Enjoy Reading!

February 2015

An Anthology

These pieces are collected from the past, the present, and artistic creations drawn in from my dreamful "futuristic imagination." Some stories in this book are true, and some are not. Some incorporate 'story' and some include true events, both intermixed. In any scenario, I find that writing is a therapeutic process. Should anyone have any comments, questions or concerns they would like to share—please write to the below address:

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February 2015
My Depth
A 2nd Book By: Etta M. Bavilla
An Anthology

2015

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A Mother's Gift

By: Etta M. Bavilla

2009
When I first walk through the door of “Offenesia-Mom’s” little apartment house with beer breath escaping my mouth, she motions to me-pointing at a Nike shoe-box on the floor by the kitchen counter. She says, “Open it…” Not sure, but excited with the thought of a new pair of shoes, I open the box. Inside, lay two little Chihuahua pure bred puppies, one female and one male. Mom points to the brown and white puppy and says, “He’s yours, the other one is for your cousin Janet in the village.”

As an incentive to sober up, Offenesia bought me the sweet little animal. Understand this, once while watching the movie, “Gremlins” on a big, screen t.v. at a friend’s house and “frying” on L.S.D., I wished for a pet and it really came true. He appeared later in time, but at the time I wondered if any such animal could exist. That anything so magical, lovable, and vibrant with kindness was unimaginable. With this thought in mind, no matter what we are doing /where we are at, Holy Creator is watching over us. Next, I scoop him out of the box as he starts to wake up and I am looking at him curious what to name him? So I say, “You look like an Ewok, no…Gizmo!!!” with a total recognition and clarity of moment—that my puppy looks exactly like one of the main characters, a Mogwy, from the movie, “Gremlins.” With his white and brown swirled face and big, brown, sparkling eyes blinking sleepily, I stare at Gizmo in amazement.

Taking my heart along with the whole family’s, this beautiful little creature named Gizmo is accepted into our household. It was awful to scold something absolutely cute, so Gizmo became spoiled. Although I did not sober up for many years afterwards, even with the gift of Gizmo and my mother’s unconditional love, my heart is pain filled with past regrets. I chose not to quit drinking beer or stop using marijuana, my two drugs of choice. I have tried a few other drugs and sometimes drank hard alcohol but mostly stuck with the beer and “buds.”

Maybe, Holy Creator wanted me to sober up also? I realize that various haphazard choices have brought me down with not much for options, except to live and learn. My mother had nothing more she could do and soon it was me-hitting the concrete. My bullcrap dance with drinking and drugging lead me like a one-stilted clown, carrying on in a grotesque circus of highness. Weirdly comical but tortuously twisted and losing hope I became lost and the one way to not feel anything was to keep chugging the alcohol or smoking myself into oblivion.
None-the-less, I became addicted and self-medicating was a quick and “painless solution.” In the scheme of life, my drinking and drugging has only caused heart-ache. Once as I was staggering home with Gizmo in my arms, I tripped and fell. Luckily, I did not land on Gizmo as we both hit the sidewalk. I did not know a nearby patrol car was watching me. The officer drove to the curb, got out and helped Gizmo and I get situated. Not only did he help us get mobilized, he then drove us to Offenstra-Mom’s house. He pounded on the door and she answered it scared....wondrous and worried. Her short, gray hair, small frame and timid brown eyes that see through bifocals that asks many questions silently as she looked on. He asked if she knew me and she said, “Yes, my daughter.” He left us to figure out what do and was gone. Then, my mom said, “Here we go, this is probably the beginning of where you start to go to jail...”

Sure enough, she was right. One summer I went to jail for the first time on a misdemeanor offense of Disorderly Conduct-disturbing the peace when some friends and I were sipping on malt beer and hollering on the steps of the Anchorage down-town, Federal Building one late night. The second time I went to jail, I was busted with a Driving While Intoxicated charge (also Driving With Out a License), stuck out on the Fort Richardson check point station. I am very grateful that I did not crash the car and injure any other drivers.

All the times I had wasted, I could have been learning positive outlets to deal with my negative feelings. While I drank and did drugs, life only became worse every time. I tried to sober up here and there, it just never really lasted long enough for me to learn and appreciate what the benefits of living in a “recovery” life would be like. I know sobriety does not make life perfect, but it does improve over time. I was too “chicken” to try enter an alcohol treatment program because of my rebellious attitude and I had no inclinations for such anyway. How could my family have put up with me so much? I could only see how I was hurting and not how I was hurting others. Why was I in such emotional agony? It started with the drinking out of control cycle of addiction. Time and time again, I tried to believe everything would eventually work out and life would be okay. Times began smoothing out a little when I became pregnant. It was the most beautiful feeling to know I had a baby inside of me, but in the back of my mind I was worried. All the worrying began to weigh me down, downer, and stressed out.
My mind and body were strained and my eyes had become wane. I had become depressed, I wondered if the baby would have my dark brown curly hair and other various “genetic” traits? Finally, I gave birth to a baby boy in the summer of 1997, whom I named, Elihu (named from the Bible-in the book of Job, chapter 32). I tried going to various hospitals with not much after-care. Never imagining the worst, I went down the wrong path to where I could not turn back. I could not make it better again with a smart joke or a simple, “I’m sorry.”

In my desperation, I became suicidal and could not leave my son alone in this cruel world. In 1998, I came to jail for Murder In the First, and the victim was my one year old son. I tried seeking intervention; I wrote public notices which stated my concerns for physical issues at the time and posted them up on the bill boards in the local grocery stores, liquor store, a lawyer-community building, and the closest bar in downtown, Dillingham, Alaska. Finding no answers and with a confused mental state of mind, I lost all hopes except that my son would be safe in heaven. I was not taking chemical substances at the time of the Murder One crime.

Originating from my blatant abuse of alcohol and the irresponsible behaviors that are likely to happen when one drinks out of control, I had become sick. Had I not been using alcohol or drugs, a lot of saddening situations would not have transpired. Many times, I am left in horrified bewilderment. Eventually, I felt trapped and caught in a bizarre downward spiral of helplessness. I have since been incarcerated at Hiland Mountain Correctional Center all these sobering years. I am experiencing that “sober” is the new “cool.” Keeping sober helps give leverage to an already confusing life. “In the moments of life, memories dim and or glow, if only for a time to shine. Recovery life shifts the balance to lighten in one’s favor.”

With dignity beginning to be restored due to the eleven years of sobriety, I still sometimes struggle to uphold my integrity. When I think back, I wonder if I would have had as much patience with a loved one who was being so reckless. My answer is, “probably not.” I am patient, have been long-suffering, and my temperament these days is not in the disposition to tolerate any forms of substance abuse and or for “users.” As the saying goes, “Love the person, not the alcohol.” Correlation is the addiction itself though. When a person finally decides “This is enough, no more… I cannot keep doing this.”
I actually gave someone permission to “kick my #@%!” at that time, if she should happen to see me using drugs/alcohol. Pertinent to my recovery life, I have a back up plan. Even if you do not have a sponsor, at least have a positive support system. My problems are ever present and respect for myself and loved ones is what helps me maintain to the degree that I do. I no longer take for granted what family and friends I do have today. Some friends have just let me go, if they forgive me is not the matter anymore. It is whether I have the courage to keep facing life, even after a life I took. To make a difference in other’s lives as well as my own, I have enough stubbornness and cheek to last a little while longer.

I swallow my pride and hope to Great Spirit with my heart that the “prayers in my tears” are heard. For these times, my spirit is compromised, who knows what the oncoming days ahead hold for me? Being productive with my time I currently am seeking scholarships to try pay for a college education. I am going to study to get my prerequisites completed and major in Journalism/English. I aspire to earn my college degree of a Bachelor’s and upon release back into the community, work for my Native Corporations. It will be challenging to complete my coursework, but I do know that I have the determination and so far the perseverance to pursue my dreams. Dreams that entail helping people, Native and Non-Native alike. We are all humans who deserve dignity and respect. My Native people are in crisis. That is my focus for the present.

With this in mind, how do I hope to effectively help the Native people? Using the media as a tool to reach Yup’iks, Athabascans, and other Bristol Bay Native Corporation /Calista regional Native land owners is first on the agenda. I want to be a journalist/reporter covering the local and state news, or other Native affairs. I would be truthful and to the best of my ability and knowledge, be fair and hopefully be able to be objective enough to be of diplomatic benefit. As hurtful as my personal past is, I am in pure hopes to spare Native and Non-Native alike any major catastrophic outcomes in regards to land, healthcare, and financial issues.

What is in store for the Native people? Maybe realization can break the Native will to finally accept that alcohol is not our friend, is not for our people because it is the agent to the downfall of many a Native tribe. Genetically, we are not predisposed to alcohol use. We all know this. Now it should no longer be an excuse.
Personally, I will not allow myself to use or go back to the negative lifestyle I was barely surviving in. Native people need to see the light. Like a “black-out” the excuse is gone. What is going to happen when the excuses are gone? With the excuses gone, what do we have for answers? As long as we learn to be honest with ourselves and others, then true healing can begin. Where do we start? Looking at oneself is the first stage of awareness. As an Alaskan Native who is an Eskimo, I totally ruined my good name and nature. Since I have had to sober up and deal with my emotions, I try to encourage other natives not to drink alcohol and abuse drugs.

I have seen the humility, “masked away with shyness and shame” on many a face. The pain of self-degradation and the decimation of a beautiful human race is a pity. I “need” the Native people to wake up and open their eyes before it is too late. People who call me “crazy” or paranoid are clearly in denial. I am presently trying to face up to my past grievances and try to practice positive coping skills and pro action for living a healthy and drug free lifestyle. I am no longer dependent on alcohol and strong enough to deal with my feelings.

I may be in jail, but there are drugs and cigarettes one could access if the price is right. A price I cannot afford (but sometimes toyed with ideas) is losing my sobriety, my property, my open population freedoms and privileges. A few years back, I found a “half-rolly” (a rolled cigarette cut in half) in the main-commons bathroom in a clean, unused sanitary napkin box. I looked at it to be sure what it was and put it in my pocket. Who knows if it is laced with meth or marijuana? After leaving the restroom, I casually walk up to the Shift Sergeant’s office in my yellow-scrub uniform and tell him what I found as I set it on his desk. He congratulates me as my person is already excusing myself-going and gone. I assume those kind of cigarettes are used for a sneaky quick smoke.

I have not been so tempted to use any chemical “vices” to the extent of relapsing and I will rigidly stay thus in the future. Today, I am actually fearful of tobacco, alcohol, and drugs that are available in prison, as well as if I ever make it free to the “outs”. Currently, serving time in a correctional center for the next nine years until parole, I have had a lot of time to think. Parole is not a guaranteed “get-out-of-jail-free-card.” I have heard that parole and probation are not easy to accommodate at all times.
The rules and restrictions can be very strict, but not so that you will not succeed. If anything, they are in place so one might succeed. I have learned the hardest way of all not to take life for granted. Taking the life of another is the worst one could do, because once the person is legally and irrevocably dead, there is nothing anyone can do to bring that person back to life. Remorse is ever with me, although I have had closure these last couple years, it still does not surmount the pain. If one accepts there are problems, then one can begin to work on a recovery plan. I have learned from my tragic mistakes and am not bound to repeat them. What will it take for Natives to sober up? To be “clean” and drug free is what has always been the hope of our ancestors, that we may have descendants who will carry on our culture. To walk through the steps of life and live it to the fullest should be our renewed tradition it will be saving time, money, and more importantly lives. Once I am released from custody, I will make every effort to follow what my parole and probation conditions are so I can be a responsible member in the community.

Offenesia, with her worn blue jeans, a tee-shirt layered over with a white-blue-gray-black striped sweater, blue old lady hat, and black slip on leather loafers would be proud to know I am doing well with recovery. Her gray hair and bifocals glasses would peer at me as she adjusts her hearing aid and lean in to see me. Her gentle, wrinkled face, smiles with a couple bicuspids showing and not much more for teeth. She is eighty-six this year. All this I see in my heart. Staying sober is my life’s main goal. I worry that with all the drinking, Natives will not be able to restore the balance in life if too much damage is done. Not only to their psyches, but the very vessel that holds it, their human bodies.

As Native people have the highest rate of S.T.I., how are we going to prevent the spread of H.I.V.? If the Native people become infected with this atrocious disease, it will spread like a lit match to a “maqii” (=Yup’ik word for steam house) in a fire pit, burning small and slowly at first to the cinders, until it takes over and roars through the Native populations. Learning the hard way is not easily forgotten. How one must blind themselves from the temptations of their particular addictions is decidedly relevant to their will power and foresight. Thankfully, I have NOT transmitted H.I.V. and I plan on keeping that record. As I have struggled with recovery, I wonder if other Natives know how I came to be depressed?
Why should I care if these same Natives look(ed) down on me? I don’t need to be righteous, I don’t even need to be right. I love my people and I have no reasons to lie about what circumstances the Natives are in and what they are facing in the future. The sky dive without a parachute is not a viable choice. I liken my sobriety to such extremity, for I do know that I am capable of falling with no recourse, except into a quicker grave. My one credible option is to live the best life I can and that takes patience.

Had I not been overwhelmed with a chemical (self-defeatist) addiction, I would have been a more honorable daughter. I have learned at very great losses. The present of Gizmo was the initial sobriety gift of love. Had I only listened with an open heart, I would have heard the more than kind pleadings to stop using alcohol and drugs.

Upon patience and care, my mind pictures little “Offenlesia-Mom” who is a wise-old, Yup’ik Eskimo lady. I thank my mother, Offenlesia for still loving me and the forgiveness she extended. “It is a hard truth to look at one’s life and know that things should and could have been better.” As for the Natives, I ask this question, “If we all die too soon, what are our hopes and what is our point?” Possibly, it may take such devastation for my fellow Natives for us to really understand what precisely we must do. The reason why I am writing this is because I want to make an acknowledgment and AWARENESS to the Native people. “Quyana!” translated into English, means “Thank you”
In the process of revising this particular piece of written work, I have come to understand my authorship. It is genuine, true to the best of my knowledge and how my feelings some. I try to evoke feeling in others with my pieces, not aware of my own until this last revision. If I really wanted to lay it out there I would feel so ashamed, embarrassed, and mortified. So in the chance I could spare myself, family, and friends more pain, I kept to the basics.

The reason I chose this story is because I believe, it can make an impact on Native people. What changes were made were taking sections from certain parts that would lead the theme through to the end. Why I made the revisions is because it flowed more with transitioning. My intended audience is the Native people in general.

I believe this piece has reached its intended audience kindly, Natives and Non-Natives as well, because people liked the story line in and of itself. Most believed, “A Mother’s Gift” to be inspirational and maybe that it would help other Natives to realize that if we keep making the same mistakes, we will never break the cycle of addiction.

Sometimes it may lead to even worse and worse situations. I have learned from my grievous mistakes, they are too hard of lessons not to. My only hopes are that the Natives can see where they are at, and if life is not satisfactory, ask themselves, “Why?” What is not in their control or in their control to make things better or worse? My writing is plain effective and I aspire to help as many people as possible to sober up and be drug-free, Natives and Non-Natives alike.
Etta M. Bavilla

June 18th, 2009

General

"Three Critical Issues"
I. Introduction
   A.) Thesis Statement-Three critical issues in my life are incarceration, education, and finances.
   B.) Some examples
      i. Hiland
      ii. hopes to become a reporter
      iii. humble finances
   C.) Background
      i. Family
      ii. friends/encouragement
   D.) Define “critical issues”

II. Incarceration
   A.) jail.
   B.) parole
   C.) freedom

III. Education
   A.) General Education Diploma (GED)
   B.) College aspirations
   C.) Masters

IV. Finances
   A.) No family support
   B.) Low finances
   C.) Scholarships

V. Conclusion
   A.) Restate Thesis- The three critical issues concerning my life are incarceration, education, and finances.
   B.) Resolve or Solution
   C.) Contributing Factors
   D.) What have I learned?
   E.) Advice
Three critical issues in my life are: incarceration, education and limited financial resources. I am housed at Hiland Mountain Correctional Center (HMCC) in Eagle River, Alaska and dream of becoming a roving reporter. With a very low income, I am at times humbly worried about how to pay for continued college courses. With these critical issues in mind, I rely on a positive belief system. I am encouraged by family and friends to endure and I push myself to believe that as well. A critical issue: where one is at a crucial point in life that has an impact.

Incarceration came about because I broke the law. Due to my crime, I am in jail for the next nine years until parole. I have been forced to grow up while behind locked doors and closed walls. Ever since, I have learned new thinking skills, and everyday responsibilities that must be met. Since my freedom is withheld, I have the opportunity to better myself in the here and now. In any future event that I am out in the real world I will better be able to cope. Once I am released, I will work adamantly to stay out of jail by being a responsible, respectful citizen. I have learned from my mistakes, and I will be keen on keeping my probation and parole conditions so as not to return. Freedom would be the exception with rules, of which I have come to understand and appreciate!

