

# HIGH HOPES



Vincent a. V-S. ♦

# My Newfound Fame

People are talking about me—about my new gadget.



When they see me pull this out and patiently count the change, they know I'm a *Spirited Man*.

They respect me more—even though I'm holding up the line.

They say, "This man has got it together."

"Healthy, strong."

"Probably eats a lot of fiber too."

"Could you imagine the size of his poops?"

"Majestic."

Old women even nudge their grandchildren while pointing at me and say, "*Mirar (look)*, that's how you need to be—*grano a grano, se llena el granero* (*grain by grain, the granary is filled*)."

When a young cashier at Starbucks saw my new gadget, he asked for my advice. "On what?" I said. "Anything—just share your wisdom." So all the folks gathered around as I began preparing for my speech. One of the workers was acting like she wasn't interested, but I knew she wanted me. I said, "Don't worry, honey, I won't tax you a penny." Chuckles filled the room as she let down her hair and opened her heart. She locked the store doors for a moment of enlightenment.

I first gave my speech in Latin to flex my intellect. That wasn't lost among the Ivy Leaguers in the room who looked at me in awe. Then I translated the speech into Mandarin for the Asian gentleman in the room.

Finally—the moment all had been waiting for—I paraphrased the late, great, Benjamin Franklin, as he had paraphrased the greats before him:

He knows not the value of water until the well runs dry.  
But God helps them that help themselves.

Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.

Drive thy business, but let that not drive thee.  
For hunger looks in on the working man, but dare not enter.

Away then with your expensive follies.  
For what maintains one vice will bring up two children.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.  
For he that goes a borrowing for luxuries goes a sorrowing.

Disdain the chain.  
Preserve your freedom.  
And maintain your independency.  
Be frugal and free.

It is the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.  
And when you have got the philosopher's stone, surely you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

As I stepped off the table at the conclusion of my speech, cheers erupted from the crowd. A local news channel rushed in to capture the scene. Panties and bras flew at me from all directions.

"No, no, it's not necessary to bow to me," I said, as I closed my car door and drove away into satisfaction.

The Asian gentleman later told me he was Korean. But he speaks several languages, so we often have long conversations in the Levantine Arabic dialect. He's become a dear friend.

## In The Office of Principles

"I'm the oldest, so you go get the ball." Those are the words my brother uttered to me after he accidentally kicked the basketball 50 feet out of bounds. I thought it was the dumbest, most illogical thing I had ever heard. I was seven—and defiant as a three-year-old who had recently learned the word "no."

Nearly twenty years later, Granny predicted that I would be fired for insubordination.

She was right.

On my third day at Accenture, I was fired for complaining about the new job they assigned me, which was totally unrelated to the job offer I accepted.

And I've burned many bridges since then.  
May they light the way.

## Magnetism – Poem

Paper-pushers and Pushovers,  
barely scraping by—  
try,  
try,  
try.

No—  
that's not my life.

I fight for my right.  
Like an urgent magnetism,  
its invisibility holds me tight—  
pulling me through mazes  
for what I strive to find.

Dive—  
head first—off the wire.  
Nothing hurt, nothing broken.  
So I hone the mind,  
living in the visions I envisage.  
It feels like controlling time.

So sign my name,  
and leave it all behind—  
for thine is the kingdom,  
thy kingdom come,  
thy will be done—  
on earth, like in heaven.

## Shark Killer – \*Poem

I am the King of the Seas—  
a Killer Whale.

I eat the livers of sharks  
and send their carcasses to shore  
for all to see.

Empower me.

\*First published on my WordPress blog on May 6, 2021.

With Love,  
Vincent a. V-S.

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