Stuck again, can’t continue Harry Potter
Seven, it’s too much for my nerves; I’ve
lost all security with Voldemort and Death
Eaters appearing everywhere - every scene
brings something nasty – if the Death Eaters
aren’t blowing Harry and Hagrid to pieces;
Rita Skeeter’s attacking Dumbledore’s legacy;
then again Death Eaters descend on the
Weasley wedding; when Harry, Ron and
Hermione flee to Tottenham Court Road,
Death Eaters appear in the café – ’tis too
much; I cannot bear so much fear; I’ll
have to prepare mentally before reading
these harrowing scenes; Harry’s fear is
palpable, his stomach burning - Voldemort
even appears in Harry’s head; I’m feeling
nauseous – so much for my theory of
a benevolent universe!

Margaret Alice
I shall vuvuzela and carpediem, found
The Prophetic Nun by Guy Butler in the
library, also Which Witch by Ibbotson as
requested by Nici, added Anastasia
Morningstar by Hazel Hutchins to
make an unequal three

When I play in broken elevator shafts
without reading warning signs, I should
fall down, but looking back to where I
have been I saw there was no shaft, I
had been suspended in the air, did the
angels pull me out

Members of that private investigation
agency in the sky that follow every step
I take, holding me up when I float away
in ecstasy, my brother says floating on
air is impossible, but I still float around
overjoyed because

I am free to explore without fearing
rejection by my fellowmen, as long
as I try my best to come
back again!

Vuvuzela: The trumpet blown at rugby and
cricket matches in South Africa

Margaret Alice
Oh marvelous,
another opportunity for spiritual growth,
tried stewing beef, a new cut of meat,
tasted so good we finished it all, I should have known anything as great would extort the price I’m paying, can’t close my eyes, can’t fall asleep, can’t breathe, scintillating

Just what I need, periods of unlimited reflection,
I’ll be a wreck tomorrow, surviving in my chair, suffering fatigue – just when I make peace with being who I am, with the meaning of life, along comes the allergy, out goes being human; changes me into a minion of hell;

I must have been an outcast before life begun, suffering follows me wherever I go, is it fair? – don’t think so; the bubble I dream is gone – I had been creating it tonight, gone with my thoughts on rewriting life, only thing left is a lonely little insomniac me

Forced into an unwilling vigil, I will not accept the constraints of reality, I’ll keep my eyes on dreams to transcend the limits of chemistry I am indentured to, I shall keep following a star only I can see; my beloved said jokingly the only way he can appreciate a love letter every day is in the company of a twenty rand note, so I had better start writing a note of love - and find twenty rand to see his reaction tomorrow morning - at least this idea makes wakeful sleeplessness more interesting...

Margaret Alice
Warming Mumbo-Jumbo 9.8.2008

With great passion Werner insists human induced climate change is mumbo-jumbo, greenhouse gas being mostly evaporation of water from oceans

Human induced carbon dioxide contributes less than one per cent, man’s influence is small, enforcing the Kyoto Protocol will not decrease global warming

Caused by sunlight reflecting on white polar ice caps and volcanic dust; eleven-year sunspot cycles with energy emissions on sun surface - an atomic-bomb heat-radiation

Earth’s 100 000 year sun orbit with decreasing tilt means even sunlight across continents - less sunlight at poles, no changes in temperatures through seasons; polar ice increases

Earth’s 23 000-year wobble brings turn-around seasons every 12 000 years when North’s summer arrives in December; changing flatness and straightness of cycles

Cause glacial ice ages every 100 000 years; continental drift changes ocean-currents and size of ice fields

Global warming is mainly caused by natural phenomena, the greenhouse effect is very small - very little induced by humans...

Werner Pansegrouw:

Margaret Alice
'Washing Away Pain With My Tears

How could one person hurt another so much by saying such hurtful things, hurting so much an outsider is still burning in their fire, words that empty the world of beauty and safety; how could one person plunge a knife into the heart of another by such callous remarks?

How did my friend stand such an attack; when just the report of such altercation causes such shock? Where do I start to patch my friend’s wounds, how do I start to put him together again? It is unbelievable that one person could take a red-hot poker

And plunge it right into the heart of my friend; it is a wonder he did not bleed to death; I can only share in his pain by my tears; how could another person tear his feelings to pieces; trample his emotions underfoot? Can I help him back into the sun, away from the dark cave of pain

By applying the spikenard of love, anointing his heart with perfumed incense, washing away all pain with my tears? Will he accept my offering?