I received my General Education Diploma (GED) in 1993 and did little else afterwards to benefit my self-education. I want to spend my time productively. I aspire to obtain a college degree which would be most auspicious at the parole board meeting. Therefore, it is best to have my secondary education started then continued to completion. Taking a college writing class is a positive first step. From the past days of my youth, I took education for granted. Growing up in the village, I felt at liberty to skip school and do what I wanted. Presently, I am in the process of taking my first college class.
I believe it will become the meritorious building block to help ensure a more acceptable outcome with my educational ambitions. Education is as important as my release, because I would like to have some higher learning under my belt to insure a favorable chance at obtaining employment. Working towards a future, I hope that I can continue with my schooling that will lead up to a Masters degree in English/Journalism.

Financially, my family and friends have bills to pay with families to feed and clothe. They are by no means obligated to pay for my schooling. I have two institutional jobs that barely meet my commissary expenses. Other than my low income, I am able to fill out applications and write essays in the purest hopes of being granted scholarships. At the HMCC library, the book “Prisoner’s Guerrilla Handbook Correspondence Programs in the United States and Canada” is an excellent resource. With much persistence I aim to keep taking college course studies per the financial availabilities listed in this book. Respectively, I will also continue to apply for local and Native Corporation scholarships.

In conclusion, three critical issues concerning my life are incarceration, education, and finances. Most daily trepidations are set by these stressors. I strive to meet the demands expected of me and I will succeed. My resolve is to study, complete homework, and continue writing! Contributing factors to my educational endeavor are due to HMCC Education Coordinator, Ms. Oswald and the Education Opportunity Center in Anchorage, Alaska who are working together to help me with college opportunities. I have learned that if I put work and effort into positive change, willing-people work together to help me substantiate that change (of which I am thankful!) The only advice I have to offer is, whatever you are doing, make the effort for changes in your life that will make the difference in making your dreams a reality. Even when your dreams are actualized you will not know everything, so keep on learning!
Etta M. Bavilla

July 9th, 2009

Process Essay

"Beading a Spiral Necklace"
I. Introduction-Thesis Statement:

The process of beading a spiral necklace is a smooth “movement” art.

A) Threading needle
B) Adding and leaving
C) “Pattern”
D) 

II. Process

A) Formation
B) Spiral “stairwell”
C) No “V”
D) 

III. Tying off/adding thread

A) Surgeon’s knot
B) Adding clasp(s)
C) “Hiding”
D) 

IV. Restatement of Thesis-

A) In closing, learning to bead a spiral necklace takes patience and is a unique skill.
B) Bracelet/earrings
C) Finished product-spiral “rope”
The process of beading a spiral necklace is a smooth “movement” art. Take careful time, the thread won’t tangle as much. Items needed for project: thread- Size “D” white or black (length=50+ inches long). One-size: 12 beading needle. One-clasp i.e. claw, barrel, or regular. One-“O” ring size: medium (for the clasp to hook onto). If a barrel clasp is used, an “O” ring is not needed. One bag each-of size: 11 beads-silver and black. Bees wax (optional). Bees wax helps treat the thread to not fray/tangle as often. Be aware when beading, not to splice the thread with the needle. For best results, move the needle through bead along (inside) top of bead.

For the starting point, thread the needle = pull thread through the eye of the needle. Now there is an end- the “tail” and the “lead” where the needle is. Be aware, there is a “needle-tail,” be careful to keep it 6 inches long. DO NOT TIE ANY KNOTS yet. Take hold of the needle (right hand), pick up 4 silver-“inside” beads and 3 black-“outside” beads. Pull towards the end of the “tail” and stop when there is 12 inches left of loose thread. Do not string all the way through.

The left hand will hold the beads in place, and the right hand will hold the needle. Hold firmly in fingers, positioning like that of making the Catholic sign (the trinity, etc.) of the cross. The bead configuration is held between the thumb and index fingers (looped over/around index-with thumb holding down on index) and the “tail” hangs between index and middle fingers-through/by the inside of the left palm.

Next, loop around through the “tail” up the 4 silver beads. DO NOT GO BACKWARDS into it, beads will just come undone. The needle pokes through at the beginning-where beads were first strung on. Pull tight. Now the two colors should lay side by side, silver-“inside” and black-“outside.” The silver-“inside” beads will be the main line and the 3 black beads will always be the “outside” beads. Then, add 1 silver bead and 3 black beads, pull down to the top “head” of the configuration.
From the (added) 1 new silver bead (and 3 black beads), count down (not up!) from the 1 new silver bead and then go up through the 4 silver beads that were counted down on. As the one new silver bead is added (and 3 black), every time—you will leave one silver bead behind in the main line. The pattern is: add 1(silver) +3(black), go up the 4 silver—"inside" beads. 1-3 up 4...
1-3 up 4...1-3 up 4.

In the process, bead formation should begin to look like a spiral "stairwell." Beware, if an "outside" (3 black) should happen to "flip" over to other side, the (black) third+ row will make the formation look like a "V" shape. Wrong thing to do. Catch this before starting a new (black) row, and *flip it back into place next to the previous (black) row. Should this mistake not be caught, the beadwork must be taken out. Take the beadwork out by pulling on the "outside" (3 black beads)—take the needle off and pull thread free. Undo until mistake is out and start pattern over. Duplicate pattern.

Repeat process until desired length of about 18 inches is reached. One must add thread if the necklace is too short, cut the thread due to a terrible tangle or just need to add more thread. Possibly, one might poke themselves with the needle from time to time, so be patient and try to have a sense of humor. Stay determined, beading may become a favorite hobby.

Tying off old thread and adding new thread is essential. How to tie off old thread: bead down opposite side (3 black) follow threading and go back down into closest 2 silver—"inside" beads. A surgeon's knot is next, which consists of: going under the thread (between silver beads /closest to where exited from main line) to make a loop. Cross through loop with the needle 3 times. Slowly pull closed. Do not try force knot faster/down with the other hand. The threaded knot should go down naturally as the needle is pulled up. Trick works nice!
After tying the Surgeon’s knot, go back through silver-“inside” beads and go through work “hiding” remaining thread and cut at own discretion. Adding thread: (with newly threaded needle) start at new end with plain thread, go back down through 4 silver-“inside” beads. Make another surgeon’s knot, go through “hiding” thread and snip remainder. Rethread needle, it is now the new “lead.” Make sure to follow spiral row formation of 3 black-“outside” beads. To add the clasp(s) or “O” ring, on either side, start with threaded needle, add 2 silver beads, then go through (on side-of) clasp (or “O” ring), add 2 more silver beads. Go down (not up!) opposite side (3 black), track threading and go back up through recent 4 silver-“inside” beads. Repeat 3 or 4 times.

One could after first threading of the 2 new silver beads-one clasp-and 2 other new silver beads, cross over and through to the 2 silver beads-clasp-2 silver beads, and go around 3 or 4 times. Then, go down opposite side (3 black)”outside” beads. Following thread-line, enter the closest 2 silver-“inside” beads and tie a Surgeon’s knot. “Hide” thread end by beading through work and cut remainder. Adding the clasp or “O” ring is the same process.

In closing, learning to bead a spiral necklace takes patience and is a unique skill. Beading requires practice. This beading process applies to bracelets and earring as well. Magnetic clasps are best for bracelets. With earrings (shorter length) there is one hook per earring (as opposed to two clasp ends.) Then tie end off with Surgeon’s knot, “hide” thread and cut remainder. Do not leave an “open” end. The finished project should look like a spiral “rope.” Good-luck! Thanks and have fun!
Etta M. Bavilla

July 16th, 2009

Definition Essay

"Light"
I. Introduction

   A) Thesis Statement-The word “light” can be used in different forms of context.

   B) Sight

   C) Illumination

   D) Sensory “security”

II. Definition/literary standard

   A) Light (noun)

   B) Light (adjective)

   C) Light (adverb)

III. Personal definition

   A) Simple term

   B) Ancestral term

   C) Goodness

IV. Religious/spiritual source

   A) Energy

   B) Life

   C) Love

V. Conclusion

   A) Restate thesis-Many forms of the word “light” vary in usage.

   B) Positive aspect of light

   C) Hope
The word “light” can be used in different forms of context. Generally, light enables people to visualize their surroundings with more clarity. Without light, darkness would shadow all into blackness, and the pain of not being able to see, would be quite deep. One could not see their child, their father or mother, or even a bee pollinating a flower. Whether it is to illuminate surroundings, mind, or hearts, light lends itself as a sole source of brilliance. Not only are people “enlightened,” but it allows a sense of security. Our safety and well being are more or less limited to our ability to see. One can see and ascertain if a situation is dangerous. Yet, if one is physically blind, that person must rely on memory and other senses to keep from becoming hurt.

The definitions in the computer installed Encarta Dictionary © for “light” are: NOUN I. Judeo-Christian God: God as a source of spiritual illumination. 2. Christianity: inner light ADJECTIVE: 1. Full of brightness. 2. Pale 3. With milk: served with milk or cream added* Do you want your coffee light or black? ADVERB: 1. With little luggage. 2. Leniently. Personal observation of the word “light” used as a verb e.g., “He’d light a match every ten minutes to smoke another cigarette.” Some synonyms are: glow, beam, brightness, luminosity, daylight, and radiance.

A personal definition for the word “light” from the author of this paper is by no means written in stone or the formal context in its various forms. This personal definition may be offensive, humorous and simple...“You are as bright as you want to be.” Understanding the forms of this thought could mean educational endeavors, kindness, aspirations/ambitions, and last, if one is of a kind-darker or lighter temper mentality. In the culture of the Yup'ik people, ancestors explained “light” as brightness. In it’s individual spiritual aspect, it is the goodness of oneself.
The religious/spiritual side of the word “light” in many cultures includes that to mean: the source of life. Without light, the world would die. Without light, life would be incredibly diminished, dimmed and cold. Light energy is what keeps the world alive and moving. Light is of life, healing and comforting. The source of life is love. With that being said, “If you have not love, you have nothing.” Quoted from the Holy Bible.” To death belong the hateful, jealous, wicked and evil of the earth. If one chooses dark mindedness, let their bones wax in hell, and not be sought again.

Many uses of the word “light” vary in context. It is generally a word of a positive aspect. From a poet’s line of thought, light transcends life into everlasting beauty for those who are worthy. Hence the term, “Good things come to those who wait.” It does not mean be idle or lost in constant action, it means being patient for the outcome of your workings in life. Actualization as with time, is hard won. Maybe, not always seeing results right away could be disheartening. Though if we persevere, the light in our life’s journey, will be the beacon that keeps us on our way. Without light, life is in darkness, unconscious and dying. To rest in obliteration. Being that the word “light” is used in varying forms, it is a prerequisite of and in life. In closing, the philosophical sense of light is that we must not carry burdens alone. Not allowing life to become so heavy that it saturates with doom. The positive genre of the word “light” that is likely best admired is-life source. So keep shining! Even one, can light the world with hope helping others to brighten in their own right.
Etta Bavilla
July 28th, 2009
Narrative Essay
“Butterfly”
I. Introduction

A) Thesis statement-Friends can be a saving-grace, doing the work of God. An example would be “Vanessa,” in a thoughtful way, she was an angel during a time of difficulty.

B) Ultimatum- Live or give up ❌

C) Answered prayer- Friend ✟

D) Saving grace- Forget-Me-Not 🌀

E) Remembrance- Flashback 🌟

F) Awestruck- Wonder ☑

G) Thankfulness- Honest God ☺

H) Return- Live life ☀

II. Conclusion-Even when times are hard, sometimes an answer comes through the love of a friend. Genuine support can be a gentle reminder of God’s love, patience, and mercy.
Friends can be a saving-grace, doing the work of God. An example would be “Vanessa,” in a thoughtful way, she was an angel during a time of difficulty. The young woman who is the secondary character after Vanessa, is named Marie. Marie faces obstacles, even while incarcerated. In this particular jail, most of the inmates do not live behind bars, but live in houses. These houses are more like college dormitories than anything else and there are rules to follow like anywhere else, except more strict. Other inmates, go out of the way, to pester, poke fun at, and harass Marie on a daily basis. On one particular day, Marie sat in the dimly lit bedroom with light coming in from the window because the curtain was pulled open and the light switched off. She sat in house four, room number ten, top bunk and prayed a serious ultimatum to God. She prayed, “Give me one reason why I should not just give in and die tonight??”

Not even two seconds later, Vanessa knocked on Marie’s bedroom door, went in and noticed Marie looking upset. As soon as Vanessa saw that Marie was distraught, she jumped into comforting mode, and asked, “What’s wrong? Don’t feel sad.” Marie already began to answer saying, “No, I am not sad. I am mad.” Vanessa, adamant to comfort, asked again if Marie was okay. Again, Marie declared she was mad, not sad. Vanessa, with a quickness said, “See, that’s why I came to bring you this flower,” and in her hand held a flower outstretched to Marie. Marie barely glanced at the flower as woefulness began streaming out and Vanessa—ever the kind friend, listened. Marie happened to look again at the flower, and noticed in the dim light that the flower was light blue. Asking out-loud Marie said, “Hey, is this a Forget-Me-Not flower?” Vanessa says, “I don’t know, let’s see!” and quickly turns the light on. Seeing, that the flower was indeed light blue, but as both were uncertain of the flower’s name, Vanessa quickly grabs the flower and says “Let’s go ask Lisa!” After finding Lisa and getting a confirmation of the flower’s name, Marie then asked Vanessa, “Does that mean you want it back now?”
And Vanessa proudly replies, "Nope, it's still for you." Then Marie remembers a poem she had written a couple years before. In the poem she wrote to God, "Forget-Me-Not, forgive me ever and love me yet." In Vanessa's kindness and loving heart, she gave a simple gift, but with that small gift, came a message. For the Forget-Me-Not flower is a wild flower, and does not grow naturally on the institutional grounds. It is grown specifically in the greenhouses of the jail, not just for any inmate to pick. Rare as the flowers are, Vanessa was going along the walkway, happened to look down, and saw the flower lying on the sidewalk. Picking it up, and thinking of Marie, Vanessa brought the flower to house four, room number ten, top-bunk. While Marie, cross at "everything", was awestruck with the realization of the gift of a Forget-Me-Not flower.

Becoming thankful to God and Vanessa, Marie's hope was returned with the answer to carry on and keep living life. Sometimes people need a little reassurance. One must be open to the insight of the heart and mind, one must be open to accept the love given. Most important of all, one must be willing to give love back. In a society that is obsessed with "getting", these are the times when one must start giving. Maybe it is just a smile, a kind word, or a small expression of friendship. No matter what the gift is, it is of value when given- in care. Even if gifts fade away, memories do not. Lasting a lifetime and possibly longer, memories are what keep the human race looking forward to the future. Memories yet to be made.

In closing, Vanessa is a vessel of faith giving. The Greek word for butterfly= Vanessa. The friendship that goes deep into the heart and soul of a woman named Marie carries on to this day. Thanks be to a beautiful Butterfly, unbeknownst, messenger of God. Even when times are hard, sometimes an answer comes through the love of a friend. Genuine support can be a gentle reminder of God's love, patience, and mercy.
The small creek with its mountain snow-melt off, travels alongside the right of the village. A looming mountain, not unlike Mount Susitna, also known as “The Sleeping Lady” in Central Alaska, but named “Red Mountain” (the whole mountain turns red in the summers) rests behind a picturesque little peninsula that the same village called Platinum sits on. A memory comes to mind. I am possibly seven or eight years old, sitting on the bank of the creek when a mysterious thought pops up. “What if a fish is right under me?” So I take a careful peek and Wow! If a beautiful, fresh red salmon is swimming silently beneath the creek bank. I quietly slip my hand into the water and smooth and quick, grab the fish’s tail. It turns it’s head towards the back as if it is going to bite me and it was enough to scare me into letting it go. I know those salmon fish have short sharp teeth and I thought, “Darn! If only I didn’t get scared, I could have caught supper for my adoptive parents and I could proudly tell them how I caught it.” The fish that got away and what a memory it would have made, had it not.

