

In Whose Name?

(Towers of Babel & Houses of God)

via maia

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Printed by
GORHAM PRINTING
3718 Mahoney Drive
Centralia, WA 98531
www.gorhamprinting.com

In *Whose* Name?

A collection of essays & poetry examining the Towers of Babel and houses of God man has raised throughout his history. In both deadly serious and tongue-in-cheek fashion, the touchy subject of “higher powers” is subjected to inspection, dissection and at times, rather rude questioning of godly (and human) motives.

Poems poke fun at mortals and gods alike, while essays examine God’s creation of man and vice versa. Irreverent, but largely (if not completely) irrefutable, the contents of this book will amuse many and enrage some (or vice versa!), but should make all who read it stop and think. Or at least, *laugh*.

Caught under my high-powered microscope are both the most “civilized” and the most “primitive” cultures’ ideas of how they came to be and what—if anything—controls our life, death, and whatever comes after. The more hysterical of historical concepts are mounted for display, as well. Humor aside, this work is a sobering view of religion and the impact it has on our race and our world.

Many more questions are asked than answers attempted. To accept all, or any part of anyone’s, or any group’s interpretation of important life-affecting things “on faith” simply because it can’t be understood, is not the mark of a *thinking* being. One might just as well be an amoeba. It’s no great crime or sin not to *know*...but it’s unforgivably foolish to not “wonder.” You’ll find plenty to wonder about here. Just let yourself go, and enjoy the “trip”!

maia

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Greeting

Goddesses Not Welcome Here!

Is it the power and status of a god that women
are meant to have—
or the towering strength and calm
of a mother?

Should we seek to unseat the almighty male
from his self-built throne—
merely to replace his worshipped guise
with another?

What evil is countered if gods give way
to goddesses at last—
when the change is not much more than
gender and name?

Isn't evil served just as well by gods
dressed up in skirts—
who, when all is said and done,
just act the same?

Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts
absolutely, they say.
A mother of all wouldn't rule—she'd guide—
and it's only to her, I'd pray,
to show me *her* way!



Psalms & Sermons: A to Z

Animals' Instincts

“Inhumanity” isn’t. Humanity’s inherent nature is, and has long been, exactly that which it labels “inhuman” in denial of man’s kinship with all other predators, well-demonstrated by his innate ability to exceed their most ravenous butchery, their most “bestial” behaviors. And most of those others don’t practice cannibalism of their related species, which we’ve raised beyond just dietary preference to a science, with the latest cloning and genetic dabbling breakthroughs.

What man calls “humanity” is what remains foreign to his nature— that which apparently can be learned by very few, who through the millennia have continually failed to affix it permanently in the human psyche. “Man(kind)” in the (nice) sense, is an oxymoron. “The Beast” men fear is not among us—it IS us! What hope is there, then? Not much, if any. Will any deadly disease kill itself off to save its host? None I know of. At best—as is—a dying host can sometimes gather the strength of a stubborn will to survive, reject the lethal microbes and cast them from its system.

But, when the system is the disease, can it even be considered a “disease” in the full sense of “something gone wrong in a thing otherwise healthy”? That’s along the lines of “Would dark be dark if nothing was light?” and other how-high-is-up-stuff. If I am the only big, fat, juicy, red apple on the tree, maybe the brownish, worm-holed, sickly-looking rest are as we’re supposed to be...and I’m sick? Makes me wonder how many supposedly insane folk are just me after a little bit more of this head-scratching and getting nowhere.

Flutters of doubt aside, my premise is sound—HUMANS ARE ANIMALS! And I wish I were something else. Anything else. It’s just a foolish conceit of man to delude himself with the fiction that he’s of some higher order of “moral” development than his nearest ancestors, the apes. In actuality, one has to descend the ladder of evolution quite a few rungs before reaching anything that can approach man in his lust for blood, territorial greed and rapacious nature. What ape enjoys torture, rape, war and hunting for sport? What other creature in the entire animal kingdom, for that matter?

It would seem that as “intelligence” and its kissin’-cousin, “intellect” go up the scale, what’s called “morality” and “humane” behavior go down. The smarter the beast, the more ways he dreams up to kill other beasts and even those of his own kind. How, with that kind of track record, can man claim superiority over anything—except as an efficient killing machine? Given a choice between capture by lower lifeforms or by men, I’m sure any alien beings with a data base on terran life would choose the beasts, considering themselves lucky to just be eaten alive by something hungry.

