

Poetry Series

**Margaret Alice**  
**- poems -**

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## 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

oh, so profound, sigh, what delightful flight of fancy...

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, withstanding 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 heroes 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 Bullewors" 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 straightjacket 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

bet they sang ' Om, deine Güte reicht so weit der Scheibenwelt ist', Aria, No.3  
from Cantata No.17: 'Wer Dank opfert, der preiset mich' (Violin 2 Part)  
by Igor Igorowitz Bacharach.

And last night I worked out how James Bond could return to the Nun's era through time travel and rescue Gabrielle – as beautiful as Audrey Hepburn who played the nun in the movie – and take her to her beloved Jean. After working on this comforting scenario, I might try again to read the book, knowing that in several parallel universes all the possibilities and alternatives I can imagine is being realized, because quantum physics says that every time we think of something, the universe splits and our ideas are realized in a newly created alternative universe and Einstein described how all time is stretched out like a movie film.

My thoughts caused two splits taking place: In one scenario James Bond finds his true love in the Audrey-Hepburn nun, and in the second scenario he simply takes the nun back to her beloved Jean. Given this fantastic potential, I must rework the terrible scene where the sick mother of Charlotte Bronte ('author of Jane Eyre') and her children are in the carriage taking them to Haworth parsonage. Every time I read a description of that scene, I cry so much, it takes me ages to get through the first seven pages of the biography on their lives.

It seems to me the mother and kids are forever stuck in that moment in time, every time I return to the story they are still on their way to their doom in that parsonage with its contaminated water from the cemetery where their father did not allow his children to eat meat when they were small, and where his wife and all her children died. I'm going to send James Bond into this scenario – see the universe split - maybe Indiana Jones, if it can be managed – another split – to rescue Charlotte's mother and change Charlotte into a Bond leading lady, so there! No more crying, no more being stuck in pain forever...

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.

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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 Cyclopolian 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 Pratchett 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 Grabiński 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 whatever 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 Niburian 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: 00Tiaan 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 rejoice 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 – yeeeeeah!

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 delete 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 skimpy 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...

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21 January 2009: Ice cream makes a marvelous breakfast, changes my outlook on life, gives me energy to tackle a day crunched 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!

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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...

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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!

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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.

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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.

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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

intimate account of all the evils attendant upon prisons and camps... the 20th century revealed a bad part of humanity...

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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.

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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 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.)

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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 world-view 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!

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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...

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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 disembodies 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...

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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...

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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.

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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 beauty 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 devise 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 Hogwarts 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

alive, cold is zestful pain...

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 whorls 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 illumed 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 Cyclopien 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

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 Cyclopiian 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 probabilities 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')

Hi 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 makes 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

whenever one comes along...

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...

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-existent 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 ghouls  
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...

## ' 2011/04/30 For Carine (Rev.)

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

## ' 2011/04/28 Something Dreadful

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

## ' 2011/04/03 Sad Images (Rev.)

The lonely malnourished Spanish man who lives by himself in a house without a kitchen practising Franciscan-learnt Latin; the lonely widow offering Nicholas Shradly 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 Shradly'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 Shradly; Penguin Books 2000

Margaret Alice

## ' 2011/04/13 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

## ' Quite Satisfied '

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

## ' 2011/04/01 Honour And Respect (Rev.)

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

## ' 2011/04/01 Twice As Much Life

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

## ' 2011/04/06 Lost My Soul (Rev)

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  
thematic, 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

## ' 2011/04/15 My Spirit

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

## ' 2011/05/02 A Magic Vigil (Rev.)

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

## ' 2011/05/05 Smile At Me Again

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

## ' 2011/06/02 Multiverse

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

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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.

-?  
full=true

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Margaret Alice

# ' Arabic Gospel '

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...

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"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...

Deepak Chopra "Life After Death" Rider, Ebury  
Publishing 2006, quotes from pp 2&3

Margaret Alice

## 08.08.2009 Divine Mystery

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 Tell 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

## 08.08.2009 Flavour To Life

"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 my-  
self 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, en-  
sconcing us in the safety of camaraderie as  
happy and carefree, as beautiful and  
reassuring as sunshine to me

They sang Jeremy Taylor's humorous 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 for-  
ever 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



## 10.08.2009 Wu-Chu Kung-Fu

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, side-  
tracked 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 Jacques\*  
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 moederhart 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

## 13.08.2009 A Sweet, Loving Atmosphere

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 adver-  
tisements 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

## 13.08.2009 Holiest Archetype

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...

\*\*\*\*\*

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

Margaret Alice

## 15.08.2009 Commemorate Queen Esther's Date

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

deliverance from their enemies  
through queen Esther's  
intervention

\*\*\*\*\*

## 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:

Homepage (Italian) & Webmaster

Homepage Punti Cardinali - Anastrefo Blog

Webmaster

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, wis-  
dom'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

## 16.07.2009 Sparkles In The Air (Rev.)

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

## 16.08.2009 Midrashic Miracle Missiles

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...

» The Rebbe » Life » Timeline Biography »  
1991: Missiles & Miracles

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

## 17.08.2009 Me And Reality

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

## 18.07.2009 James Bond & Riddick

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

## 20.07.2009 Birimian Belts In Burkina Faso

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

## 20.08.2009 Sophistic Aphorism

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

## 201/09/15 Sacrifice

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:

1. *Reaper Man* – Terry Pratchett – Victor Gollancz, 1991
2. *Phantom of the Opera* – Gaston Leroux, adapted by Andrew Lloyd Webber

Margaret Alice

## '2010/01/04 Cannot Be Taught (Rev.)

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

## 2010/01/10 The One I Love

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



## 2010/01/11 Emotional Machine

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

## '2010/01/12 Madame And Mahatma (Rev.)

(or – Clever With Sums)

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

## 2010/01/14 Susan Boyle's Story

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 re-  
maining 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

## 2010/01/17 Chemical Depression

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 bénisons, 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

## 2010/01/22 Cinderella Tribute

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

## 2010/01/22 Use Of Subterfuge (Rev.)

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

# 2010/01/27 Holographic Paradigm (Rev.)

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

Margaret Alice

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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

## '2010/01/29 Incandescent

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 embel-  
lished 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 orches-  
tra liberated from form and dancing  
in the aisles...

André Rieu "100 Greatest Moments"  
DVD 3 – No.17 'Emperor Waltz'

Margaret Alice

## '2010/02/02 Illegal Sensations

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

## 2010/02/03 Disseminating Hope

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

# '2010/02/06 Tachyon Universe

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

## 2010/02/10 Gateway

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 enfolding 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

## '2010/02/13 Rioting Imagination

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 light-  
house 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

## '2010/02/18 Trust Through Tears

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 faith-  
fully, 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 beauty-  
ful 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

## 2010/02/22 Anaconda Menace (Rev.)

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

## '2010/02/24 Celestial Beings

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 invi-  
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 dan-  
gerous, next time I'll march again to En  
Chantant instead of waltzing to  
Tu t'en va...