Winter with its gnarled cold grasp reaches up from the creek bank. I smell the fresh open water where it has cracked or open somehow, otherwise all is frozen in a catch your breath cold moment. The sounds of the creek water are precise, even that sounds cold. Trickling through the open cracks, the ice is merciless and does not allow for much more movement. I imagine zombies pouring their dead bodies up from the creek bank and decide to walk home faster and not think about stuff like that, “Darn! If only I didn’t get scared,” I could have enjoyed a time in it’s cold and peacefulness, just to feel the peace for what it is. However, dusk is setting in and the night stretches on ahead like a shadowy blanket of darkness waiting to envelop all within.
A huge winter pond is open, Howie and I are on an ice raft. We are floating along with the help of his long stick to push us about. His body weight and mine become too much and our ice raft slowly starts to sink. I start to cry and Howie stomps his right foot on the ice hollering, “Don’t cry!! I’ll crack it if you don’t quit!” I try not to cry anymore like a scared bratty child that does not want to get their favorite toy taken away. “Damn! If only I didn’t get scared.” Next up is Ricky, cruising along to rescue us with his ice raft, Howie and I abandon ship. Howie and Ricky start to laugh at me and make fun. I am thankful yet and don’t pay them no mind.
The Hiland Mountain Correctional Center (HMCC) or "Hiland" as it is known, grounds are located twelve and one-half miles south of Anchorage in Eagle River, Alaska. The institution is a conglomerate of reddish-brown, wood-covered-over-cement-brick structures. The medical and dental departments are located near "Admissions" when one first enters the building. The main (commons) holds the cafeteria, central kitchen- and it’s offices, the Shift Supervisor’s (S.S.) office, Housing Supervisor’s office, Lieutenants office, law and regular libraries, gym, officer’s break-room, and classrooms one and two. The Mental Health Unit (MHU) and Segregation Treatment (ST/"the hole") are on a separate hallway stemming from the main admissions-medical hall. Main laundry, two main restrooms-one for inmate ("kitchen") workers and the other is for HMCC staff, and a custodian’s closet all lie in the hallway that directly leads down to the maintenance dock which leads to Chandalar (the shop for maintenance workers). There are normally two-long, huge, gray trash-bin carts parked back to back that are the dropping off point for all garbage collection.

This correctional center sits encamped by tree covered mountains that brilliantly splash and dapple in colors of red, orange, and yellow when autumn strikes, and pine trees mixed in with good measure. The leaves drop one by one until the land is blanketed warmly with the fallen foliage, ready to sleep through another harsh and cold Alaskan winter. While HMCC populace goes about its business, Houses One and Two (which are separate buildings) and opposite from Houses Three and Four (also separate buildings), all are reached by a roofed sidewalk. All abide on the grounds disjointedly but together. There is a surface tunnel that leads to House Five and is connected from the maintenance hall. House Five is usually reserved for R.S.A.T and T.L.C. (graduates and members).
The whole commons building is floored with white-colored-tile, except for the two libraries. Both libraries are entirely covered with a blue low rise carpet. Hiland runs alongside with one of the major road ways-The Glenn Highway, driving by. Hiland is tricky to find, you have to take a side road one and half miles coming in and back-track around to find the location.

The sky is usually filled with gray or white clouds that stretch in wind swept architecture; or not as dramatic, wafting along the horizon. In the summer, trees are alive with fleshy greenness that sprout form everywhere, lending a lush tranquility rare for a jail setting. It is here that I have come to “serve time” and in the process have met an enigmatic character I like to call Kid Ash.

Kid Ash is five-foot-seven and has the grace of a black panther, distinctly watching others and calculating her own moves. She works out on the weight machine in the gym and is stronger than most of the average lot. Her black eyelashes blink shut and open every so often with a curious smile. Lips that are naturally mauve-to-a-light-brown hue, tip to one side as she asks, “What the hell do you want?” I repeat the question in my head cynically. Her institutional uniform is ironed and impeccable. Of course there are her tennis shoes which are name brand, looking new and hardly scuffed. Clean and attired as regulations require, she stalks off into the distance of House Three. I know I will see her again later. She doesn’t go out of her way to mean to anyone, but she does “accidentally” get drawn into some drama at times, and she is not afraid to let her voice be heard. She doesn’t waste time to get to the point, and the head games are not a particular favorite. Although times for everyone can seem rough when we are down, she still hangs in there and tries to make the best of what is going on.
Kid Ash is an excellent poet, intelligent, heartfelt, and passionate on every level of feeling. With shiny curly-curl, black hair that is worn very short, her everyday language is quite contrary to her writing. Cussing at any whim to suit and color the situation to befit the story; she'd say things like, "Bitch, I ain't the one...#@*" when and if she was feeling let down or attacked by someone. In her yellows (for a felony offense) she walks with gangsta-style, smooth, and liquid movements. Her vulgar language is as common as her fluid behaviors. With depth in her writing that cuts from bone dry wisdom and the pain of ripping heartache, lessons in life are hard won. She has battled, fought, and still not done. She is a survivor. With her "young rock" self, she is cast into a lake, to ripple the waters encircling outwards to all about her.

For as young as she is there is a well of wisdom. While she is insightful and heartfelt, as sure as life is hard dealt, she is still vibrant and crackling with life! Her ebony eyebrows raise in all sincerity, she is rare, beautiful in her passion and ready to take the world on a dare. Presently, for these times she has toned and slowed down. Kid Ash knows she does not have to fight every battle; the battle will take care of itself.

However, throwing her two cents in like a "silver dollar" every so often is letting others know she is still around. Kid Ash cusses; she jokes around, she gets serious, earnest, and sometimes angry or upset. With a certainty, she can be volatile verbally or otherwise. Then...she will mischievously smile as she tells you, "You're fucking crazy!" But if she tells you with her brown eyes wide open and nose flared, "Step!!" You best get on your way and out of her face because after that she has the choice to walk away or kick your ass. To get on your way would be the best alternative, it is better to make a decision than one be had without a choice.
Brittany was “her girl” at one point and the two would argue, holler, cuss and make wild gestures. One day, push came to shove—a punch here, throw down and a kick there, and they both went to “the hole” for undue violence. People nearby that overhear, get curious or worried. “Hiland” staff are readily available if anything gets scary. Either the other inmates try to squeak by or gawk, “ooh-ing and awe-ing” over the explosive sound of a verbal altercation that could possibly result in a fight or a stale-mate. In Kid Ash’s assessment, if her point is valid and right, she has done won the fight. If she doesn’t kick your ass verbally, she just might do it physically—it depends on how pissed-off she is feeling. Reprinted from an expired HMCC Education Department newsletter called, “Forget-Me-Not Newsletter”, July 2008

-Poem: Change

Change comes with time and a lot of soul searching…It might be trying and can leave your soul hurting. There is nothing in this world that we all can’t do, and the only person who has the power to stop us is me and you. People get caught up on wanting to have friends…a friend will encourage you to change and push you to what is positive. Things get hard for us all to deal with, but in the end you’ll learn something and be blessed with more strength. It’s time for the world to help one another…encourage sisters and brothers, and stop trying to degrade each other. Change your mind frame, change the things you decide to entertain, and people can see when one matures in their ways. Anything is possible, and miracles do happen! so put a smile on your face & let “the man above” work His magic. Everyone has pain, everyone at one point has anger in their veins, but now is the time for us all to work on change. By: Ashley Smith
Impressionable, yet a little rough/calloused on the edges, her age makes the older people wrinkle and feel their stage in life. She has spark, not just any spark, more like that of a dynamite stick. When she is somber in respect for someone she respects or cares about that has “passed on” her spirit and soul would be as one, lit reposed as a candle-wishing farewell. With silence she can speak, and in quietness she lets time talk. If tears do brim and overflow, it is because she is that angry/hurt by some event or person(s) she has no control over. Thinking things over is a growing process. If something bothers her too much, she will open her mouth and let her feeling fly, approximating that of firecrackers thrown in the air.

Once, I was talking to her at the dinner table (as I had invited myself) about “the spirit world” and the consequences for folks and how they do things good and bad. The meal hall was a bit dim. Some of the light bulbs had gone dry in the slanted high-arched, white painted ceiling, however there was enough brightness to see. Sitting in the HMCC cafeteria, with its soft-edge, square, pastel-colored wood tables and beat up chairs, I spoke about how people are to me. How inmates and even officers, behave so mean and inconsiderate. It is not so little a dirty nuance as leaving the toilet paper roll empty or spilling coffee on the stairs and not wiping it up. There is a genuine meanness that feeds off on one another form time to time. I was questioning if people knew the difference, if they were following the wicked spirits willingly, did not know they were, or just plain did not care (except to be shady)? All the negativity in an environment that could hold such as a jail-house would accrue. She told me, “Don’t go talking that crazy shit...” and I countered, “Well, everyone thought Einstein and Benjamin Franklin were crazy and they were later proven right.” Outlandishness for the times indeed!

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She dismisses my answer with a roll of her dark eyes, a nod of disagreement and a 
smart-aleck comment simply said, “Whatever!” Her then-girlfriend Brittany, politely 
pushes up her glasses as she bids her “good-byes” from the table. I eat the rest of my food 
in amused irritation as Kid Ash and her girl get up to leave. I am left in wonderment at 
Kid Ash’s response, is she really that stubborn? Then again…it could just really be me. 
Kid Ash and Brittany walk away. What do they know anyway? I think—they think I am a 
fool.

Knowing Kid Ash, her mood and temper were probably unnerved with the verbal 
banter I called “conversation.” Provoking Kid Ash into a disagreement is not that smart. 
She takes words in, chews on them for awhile, and then spits them out if she does not like 
the way it makes her feel. Challenging her patience and “clarity”, she humors my 
presence and talkativeness with a grain of salt. What could I influence on this sleek-as-a-
black-panther youngster without offending her sense of being? With nothing more to 
offer but encouragement, I wish Kid Ash the best in her daily efforts, endeavors, and 
enterprise. Wishing and voicing are two different things. Kid Ash hangs with her new girl 
these days and they seem to be getting along fine, (Brittany has long gone home, she now 
is probably attending college somewhere).

Currently, Kid Ash is attending a college writing class here at Hiland. I hope she 
is as stubborn in her commitment to complete her course work as she is in trying to make 
me feel like an ass. A thirty-six, going on thirty-seven year “old” ass. I wonder 
sometimes…if she begrudges my questing? An at-heart-self-belief and an inquiring 
outlook with opinions that are contrary to most of those in general population.
While she is sharp, smart, and savvy, she has her entire life to learn a whole lot more. If I were to act similar to Kid Ash, I wonder if people would respect me with greater novelty? Why would I write about Kid Ash? She is dynamic, raw with feeling, and edgy. I believe she has great potential as a writer to tell the world where she stands. Should Kid Ash learn to behave as her poems are inspiring written, she could be a positive motivational speaker. Maybe she can help troubled kids in need find their way someday? One day, she will be free on the “outs”, singing, and running the streets of Anchorage, Alaska. Or maybe... she’ll move out of state and be the “work in progress” person she is striving to become, which is an exceptional writer. Whatever she does, I hope she doesn’t give up on her dreams. She will be a great writer, if she just keeps working towards her-better-tomorrows.
The earth is in constant motion. The high powered telescope focuses on the world and the activities amidst the planet look like a bunch of microscopic bacteria moving about on a 3-D Petri-dish. I zoom in on Barrow and notice how flat the landscape is, and how much ice and snow seem everywhere in abundance. The sea has big floating shards of solidified saltwater, milky and royal blue cold currents sip and dip over and around the frozen ice pieces.

All of a sudden, a bowhead whale skims the ocean front’s surface with a whirl of responses from the shore. Humans run to and fro to gather hunting weapons of various sorts. The sky is powder lt. blue with soft puffs of clouds spattered about. The bowhead senses the coming threat and dives deep below the water’s top layers causing a ripple to run towards the beach. With a sigh of gratitude, I hope the whale will escape. Predators in any form are so repulsive. Not wanting to see the whale’s plight, I switch to audio, and since I am power directed at Barrow still, I hear the human voices of urgency, excitement, and hunger. Inupiat spoken in earnest, patience, and accuracy, along with the sounds of kayaks getting loaded with gear, they hit the water’s bounty as swift and nearly as silent as the bowhead’s gliding Beaufort Sea flight.

In no time, the whale-hunters tow up to the bowhead with sounds of victory, as a command is shouted and the sound like "Shhhuck!,” goes piercing the frenzied air waves. Next, the most eerie melodic cry of excruciating pain sing through the audio pack and I wanting to be deaf, shut off the XQM-22 audio equipment. My heart aches and my inner ultraviolet being, screams synonymously with the losing bowhead whale. Why? Oh why did I focus in on that carnivorous earth? Why didn’t I zoom in on Mars and its hypnotic red sepulcher of globbing mass, radiating molten madness?
Switching back to the visual cartographic setting Maux 3.7 I, the Alien observer, notice
the sea turning red, as blood spews from the bowhead's slowly rolling body. I am afraid of how
long the whale will suffer? Oh, what time does death strike it's last heart beat and the very tear
shed to seal the fate? Then, miraculously as the whale floats adrift, body lifeless, I see emerging
from the blow-hole, a gigantic tubular iridescence, shining round the edges with optic stars. Joy
exhilarates my inner being as a new shower of happiness floods from the center of my spirit. A
rainbow path guides the angelic whale to a heavenly realm, and I ever alone, witness with my
two crescent orbs for eyes.

For a split second my feelings are fierce! Do humans really need to eat meat from a
disseminated whale species? My normally ultraviolet colored soul, turns a fiery red and needing
to seek a peaceful frame of spiritual planes, I abort the angry thoughts, and once again,
ultraviolet swims anew, gleaming throughout the oasis of my soul. My alien eye, thinks to a
place where time was before it knew mankind on planet Earth. Whales in sector G-9 were in
abundance. The dream I see, is repopulation. Hundreds of years to accept, my immortal
observance and impugn upon myself to help. Could the whaling boats get mysterious holes in
them? Little mishaps can happen. As if on some galactic cue, my friend L, pops into the space
before me, as I quickly shut off the XQM-22 equipment. L says, "Kind of like how humans
watch fish for relaxation, you keep watching the whales and pour your mind and heart out to a
lost cause." I wanting to say something in return say, "What do you make of the cause, that you
seem so oblivious to?" L says, "I know I cannot help the whales and the humans are always
killing animals, the sea's kingdom is no exception...so? I waste my time bothering you and see
what might I have with being a pest to you!? Mua-ha-ha-ha!"
As I curl my hands into a clenched fist I mockingly swing at L's 3rd eye. Hmmn...maybe being a pest is not such a bad thing? What if a cloud of gnats invaded the whale hunters' land? Wow? I am beginning to wonder on a more larger platter of parasitical matter. What really, could plague the humans to the extinction of their kind? L notices my abandoned gazing at nothing, and says, "I, you look a lot too lost in thought, are you serious about trying to help those whales?" Mischief grinning sneaks around the corners of our aerial minds, we are definitely on the same wave length, so I backstroke to the conclusion, maybe L is not up to par for the task and back away on asking if L would help.

L is as serious as a jellyfish poking fun at a sea urchin for poking fun about nothing. What does L know anyway? L is a comic book without the pages in color, stick lines for an imagination, and carbon backing that is so withered that it really is not that funny. L says, "OK, you virtuoso soul, I shall make leave of you and go, but just remember, it takes humans two decades to be almost grown, and as for the whales, how long does it take to reproduce? If you mathematically challenge yourself, the odds are stacked like the old ships sunk in the sea. How many bombs are dormant in the sea beds now? and how many bombs are used to kill sea life with explosive eradication? I, you just don't know when to quit do you?"

Just at my blinking of an eye, L is gone and then I am sitting alone to ponder the circumstances. What if the human races were wiped out? Radiation levels are on the rise, as are global temperatures, water levels, and pollution. Maybe in a few more decades, the human race will have decimated and murdered their own habitat, to their very demise? And so what if the human races should expire? Why should they be so dearly missed? All that greatness was not meant for mankind. And if it were? Humans would ruin with their boastful pride and arrogance as well. Who knows what any and all great plans are made at any one time? Mankind is foolish.
I, the Alien, have observed enough to understand and know, that the human races are reckless, and it won’t be that long before they are in limbs lost-ville, graves will stretch their death grip hands out and humans summoned, sludge off their bodies and the souls abandoned from their dead forms, find another dimension. Does not any human understand the dimensions? What formula do they fall in? Is it E=Mc2? X diameter? Who knows the space equation for the dead? Not remembering the specifics, Alien I, slumber into quasi-land where my thoughts float freely and drifting off, hope that the whales will surely live. Why must I assuage the negatives that humans might become the reason for their own race’s annihilation?

If only, I knew the answer to the dilemma of the whales and the humans themselves, I would be in a lot nicer frame of obliqueness when conversing with L. What would I do, if “my” whales disappeared? Saddend at the idea, curiosity picks at my brain, and I check on the cartographic setting to be sure it is in the correct mode. L thinks I already am too taciturn, my thoughts streaming I check on the Maux 3.7 setting.

My name is “I”, a peace going forth alien, who has come to find an event so catastrophic that even it has struck on a molecular level in my elevated mind to cause such a disruption in my spiritual transcendence as to force a feeling that is as such, bereft. The humans have been destroyed...L blinks in annoying amusement, and I, the alien, feel remorse. L consolingly tells me “It is no wonder, or fault of any of our kind, there was nothing we could do but watch.”

