**2025: A Fable for Our Times.**

**It may have been right, necessary, and good, with the reasoning high, coulda, woulda, been should.**

**No telling the mystery, the timing,  the curse, what was  part of a plan to avoid something worse.**

**The answers or judgments or questions or thoughts were reactions unknowing to primary fraughts.**

**So here is the story, voiced loud as a dream, uncertainly real, a water surface sun’s gleam:**

**It commenced with a Master, or one of his ilk, during long ages past, when his love was pure silk.**

**He’d traveled lifetimes alone; solitude was his bent: his questing down inwards, where love lived had been spent.**

**His Silence’d been yearning for attention and care, where All Being revealed itself right Here and There.**

**His tasks and his goals became patterned, yet new, unveiled every second, each step where it grew.**

**Every lifetime he worked Bodisatvaed as planned, simple gestures for all, where he might lend a hand.**

**Well, what’s simple is hard, and what’s hard you must know, astrologically timed, what comes down with the flow,**

**like rivers, with dams, waterfalls, rapids, too, as in life there’re fair lessons, some foul, some poo.**

**Here we are in this age where unknowing is rife, where abundance is glorified, treasured as life.**

**The grabbing, the hoarding, in this legalized brew, inescapably teasing, inexhaustible glue,**

**it’s caught us off guard, where few thoughts match our deeds, we seem unprepared, unaware of our needs.**

**At Rumpke Recycling, Columbus, Ohio, a sign posted out front, “Now Hiring, Pronto,”**

**declared to all passersby, urgent indeed, “We’ve got refuse from misuse, so much, guaranteed.”**

**“Your work and our work might go on many ages, we’ll hire you quick, you’ll be pleased with the wages.”**

**So descending from somewhere, alone and upright, Jason Malgrieve walked up to the plant and its plight.**

**The Silence had beckoned he apply for this job, the door stated ‘Entrance,’ so he reached for the knob,**

**and entered so quietly, placing each step, as if practiced. “You here for a job?” All he answered was “Yep!”**

**“We’ll need your IDs, information so relevant. You local?” “Yes, Ma’am. Timing, need, are so prevalent.”**

**With sleight-of-hand magic, from pockets he withdrew, all the IDs he’d need, just enough to make do.**

**“You’ll find they’re in order,” he said with a smile. “Can I start right away? Are there terms of a trial?”**

**“I’ll call up our manager, Melvin Fishkawk. He’ll be so glad to start you, though he’s not much for talk.”**

**“We’ve got coat racks of uniforms, gloves, and eye goggles. Our locker room’s full of gas masks and boondoggles.”**

**“The sorting of trash creates safety time horrors; it’s a task that deters all intrepid explorers”**

**“having no fear of cuts, bruises, hurts, lacerations, diseases and sneezes, DNA alterations.”**

**“The faint hearted soon quit this obnoxious detail; shards of glass, metal, plastic will try to assail”**

**“worker’s fingers determined to separate items. They’ll be targeted nasty by trash that’ll bite ‘ems.”**

**“I can handle it all, there is no need to worry. I’ve got time on my side; I’m not now in a hurry.”**

**In response to a page, Melvin barged through steel doors, “You’re the guy, follow me, I’ll now show you the floors.”**

**“We’ve got truckers and freight cars delivering junk, that is ever unpleasant and smells like a skunk.”**

**“Malodorous, noxious, overwhelming, and vast, you will surely feel surly thinking that you’ve been gassed.”**

**“This assembly line’s faster than falcons and cheetahs; our owners would quicken it to have quotas beat us.”**

**“So we sort and we sort and we never ask why, while our steamed fragrant refuse streams high to the sky.”**

**“Thank you, Melvin,  for insights, though I’ll not need an outfit, I’m just fine as I am, for I think I can outwit”**

**“the schemes of this garbage that festers and threatens, I’ve been schooled by the ancients who’ve taught rare Tibetans”**