Margaret Alice

## '2010/02/26 Great Beyond

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

## 2010/03/01 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 conscious-  
ness 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

## '2010/03/03 Dragon, Gryphon

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 conspi-  
racy theory would vaporize my over-  
zealous colleague typing madly in icy  
accusation against my inactivity,  
feels like I'm turning into lead...

Margaret Alice

## 2010/03/04 Emptiness

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

## '2010/03/04 Fantasize

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 embarrass-  
ment, 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

## 2010/03/04 Midriff-Engirdling Waffle

Lekgoletsi organised an enjoyable female colleague bonding meal ritual at the Wimpy and Motlagosebatho, Mashudu, Machoene Mamokhele, Azwinndini, and Siphesihle 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  
'Déja 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

## 2010/03/13 Ethereal Consciousness

Alice was wandering forlornly through Dr Anabela Cardoso's laboratory when Time-stream Station turned on and Konstantin Raudive's raucous voice announced joyfully 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 forgave 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

## 2010/03/15 Salmagundi

Wordsmith's word of the day, salmagundi  
triggered a heterogeneous mixture of as-  
sociations 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-  
KUNTI 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

## 2010/03/17 Gamboled

Giddy with excitement I gamboled  
about, so happy my filing was done  
so glad to talk to someone who re-  
turned 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

## 2010/03/20 Green Camouflage

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

## 2010/03/23 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

## 2010/03/27 Confidential

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 withdraw 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

## 2010/03/29 Share

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

## 2010/03/31 Musical

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

## 2010/04/01 Sizzling

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

## 2010/04/03 Transformation

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 Communcation" Roy Stemman, Piatkus 2005  
Quoted from pp.266-268

Margaret Alice

## 2010/04/05 Emotions (Rev.)

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

## '2010/04/06 Mystery

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

## 2010/04/15 Eternal Moments

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

## '2010/04/19 Isolation

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

## 2010/04/21 Whispering

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 Amsterdammer

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

## '2010/04/23 Velvet

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 hiccupping 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 Rudolfs

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

## '2010/04/25 Crystals

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

## 2010/04/30 Refuse

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

## 2010/05/04 Exultation

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

## '2010/05/05 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, bestemming, 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

## 2010/05/07 Escape

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

## '2010/05/08 Right

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 swim-  
ming, growing into Bach's warm organ fugues,  
sunbeams dancing to Boccherini's minuet softly  
folding into Peer Gynt...

Margaret Alice

## 2010/05/15 Slice Of Life

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

## '2010/05/16 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

## 2010/05/18 - I Gloat (Rev.)

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

## 2010/05/18 Who Adores You

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

## '2010/05/19 Demotivation (Rev.)

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

## 2010/05/28 Hairbreadth

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

## 2010/05/31 Miss Him

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 ac-  
cording 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

## 2010/06/01 Life Noisy (Rev.)

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 kwaito 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

## 2010/06/02 Sun's Bride

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 Beautiful 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, beautiful 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 Caesar 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

## 2010/06/04 Guilt

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

## '2010/06/05 Golden Rain

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"

Orbis Publishing, London, 1985

"Mother Holle" by the Brothers Grimm p.121 – 125

Margaret Alice

## '2010/06/08 Damasio\* Damaged

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  
Carroll 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

## 2010/06/09 Song

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 Zecheria 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 maxims, 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 mal-  
functions 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

## 2010/06/17 Fire Is Nice

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

## 2010/06/18 Castle

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

## 2010/06/18 Simile (Rev.)

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 ...

Margaret Alice

## 2010/06/21 Dance

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

## 2010/06/21 Impressed (Rev.)

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

## 2010/06/21 Non-Being (Rev.)

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

## 2010/06/22 Angels

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

forget to pray for me...

Leonard Cohen 'Recitation'

Leonard Cohen DVD "Live in London"

Recorded live in concert 17 July 2008

Margaret Alice

## '2010/06/23 Scrumptious

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

## 2010/06/28 Disaster

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 blackguards 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

## '2010/06/29 Golden Song

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  
sandpapering 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

## 2010/06/30 Siren Song (Rev.)

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

Margaret Alice

## 2010/07/02 Leaving

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

## 2010/07/02 Need

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 Carroll, 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

## 2010/07/03 Blame

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...

\*\*\*\*\*

[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

## '2010/07/05 The Poor

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

## 2010/07/06 Monument

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

## 2010/07/08 Opalescent

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

## 2010/07/10 Creating Visions

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

## '2010/07/10 Parables

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

## 2010/07/15 Inner Peace

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

## 2010/07/19 Red-Blooded

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 con-  
sensus - 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 back-  
ground 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

## 2010/07/21 Shivering

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

## 2010/07/22 Burning Coals Sky

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

## 2010/07/23 Imagination

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...

\* "The Spiritual Notebook" Paul Twitchell, Eckankar 1971,  
Second Edition 1990 - quoted from p.97

\*\* "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

## 2010/07/27 One Dream

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

## 2010/08/02 Imagination Alive

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

## '2010/08/04 Love All Aspects

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 sever 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

## 2010/08/06 Secret Agent

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

## 2010/08/07 Great Epic

Finished reading this version of The Mahabharata must return to the beginning with insight regarding the main character Yudhishtira -

son of Dharma, god of moral order and righteousness, therefore Yudhishtira, 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 Yudhishtira, 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\*

"The Mahabharata" retold by Vladimir Miltner, translated by Stephen Finn, Treasure Press, 1991 – \* Quoted from pp.242,243

"Hamlet's Mill" Giorgio De Santillana and Hertha Von Dechend

"Mahabharata" literally means "Great Epic of the Struggle between the Bharata [dynasties]"

Margaret Alice

## 2010/08/08 Self-Doubt

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

## 2010/08/09 Style And Finesse

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

## 2010/08/13 Theosophist

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 super-  
natural 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

## 2010/08/17 Sounds Guide

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

## 2010/08/18 Squalls

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

## 2010/08/19 Fantasy Lines

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

## 2010/08/20 Superspy

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

## 2010/08/22 Being Loved

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

## 2010/08/25 Bookworm

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

## 2010/08/28 Sea Affair

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 al-  
ways 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 dotting 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

## 2010/08/31 Book Of Secrets

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 the sublime...