Thanks to religions’ function as handy (and pre-planned?) scapegoats for man’s culpability, he can cop a plea. After all, God said to, or if He didn’t, at least you’ll be forgiven for the price of a few prayers or a gift of this ‘n that (maybe just your first-born son!). And so far, we haven’t come across any school of fish, flock of birds or pack of rats erecting graven images, scribbling on a set of “sacred” scrolls preaching in tents and saying Mass, have we? “Animals” it seems, at least have the innate decency to not pass the buck to some “god” for giving in to their own instincts and appetites. When it comes to willful behavior, man is by far the lowest form of animal life—current or past. Who can possibly and logically (not to mention honestly) dispute that? Before you try, watch an hour of CNN International and flip through any history book.

I hope we’re an anomaly—“the bad boys of the universe” — ‘cause I’d hate like hell to think we’re the norm. What a hideous, horrifying prospect. We must NEVER visit other worlds. We’d only spread the disease. Stop us, someone... before we do!



At A Mother's Breast

On the shores of Gitchegumee. The Mother of All Lakes, to those people who looked to her for life, until both she and their lives were taken over by the men who worshipped only one man and thought they owned nothing to The Mother of Us All. Lake *Superior*, they called her then, those land and lake-takers. Strange name for *them* to give a *woman-lake*. “Mother Superior” is a title they give to one of their religions’ virgin ladies who save themselves for their man-god. An odd coincidence maybe? Or...? So little ends up *being* coincidence, when one learns to notice all the connections, you know.

This greatest of the Great Lakes is astonishingly clean! Clear blue and endless, its waters lap shores only mildly sprinkled with contaminants. Less trash than seen elsewhere, but still enough to make toes cringe at having to sink into less-than-pristine sand. The water even tastes *like water!* It seems funny to be able to drink from an ocean. That’s how big it is. One can’t see anything but water to the horizon and beyond, so it *must* be an ocean, a stubborn brain insists.

Traffic whooshing and grinding by on the highway tries hard to spoil things, but not much can ever distract a mother this old and experienced with difficult, unruly youngsters. Giving birth to her own four huge children, then keeping them fed for all these eons, are tasks she enjoys, hard as they are—and made so much harder by all the newcomers to her shores. One does what one is meant to. That’s all anyone needs to know.

Let puny little pieces of mankind do their taking of this and that, ruining all they appropriate for themselves. Little good it will do them in the end. Mother Earth and Mother Nature—the Mother of All Lakes, too—always have the last word on who ‘owns’ what. Soon everything will be back the way all was supposed to be. The land, the sky, the oceans and lakes, and the heavens and all they hold will once again just BE. If any are left to begin *human* life one more time, they’d do well to know this. Each time *before* they must have known this, though—and look at how short a time they remembered. But then, mothers don’t give up easily, do they? Bad as their offspring are, there’s always hope they’ll learn. Someday.

Fathers, on the other hand, aren’t much disposed to give 3rd and 4th chances, are they? That doesn’t build a very strong case for

our creator/parent being a paternal one then, I'd say. Looking at the womb-waters of this maternal, un-salty sea, my prayer to be forgiven for my *humanness* feels like it's going to a "she." I can almost hear her say, "It's all right, little one—I love you *anyway*."

Credit Where Due: I.O.U.

It's the sun who ends night's chill each day
so, to none but her I pray,
for she falls on the small as well as the tall
and warms us all...without pay

Sunday:

Not a day of rest for a *male god*...a day for us to rest from our work and let the Sun-*mother* renew us. Our energy comes from her & is in us. It is our life-force, as it is all other living things!

Autoerotica

It wasn't God made man in His image,
but man who fashioned God in his own,
bestowing on Him powers so great...
knowing he'd never assume such a state...
and gave to his proxy a heavenly throne,
dominion o'er all, just His alone.

Every flaw that you'll find in God's perfection
is something to which you'll find man is prone...
like delusions of grandeur, vanity,
conceit bordering on insanity...
insisting that proper respect be shown,
to bow heads, bend knees, and prayers intone.

In any version of mankind's Maker,
all the way back to those scratched in stone,
the ones resembling man the least...
gods depicted as some sort of beast...
the worst of his own aspects have been sown,
so *his* evil, his evil God will condone!

Murder, rape, genocide,
incest, war, a purchased bride,
looted cities and stolen lands,
bartered souls, bloodied hands,
denying sons, betraying brothers,
corrupting children, slaying mothers...
all that and worse, is purported to be
sanctioned by this or that deity,
whose face in the mirror, *His* makers see.

Why is it, do you suppose, that nowhere in this great big,
6 billion+ human-populated world of ours, is there a major religion
today in which a *female* "deity" reigns supreme?

Back to the Sipapu?

[Sipapu is the hole in the earth from which the Hopi believe they
emerged into this, the fourth world.]