I say, “Tis true, but do you know, that all that could have been prevented by the humans themselves?” L’s response is amicable, but lets the next words be tense, “You know as much as our kind will allow, the humans’ nuclear weapons systems were overturned in a 9.9 earthquake that shook through to the jelly of the earth. Flooding was imminent, the whales are under the water, and it may take some time to acclimatize to the new conditions, but they are free now.”
I, still trying to remain reposed, slightly try to brighten up under the new line of thoughts. "My" beautiful whales, ever the kind natured, aquatic dwelling humble giants of H2o, free at last! As is, I come to the understanding, that acceptance is irrevocable, the humans are gone. And my whales swim about in a fractured silence. They know that something different has happened to the earth. The sea is the only last safe abode. Be as it must, I say to L, "Why don't we just send some neutralizing contamination ions towards the earth to free up the toxic radicals in the waters now?" L, surprises me by complementing my question with an affirmative and presses button 3 on the Maux 3.7 cartographic setting, and out from our heavenly plane, emits a blue-ultraviolet cloud that slowly falls towards the earth. Those cloud riding ions will decontaminate any live water by vaporizing the foul death and decay that float or become so waterlogged that they drift to the floor of the great waters. L, says, "There, are you happy I? Now the whales can have a safer environment and you will not have to worry so much.

I, grateful as a new born babe, thank the high stars above and feel very intimidated by this act of solidarity for the whales and my cowardliness to not make a move on my own brings on other feelings, regret and jealousy! Why do I always have to follow the rules?! L, reads my thoughts as he sees my soul glow a rosy pink. Grinning, he bows his head and blinks out after saying farewell, "Bye for now my friend, I will see you in another time!!!

I wave before he is gone and the stars on my head glow with peacefulness and might. I am ever so thankful for friends with a rebellious side, but an understanding heart. It makes me want to chase after L in a space run of a galactic frenzy, but I lull myself into a hypnotic mode of relaxation. Off I go, into the sea, swimming with the bowheads, blue-backs, and belugas. I hear the singing of whales, the humming of my soul and there I be.
Every time I see a beautiful place to go to using visual relaxation/imagery, it is not Hawaii or Paris because I have not ever been to either but the place of beauty for me, is in the village of Platinum, Alaska. I see sunshine basking the land and glittering atop the ocean waves. I see the bay. I see “my” village from differing angles of childhood memories. Tundra puddles with fresh rainwater that has collected in a dip, laying at the bottom I see clearly, twigs and little leaves. The scent of wet low bush cranberries and clovers of a sort mix in the air. Bumble-bees buzz lightly from various flowers, gathering pollen and flitting on their ways. Birds light the sky line and twitter, only to sing a short melody while swirling down to the ground where the tune of a championed tundra vocalist ends. Small, purple and white daisies salt and pepper the land and I see, smell, and hear, all I savor to remember.

I look to the horizon, I see a looming mountain range that is rusty red in color. I look beyond the village and see the gravesites of deceased village people. All that lies beyond the horizon is heaven. In the lines between the material, physical realm and the spirit worlds(s) life is mysterious.

Remembering... silver and green speckled with pinkish-red fish that swim beyond, I swim along, wondering what do fish think? What boggles their minds, or is their existence to just feel fear? Fear of being “caught” and killed, to be a carnivorous bear’s hunger binge or hooked through the mouth to be yanked upon the lip(s) that would soon be gasping open and closed for aquatic air? I curiously muse these thoughts of fishes existence and am happy to be swimming in a cool-cold rush of mountain run off water. The sun is shining brilliantly and causes bright lights to sparkle and shine over the flowing water. I touch my feet to the bottom of the creek and feel the pebbles and rocks with varying textures. I love this water! I love the rocks and pebbles. I dunk dive under the water and look at the rocks, it is blurry a bit because I am not wearing my glasses. I see the colors of the rocks and pebbles, green, white, black, brown, and gray tones. I worry I will step on a sharp pebble and sure enough, I eventually do and it brings a sharp jolt of my leg up and I grab my foot to see if I am bleeding but no cuts are visible.

The afternoon is wearing away. I take my shampoo and drop a glob of “White Rain” into my hand. Lathering it up, I apply it to my head of dark, brown wavy hair. I get some shampoo in my eyes and they burn, so I close them shut real quick and cradle the cold water to cup over my eyes to rinse them out. After I am done washing my hair I grab the same-brand of conditioner and plop some of the nice smelling mixture into my left hand, smooth both hands together and massage it around into my scalp. As I rinse out the conditioner I feel “the shivers” begin to engage my body. Crawling onto the creek bank, I manage my towel and wrap my hair up.

Next, I wring out my t-shirt that is covering over my swimsuit, grab my old swimming shoes and climb up the bank that turns into a soft small hill that leads up to a trail alongside the road where it levels out. Walking the short distance to home, teeth chattering, I feel exhilarated and refreshed. The following game plan is to enjoy a nice, hot cup of cocoa and change into some dry clothes. I feel the light within my soul, it is humming with a vibrancy that could only relay peace and gratitude. I envision the silver and green, red-ish pink colored fish and know one thing. Even they belong, and as well, so do I.
Imagining...A phoenix that has a rich plumage that is rusty red in color, with silver glittering tips on the ends of its feathers. Eyes are like galaxies with a beak below as proud and noble, rests comfortably fastened to a head with a few large feathers atop its crown. Claws gleam like Platinum vice grips. This particular phoenix is symbolism for healing and hope. It is a tear of great love that is gifted to a courageous and worthy being. And should I ever shed any tears, may it be for the fortitude of a forgiving conscience. For should I not ever be forgiven, would it be me to lie in a pile of consumed ashes and next, be blown away by a contemptuous wind?

Thoughts upon my name...As a three year old child newly adopted, I would tell the other kids, “My name is Etta Marie Face Tiger Bavilla.” The other kids would tell me, “Wait, wait, slow down...what is your name?” And I would repeat myself just as fast as I said it the first time. The kids would laugh and I would too, a little embarrassed but pleased none the less. I only remembered my “old” last name, “Freisinger” as Face Tiger and definitely knew my new last name, “Bavilla”. When I grew into a teenager I was told by my birth mother that she derived my first name from an old “Black people’s” name, Henrietta. I never knew why she picked the name “Etta” and maybe I was a crossroads of her working through turmoil to peace. As a child, I had to wear a leash because I was a rambunctious, energetic tot and mischief as well. When my birthmother told me I had to wear a leash, the young incredulous person that I’d become, grasped my hands towards my neck and asked out loud at the same time, “You mean like a dog???” My mom, appalled and indignant responded quickly, “No honey...it was like a harness around your back.” I laugh at myself to this day.

End Week: One

To describe a book I would like to write someday. I would write any feeble soul some words of love, I would write to the lonely, I once was lost, and to the blind, I still do not see, the deaf can yet read, and to those afraid I would exemplify bravery with a courageous shield. However, I still get scared. And I would write dirges for folks who sing the Blues. I would jazz them all up until they hip, hop, and rap away the sullen moods. This book is not to be forgotten, it is the ways of better days going by, not with just some words of advice. It would be with soul. Cause to be the one aglow, in not as fun if you are lit alone. Books, words, music, all sing and dance in my heart. I would describe this book from ending to start. Because no matter which way you read it, it will be with bit of love, knowledge, anger (justified or otherwise), hate, humor, and hope. So read my book beginning at start. Open the book, turn the page and enjoy the phases.

These are things I hate...Satan, devils, and demons. I hate cold summers and chilly ways. Some things creep me out to leave me creeping the other way. Let me out of here...let me go...How can you tell? How do you know? When you are in hell with nowhere to go? This is a temporary place, so transient soul. I guess I am here with a choice left to live. If I could trade my life for past mistakes, I would still not give. If I did, it might mean to make the same mistakes, so I would rather let me die so in my soul you will always live. To not ever hurt you again, would mean I learned my lessons well. I love(d) you. I have lost you. May I find you someday in the hereafter.
These are the things I love, people with clean intentions, motives, and actions. Angels, God and the like, all that is within God. I love Forget-Me-Notes, I love that God loves me, won’t forget me, and forgives my sins, loving me still anyway. I love the way loving God always wins. I love truth, even if it hurts. Better to bruise my ego, than blacken my soul because I could not lose, could not let go. I am able to learn and learning I am of love, keeps me strong enough to hang on for tomorrow.

End Week: 2

TREMBLE: ONE & TWO

TREMBLE: ONE

These voices relay their words, my mind so sensed, my body to tremble...
For I knew no-one was there. Pried at with confusion, lit into my thoughts. Enflamed and wild was my curiosity. Burn, burned, and burning. Dark clouds remain at a temporal distance. A voice is inside my soul. The company of those who are beyond the physical world. Be it angels or demons, love can save a life and truth heals.

TREMBLE: TWO

Voices made me tremble with anger. I knew the lies, deceit, and hypocrisy pried at a conscience non-existent. Wild humans burn as the clouds of fear envelope. My voice speaks out, "Beware the company you keep", so save the life of a world. And hearing... I was the only one who heard.

Stepping Stones : A Curriculum Vitae

1
Born the second of two.
Alive too soon.
On the cusps of life,
I lived too late.

2
A village brimmed joyfully
Within my proud and defiant eyes.
I dared happiness and knew sorrow.

3
City lights gleamed bright in my memory.
To hurt my sight, seeing it thus dimmed
Since the innocence of childhood.

4
Flashy I was not, fleshy I was,
Then spoke a penniless account
With an opulent body of youth.

5
Opportunistic curiosity, taken for granted
I closed the doors on the city
and wept in the village I loved

6
Anger spilled from too many tales
Folly fell, as did I, grief overflowed
And lost the love I loved most so much

7
Detained by law-Freedom circumvented.
What death did not do, is make
Time escape, aging ceaselessly

8
Stationary being, transported by desires
with hope in reality that
"Dreams do come True"
One day to be free
“Ramblings...” Falling stars glittered the air, some died and with the sparkling dew of star dust tears, humans who once were angels borne their forms, taking over the earth. Last, to be buried six feet deep below soil so fresh and unrehearsed.

“The Gift...”
I saved a gift of cloth, colored with the rainbow order/pattern it is. A dear person thought with a generous heart and gave me the gift. I see rainbows and associate iridescence with mercy. Some arcs in the sky line bow over the earth, a blessing from the brilliance of heaven. To fire the bosoms of those with homely hearths. Clouds may linger to shade the horizons but with out these clouds, what can we contrast our sorrows with to see the light? Humble souls know the gift of the tears of translucent love. Pure emotions illuminate with gratitude and reflect thankfulness that there is a Holy and Reigning God above.

“What I am afraid of...” Is letting God down more than I already have. I am afraid of being a failure, but I have no sense of winning. Winning isn’t everything or always easy. So I try slack it to the middle if I’m lucky. I am afraid of people getting hurt spiritually because of me or not. I am afraid of hurting people too much/too bad, to make me that mad. I am afraid to cry out loud. I am afraid of the future? And I am afraid of the truth of the people and what will happen to them. I am afraid to live again. I am afraid of my pain. I am afraid to just give up on life. I am afraid there is no humanity. I am afraid time is running short and it feels like time is running out sooner than one could think. I am afraid to sound out my pain. I am afraid of how I will sound if I cry out-loud, when inside I am real enough to cry. I am afraid to let things go, when all I really needed was to be held. I am afraid what will my ancestors say to me when I physically die. I am afraid of being naive. Sometimes I am afraid to not speak up.

“What I am not afraid of...” Is light. What I am not afraid of is a quest, a questioning thoughtfulness. I am not afraid of being an outcast, outside the social norm, or scrutinized by God. I am not afraid to cry. I am not afraid of trying too hard, not enough, or when to call it quits. I am not afraid of what I will say, I just have to stick to my beliefs and love God first. I am not afraid to speak my mind. I am not afraid to speak up most times. I am learning not to be afraid of silence. I am not afraid to be alive. I am not afraid to keep trying and that takes faith in everyday life.

I am not a loser! I don’t have to be a winner, but I am a survivor. I am not an icy witch. I believe in good hearts, good people, and good days. I am not wicked. I try not to harbor resentments, but my anger can overflow. It floods my soul, and I am not thankful with people Who have to look at me, not to me. I am not a well of wisdom, but God knows I am not that dumb. I am not a fallacy follower. Brave souls died so cowards could lie? I am not so gullible. And I am not humored by time, b.s., or death. I want revenge against the odds and I am not human race impressed.
I am a child of God. I am a blessed server of the Most Holy Creator. I am of love, life, and the like. I say I am a mischief maestro, not a mischief myster. I feel big inside a little world. But small in the universe, the scheme of things, and behind the scenes. I can only hope to be a backup’s backer-up. I am of happiness and freedom inside my heart. I am thankful to be alive and learning the wake of spiritual times. I am absorbed with a hopeful mind and faith filled soul. Because no matter where I go, earth, hell, or heaven? God will always my heart know. (And that is the secret of me.)

I remember... so many things from so many times. And they are all mine. To think a thought reflected upon, I remember my faith. I remember the pain inside my soul for what I have done. I remember to be patient with others, but must remember to be more patient with myself. I remember so much, I don’t want to share, I remember, I am poor and greedy. Ever so needy, I remember to keep faith and thank God for every day.

The things I miss, I am learning, are not so amiss. I am learning not to miss much when the powers of observation were sensed beyond me. The physical things I miss are genuine smiles, true eyes, and loving wiles. The things I miss emotionally are decent hugs, clean words/hearts and truth. The thing I miss relationship wise, is of the fact of an S.O. (or lack of). The things I miss are words, thoughts escaped, a loving man’s touch. A bracelet, earrings, and necklace. A pretty dress, nice shoes and an attitude that dares anyone, “Go ahead, be happy inside your soul. Smile a beaut and know it!”

End Week: Intermixed 3 & 4

When it is cold outside, thoughts cross my mind. I cry inside,
I try not to know where you are, because of me, you lie
In a cold bed of death. I pray angels keep you warm in the afterlife.
I only hope always that you know I love you. Will forever love you.
As I wait for the Father to let me be your mother again. I love
God and thank Great Spirit for you everyday.

The junk drawer/ the “dreaded box” that I look through a million times a day
and hope to find what I am looking for by the third searching is tricky indeed. In the
“dreaded box” are a 3 piece dictionary set, file folders, make-up, hygiene-shampoo,
clothes, conditioner, lotion, books to read that never get read. I love-hate looking through
that scrambled mess all the time. Scrambled-shcrambled. Bah singing pest!

I like yoga. I love to bead. And I wish I could learn Tai-Chi.
These activities to me, are like the art of writing, so I love all of
these activities. I know there is more to learn at beading and things
in writing I do not know, like I am not learned one bit in Tai-Chi.
Writing is a work in progress-art form that strengthens my and other’s
Minds and includes the ability of history.

End Week: 5
"When..." despair for the world grows in me, it is despair from the world I wish not to see, feel, or breathe. A turbulent air of dispute, a hell on earth. I have known of bad or scary things since my very youth. I barely remember fears, it was fears of things I had no control and that in turn led to despair. I learned despair is self-riddled grief and fears best be kept tamed, Otherwise, die in a bed of nails that the earth told me, "You don't belong here." Yet I am still here.

(Paragraph) Week: 6 Class Ends
Exercise: 3 “Buddy Love”

Playing a game of pool, she wins every time.
Walk, walked, walking 3-5-10 miles.
Food, commons, meal-times. Gym, hyper-
exercise=weight loss & confidence gained.
Big, brown eyes with a happy glint to the face,
tinged with excitement, fun made on the daily.
Rituals of thanks, peace, and guidance, reflected
through each-other. She is my friend.
“Goodnight” said fair-wished, and sleep the sleep
Like as if on a feather filled pillow.

Assignment: A-2 (3.9) pg 61 “Different Eyes”
I, myself have “different” eyes. Sometimes cross or cockeyed. Sometimes I try to see so
intently at objects closely (because I cannot see from very far at all) that it seems that I am
practically seeing in 3-D. I know the frustrations of a wandering eye and how some demented
souls enjoy seeing my eyes get messed up on purpose so they could laugh in my face over and
over again. I feel angry and disgusted, even hateful towards idiots such as these. “Beauty is in
the eye of the beholder”-tis true, and a shame, for those too blind to see. Empowering my eyes
with intent and focus straightened I can stare with wariness and ward off a snicker or cackle,
next, left to excuse their presence remembering to, “go do something” all of a sudden.

Assignment: A-3 pg. 61 “Symbolically”
What I love about my body is that it is my own. Being who I am loved by self and
grateful to God/Buddha/Great Spirit/Holy Creator. As we know the cliché, “It could be worse...”
I know too well. Times are not always stars and flowers and perfume. But, if I could love one
part about my body, it would be my feet. They are a bit chubby with the short baby toes,
hunched and snuggled into the rest of my toes. Nails are kept short and a couple or few, Frodo
hair toes-grow on my big toes and I pluck them periodically. As a comfort regimen, I give myself
a pedicure every so often. I also respect my walk of life. Symbolically. I am bound to follow the
path I hope God leads me with. I do not want to be unwise. I have learned to not “Eat worms”
and now feed my appetite for deserved good. Behaviors I enjoy with an attitude marginally out
numbered, I exercise caution when I can control myself. Sarcasm over-runnth, as I laugh or
cry.