Margaret Alice

## 2010/09/03 Cry No More

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

## 2010/09/03 I Love

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  
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

## 2010/09/04 Still Cherish

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

## 2010/09/05 Wind's Touch

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 ex-  
plodes 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  
an 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

## 2010/09/07 Consolation

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

## 2010/09/08 Desk Text

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 Klatchian  
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

## 2010/09/08 Introduction

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

## 2010/09/09 Amoxicillin

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 some-  
where else and people scare her, she is never around  
when others appear, but just having her to myself is  
privilege enough...

Margaret Alice

## 2010/09/10 Unbreakable

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

## 2010/09/13 Absolution (Rev.)

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

## 2010/09/13 Fire Mind

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

## 2010/09/14 Maid Maryann

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

Margaret Alice

## 2010/09/17 Miracle

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

## 2010/09/20 Prisons

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

## 2010/09/21 Penal Servitude

Though I sneak peeks at Terry Pratchett's description of an administrative hell in his novel *Eric*, 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

## 2010/09/23 I Cry

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 everywhere 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 beginnings 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 overflowing 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

## 2010/10/19 Vogon Poetry

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 freezed 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 Carrol

Margaret Alice

## 2010/10/27 Traviata Prachettolo

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

## 2010/11/01 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

## 2010/11/01 Dead Inside

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

## 2010/11/02 Need That Tepee

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

## 2010/11/07 Gave Him New Life

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

## 2010/11/28 A Million Faux Pas

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 Muscadet

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

## 2010/11/29 Life's Restaurant

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 Recipriversexcluson 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

## 2010/12/06 Cannot Make Sense

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 with-  
out 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

## 2010/12/10 Unleash My Ardslignish

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

## 2011/01/27 List-Free Infinity

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

## 2011/01/27 Our Materialistic Age

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

## 2011/02/19 Best Poetic Description

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

## 2011/02/23 Fatigue Multiplies

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

## 2011/02/24 Deepening Still

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 un-  
heard-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

## 2011/02/24 Tides Of My Mind (Rev.)

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

## 2011/02/24 Victory Assured

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 - for-  
ever refilling with unending love...

Margaret Alice

## 2011/02/24 Why - You Are Perfect...

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

## 2011/03/02 Communion

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 Shradly 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 Shradly; 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

## 2011/03/04 Embittered

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

## 2011/03/04 What A Privilege

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 Cyclopien 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

## 2011/03/12 Air-Con Cooled

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 Sagittarrear 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

## 2011/03/12 Her Happiness

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 still

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

## 2011/03/17 My Heart Bleeding

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

## 2011/03/17 Terrifyingly Empty

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

# 2011/03/20 Space-Time Event

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

## 2011/03/22 Exalted Being (Rev.)

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

## 2011/03/23 Avenged (Rev.)

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

## 2011/03/25 Gun Fire Facts

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

## 2011/03/25 Life Backwards

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

## 2011/03/28 Forgiveness (Rev.)

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

## 2011/03/30 Cold Invades (Rev.)

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

## '2011/04/06 Intrusion

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?



# 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

## '2011/04/14 Sing And Frolic

Given a new lease on life, my daughter singing with me,  
all our old favourites, Puppet on a String, Wouldn't it be  
Loverly 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

## 2011/04/14 Without Intervening Events (Rev.)

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, drop 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

## 2011/04/26 Break Out (Rev.)

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

## 2011/04/27 Absurd Depression (Rev.)

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 dieticians 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

## 2011/07/02 Enchanting Verdigris

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 antics 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

## 21.07.2009 A Hat With Cupboards

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

## 22.07.2009 Spinning Through Infinity...

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

## 23.07.2009 Cric-Crac, Flic-Flac

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

## 25.07.2009 Evil Femme Fatale

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

## 25.07.2009 Thoughts Manifest In Limited Context

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\*

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.]

\*\*\*\*\*

Uit Dieptes Gans Verlôre\*

Ai, die gesangverse wat in my kop woon  
'n nimmereindigende stroom, sommige  
sal nooit religieus korrek werk nie, 'Daar  
waar in vlekkelose wit die Koning van die  
wêreld sit' is nou eenmaal deur Surfadver-  
tensies oor skitterwit wasgoed gekaap

Eenkeer het die uwe ewe ernstig aan gods-  
diensfanatici verklaar my gunstelingliedjie is  
'Jesus roep my vir 'n sonstraal' - A nee a,  
het die beteweterige 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 sondeskuld...'

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!

\*\*\*\*\*

[\* 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!

\*\*\*\*\*

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 maak.

\*\*\*\*\*

[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.

\*\*\*\*\*

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...”

\*\*\*\*\*

Kumbaya:

Kumbaya, my lord, kumbaya, oh Lord, kumbaya  
Someone’s singing my Lord –  
Someone’s praying my Lord – etc.

\*\*\*\*\*

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.

\*\*\*\*\*

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...

\*\*\*\*\*

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

## 28.07.2009 My Passionate Involvement (Rev.)

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

## 31.07.2009 - os And Statistics (Rev.)

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

## 31.07.2009 1.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  
enchancing 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  
crisis;

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!

Margaret Alice

## '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  
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"  
Abacus, UK,1995 – pp.286 - 297

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, infrastructure  
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

## A Conundrum (Rev.) 7.23.2008

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 exci-  
ting Armageddon proportions,  
may new life-forms evolve  
never conceiving of

'Religion' and 'Duty'!

Margaret Alice

## 'A Fantasy Me 25/10/09

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 dis-  
grace, 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

# A Holographic Universe Is Blurry

“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 In 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 sur-  
prised 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

# A Kind Of Space-Time Machine

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, rela-  
tionships 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

## A Lovely Attitude 5.8.2008

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

## A Melody In Eternity 4.29.2009

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

## A Memory Of Undying Love 4.22.2008

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: govern-  
ment 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

## 'A Mystagogue 27/09/09

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 Universty 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!

