01/11/22 =>  
Cause bees don't have time  
to explain to the flies  
why honey's so much sweeter than mud pies | 01/11/22

Caleb’s lyric…

And the grass is always greener,

Unless of course it ain’t,

Better get your googly eyed Americana

with Tom Sawyer’s Paint.

Heading down to Boston

to the candidate’s debate

Crank up your crackpot rhetoric

Flay a fish and name him saint.

Mr. Peanut and his spidery limbs

The hard going that’s ground him so thin

He checked out the scriptures

And then checked them back in again

Off in the distance

Alexandria’s in flames

The wildman’s been caged

His condition they say is deranged.

Head out on your midnight run

Drown your pretty kittens one by one

Scorch the earth with your forked tongue

Confuse the many as the one.

03/13/2022 Gettysburg (Mom, dad and Beth and Adam and the kids recently visited here. Didn’t make it in to the grounds, arrived too late in the day and it wasn’t worth the money, so they visited the museum and it was goo for kids and tried to humanize the experience of having this wild conflict descend upon their town.

50,000 casualties; 3,000 - 5,000 horse causalties.

High water mark of the Confederacy-- hand to hand combat just north of a patch of vegetation called *The Copse of Trees* at the “angle” where the a low stone fence jogged.

Bare handedly we defended the Republic,

With blood and guts and brawl

Strong Vincent

Son of an iron foundry man (B.B.)

Studied law, then went to war,

Malaria saw him through the campaign

And then deaths above him,

Not to mention resignations

Helped him make his aged rank

While still so green around the edges

Brandishing a riding crop given to him by his pregnant wife

“Don’t give an inch” he yowled to his hearties

As a bullet blast straight through his groin and he fell.

20th of Maine, 140th of NY, the 83rd out of Penn, the 16th from Michigan

Go seem him on the Shores of Erie,

Set in stone brandishing his crop.

Jealously refuse to even budge a single inch.

Vincent’s wife gave birth to a baby girl two months later who died before reaching the age of one and is buried next to her father in Erie, PA.

Night closed the fight. The key of the battlefield was in our possession intact. Vincent, Weed, and Heillett???, chiefs lamented throughout the corps and army, sealed with their lives the spot intrusted to their keeping, and on which so much depended … General Weed and Colonel Vincent, officers of rare promise gave their lives to their country. -- George Sykes report on the Battle of Gettysburg

Gettysburg: A novel of the Civil War by Newt Gingrich and Wiliam R. Forstchen

Just a good book and a case of High Life. Should be a pretty good weekend.

How does one fully enter in without losing their fucking minds. How does one act with passion without alienating and overrunning others.

Entering the context, fine-tuning your interfaces.

I’ve officially blown them all up.

Now its time to rebuild.