Margaret Alice
Watching In Total Delight

I wish I could dance like the young people in the program “So You Think You Can Dance” when dancing aspirants are sent to Las Vegas to master all forms of dance and be voted upon by the masses

Totally dedicated, mastering two new dances within the space of a week – while I lose my rhythm completely just trying to gyrate on a dance floor, reduced to the status of a spectator for evermore...

Nothing can stop me from dreaming, when the heroine steps onto the floor, I can visualize myself in her guise, imagining it is me gliding about on the dance floor while my beloved is watching in total delight...

Margaret Alice
'We Are Free 07/11/2009

Mankind is said to be fallen, human race
corrupted by Lucifer’s whiles, world lost,
yet reality is man-made and exploited
by people with ulterior motives

Unprincipled people use creeds – religious,
scientific, material, spiritual, to reduce us
to slavery, no system guarantees goodness
or changes our ability to choose

We cannot control how systems and beliefs
are used, creeds become what we use them
for, people with integrity find love and
sincerity in everything

I admire all who beautify the world through
bravery and loving deeds and accept the
freedom-enhancing aspects of religions,
rejecting claims of exclusive truth

Anything can be realized by me and you
we are free to create and enjoy our
own visions and dreams...

Margaret Alice
'We Are Wonderful 30/11/09

Joy in free expression is my goal, best attained in happy activity, free from the constraints of reality, sink my mind into my heart to free feelings suppressed by exigency, satisfy my desire to find meaning behind deadly routines

A vision of an alternative reality in which the mind is free, in which we do not need drugs to escape the criminal regulations of the structures of civilisation; where our natural integrity shines visibly, where the contents of our thoughts

Are broadcast openly, based on the liberation of our instincts for the first time in this material universe, humanity freed from all repressive measures, discovering we are wonderful our natural proclivities are beautiful, the attempt to stamp out our identity

Was our real downfall!

Margaret Alice
We’re Simpatico 21.08.2009

Me and my brother, we’re simpatico, like-minded in drinking, like-minded in poetry, compatible in paying homage to Bacchanalian feasts, we share the genes of DNA strands that make us seek joy in metaphysical songs and humourous parley

My brother hates McGonagall but love Yeats, I love Victor Hugo and Hopkins as of late I hate McGonagall also, he created an atrocious limerick on the battle of David against Goliath, since I am David while the empire was Goliath who attacked me living peacefully in my country

Willam Topaz McStupidall sang the praises of the bully killing my kin in military rhymes with love-beaming eyes that have poets say they see thankful glares, I find that detestable and joins my brother when he descries weirdos with stupid rhymes...

Margaret Alice

Sitting at work, dreaming of food - what else, got hold of oats and coconut biscuits, creamy white choc-filled, decided since I already felt bad, might as well have some; tasted swell - correction, understatement - tasted marvelous!

Now the happy result, I can pay for my sins, a million-trillion-billion cicadas chirping in my ears, nausea in the stomach, eyes out of focus - yep, all is well, I'm still allergic, succumbing to a range of symptoms

No fear of a cure having been effected; no prayers for release from the thorn in my flesh have been heard, apparently this cross is meant to be borne, I cannot escape in any way; maybe this is the price

I have to pay for my loved ones being safe and my own positive life; so I'll buckle down, wear my pain like a crown...

Margaret Alice
Wearing A Gift Ribbon

After receiving a gift from my sister, I wear the ribbon, a golden stripe on a white background, around my neck and feel like a gift myself, I’m the gift to my family and they are a gift to me

Nici, echoing my feelings about visiting voices who sounded so superior and self-righteous - who cut us right out of the conversation in their self-absorption, Tiaan with his shy smile

My mother with her refusal to learn anything from past experience, my sister with her determined striving for independence and blustering, my brother playing guitar, fixing everything

Dreaming of romance by interpreting a romantic movie literally, if ‘Fifty First Dates’ can have a man wooing his wife everyday, my brother is determined to woo his own wife that way

He is more of a dreamer than me, my sister and he promised to pray for me in the purgatory of the open-plan office; my father with his love for music, offering a big pumpkin from his vegetable garden

And you, succumbing to goodwill, stroking my back while listening to Mozart, touched by carols sung sweetly - this gift ribbon also reminds me of the nativity as the greatest gift fantasy

That’s ever been recounted by history, just waiting to be breathed into life by those who believe and can picture it for themselves...