Sunday, 14 December 1997, Second Mesa, Arizona: More than one
thousand gasoline bombs were thrown in Belfast, Northern Ireland's
largest shopping district yesterday, at the height of the Christmas
gift-buying season. They were "Christ's Birthday" presents from
devout Catholics to equally pious Protestants. Worshiping the same
God, still they must kill each other over the right to have their
respective rites be exclusive. In Europe, Catholics and Mohammed-
loyal Muslims do the same. In the Middle East, Arabs and Jews are
the gods' cast members. In Africa, 231 are confirmed dead in a
Rwanda massacre, while Hutus still try to wipe out all Tutsis and vice
versa. Everywhere on our planet the same awful stuff goes on, with
only the color of hate-filled faces and the image of their supposedly
loving deity changing from one killing field to another. This is the
world outside your mesas today!

This isn't four hundred years ago, when your own existence
was in danger of being wiped out by others whose god didn't match
what you believed. It's not just two hundred years ago when those
who stole all the land east of here from your fellow inhabitants of
this continent, ran out of stuff to grab and took all but these poorest,
bare tables of desert rock from you. Nor is it a thousand or more
years ago (& up to the present?), with the Navajo snatching

everything movable and much that wasn't. This is today, December 14, at the season of Soyal, in 1997 (as one group of god-worshippers reckons time). And this time, it isn't just you and your people who are in danger of being erased from the beautiful world that you emerged into so long ago. No...now the whole world's beauty has been made ugly, all put here for those who live on it to enjoy has been misused, wasted or destroyed and our sad, sweet mother earth may not survive for much longer all that's being done to her.

This time, what goes on outside this small world you've kept yourselves apart from the rest in, will intrude in a different way. In a way that is nearly impossible for you to defend yourselves against. The Navajo came. The Spanish came. The greedy & the God-ly Americans came. Now, with TV, movies, newspapers and bahana-run schools and churches, all the evils in the whole outside world come without a single footstep leaving a mark on your plazas. L.A.'s gangs crept right up to your borders with the Dine (Navajo), and have begun to seep over them. New York's graffiti has been translated into Hopi on your buildings and rocks. Columbia's drug lords have added your children to their endless list of steady customers. Las Vegas' crazy, lazy promise of poverty has been made a reality by all who want easy-winnings and forget how we must work for what we get. And money provides everything now, not the helping of each other with whatever one has or can do, in return for what's needed, as it was when all began.

I, a white person whose grand-, great-, and great-great-grandparents came here from Sicily, Italy, Ireland and Germany, have a huge sense of shame for what was done by others of my ancestors' kind to your people of long ago. And equal shame for what's still being done by the greed-driven government those wrongdoers set up. My heart and soul constantly cry rivers of tears over all that awful stuff that comes into your once-lovely world up here, from the ugly outside. I wish there were something I could do to help you withstand its deadly influences, to regain and maintain the dignity of your ancestors and the happy, peaceful ways of their life.

I wish I could make all alcohol disappear from the face of this earth. I wish I could keep the horror of drug use away from at least this one piece of our planet. I wish I could erase the knowledge of youth gangs and graffiti from the minds of our youth everywhere, but at least up here. I wish I could make money something no one ever heard of nor would ever dream up, so we'd all have to go back

to sharing and caring about one another. I wish rock and rap and military marches wouldn't exist and only flutes and voices and the wind and rain would provide music for us. I wish our human hands would be incapable of beating one another or making and firing a gun and I wish all of our children could grow up never knowing how to hurt anyone. And I wish I could make any who do all those evil, hurtful things just go up in a puff of smoke.

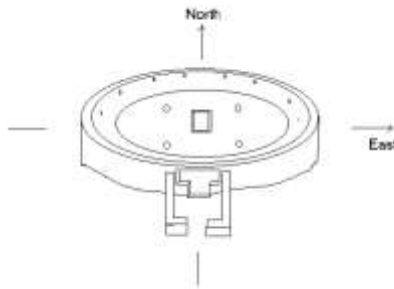
While I'm very grateful that—so far—I'm being allowed to stay here among you, I'm also terribly embarrassed by how other visitors have behaved and beg you to please let me know if I ever do or say anything that makes you think I'm like those who've intruded and caused you distress. I may ask tough questions in my column from time to time, but the answers are always up to you. It can help to take a look through someone else's eyes, you know. A view from another corner will often show you what's been overlooked and help you to find solutions you may not have seen, to problems you only *thought* were impossible to solve. I hope I can do that for you. These wishes of mine are much more than just childlike dreams—my whole life now is dedicated to finding some way to make them come true. If there is anywhere on our earth for that to happen, it is here. I hope & pray you will let me stay.

For everything up to now...*as kwall!*

maïa

Second Mesa, AZ

Soyal (Dec. 14, 2002)



Representation of excavated kiva showing cardinal alignment.

Bad News: Good News

Are we anything more than the artistic whimsy of some creative genius in a playful mood? Or one of untold numbers of experiments indulged in by a bored (or deranged!) inventive intellect? Might it not be only some frivolously-added pinch of self-importance that led to our belief in any "higher purpose" at all? Who can say that ants being observed in someone's hobby-only ant farm don't also think they're living, working and dying on behalf of their habitat's creator's own higher purpose? To KNOW the answer, you'd have to ask the ant!