David Regan "Experience The Mystery" Pastoral  
Possibilities for Christian Mystagogy - Geoffrey  
Chapman, London, 1994 pp.1-22

Margaret Alice

# 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

# A Nuclear Explosion In My Head 7.10.2008

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

## A Piano Played Beautiful Roses 6.4.2008

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

# A Sea Of Criticism 11.09.2009

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

## A Song-Filled, Fairytale Day 4.15.2009

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

## 'A Spoonful Crime 03/11/2009

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 miscon-  
ceptions 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 im-  
mediately, 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

## 'A Tragic Hero À La Shakespeare

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 news-  
papers 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

## A Waffle Or Two

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 acti-  
vities, 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

## Ad Hoc Task Security Guard 14.09.09

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: Ruiters 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

## Afr: 'n Dam Vol Ellende En Klagtes\* 8.4.2008

'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, polemieks 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 wêreldbevolking 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  
verpligtinge 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 ver-  
kwansel 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 hulle 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

## Afr: Drome In Geometriese Patrone 8.6.2008

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 geles, 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,  
negatiewiteit 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

## Afr: Een Hoog-Hollandse Loflied 8.5.2008

- In die Tuisgemaakte Styl Van Die Wilde  
Raubenheimers, Theunis Krogh -

Ik hebben mij een grote geest gevonden,  
een ware dichterlijke man, hij heeft zelf  
geproclameerd hij zijn alreeds gewild by  
allemaal 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

## Afr: Jy Kan Maar Legkaarte Bou 7.30.2008

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

Twee verveelde Ingilsmanne 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 pragmaties

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 taal-  
perde rond te jaag en ritrympies en limerieke  
te maak - dan weer

Pseudo-filosofiese stellings as poësie te laat poseer  
soos die kwaai onnie uit Engeland 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 sorgelose 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 grasia 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 beginsels

En ken die verskil tussen Reg en Verkeerd...

Margaret Alice

## Afr: 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

# Afr: Suffering Purgatory / Smarte Van Vagevuur

6.17.2008

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 'doodneerslaanglansend' beskryf-ek sien die woorde slang en gans in daardie term

En 'doodneerslaan' klink asof iemand jou met 'n knopkierie platslaan of met 'n panga uithaal – 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

## Afr: Verydeling V. Ideale [ideals Destroyed] 7.1.2008

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 ge-  
kanselleer; 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 skoon-  
heid 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

## Afr: Vir Die Aardigheid Gelees – Babilon\* 7.5.2008

“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 rympie 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  
boererympies 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

# Afr: Visioene Van 'n Nuwe Aarde Optower 7.31.2008

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 verantwoordelikheid vir die toestand waarin die wêreld verkeer; dan kan ons alternatiewe op die werklikheid 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 relativiteit en Zen-Buddhisme; dit maak nuwe wêrelde 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

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 meesleur, Gerhard Butler - die  
tragiese phantom - sal nuwe drome ontvou, die  
wonderbaarlike einde van begrip en vergifnis

Van onvoorwaardelike 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 skooltrappe 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  
stukkies 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 Rebhoff': 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 gooi 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 gooi 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 geplaaste 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 gooi 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 Astrodeikton 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 Mnr. Schoonbee  
op sy viool gespeel het

Vreugdevol saam Tessa uit die Kaap  
weggelopen 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 nagmaakte 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 Okefenokee-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 tydbroeks-  
pypdinge 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  
digterlike 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 guitig 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

# Alienation Of Cosmological Whimsy (Rev.)

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

# All Mental Anguish Welcomed

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 circum-  
stance 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

## Always Yearning For A Different Life 6.22.2008

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

## 'Ambassadresspeak (Rev.)

So concerned about our need –  
offered Embassy protection, all  
the needed services for one  
whose Norwegian left him with-  
out 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

## An Element Of Fun 7.22.2008

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

# An Eternity Of Time Unlimited (Rev.) 6.19.2008

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 un-  
focused; 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 Foreverness

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 foreverness...

Margaret Alice

## Anchored In Some Mental (Rev.)

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,  
never 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

## 'And I Cry (Rev.) 07/10/09

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

# Andre Rieu, A Strauss Waltz Or Two 1 July 2009

Snowflakes, water crystals, Indra's pearls and you,  
Andre Rieu, a Strauss Waltz or two, Die Fledermaus,  
Ballarini, 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 Lily pad, 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

# Art Multidimensional, Free & Elemental 4.28.2008

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

## 'Ascend (Rev.) 20/11/09

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 airport, 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

## Auto-Sun-Shades 23 June 2009

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

# Barbarian Reptile 19 September 2008

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

## Be Joyous 30.08.2009

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

# 'Beautiful Images Of A Safe Future World

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

# Beautiful Vibratory Forms

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

# Beauty And Wonder Within

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 –  
hubby 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

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 un-  
conditionally 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

## Beeblebroxing My Brain C.6.28.2008

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...

Eva Ibbotson "Which Witch? " MacMillan,1979

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

# Bewitching My Mind (Rev.) 4.5.2009

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

# Biggest Loss Indeed 5.27.2009

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 re-  
placing 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

# Blessed Realms Of Magical Mayhem 4.24.2008

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

# 'Blessed Unconsciousness 09/10/09

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

# Blood-And-Thunder-Adventure

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 end-  
less 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 Amarah Quan Yin  
Teaching Yourself Astronomy by Patrick Moore,  
The Universe and The Earth - MacDonald,  
Solar System - Time-Life Books, The Best-Ever  
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

Seen Me Coming – Louise Brindley, The Primal  
Scream – Arthur Janov, Fatherhood – Bill Cosby,  
The Individual And Mass Events – Jane Roberts,  
The Atlantis Enigma – Herbie Brennan

The Phantom Tollbooth – Norton Juster, Emotions  
And Health – Padus, Emotional Intelligence – D.  
Goleman, The Road Less Travelled – M. Scott  
Peck, Towards Emotional Literacy – Susie  
Orbach, Atlantis – Myth Or Reality? – Murry  
Hope; 2006:

□

The Mammoth Encyclopedia Of Unsolved Mysteries -  
Colin Wilson, Manaka – Pieter Pieterse, Which Witch? -  
Eva Ibbotson, Frontiers of Reality, Visions And Prophecies,  
Mind Over Matter, Psychic Powers, Cosmic Connections,  
When The Sky Fell – In Search of Atlantis – Rand & Rose  
Flem-Ath

Atlantis, The Lost Continent Revealed – Charles Berlitz,  
The Stones Of Atlantis – David Zinc, The Ice Age – Past  
And Present – Brian S. John, Dinosaurs – Benton, Gem  
Stones – Dorling, The Encyclopedia of Stars and Planets-  
Rukl;

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

# 'Bound And Gagged (Rev.)

22/10/09

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 re-  
fused 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

# Budesonide

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

## Business Course Joy! 6 July 2009

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

# Business Writing Course 3 July 2009

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  
caught 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

Stanton and Rodegast "The Choice for Love" Bantam Books, 1989

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 sunshine 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

# Cat Attacks, Fun, Fault, Right Answer 5.3.2008

## 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 W&#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 under-  
standing; when trans-  
lating 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 ...

Margaret Alice

# Catachresis

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

# Cathedral Peace 11.09.2009

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 restau-  
rants, 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 - Multi-  
term 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

## 'Cheshire Cat Grinned 16/11/09

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

## 'Chocolate - Alcohol (Rev) 29/10/2009

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 undigestible 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

## 'Chord Of Beauty 15/10/09

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...

