

# *Early Morning Reflections*



*Poems & Paintings*  
*By*  
*Horatio Algeranon*



## *The Deserted*

One in three is an orphan.  
They live life alone,  
The brief life that is theirs.

If they make it past their fifth birthday, they are lucky.  
As lucky as one can be,  
To spend one's days and nights with gnawing hunger  
as constant companion.

If malnutrition does not kill them,  
Then something else surely will:  
Unending war, a landmine, disease.

They live completely in the moment,  
Because they have no vision of a better tomorrow.  
No peace, no freedom, no opportunity, no hope.

They are in the limelight now,  
But tomorrow they will sink back into oblivion,  
As our gaze shifts elsewhere.

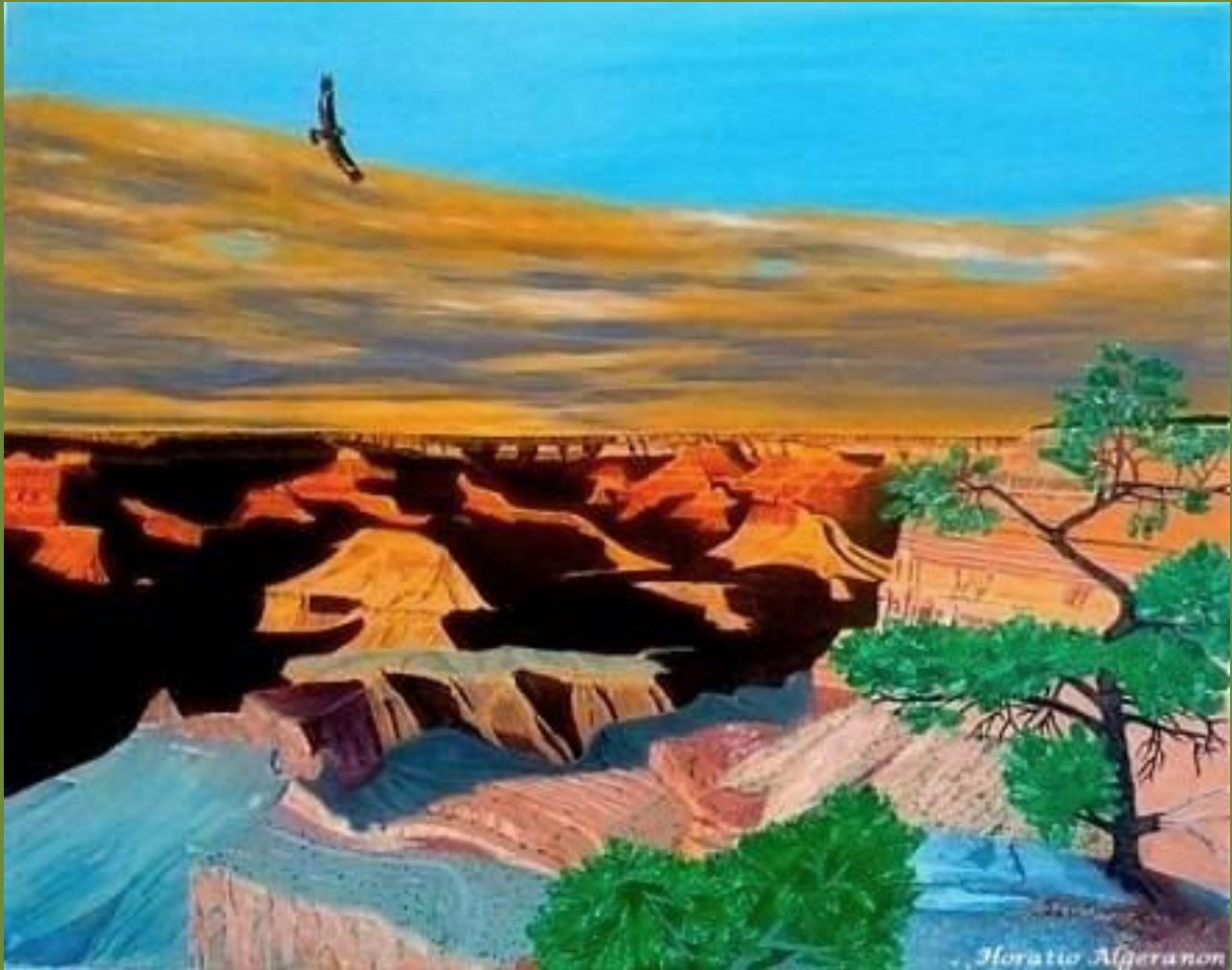


## *Nature*

Nature is the nature,  
Of all things grand in stature.

No point in trying to capture,  
Or cleverly outmatch her.

She's unmoved that we're cocksure,  
And ready for "The Rapture".



## *The Sunlit Silence*

High in the sunlit silence,  
The golden eagle sails,

Where gravity has met its match  
And driving wind prevails.

Where clouds make way like wooden ships,  
Across the azure sky,

Piloting a course for hither and yon,  
In the ocean where eagles fly.

