Weaver's Corner
started Sept. 28th, 2017

HOME

“...All of Our Shadows Are The Same...”

...are you capable of an original thought?...

Bloomfield, Kooper, Stills - Super Session - 09 - Harvey's Tune

Current World Population
7,725,696,123
…8/19/19 at 3:20 pm AZ time…whoever you are, wherever you are on the globe, you are just a human, nothing more, nothing less, who you identify with does not make you special, you are just a human, nothing more, nothing less, grow up, there is only US…

Wave a flag, wave the bible, wave your sex or your business degree

   Whatever you want — but don’t wave that thing at me

   The tide of love can leave your prizes scattered

   But when you get to the bottom it’s the only thing that matters

Bruce Cockburn, 1991

flags

flags flying high
signals in the air of imagined divisions
tribal pride wrapped in cloth
I’m just a human trying to understand
all these different colors
flying around in the air
I think I’ll raise my own pride
high up in the air wrapped in cloth
there will be no color
snow white I surrender
I picked up a weekly magazine the other day
nice black print and colorful pictures
concise reporting and well written articles
all about the divisions among us
and how alike we all are
it had the most unlikely name though
time
and these divisions fabrications both
I think I will fabricate my own time and division
wrap it in a cloth of snow white and fly it high
I surrender
it is just you and I
you see…gws-1989

condition report

sounds coming from every corner
no silence anymore
this lacking of a common denominator
brings voices in the night
fractured and twisted tongues
within a common legion
too large to comprehend
or move fast enough
cell divisions
community integrations
tribal respects all sounds are garbled
broken up in the dance
voices cry out in the night
exclaiming their hunger to the moon
shared at midnight
failing to reduce and congeal
again to the zygote
of planetary mass
too small too many too fast…gws-1989
please stop killing us

more on climate emergency page 8…

Got me some new digs

I just rented a new place over in Pottersville. The bright young lad that signed the lease as “manager” said he heard tell that Clarence didn’t get his wings and that that was why the bridge was lined up with people from around these parts. He was sayin’ the city knew that the water to the house was bad but not to worry too much cuz he’d have it fixed by the time I move in. Said he’s gonna tap into the sewer and catch the top-flow and miss the solids as they go by. I could just boil that and I’d be fine. If not the new Doc in town has got pills for what ails ya and pills even if ya ain’t ailin’ too bad. Things are lookin’ up. I start my new job cleanin’ up roadkill for the Cafe the day after I move in. Why don’t you all come on down to Pottersville? It’s full of people just like me and you.

---

Weaver's Corner