Jeanne Goosen Article "Russiese Feëverhale uit die Anglo Boere-oorlog", Rapport - Boeke, 2 August 2009, p.3

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

# Colleagues Refuse To Sing And Laugh

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...

Judith Stanton and Pat Rodegast "The Choice For Love"  
Introduction by Ram Dass, Bantam Books, 1989, p.219

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

## Concept Of Pain (Rev.)

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,  
noises 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

# Confabulation 09.09.2009

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

# Confuses Me More Than Clarifying Anything

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 con-  
ditioned 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 Be Happy At Last? (Edited)

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  
recalcitrant 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!

Jane Roberts "The Eternal Validity of the Soul, "  
Prentice-Hall,1972 pp.400-402.

Margaret Alice

# Consciousness, Awareness And Beauty

## 1. Consciousness

Consciousness – an  
extension of our  
vague, waded 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  
inflate on the inside when  
playing at being more  
than an ape - primitive  
violence regresses 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 Fairytale-land;  
the toad, the frog, the flying pig  
the fairies, the elves - as well as  
the crocodiles....

Margaret Alice

# Contraband First

Friday 3 October 2008

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

# Cricket King

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

## 'Crime: Being Me 25/10/2009

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

## 'Crocodile Appetite (Rev.) 04/11/09

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 mammals!

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

# Crocodile Chronicles 1 - 7

Suzie Malin "Love at First Sight"

Rae Orion "Astronomy for Dummies"

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

## Crush Camouflage Dreams B.6.28.2008

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 disappoint-  
ment, 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

# 'Crying And Laughing 09/10/09

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 Crystalline  
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 begin-  
ning, 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

# Dance In Ecstasy 09.09.2009

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 Alfredo 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 wizened 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-vernment, o-o-oh goo-vernment, 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

Ululating 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 des-  
cribing 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

# Darwin's Natural Selection Mystery

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

# Daskalos And The Demon

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

# Daydreams Enough To Make The Devil Recoil

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

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

- - Lamtie-tie damtie-tie 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)

Lamtie-tie damtie-tie 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 boompjetjie  
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

## Death Of A Mangly Troll 5.14.2008

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



# '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 sa-  
tisfied without their victims receiving feed-  
back, we are stuck in a web of forms de-  
claring 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

# 'Delicious Theory 05/11/2009

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

## Delighted, Delirious! 22.09.09

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

## 'Delirious With Joy! 17/11/2009

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

## Deluded By Warped Idea Of Love 5.10.2008

Fritzl is his name, "protection" is the game he played, simply cashing in on the lack of respect for freedom that 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...



# 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

# Determine What Sin & I'll Be Sorry For My Ideas

## 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 Vagon  
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,  
never 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

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 re-  
deem his soul by endless love and tender-  
ness, 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 good-  
ness 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

## 'Diary Notes 30/10/09

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 ex-  
tinguish 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 as state of  
humility!

Margaret Alice

# Die Easily Whenever Required

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 my-  
self; 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

# Dismiss Nonsensical Things Like Evidence 7.18.2008

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

Medlley:

## 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

# Doing My Best To Please Management 7.11.2008

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

## 'Doleful Soul 27/11/09

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 documents, 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 pantaloons 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  
samosas 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 samosas 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  
went 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

## 'Dreams In The Wings 16/11/09

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

## Dreams Into Reality 4.11.2009

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 preacherman 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 maligned  
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

## 'Ecstasy And Pain (Rev.2) 07/10/09

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

# 'Empower Dissent 13/11/2009

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, stuer interplanetêr, Kuborg – kubernetiese  
robot; dempveld, sigskerms, ligvaart, ravyn,  
kragveld, sterrestelsel en ontbrandings-  
enjin, vormstoel 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

# Enchantment Of Bureaucratic Speak 7.28.2008

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

## 'English Is Global 17/11

"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

# Ere The Knowledge Blow Their Brains

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 DSCR, concerning four key areas of CAF.

The Growth Strategy and Poverty Reduction Document DSCR and Priority Action Program PAP are finalized for the implementation of the DSCR national reconstruction efforts, and

Agencies in the United Nations System UNS 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

# Esoteric: Astrogenetic Family, Fear Myself, Atilla

## 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 Cottrener'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 en-  
chanting 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 Triclorethane – 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: Ob-  
viously Mr Trichlorethane 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 & Fornication & Fine Criminal Mind

## 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...



# 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 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 my imagination!

Margaret Alice

# Existentialism: 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 Thokozile 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 every-  
where; 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

## F: Snegourka, The Snow Maiden

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

## F: The Most Beautiful Blue...

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

# Fairy Tale For Grown Ups 1,2 & 3

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

# Fairy Tale Life C.18 September 2008

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

## Family Matters: You Were Once...

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-TA-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

conducted  
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

## Family: Opposites In Synergy

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

## Family: Rosy With Exercise - Delighted With The Day

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

## Family: September Birthday Wish Nici

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  
lunch, 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 do 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

## Fantasy: Baron Boris Von Bigwigsburg\*

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

# Fantasy: Camouflage Cover Tracks Of Incognito Spy

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 Scots opposed it  
on the grounds that in a free country  
no man was bound to understand himself  
or let others understand him...

Charles Kingsley "The Water Babies" p.118 & 119

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

# Fantasy: Seven Baby Dragonlets, Cake-And-Icing

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  
Fairytale – 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

# Fantasy: Withdraw Into Fantasy, Favourite Things

## 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 abnormal,

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 consciousness...

## 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, hysterics 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 5.52008

'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

# Feelings: Black Hole Brain, Life Is A Curse

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!



# 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  
thought 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...

Margaret Alice

# 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 "ghommaliédjies" 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-foot-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 Jaberresque Sighs And Wilkinsonian Lines

Staring with unseeing eyes,  
dreaming Jaberresque sighs  
and Wilkinsonian lines that  
harmonise with uplifting  
ideals in flowing rhymes

My romantic heart is blown  
away by what the poets say,  
Ivanescque 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; losing 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!

Margaret Alice

# 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...

Glennnyce 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

\* 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 Wiedersehen, 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

# Feelings: Shamefaced, Too Tired, Pain Leaves Nothing

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

things 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 respite; 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...



# 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

## 'Find Such Fun 03/10/09

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

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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 babbelaas, vers 10 is  
net so snaaks: Ver van my uit diep mishae  
vir my plaë het my vriende weggegaan, selfs  
verwante wil nie bly nie naby my nie

Dit was woës, 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 ontluister  
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 your 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

## Five Minutes Of Work 4.23.2009

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

# Five Poems To Ponder - Invitation To The Dance

## 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 goosebumps – 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;

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-  
maining 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

## 'Floating On Nothingness 05/10/09

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 com-  
pany 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

# Found Out To Be Naked, Exposing Themselves

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 féérique...

