



Naked Apes & Their Designer Duds

A collection of *philosexy* from “Medusa’s Mirror”

via maia

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For information contact:
maia c/o C. Manglona
P.O. Box 474, Tinian, MP
USA/CNMI.

Or email to:
maia3maia@hotmail.com

The entire body of my work is available on my website:
www.saysmom.com

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Introduction

“Odysseus, faced with the serpent-headed Medusa, cleverly observed her in a mirror to avoid being turned to stone, as all are who dare look directly upon her fearful countenance.”

These are reflections from **MEDUSA’S MIRROR**...as *she* dares not gaze into one herself, it shows what *we* do not want to see—what would turn our hearts and souls to stone, were we to see all as it *truly* is—and so, spurning such true sight, we remain blind.

The Fairest of Them All?

Mirrors, in a fairy tale land where all had ugly faces, were banned once upon a time. Anyone caught with one was banished. Or worse. We’re inhabitants of such a land. And I’m a sort of living mirror held up to our custom-designed human facades to disprove all the lies we’ve told ourselves for so long that we’ve forgotten they were lies to begin with. A mirror has a strange kind of power. No matter how bad or how good one thinks one looks, if a mirror’s anywhere near, a furtive quick peek’s impossible to resist. And, heaven help you, this one’s right in front of your eyes!

Having once seen, you have to believe. Darn! That bend *is* there in your nose. That zit’s big as a house! Tooth a tad crooked, left eye a hair “off.” And why’d no one *tell* you about...? You might think the prettiest and handsomest have no problem, a true, clear looking glass only confirming what they already know—they’re drop-dead gorgeous. Not so. They’ve got more to lose, since even a slight flaw takes on massive proportions when detected on the otherwise “perfect.” None will scream louder or cringe in more fear, to avoid a mirror’s inability to lie, than the best-looking.

I expect all I say to be screamed and cringed at by nearly everyone who reads it. All I can hook with my first words will struggle and plead to be let go, not wanting to read another one. But like any good mirror, the images I reflect are so true and unarguable that most will have to keep staring at them, no matter how ugly. No matter how much the reflection may turn the stomach of a viewer, that power to hold one’s gaze will take over and, if only to search for some reason *not* to believe one’s eyes, each piece will be read through to the finish. Not because I’m great shakes as a writer—only because I happen to be a good mirror.

Don't expect any praise. Our kind's way too good at the back-patting game. That's what got us into the worldwide mess we're in. "The Emperor's New Clothes" a fairy tale by Hans Christian Anderson, said it better than I could. A mirror also played a key role in that story. But, in reverse. You see, some can fool themselves just as easily in front of a mirror. More easily in fact, 'cause if lying *to* yourself, it doesn't matter if you look *at* yourself while you do it...right?

Here, though, *I* hold the mirror. And this mirror talks to you like the one in that other fairy tale, "Snow White." But instead of doing your bidding, telling only what you want to hear, like it did for the evil queen, it tells you what you already know, but don't want to. Isn't it time you were trusted with the truth? If you're going to be a big baby and go to pieces, well so be it. However, you should have a chance to prove you're a big girl or a big boy and can handle the truth, unpleasant or not, shouldn't you? So...just take three deep breaths, open your eyes wide, and say after me, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall..."

Love and hugs,

maia

Prologue:

Lead Blindly, Kind Light

(Safety-Glass strongly recommended)

Mirror, mirror, on the wall...
just show me white lies & tales tall.
Won't you kindly spare me seeing what
is best observed with both eyes shut?

Magnify my smallest grace,
camouflage the merest trace
of all my faults and flaws and such,
so the truth won't hurt so much,

be my friend through thick and thin,
love me as I might've been,
flatter me...don't ever show
all that I don't want to know,

let me go on thinking I'm
the nicest person *all* the time,
fog up a bit whenever you
catch a glimpse of harm I do,

blur my image when I ignore
what causes hate, what starts a war,
whenever I pretend I'm blind,
to those to whom I could be kind.

Mirror, mirror, on the wall...
show me fair and good to all.
After all, what harm is done
in just pretending, "mending" one?

Have the sun's reflected glare
light a halo 'round my hair,
so I can easily believe
the webs with which I self-deceive,

be dim enough when in clear light,
that I can not see what is right
when much preferring habits long
indulged in, tho' I know they're wrong,

slant slightly to the left a tad,
to not pick up my being mad
at things that can't compare to real
important stuff that I don't feel.

Pier glass, standing up so straight...
must you show each lowly trait,
when you could, much more lovingly,
show the me I'd *rather* be?

With a trick of lighting you
could just as well produce a view
that I can live with happily,
instead of what you really see,

and if you'd lean a little more,
my form would seem to leave the floor,
rising, floating...free to go
where what hurts others, I won't know,

that dust upon your once-clear face,
is helpful when I must erase
those ugly shadows lurking there,
behind my image made so fair,

a smudge or two, I also find
makes it easy being blind,
to cruelty that's done to *others'*
sisters, brothers, children, mothers.