Margaret Alice
Wednesday Madness 8.13.2008

Had to survive without email, Internet and transversal systems - BAS, LOGIS and PERSAL

Suddenly the day opened wide -
I caught up with administration and learnt -

To my infinite surprise - that I had actually worked during the days gone by; it seemed like such a blur

I couldn't understand where my translations had gone; but completing the register finally traced

My errant documents, safely in the client's hands and ready to be archived forever, another magical moment

In the life of the crocodile...

Margaret Alice
'What Enchantment! 12/10/09

What happened, what enchantment is this
I have been accepted into the family circle,
lost the feeling of alienation, the aggression
out of the air

I read through my text, then everybody wanted
to watch my favourite program, I saw dancing
without having to argue, though I still cannot
complete my work

I am not scared any more – who brought this
about, the consciousness of readers who felt
my fear and rejection or my mother’s prayers,
the help of my brother

Who listened to my tears - allowed to be part
of the group, my silence and good behavior
are bearing fruit, I will try harder in future,
listen with love

Not with fear and rejection, I am fighting my-
self, some of the rebellion melted away, I
accept that being myself is not considerate
enough, I wish to learn

I have no financial sense, want to be a support
for all I love, become more refined, lose some
of my Attila the Hun attitudes, so overjoyed
I must have received

Supernatural help!

Margaret Alice
What Glorious Fun! (Rev.)

This reminds me –
speeding on my bike
twin sister ahead of me
if she doesn’t hesitate I don’t slack off
approaching stop signs down-hill
I accelerate she brakes
suddenly – I cannot

out of the corner of my eye
car seen approaching
pedalling harder – stopping
would have been fatal
sweeping past a pair of shocked
driver’s eyes
he stops – lectures twin
threatens to complain but she gets away;
this does not stop her trying to steer
with hands crossed right over left anyway –
fell – still has the scar across her eye
more concerned about
pulling down her skirt
the blood pouring from her eye
I couldn’t stop
strangers took her for medical help
bicycles are dangerous
but what amazing sensations –
What Glorious Fun!

Margaret Alice
I have no book to take me on a flight
of fantasy tonight, I have no story
book to make a context where I can
escape the feelings in my heart;
no characters imaginary and
lives out of the ordinary

I achieved my goal in truth
translating words material
without the pain of suffering
- no mention of the spiritual;
nothing to preclude me knowing we
bring nothing here at all.

Without empowering refuges to grasp
awakening in thought begetting moral
thought, the grasp of wealth by intellect,
expecting them to pay without our learning
how they’ll earn to pay the costs –
what have we given them – just houses –

Since material wealth without an
understanding of life’s meaning leads
to anti-depressants and mental medicine,
what have we given them? The keys to
our misery it seems; we should judge
their failures as our own...

Margaret Alice
What Is And What Will Be

Visit to the hairdresser done, plain hairstyle to blend with the crowd, to feel non-descript and confident, not self-conscious at all, not standing out amongst the conventional as negligent, the style will do very well, middle-class camouflage, no more imitating Conan The Barbarian, no more resembling Attila the Hun, just an ordinary citizen whose closed face doesn’t give anything away, the visions I’ll take out of reality and confide them to paper where they belong; when the smallness of reality smothers me I shall construct dreams as before; but no pulling dreams back into the sensory world, no more living a fantasy to make reality bearable, a sharper distinction between what is and what will be one day will confer the ability to derive more benefit from today, visions of a new, spiritual world safely kept within my mind’s eye, looking for signs of its speedy arrival, instead of living in a parallel universe, in the future we shall travel and converse with fellow dreamers, until then a sharper distinction will make it possible to accomplish more in a practical way....

Margaret Alice
What You See Is What You Get...

Finished reading Stephanie Dowrick “The Universal Heart”, she makes it clear that life is about choices, and every choice for or against love determines how we feel

Being kind to ourselves and one another will bring us most joy, happiness is a choice and a cynical attitude reflects our own limitations, never the real nature of reality

I LOVE what she says, I love security guards and factory workers, plain people so coarse and honest, who NEVER lie, leaving lying to those with sophistication, the only problem is

I also love refinement and beauty; but sadly have to admit, these lovely attributes are mostly used to cover up moral ambiguities and ethical failings, I’m wary of all who claim a high status -

A superior position, they have all the trappings to cover moral indecency, while the plain man in the street is so easy to read – what you see is what you get...