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 –  
vous 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  
c'est 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 la

Quand personne n'est la  
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 la  
c'est ça - 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

## Fr: Je Suis Général Baruku

'Bonjour, je suis Général Baruku,  
je suis de la planète du Congo' - et  
je répons: '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!

Et je continue: 'Il ya [sanglot]  
un courant d'air; voulez-vous  
fermer la fenêtre...' 'Mon  
général Baruku, avez-vous  
votre carte d'embarcation?  
Et le petit déjeuner, ca fait  
bien, non? Vous avez bien  
dormi? Vous êtes content? '

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,  
nous 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

## Free As A Bird 27.08.2009

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

# 'Freedom 31/10/09

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  
-FREEDOM

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

# 'Freedom Curtailed 01/11/2009

The Angels of Mons World War I - 1914

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

retreated towards Paris.

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

## Freedom Curtailed 4.25.2009

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

# Freedom To Read And Contemplate (Rev.)

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....

Joe Fisher "Hungry Ghosts" Grafton Books 1991

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

# French: Pour Professeur Binam Bikoi Du Cameroun

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 peut 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

# From Ballarini To Baldacchini 2 July 2009

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

\*\*\*\*\*

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

## Future World (Rev)

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...

John C. Maxwell "The Maxwell Daily Reader" Thomas Nelson 2007  
pp.235 – 261

\* Walt Disney "Alice In Wonderland"

Margaret Alice

# God Gives Me Strength To Conquer All

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 On Wikipedia 6.11.2009

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

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

## Golden Light (Rev.) 6.8.2009

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

## 'Good To Be Bad 08/11/09

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 disadvan-  
taged 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

## Goodness And Love (Rev)

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

## Grabianski Is Magical 3.28.2009

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

## 'Grandma Margaret Alice 04/12/09

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

# Grave Event Of Great Portent 5.16.2009

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 at-  
tracted 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 wis-  
dom 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 mira-  
culous, 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 disappearate\*;  
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 Failed To Get Mugged Or Killed

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

## He Croons I Swoon 12.09.09

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 'dodderly  
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, air-  
brushing 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

# Heaven On Earth

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

## Hedonism Is Never Enough 6.24.08

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...

\* Irving Wallace 'The Nympho' Corgi, 1973, p.30

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 any-  
thing required of you

Your brain refusing to  
acknowledge a single  
term or norm or re-  
quirement

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

Regard 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

## How Terrible His Fate 7.20.2008

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

## How To Break Free (Rev) 6.9.2008

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

# Hurricane Of Emotion 5.21.2009

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 an-  
nihilitating 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 Disc-  
world 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 Pratchett's "A Hat Full Of Sky"  
Susan: Death's granddaughter in Terry Pratchett'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 re-  
sonant, 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 flight,  
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 errand, 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 ghoulish, 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 con-  
templation 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

# I Only Imitate Them, Joyously Entranced 6.11.2008

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  
illusions 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. Rowling: 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 Want More (Rev.) 08/10/09

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 fiiha – 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 Went And Got My Friends

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...

Margaret Alice

## 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

## I'll Show You Enthusiasm (Rev) 6.26.2008

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 merci-  
less 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 losing 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  
squandered 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 lightning 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...



# 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 space-ships 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

# Illegal Desire To Be Alive 5 July 2009

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,  
never 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, agri-  
culture, 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 than 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

## Individualism Offence (Rev.) 05.09.2009

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

# Inner Self Can't Be Destroyed 5.14.2008

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

## Into The Veld For Sheer Spite 6.01.2008

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, reconfi-  
guring 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

## 'Jacaranda Season 09/11/09

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 de-  
light, 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 be-  
come another human being, all messed up

Margaret Alice

## Jim Miller's "klokkie Wals" 20/09/09

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

# Joie De Vivre: Having Brobdingnagian Fun

I had Brobdingnagian fun recently,  
staring in amazement at a lady in  
Herero traditional wear –  
concluding then and there that my  
choice of the traditional would be  
a Marie Antoinette dress, complete  
with roses on the bodice, and as I  
pass people will whisper behind their  
hands: Look at that Brobdingnagian  
dress, it must be commensurate with a  
Brobdingnagian ego - I would simply  
pass them by, dancing to the tune of  
a minuet 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 un-  
willing 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  
enchanted 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  
caught 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 strain-  
ing to hear the sparkling colours

A dance of shimmering brightness,  
hands longing to feel the glowing  
greens, lips burning to cover the  
enchanted 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 under-  
water 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  
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...

Jane Roberts "The Individual and the Nature of Mass Events" p.290,291

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 im-  
possible to  
realize my  
dream of  
improve-  
ment

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

&#8195; &#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.



## Let's Forget About Tomorrow `cause...

Tonight I danced my sorrows away, jumping to Pampoen and high-stepping to the tune of Kaboemmielies 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

Kaboemmielies = 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 10 July 2009

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  
jewels 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

# Light Is The Key To The Universe

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

# Light Unto Ourselves In A State Of Health

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-  
ing 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

# Lineweaver's Mystery Tale (Rev.)

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...

"Aeons – The Search for the Beginning of Time" by Martin Gorst,  
published by Fourth Estate, a division of HarperCollins Publishers  
in Great Britain, 2001 – pp.268-274

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 ac-  
colade, 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

# 'Little Alien In My Head

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

## Little Hullabaloo 23 June 2009

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

## Living A Violent Life 6.19.2008

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  
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 relation-  
ship 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 Hedge-  
hog 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

# Love Can Only Exist In A Free Universe 6.17.2008

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 them-  
selves 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 con-  
stricting 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

# Love Equations - Practice Makes Perfect

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

## Love Wise And Kind 4. (Rev.)

'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 dew-drops, 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 Tiffany 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

## Lovely Excuse (Rev.) 22.09.09

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 Sudoku 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 clasp 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

# Magic Ring Of Secret Friendship (Rev.)

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?

"Aeons – The Search for the Beginning of Time" by Martin Gorst, published by Fourth Estate, a division of HarperCollins Publishers Great Britain, 2001

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

## Mcgonagall For Succour 6.5.2008

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

# Medical Mayhem Or Madness 1july 2009

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

# 'Meditating Monks On The Ramtop Mountains

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

# Memories Of Very Good Times 5.14.2008

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

# Memory Shines

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

## 'Mind Laser 26/10/2009

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

## 'Mind Session Ends 12/11/2009

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 Testa-  
ment 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, con-  
fusion 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

# Mon Petit Prince & Most Wonderful Fellow

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

## More Replete Than I Should Be (Rev.)

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  
caresses 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 blubbering  
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 use-  
less political instrument, only fit for little  
rhymes and small limericks, not  
fit for dramatic, world-shattering  
political statements at all!