Shop windows, cars so darkly-glazed,
distort surroundings where I gazed
to keep my fantasy well-fed,
not see the homeless person's head,

the ripples in your stretch of glass
allow me to primp, preen while I pass,
but not to notice other stuff,
like children not fed well-enough.

What's there behind you filters through,
confusing what I'm seeing, too,
so I look pretty good, I guess,
not noticing my fellows' mess,

the person seen as I walk past,
for just a moment, held aghast
in horror at imagined flaws,
knows better than to ever *pause*.

Still pond water, river's pool,
let me not gaze at a fool,
Narcissus-like, show the face of
one I can like, one I can love,

breeze-riffled, shimmer with kindness so
I'll never discover, never know,
how blind I am to all that you,
see of what I might still do,

rain-dappled, move my face around
to fit the image I have found
feels comfortable enough to bear,
to not feel guilt, to not despair.

Looking-glass, look elsewhere please,
when I look away from killing sprees...
as I tell myself I can't stop it all,
just turn yourself to face the wall.

Join me in my selective sight...
you'll see it makes things seem alright,
reflects just what you *want* to see,
a harmless character... like me.

Mirror, mirror, don't look now ...
I think your angle's off somehow.
That *can't* be *me* there, peering back...
How *could* I be so...Oh, *no!*...K-R-^AA-_KK



Bright Ideas

Being such a superior species, humans just have to out-think all the other critters on the planet, right?

beachcombing

a stone
a stick
a feather

together, life
rife with promise,
fraught with naught
but endless pleasure...

treasure,
free
if we
but see
its worth...

earth's reward
from oceans,
seas, lakes,
takes womb-waters,
mother's boon
others soon forget...

wet, yet designed
with sun in mind,
burning dry,
returning rain
to all she's grown...

a feather,
a stick,
a stone...

Carper's Index

(with apologies to Harper's Magazine)

The Pope could eradicate poverty with 1 year's pocket change.
Bill Gates could fund world peace with 1 hour's stock exchange.

The rich could clothe the world's needy in 1 week's worth of their throw-aways.

New York could shelter its homeless in 1 month's tow-aways.

American farmers could feed all the hungry with 1 year's income from their subsidies.

American airlines could find an AIDS cure with 1 year's income to their hub cities.

A major world power could treat all wars' wounded with a total of 1 month's income tax.

A major TV network could treat a nation's sick with royalties from its sit-com tracks.

One team's superstar could fund homes for the world's orphans with a year's drug stash.

One CIA spy surveillance team could furnish those homes with a year's tape & bug cash.

NASA could resettle the world's war-routed victims with a day's cost of the space race.

The Supreme Court could rebuild all earthquake-lost homes with the cost of a race case.

Earth's pollution* could be reversed with the cost of 1 country's newest cars.

A solution to ozone layer holes could be funded with the income from 1 country's bars.

Any 3 of the world's billionaires could stop all war with their power that buys mankind.

Any 1 of the world's main religions could stop genocide with its power to turn the mind.

Everyone can change this world for the better just by changing their own life around.

Everyone can make some difference, but since they won't, we're all still hell-bound.

[*the US, w/ only 5% of world population causes more pollution than the rest of the world put together!]

A Day in the Cosmic Lab: Genesis Revisited

Natural, or
self-engendered
accident?

Or, planning gone awry
as our makers
grew too careless
or cared less about
what they made...
forsaking any
moral meaning to
the task,
basking in the glow
of their own glory
as creators...
a slip?

Tripped up by feigned
ignorance of
nature's laws?

Incompetent
amateurs,
or bored
practitioners'
routines come
undone
by attention's lapse?

Perhaps a bit of all,
their call?
“Scrub it!
Dump the lot.
They’re too ‘hot’
to let any escape...
these humans who rape
and kill
and lie.”

“Hey! *Next* time,
let’s try...”

Back to the Drawing Board

What next?

Some one-sexed
creature, I feature,
since
the 2-gendered kind—
not too tender
behind a facade
like Marat and de Sade—
didn’t work.

A quirk
of their breeding,
needing to have
one of each
to mate,
propagating
became
the whole game—
and this earth’s
not been the same
since.

I wince at what
might've been
(the cosmos done in!)
if we'd let them
go on one more year.

Here we're
at square one,
done with humans,
back wracking our brains
to come up with a plan
for a man-less
type—
one that won't
wipe out
all their others.

Mothers!

That's all it'll take.
Make 'em all girls—
all curls
and smiles
and no more
war.

None of that killing
filling our ears,
just a one-sexed
being,
I'm seeing
next.

Why not?
Look what we got
last time—
crime and destruction,
production of
nothing but greed.

We need a new model
to rule—
who'll mind
if it's only
a one-gendered kind?

Our Heavenly Boss,
who's suffered
such loss in the past—
still undone from
the last one—
is sure
to approve
the move.

Let's try it—
She'll buy it!!!



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