Assignment: B-2 (3.14) pg. 81 “The Monster Man”
I see the Monster Man in a blur of ideation. It is not my creation. It is a dream God is
giving me for a children’s cartoon movie. I do not know who the young cast is, they must
empower and save their fellow children. Their hearts are big as they are brave. A song is tuning
in the background about how “Kind Father” does not want to let his children go, does not want
his children to get hurt, but trusting with great love, lets his children go into the world. To help
is to help. To hope, is to hope. And to heal, is to heal. For those who say, “Never let go”. I say,
“Yes, don’t ever let go.” Why? Because it means holding onto love, with out fear of losing it.
Hold fast, hold dear, hold tight, love is not lost on diligence of hope stretched forth. Always hanging on but not to stifle. How does one, ever let go with-out losing apart of their self? To teach a person to fish, to teach a person the notion of letting go, is to capture their soul, which you do not own.

Song: “Mountains of Things” By: Tracy Chapman
To be rich beyond need, is flashy indeed. To live life within the confines of excess
How could a life be so over blessed? Why live in poverty? Why allow the checks and balances to fall in someone else’s hands, when I can make my own dough. I can be the king of my own home. Who needs a man to be king, when I have guts bigger than his crown? Brave, braver, and bravest I hope to be so blessed.

Assignment: D-1 pg. 87

“Elsa’s Mom”
Her momma holds her relaxed in the comfort of a loose embrace. Elsa looks on to the road, wondering where will they next go? Times are hard here. No sofa, no porch bench but a wooden stool to sit and a hammock to sleep in by night. Food is wonder-some towards the end of the month. Momma dreams of plenty of food for Elsa, pretty clothes, and a beautiful, clean new home. A job to support the both of them is one of Momma’s main goals. One idea shapes Momma’s choice to move. A lazy, no good man is not needed, much less wanted. A woman could work from dawn to dusk and still not earn enough. A man plays for a national football team for one day, and earns enough to feed a stadium full of people for a week. The one thing Momma will not tell anyone is...“Uncle”. In life, you don’t give up or in that sense if you do, it is your life you give up. In the battle lines of survival, woman toils twice as hard than man. Momma covets a “no worry-life”. Imagine, a luxurious cruise ship, sailing through the troubles of life with security and safety for all aboard.

Momma regrets the lack of money in excess, deeply desires for a place to be at home in. Elsa’s mom, longs for a warm bed for the both of them, with a nice feather-filled pillow that one could happily spank into shape before drifting away into dreamland with a soft sigh of peace. She talks to Elsa daily. “This won’t last forever.” One day-Momma will find a job that will change their lives, more so than a dirty, cobble stone shelter. Elsa dreams on that Momma will find work, will own a new house. And Elsa could give school a try. Maybe Momma is right to hold on to her dreams. Momma is proud and at peace knowing she will find us a home. Sparse for now. But in times given to be allowed, opportunities create themselves like magic pollen dust. With the grateful tears of bumble-bees, how could anyone not be so blessed? Momma has found a job at last, working fervently by day. She talks at night, stroking Elsa’s hair, lullabies and singing, cooing songs into the night.
The crunch of the 12 oz. Pepsi-can struck the quiet night air, "Damn litterbugs," you say, as you bend over to unhinge the soda can from your white and black Nike tennis shoe. The movie theatre is closing and we both take off in the short walk to your place a couple of blocks away. The evening is warm and it begins to drizzle, with an over-cast sky and a non-existent breeze, the scent of the coming rain lightens my spirits. I always wondered what it would be like to kiss you on a warm, rainy night. With blue denim shorts, a cool red tank top layered over with a white button up shirt, my dark hair is starting to get wet. You see this smoky look in my eyes as I slowly try to glance away, you catch my chin with your right hand. The hurt and mistrust fleet through my eyes as you search my soul for an answer that could send us to the heights of heaven or splash us back into dormant reality. I shade and close my hazel eyes, take a slow deep breath, and open to find your brown eyes spaced inches from mine. Longing, willing me to know, we will be okay, your face looms out of reach, then before I know it, your lips whisper my name and we kiss as if in thirst, not able to quench the emanating heat between us.

The rains patterning a love song, drum over everything and my blood is racing, heart beating, as my chest swells with wanting your love. Swallowing your kiss along with my fears, I make a decision to let be, "Whatever will be, will be," and if it means you and I closer than friends, possibly lovers, I hope to my hearts content, we will okay- no matter which way the friendship goes. We had made it half way to your home when we first kissed. By now, my white button up is see-through and water runs down my face slowly. A tear mixed with rain drops fall from my eyes as I understand that you could break my heart and all this would not be able to be undone. You read my thoughts as though you may have felt them yourself.
Smiling softly, you reach up and cup my face to kiss me again. I think to myself, I might like this too much. Excitement moved us along at speeds we felt rather than noticed. We are almost too close to your home but it seems further than necessary. We are in a hurry so we break apart, eyes lingering lusciously, my lips pout at the thought of losing any time with you and I again start in the direction of your safe abode. You grab my white shirt and pull me back into your arms with a kiss so shocking I am stunned, lost, and found. Floating in a haze, reeling with joy, and all mixed up, I wonder if a love has just smacked me into a dream. "Let's go," I say, I take your hand, and we finish the way to your place.
Apocalypse

11-14-2011

We are, but so large and miniscule in the same observations of universality. The earth with it's blue and green embodiment, spins around and round, within the perimeter of a galactic existence. While in the year 2012 the intergalactic planets will align in a straight path and the end of the world predicted. Could we humans become extinct? To not be "done in" by the ravages of destruction we have caused to our "home" via pollution, Rain forest eradication, and the Ozone above our very breathing atmosphere being depleted, but by forces with which we have no control?

As a human race, we have caused much damage to this planet we call earth. What can we do to reverse the climatic changes that may affect our future? Like a "blackout", we may not know. Maybe the end will happen so fast we could be stuck in the flash of darkness? Or so like an eclipse, strident blackness enveloping?

Can a verdant planet so radically riddled, yet however lush, be restored to a measurable paramount paradise? Will we live to bequeath or vaporize into a drudgery of ebony enclosed "air caskets"? Our physical demise is imminent. Paradoxical in thought, "through death comes life"...Whether that life holds prestigious or lacking, is really a matter of personal quest(ions) best sought in one's own heart and mind. Or should one quest(ion) into such exercises of continuity? Will this light die as well? Or bless and brilliance our lives still?

by: Etta M. Bavilla

52
I saw Karin in a whole new light. Her stern looks gave the least clues to a humorous side that I took in with total delight. While we stood in line to shop sales, she remarked upon a funny and fun idea. "The next time I go to the bar(s), I'm going to wear a pair of eyeballs planted directly on my chest, so the guy I am talking to, it could be said, 'at least you can still look me in the eyes'..." I was amused to no absurd point. Next, I was wondering, "Wow! It could be an Underground Women’s Movement--women should wear them pair of eyeballs in every bar." This sexism is a blatant irony. While it does give a jab at the old funny bone. We women like the idea that a person of the attractive kind, is more interested in the brightness of our eyes (and not to see how dilated they are!) more however, intelligence is indeed a must.
Melancholy, yet added is indecisiveness.
I want to give up, give in.
There is just a fear of the pain it will take to complete
such a treacherous task.
For the reasons I only am deemed.
With this said, I hope to unmask all around.
Then I would feel vindication, no explanations.
I would see it in their faces.
Where I would go, no one knows for sure.
As long as I am known by me.
I am okay with what I know.
Oh the lofty heights of I. That eyes lay sight to paper read. It must be one of Shakespeare’s passionate ploys indeed. Othello though so loved his love, findeth only his love not in himself, so lost his love. Commence I this written journey, entreating wisdom, doth hoping to impart upon myself. For where love, madness, folly, and a vile man impugn such life? Why is Iago so victorious? Devil’s lute he played, Othello listened and a price he paid. Desdemona so trusting of light. I enchant myself to boast I partly read, such a classic, Shakespeare’s “Othello”, historically dead, yet alive in present minds. So sayeth I, one-day myself to join the dust of the earth, an inspired writeress through the plights of time. Doth I wish bespoken to the art of Shakespeare’s tongue. Questions have I for the quintessential allowance. “Dear Shakespeare:” “What mind have you? To see the soul of man and his dying heart? To rebirth upon itself an amending conscience? How does one truly owe virtue over vice in equal depth? Foriveth I, for I too, am horribly indebt.
Chris-y-alis

One time out at the track, laying around on the summer grass with towels and relaxing in the sun, Etta and her friends were talking, telling stories and goofing off when Etta’s friend found a cocoon. Etta’s friend asked, “What is this?” and Etta said, “It’s a cocoon looks like, is it?” and her friend says, “Eeee! You can see it moving around inside!” and Etta takes a closer peek to see and there inside the small, tear-shaped cocoon was indeed a caterpillar! Etta decided to take it home to her house and keep it in her room in a make-shift aquarium, it’s new abode and Etta’s new pet! Etta named it Chris-y-alis, and she would sing to him every day in his cocoon. She could see him moving around in there and he was very cool to see, like he was a heartbeat, or a kickboxing little something in there! She only let Chris-y-alis be babysat one time for a couple of hours at her next-door neighbors, named Renee. Renee wanted to babysit overnight, but Etta was worried for Chris-y-alis, (the night before, Etta dreamt that Renee squished Chris-y-alis, so she was a little nervous to let him stay the night).

It took Chris-y-alis about 3 weeks to develop, and sometimes Etta could smell him in his little aquarium, he was morphing! It was so neat to know that he was changing into something different! Then, she noticed one day that his cocoon was torn just a little bit. Then, later that night, she checked on Chris-y-alis again, and he was out of his cocoon! She looked in his cage and picked up the dried up leaf she had laid his cocoon on, and out came a beetle! Etta mistook the beetle for a cannibal- thinking it ate Chris-y-alis, and dumped it out on the ground outside her house! Come to find, beetles do the same thing! They go in a cocoon, and Etta felt bad for dumping Chris-y-alis out, like, because Etta’s friends teased her, “Just because he wasn’t a beautiful butterfly! And only a beetle, you dumped him out!??!” and Etta felt a little embarrassed, cause if she knew that he was going to be a beetle, she would have been proud of him anyway…(but she thought he ate the caterpillar-butterfly so she dumped him out!) Now, Etta knows, what beetles and butterflies can do, and she likes all kinds of pets, including beetles! Next summer, Etta will be on the look-out for butterfly caterpillars. And try keep it as a pet to grow and “hatch”. Silly ah?! Or another beetle! 😊
"Hello World!" Chris and Liz would greet everybody if they could. But being only tiny beetles that just came out of their cocoons this last summer 2011, they can only go so far to say "Hi!" to someone. Small as they are, they travel quick as they could, covering a little ground at a time. You see, Etta went on a little quest to find Chris and Liz. Well... she went out to the track, and looked around for places in the grass that had clusters of sorts, mostly dandelions, and looked very closely, like beneath the grass and on the top layer of the soil. The two cocoons were secured to the undergrowth of leaves and lichen. Etta found Chris on a lichen strand, and Liz was nearby in some dirt on an old leaf that was dried, brown, and cracked into a small piece. Etta was so happy to find these little guys! She wondered at first if she would have any luck finding them in such a large field inside a 1/4 mile track. Then, she found them and it was like it was meant to be. So she washed a new aquarium for the two cocoons and put fresh grass and dirt inside to lay the two cocoons on. It took less time for the two to hatch than Chris-y-lis.

Possibly, Etta found the two cocoons later in the summer than she thought, or the two caterpillars were just incubating earlier than when she found Chris-y-lis. In any scenario, the two cocoons hatched successfully, and Etta was pleased to release them to the wild. She did not find any butterfly caterpillars this year, maybe they are higher up, like in the trees? Etta hopes one day to find a butterfly caterpillar to watch it grow, morph, hatch, and fly to it's habitat. Most likely, Etta will do some research to find out where to find butterfly caterpillars and maybe next year, to be ready to find a plant that will sustain it's growth and maturity. Also, to have some food available upon it's hatching. Much luck in your bug hunts and until then, creep on!!
We Yup’ik people of Platinum, Alaska are called Arviqmiut=Rock people. I have
(mostly) good memories from the time I was three when I first moved to this village, Platinum.
There is a creek that runs alongside one of the main village roads. We lived on a peninsula that
stretched from the far tip to the mountain base it ran up into. Across the bay is another village
called Goodnews Bay, Alaska. In all this solidness where tundra freezes ice cold in the winter,
creeks, puddles, and ponds as well, we lived in frigid winds that would howl throughout the
night. I can still see Red Mountain looming in the background, virgin-snow white laden, with
one star over the middle of the mountain range itself cast against a navy blue night background.
The Aurora Borealis that arrays only in white also, would sometimes dance and shimmer across
the night sky in the overhead areas.

Or in the summer, how Red Mountain would reflect clay red as the sun went down over
the ocean, and climbing this mountain we felt invincible. We knew life for every breath we took
in or out. We all would have a picnic and then go hike up Red Mountain to view the splendorous
sight of the lands we lived and roamed on. There was total freedom and innocence in our lives. I
learned that the weather can be so heartless, however in the summer, shine on you with sunny
rays and one could smell clovers that grow wild, scenting that same cold tundra. Fat bumble-bees
flit along the flowers gleaming pollen, and mosquitoes could complete air attacks with silent
maneuvers to secretly land and make you itch until you bled. I remember the warm breezes that
felt like my soul was being caressed; my being, completely at ease and thankful to know that
such beauty still exists. We had fun, did our chores and went to school. My hometown, is where
my heart is. Then I started to smoke cigarettes and marijuana at age fifteen. My mischievousness
took an upturn. My schooling took a downturn and so I dropped out.
However young and naïve, I thought to escape to the city. Depressing times ensued here and there, not ever lasting. The rock that most people despise is called “crack”. I used this drug to escape but not too often. In the city of Anchorage, Alaska is where I experimented with various drugs, including LSD and once, “shrooms” but I was so depressed I could not even muster any amusement. I do regret using drugs and alcohol, it has only lead to dismay at my past and the actions I have committed and sustained. Although, I was mainly an alcoholic, I kept also smoking marijuana and quite a lot of it over a period of time. The decisions that I made were reckless and most times totally miscalculated. Tyranny is looking in the mirror and not seeing who you are anymore or what you have become. I am a true addict and I know that I cannot for any reason use drugs, especially alcohol. The miscreant person I was, hopefully is no longer to this day. I wake up and do the daily routine, I have been spurring along on the mote of my life. I swiftly go through my days like canoeing on water. I endure, I have matured, and in some ways even digressed.

I can get flippant, even bratty to the point of irritating others. Though I am secure with my inner self and withstand most criticisms, I am not immune from getting my feelings hurt. I have forgiveness issues and not with just myself. While I wrecked a lot of havoc within my life in the past, I never could see how I was affecting my family and friends, in plain denial. I felt alone, angry, and damaged, I did not trouble my family to know why I drank like I did. Only blaming them sometimes for not caring to understand, yet judging and scrutinizing me. I tried to end my life more than twice and was close possibly the second and third attempts. The times I lived the rough life, I felt I could not sustain a “normal” lifestyle. I was in a mental abyss of doom. For any of the people who tell me Jesus saves and is the only way to heaven, I still disagree. I am a Child of God, just not the Jesus type. I believe God is greater than Jesus.
Ever since I was a child, I would look at the picture Bible in color, and see the horrific story of how Jesus had to be murdered for our sins to be forgiven. This mighty “Rock”, the cornerstone of believers, repenting souls, and healer of the afflicted, had to die. I saw no answers in this brutalization. People are still doing the same sins they have always been committing, maybe even worse. It is as though “Jesus” died for nothing. It is to my utmost conclusion that this mythical Jesus is all a fallacy. No human could ever be sinless, much less “perfect”. It is a bogus story employing human feelings of want and or need, to be so loved by a God. Mainstream Christianity=Government Propaganda to control their people through religion.

All that in my mind is a ploy for deviltry. It is not to go through life without remorse or repenting of wrong doing, but the old days of hell and damnation preaching are of no effect. People will be good, bad, evil, kind, whatever, but it is with much consternation I live my last life. I live this last life because it is a life I took, a very precious and most valued life. Know this, I did not think I was playing God, I did not think I was playing the devil. I believed I was saving my son from an evil world. I know my son is/was innocent, he would automatically go to heaven, I would contend with the consequences of hell if I had to, to keep my son “safe.”

