

My motivation's simple-minded.

My motivations simply echo each the oceans of a mind, and are complex.

——[dreams: one: for me]——

Myself, I want wings.

My wings rebuke the stanchion: staunch essay theses, the thistles of bulleted lists, grades. My wings are nondescript; or mottled in the green and grays of radiant, beckoning shade; or, lay beyond description.

[ But she say "goodbye you  
don't need me Repeat  
So I go to Detroit to find  
an angel and she gives  
me her wings  
and  
and sets me free ]

-- Jimi Hendrix, written on a napkin  
which I saw

My, my; what have we here? What are my wants?

I want to leave America;, where I have played so long.

I want to lift above myself, from elms beneath American comfort: this language is my second skin, these roads and cities second kin, and all is slow and kempt. I hear no din of: "Hey You. You cannot belong though you can change." I feel no recent change. I am no recent rush of sudden light,, or curt, unbidden brush of water which couldn't be—though we see the sun above, and know the shrouded sea.

You see: I miss the world.

I miss the culture-shock, that battled me to change.

I miss acculturation, acclimation, adaptation; and how I clung to moors of home, though home is always Here.

How can I speak about unspeakable things?

I miss furloughs, furlongs, Oolong, Oriental passions, History's dispassion, the rain that never ends, the end of roads—and glistening currency.

I miss my wings.

—[dreams: two: for you]—

Here we are, with plastic wings for feathers.

[ With regret, we hasten to inform you that this world  
is hastened. Fuel to fire; water to wells; soil to  
salt. Smile! Though effluent winds efface the face  
of the land, be strong. We're leaving our land; all  
roads are paved; and good intention lights this way.

Send our apologies to Heaven: we'll be there soon.

Sincerely, the First World ]

[ Insatiable Is Not Sustainable ]

-- Doug Brown

We cannot vault the First World from universal debt, mass consumption, or planned obsolescence. Three pillars with which we scrape our Heaven, stand fast. Objects in motion remain in motion until perturbed with force. But, we are the force: first of the First World; peace-keeping Fist; and glory in this world. We feast— Why fast?

Nor vault the Second World! The scions of Sarajevo tell us this.

Let us vault the Third World. If we live as kudzu grass that covers life, though once we filtered light, then they are surely saplings of the field. Little grown, they can only grow. Let us brighten them, this way: educate them, that they may educate themselves.

When [ a ] we recycle hardware from the First World to the Second  
[ b ] we recycle hardware from the Second World to the Third  
[ c ] we manufacture free [as in speech] software:  
{ 0 } implementing Ad Hoc TCP/IP over Ham Radio  
{ 1 } connecting all Third World communities, both rural  
and urbane, to local open-access wireless-to-access  
computer networks  
{ 2 } connecting to the self-organizing store of all human  
knowledge, which, collectively, we call the Internet  
{ 3 } accessible through obsolete Ham Radio materials  
(transmitters; receivers; repeaters; transponders)  
{ 4 } attachable to obsolete IBM/PC / Solaris machinery  
(server-tops; desktops; laptops; tablets; PDA's)  
{ 5 } self-automating its installation  
{ 6 } self-organizing its networks  
{ 7 } installable, maintainable, and thus sustainable,  
therefore, by and for all occupants of the Third World

Then <!> we have served sustainability.

I may serve, sustainably, in this or other need. I am self-versed in culture-shock, closed cultures, open- and closed-source software, servers, kernels, clients, plants, and poetry. I feel the need to teach my verse, to write, and work with you. I feel alive; how are you?