## *Oranges in the Arctic*

I want to grow oranges in the Arctic!  
Florida just won't do.  
The Arctic's got those long summer days,  
And seals and polar-bears too!

There's too many fruits in California,  
And not *only* in the groves.  
In case your mother didn't warn ya,  
They're flocking there in droves.

So give me a plot of semi-permafrost,  
In the Land of the Midnight Sun.  
I don't care much about the cost,  
I'll grow oranges by the ton!



## *The Bristlecones*

*They stand like sentries* on mountain ridges in the Great American Desert,  
Forever guarding the same few square feet of earth from the relentless onslaught of searing  
summer heat, icy winter cold, driving rain, crackling lightning, swirling snow and gale-force winds.

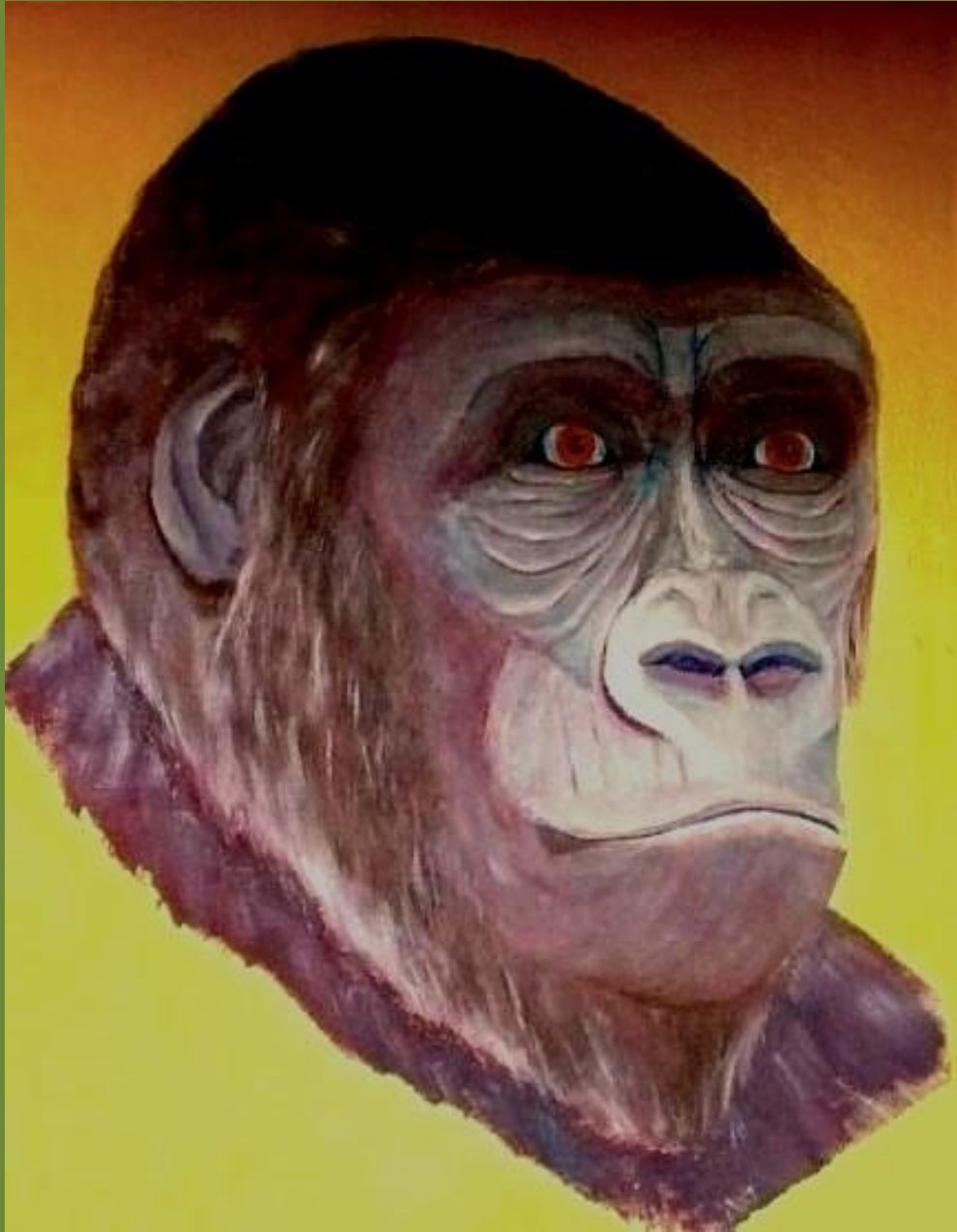
*They survive for thousands of years*, clinging to life more tenaciously than any other life form,  
On barren land that holds only a few drops of moisture and few nutrients.

*The only things holding them back* from the abyss are the unwavering Sun and a narrow thread of live bark,  
Feeding a few live needles and cones within a mass of mostly dead, gnarled and twisted branches,  
which point toward escape from the incessant winds.