The “Rock”, the cornerstone of all life, could do nothing to help me. Not because I refuse to believe in murdering “Jesus” for the forgiveness of my sins, but is not a true faith for my being to uphold. I feel it is a cop-out, it teaches people to have no conscience. No accountability, just because of believing in Jesus? Wow, if I were that soft minded, I would just rather ask to be shot in the back. It is just as low and shady as any cowardly sin. Once we “come to” in the afterlife, we will see what really awaits us. It is not up to any Bible or Jesus but I do believe in a holy Being, an Entity greater than us. I remember my past lives as well, I care not to repeat them anymore. My heart is in reserve. I will go “home” someday and there I hope to dwell throughout.
The possible rock foundation of my youth, was my adoptive mother. She was always there for me, whether I was drunk, stone, or sober. She even bought me a Chihuahua puppy as a gift if I would please stay sober. I did not. I still got the puppy though. I named him Gizmo because he looked exactly like the little Mogwy from the movie “Gremlins.” I was not worthy of such a gift. I was not responsible enough to begin with and even worse, a careless alcoholic. Mom did the best she could with what she raised. I was/am stubborn, have always been and more than likely will always be. Mom now lives in the afterlife with angels and a host of heavenly creatures I suppose. I know in my late teen years and young adult life, I was not as kind and respectful as I should have been. Regret is ever filled inside me. I cannot make up for the wrongs I have committed in the past. The pain and humility of my youth sears to this day. Yet I am humbled and strengthened.

Through-out the moral building of my childhood, I did not really have a father figure in my life. My adoptive father died when I was ten and my uncle moved in. This uncle was temperamental and had jealousy issues towards me because he was culturally adopted by my mom way back before I was born. I showed up on the scene, mischief, goofy, and spoiled to an extent. Before I was adopted, I used to throw temper-tantrums at age two by holding my breath until my lips turned blue and I would pass out. The first time I did this my biological mother rushed me to the hospital. The second time I pulled my tantrum, the doctor at the old-Alaska Native Services (ANS) hospital assessed the situation very clearly and calmly. “She is okay, she just holds her breath and passes out. The next time this happens, just leave her alone and watch her, when she needs to breathe again, she will start breathing again,” he told my mother. I tried my “master manipulation” trick again and mom did not a thing but observe. Sure as was told, I began to breathe again and came to. End of that topsy-turvy tantrum scam.
I came to find the rock of my soul. It is mainly God/Great Spirit/Holy Creator. In my many trials of life I most times in the past abandoned all thoughts of God; whom I presumed condemned me thus, and I was left to rot with the consequences. During the times of peacefulness, hope would spring forth like a new born fresh water run off. It is not always without anguish for the bad things I have done in my life, but during peaceful times, I feel more energetic and creative. I have a sense of balance, an ease in my temperament that allows lucidity.

While God's plans for me are like any great adventure, as any life would have theirs, the true Rock is God. If I were only to lean on myself, I would be insane with grief. Why should I not continue to endeavor for God in my life? God in this world? If I so keep upholding good, then it is for a good conscience. I cannot keep being "bad" or committing wrong doings most of the time. That would be too great of a negative in the balance of scales. I am an underdog. I am a go-getter. I just happen to be an underdog, go-getter, like having two facets against me. If I debate the pros and cons of my life, I could get depressed and say there is not much pros I have in my favor.

Needless to say, I digress. If I keep faithful to God, that is a definite pro! So when people ask, "How are you doing?" I reply, "Hanging in there like a little champ!" Regardless of what people think, believe, or even know of me, it is God who matters and the people who strive for such godliness in all they do. It does not mean a person is perfect. It is just that if one practices on the daily to keep good deeds established within and out, it shows. With this said, I will keep being a little champ and conquer the day with creditability in my skeleton. I know if I do the good I ought to do, it is seen by God and I need no proclamations from mankind because I already know it will just be degradation. In any case of my life scenario, God is an artisan of the soul, creating beauty and transformation where none was sought. And I believe it!
Short Story: **Stephan’s Death** by: Etta M. Bavilla

12-30-2012

“Ah, heaven...” Should come crackling down upon a glistening head.

Alone in the down-pore with only a streetlamp for company. Dripping with rage, faltering breaths for sheer anger, this twistful eve a story could tell. The man begat his mobile phone into the dirt. Staggering off into the night he swore a loathsome oath, “Why should a man cry now with a chosen soullessness shadowed since my very youth. Vengeance claimeth I, against all that is light. Nor mother who bore me, nor sister to share in the womb. No love spare I, for the blackness in mine heart is the key to all doom. Unlocketh I the doors of death.”

Then, Stephan fell between the spirit realms. Lying to himself, so does mistruth so tell. He fought naught the dark, and losing brilliantly his plot of hate. What Stephan did not see was his immortal fate. None other, yet for eternal pain. The sufferings that demons pick, each color ransoming asunder, a demented glee. Trashed about was Stephan’s deceitful crown, singed and charred, and his eyes to be scorched with hot coals, and still he would not see. The greed sowered with his green eyes, ensued a song the flames would chant, “Burn you fool, so damn you now & forever! You belong to the Lake of Fire. No-one can raise your despicable head. The life you sired to damnation is your own. You lead, you here so thrash in your bones. The bars of your sarcophagus.”

Began then, Stephan’s awareness, smoldering and revolting in his very death. If he turns to the left, he will burn. If he turns to the right he will burn. At his every turn, he will burn. Who knew what a cataclysmic fate? So conjures the question that leads to the story of why Stephan’s misery is so wished. What had Stephan done, to justify such a desired devastation?
Short Story: Stephan’s Death by: Etta M. Bavilla
12-30-2012

Part: One

Where begin I? The cost?...a life a plunder, a death immeasurable, who so strived to die, take another’s life, and should unexpectedly live? It is I. Whom begat a son, whose precious name was Elihu. Loved so much, I could scarcely believe the beautiful baby boy in front of me. Elihu’s strong character, little body, and heart grew. His mind, keen and alert, knew and saw more than the average yoke, for shaman lines pulsed through his veins. The light inside this effulgent soul beamed with every smile. Before such a one was born, hard times surrounded the young mother to be. Homeless, husbandless, and a little bit of money left, I embarked to the homeland of my younger years in the village of Platinum, Alaska.

Even there though, I noticed the village dogs were behaving snaky. Distraught and hurt by the mistrust engulfed between family-- devil’s music listening brother and his too young wife, (not to mention their one year old daughter whom I loved and wished to take with me but knew my twin would go mid-evil crazy and fight me) soberly I suffered to return to the city. With a verbal agreement made, in exchange for room and board I was to babysit 2 young boy children, ages 5 and 3, plus up keep the 3 bedroom apartment. I remember now, clearly how I taught the 3 year old dear child to rinse off his meal time dishes so cockroaches would not over-raid the place. The little critters were present, and little time was wasted to keep the kitchen and living areas clean. As the Adult Pulic Assistance paperwork was in lieu, monies later allocated then were used to retain my own living space. I moved out with much regrets to leave behind the two little guys for I had grown fond of them as well. I packed my belongings, still pregnant, and moved to 333 Taylor Street in Mountain View, into an old attic apartment.
Living in Mountain View was new to me. Teenage years were spent growing up in Fairview and I never had any problems altogether in Fairview. While living in Mountain View, morosely I recall that a young African-American had been shot in front of my attic apartment-housing and I did not know his body lay for one hour in the rain. Unbeknownst, I emptied my apartment garbage in the front at the street dumpster, and later heard how callously the Anchorage Police Department left his body for the sushing sky to wash away into the gutters his blood too red, but who could really see in the dark of the night? I began drinking and using drugs at my son’s fifth or sixth months of age. Then, I was evicted from “my” Mountain View attic apartment for being too loud. Tyee Apartments took me and my little son in for a month, but my first love and I found of one another still, decided to get engaged. Once we agreed to our rash plans of marriage, we then moved to his homeland, the village of Goodnews Bay, Alaska. Times were okay, bearable, then sank into bleakness. The fiancé and I were starting to argue and “fight”, so I left with Elihu in tow to Dillingham, Alaska-back on my way to the city.

Once I obtained a receipt, Elihu and I moved to our Fairview tiny apartment house on Karluk Street. From the start, I was worried about my son’s health because I had gotten a Venereal Disease, Gonorrhea-back when I was 17 years old. I believe, even to this day, that I am not properly cured and fraudulently labeled with mental illness to cover up the illegal discrimination. After Elihu’s birth, when he was 3 weeks old I was placed against my will into Alaska Psychiatric Institute (API) for eleven days because I told a doctor at Providence Hospital that I called this other doctor in Fairview at Anchorage Neighborhood Health Clinic, a “devil worshipping whore”. Reasoning thus because the doctors refused to acknowledge, correctly examine, or much less treat Elihu.
Mind you all, I was not violent to myself, Elihu or anyone else. The API doctors told me to stay in API willingly for a shorter time, verses a court order to hold me against my will-longer. They also threatened, “You better quit believing you and your son are sick with an STD, or we will take your son away.” Everyday that my 2nd. older sister who offered to babysit Elihu while I was at API, brought my infant son to visit, tears would stream nonstop from my eyes. She kept telling me to be strong and hang in there, that I would be home with Elihu sooner if I cooperated with the API staff.

On the tenth day, my sister (allowed without my permission) that my elder twin brother “Steve” babysit Elihu for the evening because she was tired and had her own son (who was eight months older than Elihu) to take care of. After I returned to the attic apartment on 333 Taylor Street, baby in my arms, happy to be home, my next door downstairs across the way neighbor had a bit to say. Lynn told me bravely, that she could hear my son Elihu crying for hours the day before. She began to get worried and went upstairs to the attic apartment to find Elihu, laying in a soiled diarrhea diaper and an empty baby bottle...Lynn timidly asked to handle my son, valiantly changed his diaper, and made him 2 bottles that were hungrily sucked empty. I love(d) Lynn for this with all of my heart, for even now, her compassion and care nearly brings me to tears. She was courageous to tackle Steve’s evilness, in the face of scrutiny/ criticism, she won a battle of conscience AND my eternal friendship, which go hand in hand with her heroism.

Steve and his wife did not care, only pretended to on occasions. As I had moved back to Fairview on Karluk Street, during those times I kept in contact with a friendly cousin in Platinum, AK who assured me that a Health-Aide job, training position was available.
Short Story: *Stephan’s Death* by: Etta M. Bavilla
12-30-2012

**Part: Two**

Back to the village hoped I. We were half way there, so close, but we were stuck in Dillingham for many days, waiting for a flight to my village. Learning that my aunt needed help at her set net site in the fishing-cannery (summer) village of Ekuk, Alaska, off Elihu and I flew in a small engine plane. I tried to question for answers, help from my aunt, who only coldly answered, “Don’t go talking that schizophrenia stuff”….Then, I did get scared, all in fear, desperate and hopeless. She just got done smoking pot like ten minutes before and I became paranoid. Tragically, I took the life of my one year old son and tried to commit suicide. Medivac-ed to Dillingham, Alaska, then on to Anchorage, Alaska, and the last destination for a long time to be-Hiland Mountain Correctional Center (HMCC) in Eagle River, Alaska.

While the stay here at HMCC has not been reasonably okay, I try to make some use of my time with two jobs (and hobby craft projects) a bit more productive considering the restrictions. My mental health treatment consists of forced involuntary psychotropic drugs and blanket-group therapy. The primary psychiatrist meets with individuals once a month and asks the routine questions. No real counseling is offered.

The Department of Corrections is a façade, only the good deeds done get shown to the public. Not what really happens behind closed walls and control-locked doors. We are not treated like the average inmates. Whether we did not bring trouble on ourselves or others, we ultimately get mistreated due to that label of mental illness. This is my part in an exposé. As an adult human being, (aside from normal childhood bully-hooding done to and by me as well) I do not expect, demand, and entitle myself upon other’s being. The Mental Health Unit-MHU staff and the like do just that to us.
Short Story: **Stephan’s Death** by: Etta M. Bavilla
12-30-2012

Then I, hearing in the spirit realms, heard Stephan cowardly say, “I had to kill ‘him’, he might have heal her”. Hence, my anger boils with hatred toward Stephan. Shamans do not practice witchcraft or black magic. Shamans are healers, communicators with the spirit world(s). For a shaman to do bad and unjustly by people, is a wrong in and of itself. But for a people to wrong a shaman is evil. To satisfy their own jealousy and greed, to betray a true being of light, may God cross repay. Some people might be forgiven, some may not. At the end, it is all up to Great Spirit. Demonic possession is possible. Slightly or acutely. Any living animal could become target. As long as light lives inside, evil will seek how to hurt and destroy that life force for whatever the reasons. For such demented spirits, the loss of their own soul, for they no home. Jude 1:13 “Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame, wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.”

And the red, blue, and yellow crowned horsemen, have power over the earth to rape, molest, torture, and kill. It is not legal, but the police is who they are and they have organized it thus. Some hospitals help rape the people. With their needles and drugs to incapacitate, some have all conspired together, cooperatively to rape the very people whom they are sworn to protect and serve. This is a corrupt system, may God repay. All you, Stephan’s Lot, burn, burn, burn... We don’t want your abuse and blame thereof, you all deserve to be damned, so is the way of the Satanists, so burn. A loss, unrecoverable, Elihu is yet physically demised, and I still loving his memory, do soberly sustain.
I said to the day, “I forgot about you…”
And the day said, “Miss me!” and
I said...“I did!”
and the day said, “It’s tomorrow!”
And I said, “But that was yesterday…”
And the day said, “Make today!”
And I said, “The present, makes a point”....“Okay!”
And the day cooed, “Procrastination is the thief of time”.
And I replied, “Quite all right, I am in good company”
So the day chimed, “There is no time like today”
And I said “Now, look who’s talking.”
While the day, ticked off at my response
Kept to the second hand of the law.
Time obeys no one, not kings, not fools,
And definitely not me.
The furniture was sparse the kitchen table was a yellow topped rectangle with an oil stove and a wood stove for accompaniment. The living room had a couch that sprang out into a queen size bed. During the school months, the elder women of the town would try to teach the children handmade crafts such as; basket weaving, skin sewing, beading, and knitting. Then there was the summer the local children found a Robin's nest in a bush of trees behind an old swing set out back of a community/town hall building. Everyone marveled at the color of the eggs and how tiny they were.

Across the mountain range there lived a solitary horse. She was an oddity there in the little town. Not enough food was available to her, so no matter how she was beloved, she froze and starved to death. While safe in the city was a grandmother who prayed for the well being of her grandchildren. There was a little school located in the central part of town and it was painted red. Three main virtues were taught in a child growing up back then. #1 Love God #2 Love your people #3 Love yourself. One's life is what one makes of it, a person cannot eat worms every time things do not go their way. If someone reads the newspaper and there is mainly bad news for the headlines, why not go outside for a walk on the beach? More frequently than not, television ruled the weekends and holidays. When the time was appropriated, teenagers danced in an old storage building then no one really ended up dancing. The teens just went into milling about and then a game of hide and seek next worked it's way into the scenario. The towns people (mostly) in the summer season fished commercially and some subsistence fishing was exceptional. Obviously, people still worked in the winter months, but carefully allocated summer foods like berries and smoked salmon for sparse times. Outside, the wind would howl and wail during blizzard spells and squirrels would hide underground in their homes. Summer or winter, it seems just like yesterday was a haze where I was growing up. Long ago memories are only a fraction of what some lives have lived but finally, I am okay with where I am at.
Yo, Sir...Ever since I saw your picture in the
Anchorage Daily Newspaper
I have been Rapper-slapped, with my heart under attack.
Put me in a Yela-jacket, I don't care.
I am crazy about you. All I hear is you rhymes
See your dreamy eyes, and a fool is fallen
No, really. I thought I would just give these lines a try.
I look at your pictures taped over my 2013 calendar and
At times I believe life is worth the living
Some are just so bad-az, ya'll spark the imaginations
Like Davinci and Michael Angelo's "rivaltry"
You and Eminem got me trippin
Great artists never die. Ya'll rapped this hard world
Into truer times. Like an Off-Air t.v. shock to the eyeballs
I'm missing your colors flying!!
And I can't wait to see your face again
I want to see you in 3-D, meet you in person.
Wishing dreams of you, I want to shake your hand
Check out your body-ink, smell your cologne and
Whisper in your ear..."What did you think of the
land of ice and snow?"
"Josianna"

By: Etta M. Bavilla

12-08-13

The hell raising family guy was finally evicted! The neighborhood was relieved, and Worm was disenchanted. Had his partying really caused his family to become homeless? The small family consisted of his younger brother (who paid all the bills mostly and earned the condo in the first place) Rob, and two daughters that were entering teen years. Worm was perplexed. He thought he was being a good father, but was all that weed causing his disillusionment? He did not see it at all. Maybe one two many fifths and sometimes gallons of alcohol were not such merriment? He did not even see how his young daughters Angel and Sea would cringe whenever his alcohol smelling self would emerge. I could see it, even if I am not there because I was somewhat similar. I had no child but I loved the heck out of my nieces and nephews. I remember once when I picked up my niece and kissed her on the cheek. She wiped her face and said, “ick.”

