

Giving people a Chance

The human eye is so powerful, a gaze from those we love can become magnified by 1000 times. In a mere second, a single instance can feel like a lifetime of memories. At first glance sometimes a cosmic energy exists and two waves enter and exit your body delivering an irresistible trance.

Touch is probably the most endearing of them all. The edge of a finger, soft and warm connecting with another sensory filled point of contact ignites enough neurons to shake the whole body.

I often am reminded that I am alive whenever these things happen. It hasn't happened in quite some time. I think it's because often people run away from these opportunities. We connect away from one another and escape the moments every chance we get. Whether its looking at a cell phone during conversation or focusing on molding an illusion rather than indulging in what is really happening.

I love intimacy, I eat it up every chance I get. When a good conversation brings me so much joy my heart fills with genuine happiness. Those moments are the most rare beauties life has to offer. You can only get it when you slow down and stop the racing thoughts of doubts, the past, anxieties and fear. Not every human being is the same and emotions are new each and every time.

I often remember the best moments in life being these unexpected gifts. Running into a stranger three times in a variety of random places and acknowledging what life was trying to do. Saying goodbye to a good friend, but reuniting after quite some time because life is just better with them in it. Meeting someone for the first time and feeling like you were lovers reincarnated. None of these were a piece of cake to manage, explosions of emotions all across the board, but God did I feel alive.

The paths we cross are infinite, but I never run away from what I've set before me. I am never afraid of what might arrive, In fact I embrace it and people too. Although I have come to find it sad that some people are making it nearly impossible to come close to. How sad I find it that they push a lovely moment of possibility away to be comfortable. To me comfortable is boring. We were not given 100 years on this Earth to be comfortable. We are given them to feel through the days, even if its compassion, pain, love or joy. The moments are infinite in possibilities, the guarantee is that time exists and they must eventually change. Change however can be miraculous.

I have proof that this is true. Think of the person in your life who you have had ups and downs with, who only through time have you come full circle and realized that you have not ended in the same place twice. You evolved, they evolved, and the emotion is so strong the sincerity is undeniable. You love them and they love you. Whether its romantic or platonic it is there. The amazing part is you can share this full circle with more than one person, but

you have to be willing to take that mere second, what was once a single instance and allow it to grow into a lifetime of memories.

Source: <https://100tragedy.wordpress.com/2015/12/07/giving-people-a-chance/>

I wish to speak about the tragedy of Europe, this noble continent, [...], the foundation of Christian faith and ethics, the origin of most of the culture, arts, philosophy and science both of ancient and modern times. If Europe were once united in the sharing of its common inheritance there would be no limit to the happiness, prosperity and glory [...]. Yet it is from Europe that has sprung that series of frightful nationalistic quarrels, originated by the Teutonic nations in their rise to power, which we have seen in this 20th century and in our own lifetime wreck the peace and mar the prospects of all mankind.

What is this plight to which Europe has been reduced? Some of the smaller states have indeed made a good recovery, but over wide areas are a vast, quivering mass of tormented, hungry, careworn and bewildered human beings, who wait in the ruins of their cities and homes and scan the dark horizons for the approach of some new form of tyranny or terror. Among the victors there is a Babel of voices, among the vanquished the sullen silence of despair. That is all that Europeans, grouped in so many ancient states and nations, and that is all that the Germanic races have got by tearing each other to pieces and spreading havoc far and wide. Indeed, but for the fact that the great republic across the Atlantic realised that the ruin or enslavement of Europe would involve her own fate as well, and stretched out hands of succour and guidance, the Dark Ages would have returned in all their cruelty and squalor. They may still return.

Yet all the while there is a remedy which, if it were generally and spontaneously adopted by the great majority of people in many lands, would as by a miracle transform the whole scene and would in a few years make all Europe, or the greater part of it, as free and happy as Switzerland is today. What is this sovereign remedy? It is to recreate the European fabric, or as much of it as we can, and to provide it with a structure under which it can dwell in peace, safety and freedom. We must build a kind of United States of Europe. In this way only will hundreds of millions of toilers be able to regain the simple joys and hopes which make life worth living. The process is simple. All that is needed is the resolve of hundreds of millions of men and women to do right instead of wrong and to gain as their reward blessing instead of cursing.

[...]

But I must give you warning, time may be short. At present there is a breathing space. The

cannons have ceased firing. The fighting has stopped. But the dangers have not stopped. If we are to form a United States of Europe, or whatever name it may take, we must begin now. [...]

I now sum up the propositions which are before you. Our constant aim must be to build and fortify the United Nations Organisation. Under and within that world concept we must re-create the European family in a regional structure called, it may be, the United States of Europe, and the first practical step will be to form a Council of Europe. If at first all the States of Europe are not willing or able to join a union we must nevertheless proceed to assemble and combine those who will and who can. The salvation of the common people of every race and every land from war and servitude must be established on solid foundations, and must be created by the readiness of all men and women to die rather than to submit to tyranny. In this urgent work [we] - must be the friends and sponsors of the new Europe and must champion its right to live. Therefore I say to you "Let Europe arise!"