*Though some were living* long before the birth of Christ, they know nothing of human history.  
But they know the climatic history of their own microcosm by heart, having precisely inscribed it in their  
annual growth rings.

*They patiently watch* the passing of time -- the years, centuries and millenia -- with absolute indifference,  
and certainly without complaint.  
Each new hardship is simply endured like its predecessors, and all those that will follow.

*About the simple act of living* -- and dying - the Bristlecone pines might reveal important secrets,  
If we are not too impatient to stop and listen to the winds whispering in their branches,  
And not too proud to admit that a humble pine tree might have something important to tell us.



## *Early Morning Reflections*

Some may stand proud and tall,  
But Darwin has made monkeys of us all.



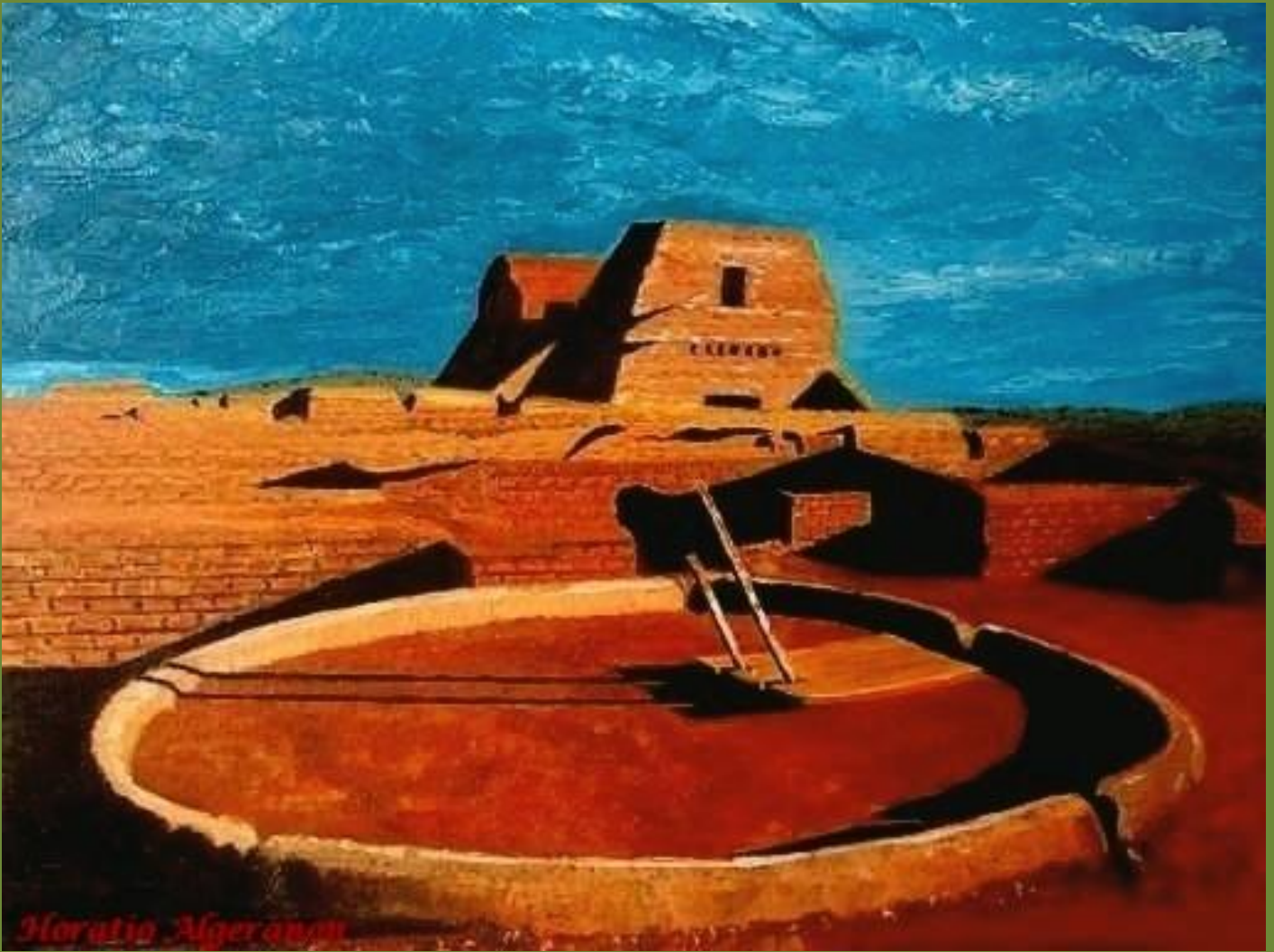
## *Saguaro Soliloquy*

While some dread the quickly  
approaching darkness,

The solo saguaro basks in the scarlet  
brilliance of the moment,

As the blazing orb slips below the  
horizon.





## *Portal to the Past*

The Kiva reveals a secret,  
Through a portal to the past,  
A timeless admonition,  
"Civilization does not last."

