

Simply, this 28th year I have been around...  
In feeling... it is an ageless time yet...

This day of the 4th of July... the American day  
of celebrating Independence from the tyranny of  
Europe, the celebration that this land belongs  
those who took it from a people who have been  
called Indians... this day...

It is a day of history, a day of some festivity...

It is a day upon which in previous years, I have wept  
for joy of being where I am, who I am, where I am going...

This year my perspective has surpassed self, family,  
historical beauty for the romance and vintage involved,

This year, and this day, there exists the  
awareness of individual in relation to society,  
the society itself, the struggle, the hoarding  
of wealth, the ability and means to correct  
developing horrors but the refusal to acknowledge  
the work and need...

This day there is an awareness

that in the free man's drive to acquire  
stability and security he becomes  
the drive itself... and... along the way  
loses his honesty, humanity, his simplicity.

This day ...

there are millions of hungry, lost,  
psychologically handicapped people

there are beautiful wild, harmless animals  
caged in zoos, in research laboratories

there are very wealthy people who have  
become blind to the problems surrounding them...

the indirect use of stocks  
the indirect control of the masses  
the indirect sense of concern

- this - killing of animals, plants
- poisoning the air, water
- a free country controlled by large corporation  
& a few individuals, controlled by legislation by  
those who can afford to pay for that which is not  
available to the poor
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- this - smiling, smiling, as they appoint another board  
member to consider a study of the poverty, the crime,  
the ingrateful allies...