From a speech by Winston Churchill in 1946.

The full speech can for example be found here: <http://www.cfr.org/europe/churchills-united-states-europe-speech-zurich/p32536>

Crayons

We could learn a lot from crayons:

Some are sharp,

Some are pretty,

Some are dull,

Some have weird names,

and are all different colors,

But they all have to live in the same box.

(author unknown)

Go the fuck to sleep

The cats nestle close to their kittens,
The lambs have laid down with the sheep.
You are cozy and warm in your bed, my dear.
Please go the fuck to sleep.

The windows are dark in the town, child.
The whales huddle down in the deep.
I'll read you one very last book if you swear
You'll go the fuck to sleep.

The eagles who soar through the sky are at rest
And the creatures who crawl, run and creep.
I know you're not thirsty. That's bullshit. Stop lying.
Lie the fuck down, my darling, and sleep.

The wind whispers soft through the grass, hon.
The field mice, they make not a peep.
It's been thirty-eight minutes already.
Jesus Christ, what the fuck? Go to sleep.

All the kids from day care are in dreamland.
The froggie has made his last leap.
Hell no, you can't go to the bathroom.
You know where you can go? The fuck to sleep.

The owls fly forth from the treetops.
Through the air they soar and they sweep.
The hot, crimson rage fills my heart, love.
For real: shut the fuck up and sleep.

The cubs and the lions are snoring (snore)
Wrapped in a big, snuggly heap.
How come you can do all this other great shit
But you can't lie the fuck down and sleep?

The seeds slumber beneath the earth now,
And the crops that the farmers will reap.
No more questions, this interview's over.
I've got two words for you, kid: fucking sleep.

The tiger reclines in the Siberian jungle.
The sparrow has silenced her cheep.
Fuck your stuffed bear, I'm not getting you shit.
Close your eyes, cut the crap: sleep.

Flowers doze low in the meadows
An high on the mountains so steep.
My life is a failure, I'm a shitty-ass parent.
Stop fucking with me please, and sleep.

The giant pangolins of Madagascar are snoozing
As I lie here and openly weep.
Sure, fine, whatever, I'll bring you some milk.
Who the fuck cares? You're not gonna sleep.

This room is all I can remember.
The furniture crappy and cheap.
You win! You escape, you run down the hall
As I nod the fuck off and sleep.

Bleary and dazed I awaken
To find your eyes shut, so I keep
My fingers crossed tight, as I tip-toe away
And pray that you're fucking asleep.

We're finally watching our movie.
Popcorn's in the microwave: "beep!"
Oh shit, goddamn it, you've got to be kidding.
Go the fuck back to sleep!

Pirates

Justin Lamb

After yet another pirate hijacking on the coast of the Arabian sea, people around the world have begun asking themselves the same question:

How do pirates still exist? Seriously?!

We have clone sheep, make fuel from corn, sent men to the moon, but somehow, back down on Earth, pirates still exist.

Today, there are patches you can wear on your arm, to keep from having a baby. And there are also patches on the eyes of pirates, who by the way, are still here.

The dodo bird vanished years ago, but parrots are thriving! Presumably, finding refuge on the shoulders of pirates also not extinct.

We could fill a dictionary with recent technological jargon and yet the verb swashbuckle is still being used in the present tense

doesn't begin to describe how i feel when reading stories about the latest plundering online because newspapers are becoming obsolete or at least more obsolete than say... Pirates.

Who, like the roaches will be here for millions of years after you and i die - perhaps by way of plank.

There are probably Raiders roaming right now grumbling things like: "Yarrrr, me wireless is down", but how do pirates still exist?!?!? Seriously?....?.....?

Well seriously, in Somalia, most of these so-called pirates just fished, till it's navy collapsed and in came foreign ships to overpoach the unprotected water and dump waste in it as well, leaving fisherman with lots on the line, but little to sell or provide for their home. So some traded white flags for skulls and crossbones and when desperation brought compensation the copycats with no scratch followed soon, because empty pockets will leave visionaries blind from the shine of doubloons. And you see it at home, no matter where home is, where the broke get battered and devoured like fried fish how do pirates still exist.

Ask a New Orleans resident from 2005 what happens when the government dissolves and the water starts to rise - the same thing that happens everywhere else - some strap cannons to their hips and learn to fend for themselves.

I see little distinction between eluding off the coast of Mogadishu and a shooting of St. Calude or Michoud, a burning in East London, a bombing in Afghanistan, a flogging in Mexico, a marooning in Thailand... How do pirates still exist? It's not that surprising - the stranded will board the first ship promising a new place. The threatened will seek the most desperate means to escape and throughout time we leave so many folk shipwrecked in the same space so even as the waves drift and the tides shift - some things never change.

To Sea! To Sea!

TO sea, to sea! The calm is o'er;
The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore;
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cow snorts,
And unseen mermaids' pearly song
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:
To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea! our wide-winged bark
Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
Break the caved Tritons' azure day,
Like mighty eagle soaring light
O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,
The sails swell full. To sea, to sea!

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

Source: <http://www.theotherpages.org/poems/beddoes1.html#5>