Margaret Alice
Work Poems: Italian Melodrama With Fake Sobs

Instruction came: “Look up requisition and order numbers of these claims”
I grabbed my Six Italian Plays and ran down the passage, while saying in my best fake Italian accent (herewith best guess as to meaning):

È un mio segreto – it is my secret
Mia risoluzione è irrevocabile – my mind is made up, she said;
“Siete infelice? ” – Are you unhappy? he asked; ... Troppo poco per vivere – too much to live for, she replied;

The Italian melodrama, delivered with fake sobs, made me feel alive - though the heroine wants to drown - -Ad annergarvi! (sob) – it is wonderful playing a game all by myself; making a players passage to Jerry’s office

Margaret Alice
Work Poems: Playing Musical Chairs In Tax Office

Margaret Alice did not master e-filing,
her electronic tax form was all wrong,
the tax office sent her a note come fix
your e-filing form; this morning I went

Took my place on a chair, as the first guy
vacated his chair we all hopped up like
Jack-in-the-box to move to the next
one – I nearly stuck out my tongue

Then my turn at the big desk, got to see
Mr Phaswana, first name Elvis, told him
of the Pratchett I was clutching while
still chuckling,

Elvis retyped my e-filing form to make it
conform to the norm; more people arriving
hopping up and down, making the game
even better to watch

All the while Elvis typed away while
explaining he’d love to learn French
some day – and voilà, before long
the form was done and the tax ghost

Was laid for 2007 – next year the struggle
will begin again, combating e-filing, but
until then – freedom, comrades, freedom
for me; thank you Elvis – most heartily!

Margaret Alice
Came across the acronym RAS, looked it up, time dilation - I stood transfixed by the delight of what I came across:

Rat Sarcoma – who wants to talk about it that much, a rat optometrist?

Radio Astronomy Service – listening to the whispers of the universe, the Big Bang’s background heat softly diffusing over time

Rundfunk-Anstalt Südtirol – how romantic, German radio in Southern Tyrol, the lovely German language with the schwissing sounds of the sea

Redundant Acronym Syndrome - indeed! it is a danger we encounter everywhere, language becomes incomprehensible with al these acronyms around

Restroom Association of Singapore – oh wow, traveling to foreign countries, so exotic, never been to Singapore – never been anywhere, only in the country of my birth

Running and Screaming – I do it all the time, my colleagues warn me of nervous breakdowns,

Running Around Screaming – lovely, like when I practice my yodeling at home and everybody runs away

Returned Activated Sludge – ugh, waste disposal documents I translated

Registered Addiction Specialist – I hope the specialist enjoys his addictions, just as I enjoy mine
Run and Shoot – playing cowboys and crooks
with my brothers when we were still small

Rebellion Against School – only because of
ubiquitous homework, an evil invention, parents
hate school even more, every time projects I did
for my kids receive bad marks

Recursive Acronym Syndrome – lovable isn’t it,
this is why I’m sitting here – paid to look up Acronyms!

Margaret Alice
Provisioning is sadly remiss in paying invoices - we claimed for a service provider, ten years on our list, came the message:

Create a new number in the data base - this one is new, please obtain their identity number – thus I recommend:

Please send us your shoe size and star sign, your favourite movie and actor, mention pizza preference too

You never know whether this information is required for payment to be effected, if outstanding, a delay

Of six weeks at least is guaranteed....

Margaret Alice
Work Poems: Tolylfluanid And Dimethylaminosulfotoluidide & Prince Diazinon

1. Fun

Why would the sum of Tolylfluanid and Dimethylaminosulfotoluidide be expressed as Tolylfluanid?

Clearly Tolylfluanid is a he and Dimethylaminosulfotoluidide is a she, so the kid should proudly carry the name of the father’s clan...

But I’m glad to report the sum of Benomyl and Carbendazim is expressed as Carbendazim making the gender question quite superfluous

If you know what I mean...

2. Last But Not Least – Prince Diazinon

I know, these impressive names could be used in a Terry-Pratchett-type novel about the Discworld - ancient families in the Ramtops and learned scholars at Magic University, though Mustrum Ridcully will always be my favourite, the library
baboon definitely a firm second, as
ewell as Lord Vetinari

Let’s look at the fabulous list of families:

Mr and Mrs Azoxyatrobin, young Chlorfenapyr,
The beautiful Isabella Folpet, Madame Iprodione,
she’d have to be the seamstresses’ leader, I think
Professor Lambda-Cyhalothrin,

That mad Hatter of a guy called Maleic Hydrazide,
Little Metalaxyl, and last but not least –
Prince Diazinon...