Now, I understand why it was “ick.” Cigarettes and alcohol don’t smell good and to have that around kids should be totally illegal. Why feel sorry for foolish parents and adults? Kids don’t deserve any or all the bullshit that transpires around them when alcohol is a factor in the home. Good riddance to that ugly stuffed dog that looks perpetually stupid. Goodbye smelly old couch! I’ll miss you air-fan and foot stool. I am not a part of Worm’s life anymore, and as the kids’ aunty I know a nicer home awaits Angel and Sea when they move in with their biological mother. They will have a more secure, safe, and clean home with their mom, Josianna, whom I have personally met and respect. I respect that Josianna has love for her children, gone to treatment and secured a safe living environment for her kids. I love her and them so much and wish them a good life.
"Afterlife"  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  
12-08-13

I was going about my daily business, shower, breakfast, chore, work, and later in the day-phone calls. I made the same phone calls I normally do, but that last phone call of the afternoon, held me saddened and hurt by the truth of it. Roberta, my sister told me that our dear Atata=Uncle David had passed away on a Saturday. It was shocking, not because it was unexpected but because it happened sooner than I would have thought. He was the last elder in our immediate family. I had hoped one day, that if I ever were to become married, my Atata would help me walk to the expectant groom. I may have found my biological father and I am afraid I may lose him too, before I get out of this nightmare mess of a life. When people die, it is most sad when one never gets to say "good-bye." When it is my turn to die, may I see my descendents in the afterlife. I won't forget, I won't die from the pain inside. I will live to see my life to the end.
A man sees me. I am sixteen years old. We all party. We all have fun. It is dark inside. We all "crash" on a bed, making room for each-other, comfy or not, too buzzed to really care. Everyone falls asleep except me. And him. He yearns to "have" me, I am polite and say, "No." He is in earnest, pleading next with a crisp $100.00 bill in his outstretched hand across part of the bed. He is drunk. I am amused he would ask first, then offer money, and still in mid-pleading, he conks out. I safely doze off to a light, restful sleep. I wake up first in the early dawn of the morning light. I see the $100.00 bill off by itself on part of the bed we all crammed onto. I reach for the "cool cash" and tuck it away in my blue jeans pocket. A bit later, everyone wakes up, somehow my girl-friend and I have already left. The next day, that same man is walking towards me and asking, where is his $100.00 dollar bill and asking if I took it? I say, "No." I am two-three times purposeful with the lie. He gives up on asking me anymore.

I am outside one of the main grocery stores. Just as it happens, I had seen the week before a little music piano jewelry box which played the tune “Memories”. I had fallen in love with the piano jewelry box from the moment I heard it play. That "cool cash" bought me the song, the shape of the piano jewelry box, still vivid with it’s muted tone of pink inside lining and flowers of light pink Chinese style art on the cover of the lid. I would play this trinket in odd hours of night. I imagined to no far depth, this life of mine to the tune of this trinket box. How tragically it has become. And so, I never fathomed how tragic. In the past of my teen years, it was just the obscure love of unknown tragedy. Presently, my life is yet living.
A lightened heart beaming, Marie looked up at the late afternoon sky with a crest fallen happiness, she thanked God, and then bowed her head in silence. Her hazel eyes flowed with tears of joy, for she knew in her heart that she was forgiven and loved. Marie’s dark brown wavy hair was tied in a Chignon, and her mascara became smudged as she dabbed her eyes, looking over the cemetery, the gravesite, and the epitaph. Wondering, how had she survived the loss of Montgomery? With a prayer and a promise, Marie whispered she would be back again to visit as needed. Yet for as long as Marie kept a song inside her soul, to depict the times of her life, even when she was tried to wit’s end, she knew what it meant to “once” fall in love. Back then, over a decade ago, the one true love of Marie’s life was tragically murdered. The “how’s” and “why’s” dulled no less, as the pain still exists. Just knowing that love and forgiveness are real, discernable, and tangible fruits of the spirit, not delusion, or pixies amidst a forest, her hopes lifted. Comfort and conviction filled within, like a diamond encrusted cup welling with ambrosia, to be swallowed from over and over again. As twilight snuck in, the heavens began twinkling radiant little greetings, and peace bore over Marie’s soul, relaxing her mind. Marie was at last free from her hurt filled past, being strong and simple, she accepted enough to bear with what time had to give.
Carlos

2014

By: Etta M. Bavilla
One time my dear friend Dominic and I partied late into the night, alcohol was
plenty enough at first. Marijuana was the usual side-kick to our beer and cigarettes were
never enough in two or three packs to last. Just hanging out together seemed like a good
reason to party. We always had fun times. Another time we partied and had permission to
enter through the 2nd story balcony apartment of Dominic’s sister Carm. There was about
five or six of us this time around and we smoked some weed and contemplated how to
get in through to the balcony door.

Finally, Dominic decided he would climb over the railing, drop down hanging and
monkey-bar it across, sideways to Carm’s balcony. We all silently waited, listening and
wondering if he’d make it, then we hear a loud hollering going down. We all knew
Dominic fell and hit the concrete below. We ran down the hallway and stairs to the open
night. Next, we see Dominic holding his elbow and bouncing up and down walking along
saying, “OUCH, Ouch, Ouch!” Dominic thankfully was alright, no broken bones but a
possible spranged/bruised ankle. The whole while this was happening the people across the
street lot living in flat apartments were watching us with great interest and amusement.

I get the idea, I myself will try next but I take the balancing beam railing top
across idea. I climb up...I hear the people across the way say, “Look! there he goes
again!” -Mind any who’s in concern, it is starting to get dark out this night but what night
unusually isn’t? I climb up. I am in able footed and steady enough to make it past at least
two apartments. I get to the apartment sure enough and jump down into Carm’s balcony.
I check the sliding glass door, it is locked!!! This is where I become slightly taken aback.
Enough to faze me a little. I have to climb back up onto the railing and take the beam
back across to where the gang is waiting. Now I get nervous but I climb up anyway.
My legs are a tad shaky. I make myself go forward moving less confident and unsure if my feet are going to help me or let me calamitously fall. The stars must have blessed me with a wink that night because I did make it back without falling from a height that would have scared straight any stoner. We carried on in another night of partying in Anchorage, Alaska and all was well.

Back to the beginning of the story. Dominic and I both are both waking up and we are hung-over like dizziness was just an afterthought (and God is Great!) that God gave to those who do not drink in moderation. We borrow Carlos’s car, a good friend of Dominic. After driving around for a couple to a few hours, the car breaks down when we are a block away from Carm’s place. We start to push the car towards Carm’s apartment building parking spot, this is our goal. When out of the blue, a police officer pulls up and asks us for our ID’s and next, receives a more important call on his radio and takes off. We lucked out and did not have to answer any awkward questions.

After the car was parked properly in place, we hang out and smoke some “ciggs.” Dominic knew the whole while that there was an old bottle of Brandy in one of the boxes of Carlos’s stuff. He wondered if he could find it because we were still hung-over and drinking that bottle seemed like an answer to the hangover, tempting the heck out of logical loyal friendship “boundaries”. The iffy-ness of it all faded and the quandary of drinking it was obliterated. To boot, it was a one-hundred year old bottle to the year and had been carefully saved for a future special occasion. In our beat up addiction we decided to drink that one-hundred year old bottle of Brandy. Nothing was spared, the bottle was drank, cigarettes smoked, and our hangovers were gone. Drinking that bottle was nothing we could replace. It was a disenchantment of choices we made.
Sadly and idealistically it was the wrong choice in terms of respectful friendship. The next day Carlos showed up and was complaining about his decimated one-hundred year old bottle being gone. We knew we were guilty and so did he, none of us hid the facts of it. Then, without even hearing what Carlos was saying, I turned to him and said, “But is it not-Beauty is in the eye of the beholder?” Whatever Carlos had been saying he stopped, he looked at me pausing, then he left. What prompted me to say that? The gall of me back then, to this day appalls me. It is disconcerting to remember that we drank Carlos’s bottle of Brandy, that we were that selfish and uncaring at that time. I have not ever been able to tell Carlos, genuinely, how sorry I was for helping drink his one-hundred year old bottle. Carlos, if you ever read this, “I’m sorry...I know you hoped to save that relic bottle of Brandy for a very special time and we were the jerk-faces who dimmed your moment but thank the high heavens, we did not darken your life. Your light I am sure is still bright and brimmed to goodness. Forgive me someday? You are still a friend in my memories. You impressed my youth with the strength of your truth, may you live in peace and prosperity. I live to this day with you in my memory as a curious cue to whom I was not wit. Much obliged to have met your patient soul, may you walk in health & prosperity on this earth yet. Thank you for being so real. Your Friend,

Etta M. Bavilla
May I find it within me to love
Even when all but God, fails
Be it within me to always thank God
And love God, Most Compassionate
Merciful and True. More real
than any worlds that spin and toil
Bright and sacred lights
Shine upon my sickened form
My heart to be whole and restored
That I may be kind to the kind
Shrewd to the shrewd and a blessing
To those who Bless.
I, last only ask these three plus few
That I be forgiven
To be who I am, with no fear
For the Eye of the Beholder within me
To see beyond my limited understandings
Keen of good, like an aroma from Heaven’s abode
Holiness scented within my imprisoned loft
Yes, to beg, I beg, such holiness
To fragrance my life, even after my demise
Qayana Ataanaqa, from a humble zephyr
Still breathing, beauty after death
Death is imminent
It is eventual and factual in every mortal sense
What does life suppose with such a juxtapose?
Walking hand in hand.
The brilliant life within the black shadows
Of a dying force
Inner strength is not always what it seems
At my weakened times, I was so bereft and lost
This deep hole of hopelessness I could not cross
So in I fell and at the bottom of despair
I thought to let go, just pass on my soul
To the realms of nothingness
And yet, I still lingered with strength left.
In the company of lost, hopelessness, and despair
It was total misery
And the only person to decide to be happy was me.
Those negative vices had not much for truth but to leave me be
Whether I rise or fall or crash at the bottom, someday
Whenever it comes, I will die
Then death will no longer have a hold over me
I will be free in eternity
Time? No longer has a second hand
I cannot hear the tic-toc of chaos
For within that inner strength, I have drawn a well of peace
In that hole that once held me captive
I now make into tranquility
A wishing well of Zen
Whether I am angry, sad, or ecstatic
It is all before I had ever been
At the end
Shushing in the wind
Leaves, eventually fall like tears
From trees as if they are grieving
Green leafiness, fading, faded and gone
Flutter softly to the ground
Autumn, when the earth is scented
with a muskiness, steaming from past warmth
Soon to be fading, faded and gone
Winter will set in sooner than later
Frosting the air with a bite
Snowflakes will rule, gentle as they are
But with a coldness quite fierce
This fortress snow world
Soon too fading, faded and gone.
Passing to where the melting off of everything
Will be the white water stars, dripping into spring
Green buds appearing on tree limbs
Ushering in the birds to sing
Another full cycle has tenured and I...
Am fading away with the seasons
Can I let go as gently as Mother Nature does?
Accepting change, is the inner-self transcendence
The more I learn, the more I understand
I have been graced by loving hands
Embracing, embraced and loved always
I too, am fading, faded, and will be gone
Jail House Humor... ~2013

One time I had a terrible time waking up my friend in the room next door. I tried the cajoling and coaxing method, soft voice, patient and true. No matter how kind I was about waking her up, she still snored on and pretty much was oblivious to me. Then I got this bright idea. I boomed in a low, loud voice-her name (trying to sound like a correctional officer) and next thing, her eyes pop open big and wide, she looks around the room and then her eyes get real small once she sees me. I stand there and laugh, unable to control my glee that I did indeed do what I intended. She says, “Don’t do that to me!!” all indignant but awake. I guess there are times when one cannot overcome the temptations of humor at it’s best.

In a correctional setting, it is immeasurable to have a sense of humor. You either cry until you laugh or laugh until you cry. In most sense, laughter is the best medicine and I am just unsure if sometimes the joker is not just the joke player, but the magistrate of tomfoolery. If everyone could muster an eye to any fool, then let the laughter roll on. Any day or night-We all could use a good laugh! (Joyce Bonilla)
Title: Prison Pranks
By: Etta M. Bavilla
(truth/dare/double dare/promise/repeat)

Once a group of us were sitting around playing the game, truth/dare/double dare/promise/repeat and we dared this one young lady to go tell a joke to the housing correctional officer (C.O.). We thought of a clean—“appropriate” joke and then off she went to complete her end of the dare. She went up to his office door and says, “Knock-knock!” and the C.O. says, “Yes?” and she motions knocking in the air at the same time saying, “Knock-Knock?” and he replies, “Well?” and she comments, “You’re supposed to say-Who’s there?” and he’s like, “And?” Next, she waves her hands dramatically up in the air and says, “Never mind!!” Reporting back to us, we laughed hysterically because the C.O.’s responses were even funnier than the original joke! He had/has a “dry-sense-of-humor” and to this day I remember how the prankster was-accidentally pranked!
When I was seeing my baby's father, I would sleep a lot in the bedroom of his apartment. On the back of his bedroom door there was a poster of a Snowy Owl. I was awed by the superb beauty of this white and black bird of the Northern Hemisphere. Baby's daddy and I broke up before the child was born. However, it so happened wherever and whenever I would be walking around (still pregnant) and would be thinking of baby's daddy as if on cue I would spot a porcelain figurine or a picture of a Snowy Owl! Later down the travails of time I gave birth to a beautiful baby boy. He was so cute that a lot of people mistook him for a girl. I'd proudly scold, "He's a boy." While he was a young baby, he would make these cute little noises like some birds do. Not quite clucking, clicking, or chirping, it was more sounding from the back of the throat and nasal areas. Then I asked my mother what we called a Snowy Owl in our language, and she replied, "Anipa," so I nicknamed him my little Anipa.

He was charismatic for someone so young. People would look at him and exclaim, "That's a cool baby!" Even once at the bus stop waiting in the outdoors glass cubicle, a tough biker looking older man started teasing my son, "You think you're a lil' bad boy huh?" He said it with affection and my son was dressed in his lil' hand me down blue jeans, with a blue jean jacket, and I added a blue bandana that covered his head all "gangsta" style. Elihu was smart and reflective. Once, his baby-sitter Angie and I were sitting on the living room carpet with the radio quietly playing, trying at a couple hands of cards and my little Anipa was playing/climbing around on the leather couch. He made it up on the leather couch and sitting there, he smartly (& most adorably) said, "Angie!"
We were so surprised, shocked, and tickled beyond words that I think we scared him into shyness. My heart would break a million times a day to see and hear his cute baby self again. Beyond any sadness, he lies in a cemetery with balloons on his grave marker across from the Sheraton in downtown Anchorage, Alaska. The reasons were many that lead up to his death, not understandable to most. In all contrast, I am at odds with a corrupt medical and mental “health” system. I was/am fraudulently labeled with a mental illness: Chronic, Paranoid, Schizophrenic. I was told to take anti-psychotic drugs and then eventually quit taking them. Prior to the Crime of Murder in the First, I was diagnosed with Post Partum Depression. It continued worsening when I was forced into Alaska Psychiatric Institute (API) when my son was only 3 weeks old for telling this doctor at Providence Hospital that I called this other doctor at Anchorage Neighborhood Health Clinic in the Fairview neighborhood of Anchorage, a “devil-worshipping whore”.

I was initially asking about health conditions that I noticed my son Elihu had been born with; these same doctors were refusing to acknowledge my concerns, much less-correctly screen my child and provide treatment. I was told to take psychotropic drugs (again) and not any real counseling was offered for my Post Partum Depression. Next, I was “black-mailed” into taking the mental health treatment or be kept away from my infant son longer and or he be taken away all together. Everyone generally knows the stigma of what happens in some foster care home-molestation, rape, and abuse. The personnel at API and as I have learned, elsewhere, are and become violent in the guise of mental health safety protocols. If an individual refuses to take the psychotropic drugs, that person will have a rude awakening. We are forced violently to take the drugs via syringe or we orally take the drugs to evade harm.
I was not in the right frame of mind when my Murder in the First charge happened. After all the threats and abuse, I attempted suicide and took the life of my one-year-old son just minutes before. I was so fear-filled, "if" he would have had to grow up unprotected in this harsh world. Would he have become labeled with a mental illness down the realms of time and he himself subjected to undue violence? To grow up to think, wonder, or worry if he's crazy like his mom? On that note, what is really happening to kids in children's wards/ hospitals with mental health scenarios? Are the minor age patients being victimized with lies and violence? I seriously would argue on behalf of these children. I am certain that all their bad behaviors are alleged and recorded.

How are these children's lives being documented? Where and who are their guardians? Who is ensuring the safety and well being of these defenseless kids? I want the public to be aware and advocate for the best interest of these children, to get involved and make mental health employees accountable. Why is it that one out of every four Americans are diagnosed with a mental health condition?