Margaret Alice

## 'Mother 22/09/09

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 & French Into English & Kissing In Public

## 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, Alhamdulillah

### 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  
caught 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;  
never 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 Kaboemmielies - 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 con-  
sume 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

## My Highest Ideal...

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

# 'My Home Galaxy In Another Universe

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

# My Right To Idiocy 7.24.2008

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 soopies 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

'Pleiadian Perspectives' by Amarah  
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

# Myths: Guardian Of All Lovers On Earth

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...

Quotations from "The Moon and Lovely Rohini" appearing in "At the End of the Rainbow" – Legends of the Sun, Moon and Stars, Orbis Publishing 1984, pp.51-55.

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 cease-  
lessly, 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 papperazzi and us watching them  
in fascination daily....

George Gamow "Mr Tompkins in Paperback"  
Canto edition 2002; pp.81,86,87,88



# '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:  
never 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

## Never Feel Like Going In Right Direction 6.16.2008

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

## New Expression To Analyse 5.23.2008

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

# Next Instalment Please 5.9.2009

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 lament losing  
my little girl...

12 September 2009

Margaret Alice

## Nici's Wonderful Presence 13.09.09

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 Malfiguration

All ending in a vicious rotation  
back at university – listening to the  
choir's deadly incantation resulting in  
spiritual malfiguration 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 in-  
sisted with vehemence

June regarded her with intrigued amusement  
we never tender, thus no need to bestir our-  
selves 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

# Nonplussed Equanimity

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

## Not Allowed (Rev.)

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

## Not Good Enough 12 June 2009

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

# Nothing Can Be Proven

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

difficult!

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

# Oblivion

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

## 'Oe Là Là 30/09/09

Exploring the Cape West Coast, bought  
a treasure in Malmesbury, a 1958-Psalms  
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, "bemoaning" 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...



# 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

## 'On Autopilot 18/11/09

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  
enchanted (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

# One Man Show, Playing The Piano

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 govern-  
ment 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 concen-  
tration 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

## P5. A Paradigm Shift À La Kuhn

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 Neanderthals  
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

# Paradigm Of Much-Maligned Metaphysics 7.19.2008

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 losing 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 six-  
teen, 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 meta-  
physical 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, re-  
membering 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 honorary  
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

# Phantasmagorical 6 - 1

Rearranged hubby's pencil sketch  
etched in steel against the wall  
attached a butterfly in blue, eyeing  
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 Grimblees 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 Liefeling,  
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  
drabest 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  
imagination....

Margaret Alice

# Philosophy: Life Curse Pass Soon Enough

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

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

# Philosophy: Link Between Mystical And Imagination

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 Schwartz, 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 Question

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...

\*John Payne "Omni Reveals The Four Principles Of Creation"  
Dr Hiroshi Motoyama "Karma and Reincarnation"

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 Sithchin!

- 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.

Wiseman, P.J. Ancient records and the structure of Genesis: a case for literary unity. T. Nelson Publishers, c1985.

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 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

# Phislosphy: Acceptance Way Beyond Endearment

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  
unequaled 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 won-  
derful - while I saw three people locked  
in mortal combat; I dislike it when I am  
coerced into rejecting

The evidence of my senses simply be-  
cause she refuses to face the truth that  
they are living a cold war, every facial ex-  
pression, her body language and voice in-  
flexion 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

## Pole-Dancing Hat Stands (Rev.) 08.09.2009

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

# Political: Freedom Before Responsibility

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

## Political: Snow-White The Brave In Africa

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 Mbeki's 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

# 'Porcelain Doll 06/11/09

General-clothespress-inspector-head-super-intendent 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

# Prachett, Chips, Priorities, Adventure, Soul, Delight, Price, Life

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

Ludmilla 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!



# Pratchett: A Dwarf Becoming Golem

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

## 'Prism-Pressed 30/11/09

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 back-  
ground 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

# Prof Duplessis And Tannie Yvonne

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

# Progeny Of 21st Century 4.28.2009

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@]

Margaret Alice

# Projections Of Our Own Dreaming Selves 4.26.2008

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-empower-  
ment, 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

# Qassam And Zakat 6.22.2009

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

## 'Q-Fixed Fountain-Pen 31/10/09

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-Rolux salesman-  
alien 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  
prophecy 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:

Angèlique et la dèmone, 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, losing 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

# Reconfigure A New Route For My Mind 6.1.2008

## 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 deli-  
cious 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

# Red-Hot Sensations & Flee From The Pain

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

## 'Reincarnational Lives 27/12/09

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

# Release Little Alien 20.08.2009

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 divorcee 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

# Resigned, Resigned, Resigned

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

# Ripples & Quantum Convulsions 4.16.2009

...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

# 'Role Of Idiot 24/10/2009

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

Terry Pratchett "Eric" Vista Edition 1996  
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, contem-  
plating 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

## Same Sweet Intoxication 11.8.2008

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

# Sartorial Company 10.09.2009

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, cor-  
respondents 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

## Saving My Kids... (Rev.)

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,  
never 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

# Scale Of Mental Evolution

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 electro-  
magnetism 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

## Scenes Distilled From The Source Text 5.08.2008

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 5.1.2009

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, ahahah ahah 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, ahahah ahah ahaah, I'll never insist, for anybody, I'll never-ever insist...

Margaret Alice

## Science: Alice Plays Croquet, Paints Roses Red

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 vortexformation 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

## Science: Mr Tompkins: Gamma-Ray Tunes

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  
spiraling 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-  
ness.

&#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!



# Science: Time Tapestry, Times Exist Simultaneously

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 Messiah 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

# Science: Used Vibrational Patterns To Develop Writing

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

# 'Self-Defeating Behavior To Self-Destructive Choice

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

# Sent Loving Energy

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

## Serene, Beautiful 9.8.2008

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

# Service Delivery And Anti-Gravity

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

## 'Shades Of Blue; Threads Of Gold (Rev)

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;

Lapses in consciousness weave through  
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

## 'Shantaram - Love Purified 05/12/09

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

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

# 'Shantaram 29/11/09

[pp.270-404]

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

# 'Shantaram Reading Shantaram 28/11/09

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, be-  
comes 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 Bom-  
bay – the delight that sings in his feelings

Enchanting my mind!

Gregory David Roberts "Shantaram" Abacus 2004  
pp.1-35

Margaret Alice

# Sheer Grandeur Of The Ideal

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

# Shotokan Pose, Reptile Docile, Give Me Leave

## 4.25.2008

### 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  
slepped 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!