Margaret Alice
Every time I do something at work
I am reminded to make a note for
the next round of assessments –
my first reaction is no, I won’t; I
only I did it because it had to be
done; to bring everything down to
a Brownie point system is bad for
my grumbling soul; I don’t want to
compete in the rat race, doing all
things with an eye on the trophy
to be won; to elevate every job
mundane to the status of profit
seems too hypocritical to me; I
normally manage to forget all the
inane things I’ve done during a full
day at work; actually the question
should be: How do you rate your
mood while you were busy; did
you manage to create a feeling
of fun? If you enjoyed what you
did, award yourself ten, if you did
it unwillingly, your soul suffered
a loss and you’ve earned zero; I
would receive mostly zeros along
the way, but at least I’ll know what’s
happening to my soul - isn’t that
what life is about – since we are
non-physical souls incarcerated
in humanbeingdom trying to have
a physical experience; mostly
failing miserably in the area of fun –
next time I run down the passage,
I will be an undercover agent on
a secret mission for a special
someone, and I’ll have loads of fun!

Margaret Alice
“Life Evolved on other planets would not necessarily bear any resemblance to humans.” p.110

Took a voyage through Life, Space and Time to the Ends of the Universe, quantum physicists say there is a parallel universe for every imaginative idea, no matter how strange; therefore

I am delighted to discover the world of Moo, a world with only one-tenth of our gravity, cold except during star-rise and star-set, lifeforms adapted, curling up in the cold

Two large eyes for seeing in dim light, aided by a circle of compound all-round vision eyes to see in bright light; purple gills on top to breathe in thin air, mouth near the ground for eating plants

Rubbing tentacles together to make a conversation, Moo-man interlocking a special tentacle with Moo-woman to reproduce, while she curls protectively around her new offspring

Growing from a different tentacle; she has the sweetest purple face, all Moo-creatures depicted in shades of purple and turquoise, the images are lovely - Moo-man and his Moo-woman look adorable!

Heather Couper & Nigel Henbest “To the Ends of the Universe” Dorling Kindersley,1998, p.110

Margaret Alice
'Would You?

Sparkling Sunday, glittering sunshine and blue sky, supermarket trip for a newspaper, my eye caught by an article about Philippine prisoners dancing Michael Jackson, never knew the YouTube events was real before

When I looked up, you were gone, looking everywhere, saw you leaving, ran to catch up, ‘Why didn’t you indicate you’re leaving when I was distracted?’ – Angry eyes and angry face, accusation in reply ‘I did wait a while - you always get distracted, shopping becomes a one-man show’ - I felt humiliated, hostilities opened again, in future I shall try not to offend; yet some consideration will help human relations, never would I act

That way when I love someone - would you? If you would - if you do - I speak a different language in which humiliation never equates with love, love means something else to me...

Margaret Alice
You Always Tell Me My Thoughts 6.2.2008

'O soete melodie wat droefgeestig draal...'

Amazing how we have to revert to our mother tongue to express really deep feelings
'Duiwelsdrek en bitterasyn, die draak van Drakenstein, belaglikheid op note...'

I shall have to stop frequenting commercial portals, last time was when PoemHunter was ill and went on a tragic blink; I was tempted - My oh my oh my, to think

Of my meeting Tony Danza - just for that reason I started writing poetry, of course, and publishing with strangers and buying crystal awards - 'Uit dieptes gans verlore,

Van redding ver vandaan' - I am sure Afrikaans must touch your soul since you always tell me my thoughts - 'Waar hoop se laaste spore in wanhoop bly vergaan...'

Margaret Alice
Your Presence

THIS reality in which YOU live is more beautiful than dreams, I am content, it would seem you can work wonders with your presence, when you’re there the sun shines, when you speak, you open my heart, when you pronounce, my mind wakes up, with your sonorous voice in my ears I sense the meaning of life

Thank you for teaching me trust by being trustworthy, holding my hand when my fears took me to the brink of an abyss, thank you for turning back as I fell following in your footsteps, thank you for being just who you are; ‘tho others did not comprehend your great spirit and sweet intent – I appreciate you, right here, right now,

Just as you are, without fear that you are a figment of my imagination – because you are not, you are so much bigger than that – no fantasy can reach heights of your stature, you keep growing, and I love reality - at last!

[I posted this poem under my name Margaret Alice Second as my site as Margaret Alice seems overcrowded with poems I don’t want to let go, but when I searched under MA2 I could not find it – so herewith I post it again, please forgive me if it is an overkill...]

Margaret Alice