Why is America going mentally ill? I believe it is due to the medical and mental health personnel, "Conspirators of Rape" and they are the ones creating it thus. It should be investigated why and how the "Emergency Room" entrances at the hospitals keep being shut off and on. The police do not want the hospital cameras to catch them in their illegal acts. Syringes are a favorite to knock out an individual when the person is trying to escape getting gang-raped and molested. Who gave these people license to break the laws they are entrusted to enforce? "Abolish Harass and Arrest! Reinstate Protect and Serve!" as quoted by the deceased citizen John E.
Leave it to the “professional pervs” in Alaska (highest rate of violence and rape against women and children in all the states of America) to implement a devious, devilish, and hurtful trifecta of insults and pain to our intelligence and bodies. Shame you to hell- you all involved, cowardly pig-dogs. We do not accept or reflect your kind. You all will be exposed Someday. With this all told, I will love my son until my dying day and with hope, love, and forgiveness, I hope to hold my son one day-in the hereafter. This story is dedicated to my son Elihu, if I understood spiritual war-fair more accurately, I would not be here today and possibly never learned the truth of a sinister Police force, Medical and Mental health system.

The people of Alaska, America for that matter, need to get involved and start investigations into the Police brutality, molestation, and rape of inmates and citizens who are unjustly treated, this includes minor wards of the state. I would suggest that Neighborhood Watch programs begin a fundraiser to hire professional investigators/private eye detectives to spy/monitor (specifically) the police and what they continue to illegally commit against the common citizens. The truth needs be known and this is still a free country! We have every right to protect ourselves and expose wrong-doers, especially of this magnitude. The right to Media is also in the Constitution and any and all information regarding illegal police behavior(s) must go to the right sources or else be whitewashed & swept-under-the-carpet.

(I understand not all Policeman and Medical/Mental health personnel are involved, but these people have some general understanding/knowledge of what crimes are committed and who the perpetrators are—but for fear of reprisal, loss of employment, or even life, these same people do not speak out). Much Obliged for the expose'.
Title: Imprisonment  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  
06/15/08

The God of heaven governs over all, yet the lawless
Rule the land. Expecting, demeaning, and demanding me
To pay for my sins
While they themselves practice deceit
Confined to my crime, time, and the cruel

Imprisonment is played in my bones, mind, and soul
Where can I go?
You look at me, decreeing my every guilt
Though I know you are no God, nor are you truth
For by the lies you tell will you be stilled

If you tell me to go to hell
It is you who might discern the screaming and it’s yells
Judgment is besought, a sword cutting off life’s chord
With finality and with-out care.
Unbiased and objectively so, facts thereof

Courageous enough to see, willing to listen, and speak out
About peace within. Finding yourself, you are not lost
The meek will inherit the earth and the humble...
Will conquer and rule, because life is more precious
Than the pride of fools

God knows my heart, of the strength beating inside
That so let my love grow. To this I put my faith
With simple honesty. Once my last breath is free
I will rest forever a Child of God/Great Spirit
Stubborn enough to wit, blessed in bravery
Title: Hell Bent
By: Etta M. Bavilla

Only in the eyes of men, do you hags delight.
And in the eyes of God, I am me, whole and free.
It is a sad state of business to have to be around the hell bent.
Always, always, always, trying to force their filth.
I am trying to maintain and find joy in the mountain of faith
I have found. It is to God's promises I bow. I can leave.
I never have to care, to believe, or feel for humankind ever again.
I will be me, whom mankind was not that kind to.
I care, believe, and feel for me. I am known, but not in good
Favor. Mankind took it's froth, gulping it over and over again.
I swallowed my pride, held onto my life.
Never again, will I die so hard for people to keep mocking.
There is revenge on my part, on my name, my son's grave, and
My eyes see you all are nothing beautiful.
When you look in the mirror, pity the tears you do not shed.
Your ill conscience is fathomless.
For the spittle you breathe in and out is your breath.
You, oh children of hate. You deserve your very own blackness.
So when, "bad-luck" happens upon you, like death shadowing
Your soulless hearts, do not pretend you were right.
Call it Karma or God, what you put out, is what you get back.
Because you lie, do not think we believe it.
Keep lying to yourself and your likeness, none of you
Are worth the truth and someday it will be the end of you.
Keep on spitting, you won't even be able to swallow back anything but fear,
after fear, you will realize your surmounting fate.
Forever in death, will you wait...
In the time being, we bide our ways, and bid you good-bye.
Cause it's been long past since it was too late to apologize.
Through this maze of madness float I
Does anyone care if I die?
The only one that could understand
Is the Maker of death and life
Who but in a balance of life
Should my death be born
Until death do I die
But if I could spare one more time
I know I would not
Fooled me once, shame on you
Fooled me twice, shame on me
Fooled me thrice, shame on shame
You could not fool me again
Third time's the charm, the plot of
Tit for tat, I'll get you back
Yet that does not fit the bill
What should I care if the wind grew still
Your breath froze over in your lungs
With frosty eyelashes you wished for warmth
And so, granting your wish you burned in a pool of lava.
This world, the melting pot of anguish
You can no longer swim, you can no longer bear
Life through your throat. You cannot even hear
The siren of your screams, only the swish swash
Of your spirit, stirring in the blood of your soul.
You chose such hatred, tried to throw it off on me
But God knew the truth as well as I
For it was told to me long ago, giving me a chance
To understand what I should have known
This world is spoiled rotten to the core
And from it's guts will it's courage so rage
Boiling over into the hills to smote and burn
Every valley to run low and be no more
Once Upon a Time

By: Etta M. Bavilla

I, Once upon a time...believed in your beauty
But you would not give me the benefit of the doubt
You could have given me some credit
Then my honor would bestow a likeness unto that of your own
But you could not, for your excuses were of more value
Too meritorious for anyone else's good, you spited my shame
Only looking on me with perverse glee
If I were a mirror, maybe you would have some sense
To become afraid, to have some decency and not be so mean
Now, I do not believe in the human fallacies
You all consume evil and demand our good
You who have no mortal rights but that of death?
Shroud yourselves with pain and the grit thereof
You all who mocked and were so proud
Shame you knew not, humility a far off mask
Nothing you would genuinely wear
Just your wild tongues and big egos
You cannot hear, you are deaf
And to the grave you were anointed
With the blood of someone else
And still you acted like nothing was wrong
The pain in our hearts will not be easily erased
You cannot remedy, you cannot undo, you cannot remove
The blight in your heart, escaping into your soul.
Cannot purify yourselves at the expense of me
I am not yours, nor are any of you mine
You did not accept what you did
You only forced your lies
And so when hell is stoked and ready for a new
Batch of souls, you will have no choice, you will have no control
Off you all will go and not ever pass on our roads
Crossing the threshold of the most deserved fates you guests of hate
Hells dogs most viciously await.
This I am and have been
With patience as a goal
A child of God
Freed to return home
When I die I would know
I lived life despite devious times
Cruelty in motion, this earth
Spins around in a joke
Mocking heaven with demented glee
I was not keen to such derision
But felt the tears in my heart
Overflow from within my soul
On my face was the pain
This world so loved as a game
You all who conspire are lost to me
Dead as dead in my bosom will you be
I tried to tell you
I tried to love you
I tried to let you understand
The power of love was in your hands
The worldly choices made became null
But evil, and now there is a chasm
Leading to your unholy graves, where time
Means everything and nothing
Abomination is for blasphemous spirits
Too uncouth to be true to life
You all laughed until you died
Believing in your own filth
Was your only power
Bravo! Bravo! You deceitful people
To hell will you go
World # 3, you lost me!
When I think of death- I want revenge
Some things go without saying and I
Have lived far too long walking
Off of the plank’s edge.
I wonder when I am gone, who will be
Left to carry on? Most all of the wise gurus
Advise that forgiveness should be the way
Then why am I so exempted?
I was not ever forgiven to this day
Words are just words and words
Can be lies, but the truth is still there
Unspoken or not, the pain will never heal
Human race, you all gambled and lost
Thinking I am a roll-over dog
Regardless of anything, I will be me, forever
Believing you all are so clever
Knowing the conspiratorial lies
I hope you all scum buckets burn and fry
Always justifying your evils, expecting and
Demanding me to take the blame
This was never a game.
Look at the work of your hands and see
Who you’ve likened yourselves to
I walk in the spirit of my God, that is true
I will trust God to deliver my soul
Where you all will go? The devils already know
You all hateful race, may God
Put you all in your place!
Entitling yourselves to everything and
Not ever offering truth or genuine love in return
Smirking and laughing with demented glee
Your hopes are evil and disgusting
It is not my fault you cannot learn
You all have no mercy, so don’t entreat it from me later
You people are no decree above God,
Just a human fallacy, the Devil’s satyrs
My feelings are wrought
My love for the world is nought
The lies, the unkindness
Is not to my likeness
Love is with God and I would like
In truth, Truth be sought
Should my soul ever interject upon such
A calamitous land again, may I die
Before I begin
Swear this I, I will no more tread foot
On anything called earth or with such human design
My spirit, my light, my life will be in heaven
Dare not ask, do not demand, nor beseech
Anything of forgiveness
Boastful and arrogant human race
What have you for true pride?
All you have accumulated is filth
My heart is sad for the true nobles of this earth
The brave young children, innocents yet living
You adults know better and still conspired with evil
The children will not be your ransom
All your bribing with fraud and lies
Pay your own sins and debts there is no Jesus to compromise
It is you treacherous people the devil will collect
As if the devil can save himself, is he really going to save
You insidious people within death’s girth?
We who love the God of our souls already know
So stop your lies, you all are just irritating to hear
You things are too ignorant to be a part of the solution
In fact, you all are most of the problem
None of you see it, because of all your miniscule beliefs
That denying truth makes us liars or unstable
To say it simply, so you all understand
You all are too stupid to know the truth is in our hands
This Truth, you will never get to keep and in you it cannot grow
You all will never be of us, much less control
Goodbye sleuths for hell
Once this life is done and over
You never promised me a rose garden
But You did give me a most beautiful rose
I eventually, dismally chose, what I chose
And with that rose dying
I should have died through and through
Now I am alive and dying inside too
If my heart were ever to beat so free
What should I care? Only when my soul
Is released from my body can I ever be
And only with all my heart, can I truly be me.
I would die to tell You, I love You and
That I thank You for that one rose
Petals like tears dropping away
Passing among the canals of time
Envisioning the light, I can see heaven
Within that sanctity is the rose
Vibrant and anew
You gave me the rose to remind me
What love is, and how I am loved
As I hold onto that rose
It is the past that I relinquish &
Letting go, my soul is healed
My heart restored and whole
When I see so blankly
I am blanking inside out, spacing off
I am so unfocused, I do not see
Only feel
I do not want to hear, smell, sense, or acknowledge
Anyone around or about
All this mess of egos
I can do without
I write to simply, then so simply
Am I dismissed
I understand most all of this
However, you humans should begin to accept
You all cannot change my being
To suit selfish plans
I will stay a Child of God, the Artisan Master
And by no means, will I choose debasing man
I have everything to die for
Holding on to life feels like a losing fight
I cannot hardly wait until I am out of you human’s
Despiteful sight
Once I am free, all you all will have is your ugly memories
I stare inwards, because I would rather stand to
See me and my memories, no matter how I may be
I will not take any of you home and vise versa
Unwelcome you all are so just stay away, you others
You all do not have what is takes...
To be a child of the Artisan Master,
So why do you even bother?
Little children

To you, no unkind word should swell from my mouth

And from the birth of my heart, I loved you all from the start

Herald angels sing when ones such as you grow with strength

Noble you are, and merry rest you be, when you lie your

Cherub heads to sleep

You, little children have natural rights to be proud

As you get older, please keep yourselves true and bright

God loves each and every one of you so very much...

Don’t forget that as you grow up.
Life is not always what it seems
Nor is it like it used to be
As a child, I knew freedom reigned
Like the grassy greenness on small rolling hills
Pureness of life, air, and space.
Mountain run off water, cold as any might
Days, fun with clouds or sun
Nights, glowed by starry height
I remember well the ocean
Softly pounding over and over again
On the packed sandy beach
Also, the smell of wild clovers and the sights
Of the many fireweeds sporadically about
“Life” now has a different meaning
It may not always be locked doors and closed walls
It may mean freedom becoming a reality
A change of people and scenery
Would mean a world of difference to me
Living free can be a state of mind, but in my heart
I grasp “the bigger picture” and I
Hope for a truer future
Who knew but you, oh God?
The power of Your Great love
I understand what I am supposed to do
I just do not know if it will help anything
Or anyone at all
I know people are wrong as a whole
With what they choose
Then have the nerve to get upset or jealous
Towards me when they should just be who
They are supposed to be
I will stay a Child of God, I love and thank
Ataanaqa, whether I live or die, You are with me
In the depths of hell, the high heavens, or holy earth
I hope I make You happy
I will try to do Your will
In the end, I will still see You again
Forever Yours,
Etta M. Bavilla
I am not good at goodbyes
I do not like to lie so I would rather just go
Be gone and then cry
I know my heart and it is still mine
God gave me this freedom and with it
I freely love God
Not all times are happy, not all times are sad
But all the times with God helps me
To understand and not feel so bad
Our little lives spent as if in thoughts
Trajectories through out
Life can be like a curve ball throw
Going off a little but remaining it’s course
Fast as you know it, finally hitting home
God’s time is forever and life is but a minute or two
Where our lives flash before our eyes when we are dying
The time of life ends in the time of death
May I keep singing, even after my last breath
Love truly reigns in the heavens!
No longer freedom as a hope, wish, or prayer
Why must everyone judge?
No matter who we are or whatever we do
It all seems so disgusting to you
Why are any of you decreeing anything?
All you're all doing is hating
So what is making you all hate?
Do you think all your negativity makes you great?
I want to ask, "Why?"
Maybe, you all are in hate mode
And really need to take a reality check, and take it real slow
Backup and rewind
What is your base feeling? What is your angry heart saying?
With all your restraint, show some reason
Reasons for some people to see, you really
Do not mean to be so mean
You cannot force your beliefs on us
You cannot make us be who you want us to be
We already are who we are
Even if the devils use force, we are the true ones
Who will be restored
"May your Master claim you"....
Upon such of your demise
The truth of your heart will tell no lies
With no where to hide, be prepared
Life and death are but a breaths breadth away
So please, just stop your hate
You have no right to direct such animosity
At or through us, we do not accept
Even when you all project your lies
The truth in us still survives
Baby don't worry, don't be scared
Just rest your beautiful head
Life can be so unpredictable
But one this forever is true
I will always love you
I love you so much it hurts inside
As long as you are safe
I know the spirit realms exist and
Someday, you and I will be reunited
In sorrow and bliss
My heart and mind were broken
Hot tears would let I to cry
My eyes ache for such release but
I will never be free
Until you are restored to me
I will be brave
Brave enough to see, feel, and believe
Brave enough to love and be loved
To be of love, alive or deceased
Missing you, missing me
Missing all we never got to be
The future holds so precarious
I cannot see outside, winters
Have come and gone and it has been so cold
So cold and I just really want to go home
To go where you are is a different place
This life cannot contain me forever long
I am missing you and it is me with grief
Wanting to be gone
Missing to be, where you are
Holding you in tear filled hug and
Overflowing with love
Haiku: Budding Sight
By: Etta M. Bavilla

Budding Sight, Light Moon
Night Awakens With Brightness
From Dark Entrapment
Where angels tread softly
Is in the music I hear
The honor of a people
Is in the valor of their love so dear
I have hopes and I have dreams…
I am hanging in there with the rest of us
While the ghosts all around scream
Telling me I cannot succeed, I am nothing
That no-one cares about me
So I figure “misery loves company” and
Some would have me walk the road to hell
Believing their every whim
As they die in their evils and sins
I hear this music reminding me
Victory is won in time and
The victory is mine
Faith comes a long way and I am brave
Brave enough to live and love for everyday
God gives. For God so I love and live.
Would I have known the theme? If there were no meaning?

Felt it so close and deep in my heart.

Not unlike Equiano's tears, mine have slowly rolled down

My face, feeling the hurt and pain.

The wish, like a shooting star so free.

Flying through the night on the hopes of dreams

Freedom.
Title: Eye of the Beholder

By: Etta M. Bavilla

What is a tear made up of?
Could it be sadness, anger, love?
Could a tear seal your fate?
Or sell a lie in your face?
They say, “Beauty is in the eye of the beholder”
And had I inside, any beauty to see?
Or hath my eyes to not perceive while
This world so wondrous, as God meant it to be?
The snow that so softly falls, the rains pattering
Comes and goes. Flowers bloom and
Then comes autumn’s showrooms
Flattering every landscape come morning or noon.
Night be cast all, sleep...cloaking most.
This all so much to behold, I am overwhelmed
I cry...and with these humblest tears I awoke in life
And someday...when I shed my last breath
All in life, to God be the glory
With this I say, “Live life, love God” and
That is the moral of this short story.