All other life that humans study, dissect, analyze and pronounce scientific "knowledge's" absolutes about has at least some overt symbiotic *raison d'etre*. Do WE? If so, WHAT? What effect would our sudden extinction have on the balance of earth's life? Any? Any effect at all besides restoration of health where sickness (= us) killed and is still killing off more-necessary parts of an otherwise perfectly working organism? Aren't we just a parasitic growth that ceased providing any symbiotic "payback" long ago, and can now only kill the host?

Or, is earth a living organism of and by itself? And we nothing but specialized cells such as red and white corpuscles, fulfilling the functions we were designed for, to maintain the life of the "whole"? Take a look at blood cells:

red cells = blood = menses = lifeblood = Mars = war =
killing = anger = heat = heart = love = devil

white cells = pure = virginal = innocent = no menses = no
life-making ability = cold = light = protection from disease/
injury = angels

Consider how leukemia is a battle between red and white blood cells. The white protect until there are too many, then they destroy the good along with the bad = death, instead of life. All cancer is good turning bad.

All parts of the body need to regenerate cells. Cancer is simply too many regenerating where not needed, not leaving enough good parts. An over-population of bad guys = same as our fancy civilization! Our earth/collective self has terminal cancer. It is metastasizing rapidly now and death is imminent.

If earth is feminine, as it's thought of, it's feline—thus may have had 9 lives to live. Which number is this one? #8? #9? Or do we still have another shot or two left at “getting it right”? The Hopi say we're heading into our last allotted one, #5. Inca/Aztec legends lean more toward # 6 or #7. Do we deserve any more chances to mess up? Sworn to absolute honesty, I'd have to say “No way, Jose!”

Your life's an inherited disorder? Make it a triumph of guts, grit & gumption over genetics.

Let your brain launch itself into free fall and it'll never hit bottom—only *we* do, when we try to hold it back.

Only for the truly evil, is life a curable disease...we are all provided with the remedy and true goodness is bound by Hippocratic Oath to dispense it.

Note:

Just one species of life on this planet depends on and affects all others, yet is needed by absolutely none of them, in order for the rest to survive. Man. Still feeling superior?



Clement-to-Michael Segue

[dedicated to *my* idea of a great American/human, Michael Moore]

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the world
not a creature was left unshopping-spree whirled;
folks' stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
so they'd be handy for dressing, getting out of there
and down to the cellar bomb shelter pell mell,
when the next good guys' attack makes *their* heaven a hell.

The children were huddled unsafe in their beds,
while visions of smart bombs roared in their heads;
and moms in their 'kerchiefs, and dads in their caps,
had just settled down for their long ostrich naps,
when from out of the west there arose such a clatter
they all sprang from their beds to see what was the matter.

Away from their windows they flew, when a flash
blew open their shutters, broke everyone's sash.
The moon on the breast of the sand and the snow
gave the luster of mid-day to objects below,
when what to their poor blast-burnt eyes should appear,
but a battalion of tanks and much death-flinging gear,
led by an old general, so lively and quick,
they knew in a moment, it must be Old Nick!

More rapid than eagles, those armies they came,
and he whistled and shouted, and called them by name;
“Now, Georgie! Now, Tony! Now, Christians and Jews!
On, Catholics, on Anglicans, Baptists, God’s crews!
To the top of each porch, to the top of each wall!
Now blast away! Blast away! Blast away all!

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
when they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
so, onto the housetops, their missiles they threw,
all the good guys’ full arsenals, Old Nick’s worst stuff, too.
And, then, in a twinkling, was heard on each roof
the knock of The Reaper, death’s horrible proof.

As they ran for their lives, and were turning around,
down each chimney an Old Nick came with a bound.
He was dressed all in black, from his head to his foot,
and his clothes were all thick with crematoriums’ soot;
a bundle of skulls he had flung on his back,
and he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they glittered! His lips he did lick,
his cheeks were all hollow, looked sordid and sick.

His thin, smirking mouth was drawn tight as a bow,
and the beard of his chin was scraggly, did show
the stump of the pipe he held tight in his teeth,
the smoke of which formed a funeral wreath.
He had a thin face and a bony, thin body,
that rattled when moving, made him look shoddy.
He was skinny and dark, a right scary old wretch;
all would cry when they saw him, and instantly retch.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
soon gave them to know he was all they could dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
emptied all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
and laying his finger aside of his nose,
and giving a sneer, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to the roof, to his team gave a whistle,
and away they all flew like a blown-apart thistle.
But all heard him exclaim, ere he flew out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all who survive me tonight!”

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