\* “Silver Klokkies”

Margaret Alice

## Shrapnel Of Warbled Tune 11.09.2009

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 col-  
leagues 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, Abeheid-schi 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

# Sing In My Ears 4.26.2009

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

## 'Sing Nikhilananda 28/10/2009

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 Mabharata, atomic  
bombs; as for purification and ethics, I have  
seen enough in religion and humanism, be-  
lieving 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

## Sixth Flavour: Spearmint 12 July 2009

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

## Slain By Hungary's King 9.6.2008

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

## Snake Of Humiliation 26.08.2009

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

## 'So Virtuous! 14/10/09

I realize that I am myself at home  
singing and laughing, played with  
the lyrics of My fair Lady; transla-  
ted 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 DSCRIP; 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

Margaret Alice

## Soft Peach Rose (Rev.) 14 July 2009

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

# Something Sweet And Chocolaty

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

## 'Songs Sing 05/11/2009

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...

Margaret Alice

# Speed Intoxicates 5.17.2008

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

# Spinning Like Candy-Floss Filaments (Rev) 6.13.2008

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,  
expectation 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

# Springbok Fairytale 31.08.2009

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

# Spy Girl Of Highest Principle 04.09.2009

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

## Staring, Eyes Burning, At The Magic Vision....

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 Rumpelstilzken  
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 judging  
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 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 meandering 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 surfacing, 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"  
Abacus, UK, 1995 - pp.137 - 145

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 accep-  
tance, 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 determi-  
nation 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! "

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

# Swallowed By A Dragon Myself (Rev.) 7.4.2008

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

## 'Sweetest Paragon (Rev.) 8/10/09

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

## Sweetness Of Love 8.22.2008

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

## 'Tally With Reality 17/11/09

Time to prepare for tomorrow, to change  
my dial from happiness to sorrow, getting  
ready to charge the next hurdle, the ubi-  
quitous 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 inno-  
vative 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

# Tap Into The Minds

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 disdainning 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 Cyclopiian 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

## Teach Me To Overcome 5.26.08

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 embarrassingly 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

# Technicolour Dreamcoat 20.08.2009

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

# Terrible Misunderstandings

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  
enchanted 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 voilà! 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...



# 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

# The Dimension Of Compassion 5.26.2008

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 universe 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 Provence 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,  
wearing 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...

Leo Buscaglia "Love" Souvenir Press, 1984  
pp.8-9

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

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

# 'The Iron Mask 01/12/09

I regarded the arrogant being  
that was me, regarded the mess  
he made, turned and walked away

returned with soldiers and guards  
trussed 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 base-  
ment; 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

Betsy Byars "The Computer Nut" 1984 - p.138

Margaret Alice

# The Magnetic Power Of Love Is A Glue

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

# The Maiden's Prayer—a Loving, True Father

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 - Liefeling - 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  
enchancing 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  
“distracted” 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 your-  
self, away from your own mind

Observing self from somewhere else, as private  
as a circus artist high above, soon becomes un-  
comfortable - 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

# The Sky Being No Limit 6.29.2008

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

# The Snow Queen 1. (Rev.) 22 August 2008

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

# The Soul Is Open-Ended 6.27.2008

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 exis-  
tence involve past and future events; they are  
parallel and adjacent – existences reincarnational  
co-occur 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

## The Stones Yuri\* Sent 5.27.2008

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 Cyclopiian 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

# The Vision Within That Keeps Me Going

“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

## They Do It To Themselves 5.7.2008

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

# Thinking My Own Thoughts

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:

“Ein Stimm begunnt zu klagen, von  
derben Leid und Traurigkeit ist mir  
das Herz zerflossen – die Blumelein,  
mit Tranen rein, hab ich sie all  
begossen)

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

# Three Witches Doing Magic

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

# Three-Dimensional Love & Thoughts And Molecules

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

# Through The Building Like A Popinjay 7.28.2008

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

# Tiaan Is Safe 4.21.2009

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-  
rounded 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's Letter

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, endu-  
ring 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

# Time Turns Into Treacle

24 November 2008

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

## Time Twister 6.14.2009

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"  
&#8195;

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

## Time-Shifts Iv: The Floor Is Cold

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 unutterably 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...

### Time-Shifts III: Magic Objects

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 the 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 ill,  
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

# To Be A Dame Created By Mickey Spillane

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

## Tomorrow, I'll Stare Again (Rev.) 5.8.2008

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

# Touch With Our Presence

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...

Judith Stanton and Pat Rodegast "The Choice For Love"  
Introduction by Ram Dass, Bantam Books, 1989, p.218

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  
Cyclopiian 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 Moore of Venice, ordinance, regulation

Runoff water, rebellious water drops, referred to in the condition of Self Righteousness, complying with quality requirements

Of Magical Thaumalogical 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 Liebkrank 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

## 'Trusting Heart 25/11/09

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, meaning-  
less, 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 be-  
fore, 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

# Tula-Tu-Tula-Baba 5.14.2008

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

## Tune The Piano (Rev.) 18.09.09

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

## Turning Cartwheels! 6 July 2009

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

# Twinkle In The Poet's Eye 7.23.2008

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

# 'Typewriter Vipers 20/10/2009

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

## Under Cathedral Fir Trees... 5.27.2008

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

# Under Constant Surveillance

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

# Unmasking Mischievous Spirits 12.16.2008

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 unmask 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...

Joe Fisher "Hungry Ghosts – A Compelling Investigation into Channeling and the Spirit World" Grafton Books, 1991

Margaret Alice

# '-Unseen Academicals- 22/11/09

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 3. Music Notes 4. Monochord I 5. II

## 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

## Variations: Alice Had Become A Valence Electron!

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-  
toppled 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 pins, 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,  
analogous 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... &#8195;

Margaret Alice

## 'Video Shoot 05/10/09

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...

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

# 'Vuvuzela, Carpediem 29/10/2009

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

# Wakeful Sleeplessness (Rev.) 10.12.2008

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 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 describes  
weirdos with stupid rhymes...

Margaret Alice

## Wear My Pain Like A Crown 8.21.2008

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

## What Have We Given Them? (Rev.) 7.28.2008

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

# Work Poems: Running Around Screaming

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  
all 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

# Work Poems: Send Us Your Shoe Size And Star Sign

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: Tolyfluanid And Dimethylaminosulfotoluidide & Prince Diazinon

## 1. Fun

Why would the sum of Tolyfluanid and  
Dimethylaminosulfotoluidide  
be expressed as  
Tolyfluanid?

Clearly Tolyfluanid 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  
well as Lord Vetinirari

Let's look at the fabulous list of families:

Mr and Mrs Azoxystrobin, 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

## Work Poems: Undercover Agent

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

## World Of Moo 5.1.2009

"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