Of Idealized and Seemingly Perfect Character

Potential mates, competitors, likewise most bipeds, Remain well-advised to organize, delineate, weed Savvy from stupidity rather than to rely on structures Used to build woke characters or regenerate starfish.

However valued it becomes to spawn ideas regarding Human types, it’s tragic to connect elements at times When fulminating can be avoided, or when risible acts Over the course of unexpected excrescences, are scant.

Pertaining to the heart, parenting’s more than nurturing, Light is grander than illumination, also padawans deserve More hugs, fewer military obstacles, no parade moments. (communication needs to be available after bereavement.)

Literally fashioning dark jitties, bright town squares, Does nothing for hauling concepts to and fro, among Proud citizens of any nation. Our proximate war cause Continues to be maintaining industrial “normal” levels.

Eventually, if we’re fortunate, jointly, agents, issuers Identified as sources for imperators’ music, will stop Insisting that we spend long spans in the canopy, else Keelhaul ingrates, disembowel next of kin, get nasty.

Exordiums are entirely intractable. Specialized limbs, Too, make for agile foraging among jungle underbrush. Generalized spousal dissatisfaction with life, inversely, Grows personae non grata, polishes random shotguns.

So, climbing slowly, raining leaves down upon emulated Heads of state, reciting therondies, apart from every single Unanswered appeal to warmer renderings of civilization, May well, after all, enable politicos to swallow, not chew.

A Rude Gesture to the Status Quo

When holding fast to ethical ideals, tosh invites uncanny delusions. Also, twaddle, whether swayed by: psilocybin, alternate psychedelic Prodrug compounds, makes siddity managers of insignificant stores, Of hardware emporiums, of notions depots, lap up succulence found In realpolitik, impresario’s pet theories, and gurning imaged in flicks.

Such souls shamelessly hang hand-dried flowers over the trimmings Of specialty cabinets, flap arms when sitting in cars’ passenger seats, Elsewise fill trugs with anemones, purple coneflowers, sweet freesia, Until their shame in bogarting the best blooms for school-time chums
Inundates them, thru entreaties, to employ settees for scratching posts.

Sadly, most modern kids get desiccated, want no portion of increate Beauty, nor any part of existent proficiencies for sui generis efforts; Their guts weltering, they enfilade unmeasured violence upon fillies, Frogs, ducklings. In reply, delinquents, possibly use body language, Offer halfway rude hand gestures toward adults’ status quo nonsense.

Simultaneously, those teens & twenties reject constructive accounts; Task amateur plus professional policymakers amid ringing cauldrons, Ask boilerplate witness acceptance, insist on essentially “rewriting.” When striving for commensurability, they gladly move antagonists From snug settings; jail suits nobody laden with social indebtedness.

Lawbreakers have become more commonplace than rodents. Per se, They’re readily absorbed into civilization, their odd directives, weird Vehicles notwithstanding. We remain extremely guarded addressing Discourteous drive, ability, creativity, missing civility, all manner of Showcased emotional hooks, rubrics, discipline, casual gesticulations.

**Finger Splints and Cotton Swabs**

When visiting middle-aged folks, discounting their assemblages, The two raised no ghosts of weight; they redirecting scattered Thoughts, illusory buffets of calorie-free foodstuffs, comestibles Whose ingesting resulted in accidental death or dire culpability.

Alternatively, if kicking ignoble curs, they produced paperclips, Profitable changes to finger splints, cotton swabs, ace bandages. Elsewise, objects from foggy vitrines culled supply house goods Even as offerings of attractive boys, tophers, failed their goals.

Meanwhile, dedicating extra space for hovercraft balderdash Resulted in exposure to blighted blooms and incensed spouses. Would-be linguistic mentors swore to sussing out misconducts (Judges resolved their design could throttle the full competition.)

Consequently, fresh losses hindered supplying skippers’ rum. Ideas fetching lawsuits lost status, forced prickly supervisors To usher in high levels of black boxes, mildew, dark moods, Heavy handiness; people detest resilience, loathe catachresis.

**And Then Came Bob**

Reticulated pythons, likewise serialized novels, seem redundant relative to canaries Flouting a style of decorated tracery whenever counterfactual evidence shows up. In beasts’ esteem, the essential quality of allure functions as an anvil that processes Enough unripened standards to make media feeds, to live fifteen minutes of infamy. It’s not only wolfram that gets molded into tiny nuggets; wampum takes many forms.
After all, nonexistent locales, that is, homegrown “Sandy Islands” serve equally well As impact heads of state, excluding snippety royalty. Some leaders cannot see past Family constraints even when friendships stay balanced on rugged songs and letters.

The French territory of New Caledonia, for instance, that lovely whereabouts between The Chesterfield Islands and Nereus Reef, that noted “corner” of Coral Sea’s east side, Avoids international discord by campaigning on behalf of straw men, naive proposals. All the while demurring that the global status quo’s response to warfare stays imperfect. Islanders probably appreciate that any consequential needs for moms to call appliance Repair persons, help itty bitty living things; puppies, kittens, roaches, establish their Unequivocal function as primary witnesses to crimes against intended beneficiaries. Their scion lose modest amounts in better circumstances, while, disregarding damages.

Namely, whenever lizards trumpet on suonas, mamas must redact all matter of wisdom. Employing outsiders to challenge their stated mores is stupid, expensive, unfashionable. Yet, common sense, notwithstanding, sufficiently “powerful” youngsters offer up terms, Ask partners to shower them with understanding, to transfer money to multiple accounts. We still marvel how engaging interlopers signifies failing to employ important writings, No matter how many books or individually published pieces belong to persons of old Importance. Heritage excluded, slab-sided authors forget “I’m sorry” remain twin vital Mots, dual smidgeons of imperative rhetoric too often cast away by immature agendas.

Life is precious. Our words need to reflect this verity. Accordingly, KJ Hannah Greenberg tilts at social ills and personal evolutions via poetry, prose and other forms of creative expression. Her books and short works evidence these values.

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