**“for eons outlasting the Fates who’re arranging their measuring, stringing, and cutting for changing”**

**“what destinies that we all know are so lasting while we toss yarrow sticks with our I Ching forecasting.”**

**“Melvin, tend to the others who work this line drastic, and don’t worry ‘bout me, I’ll do bloody fantastic.”**

**Melvin shrugged, turned away, walked on down the long line, through the din of this rumbling, echoing mine.**

**Jason closed his eyes softly to contemplate fields, to let flowing Love prosper what this refuse could yield.**

**He raised his arms slowly with palms towards the track, surveyed rampant energies with surrendering knack…**

**There were faces and voices at blistering speed, a Nickelodeon shuffling raucous stampede…**

**He could see and hear all those who’d assembled the goods, driven truckloads of payloads to stores in the hoods,**

**And besides all the ones who’d manufactured the wares, mined the ore, built the molds, or sold rising stock shares.**

**From ideas for the labeling, and packaging forms, to the postmen and truckers arriving through storms,**

**From all those responsible for making these things, Jason felt every hand with invisible strings,**

**their touching and handling of each different piece, throughout time leaving bits of magnetic release,**

**of all energies happening through lives at a distance, contained in each package of earmarked existence.**

**He could feel and see sharply the echoing streams, of poor souls and their lives, their pedantic extremes.**

**As a shepherd with sheep blaring bleatings galore, there were millions of voices he could fondly adore,**

**and his heart poured out love for each soul he envisioned, as if blessed with a force that remained unconditioned.**

**The debris on the track separated itself, choosing which destination it would need on which shelf.**

**It was ballet to see the stuff flitting away through the air, like a chorus line danced on Broadway.**

**The voices cacophonous pelted like rain, with thunder and lightning so glaring insane.**

**But for Jason Malgrieve it was music he’d cherished; it was why he was here in this realm of the perished.**

**“Give it back!” “No you don’t.” “I just bought it.” “You hear?” “You’re no friend.” “Can’t you wait?” “It’s no good.” “Let me steer.”**

**“Please just stop!” “They’re invited.” “Can’t you change?” “I could try.” “What’s it worth?” “Who could tell?” “I’m not sure.” “We could lie.”**

**“I’m afraid.” “It’s not right.” “What’s it mean?” “There’s the door!” “Pay up now!” “Who’d believe?” “There’s no time.” “What’s the score?”**

**And the banter continued to weave through his hands: all the hurts, and the slights, and the wrongful demands.**

**And he saw all exchanges and witnessed their pains and he judged not a mere jot, their losses and gains,**

**but offered up love from the depths of his heart in exchange for unknowing which had ripped them apart:**

**a prayer of undoing, of bringing forth light: the raising of consciousness spanning Earth’s night.**

**He’d seen it before, countless ages of dreams, all human exchanges, interaction extremes.**

**There was naught unfamiliar, the horror, the tragic, from hospitals, sheriffs, all erroneous magic,**

**to airports and classrooms, farm fields, factory floors, to hotels and motels, even locked prison doors,**

**the murmuring, whispering, shouting, and screams, with passion, foul ration, through the fashion of teams:**

**all the noise of what centuries blended through years, ideas for creating, manufacturing gears**

**with the packaging, hauling, and selling and buying, for using and musing through lives that were trying:**

**from accidents, traumas, with EMS flying, their sirens and whistles with bystanders crying,**

**while news reports daily, statistical notes, exacted, the chaos through stark anecdotes,**

**“We’re trying!” “You’re lying,” “That’s not what just happened,” “We’re fools then”, “And schooled when,” “We all got face slapped, Friend!”**

**“Take tickets,” “Stand in line,” “Be patient, and wait!” “We’ll hurry. Don’t worry. There’s a charge, if you’re late.”**

**“Be still.” “Oh get going!” “You’re now in the way!” “I can’t.” Stop your rant!” “There’s no time in this day.”**

**“Duck and cover real quick.” “For there’s no time to lose.” “Your life’s in your hands.” “Life or death!” “You must choose!”**

**From murders and wars and disasters so fateful, all events were unraveling, so mindful and hateful.**

**And Jason stood pillared, a light house unwavering, beaming with energy, wildly quavering,**

**like sunlight and moonlight and starlight unceasing, in silent love mending positively increasing.**

**This garbage was key to transmissions so holy: the speed of light no match for speed of thought slowly.**

**All encountered were blessed with a love beyond perfect, to bring forth some peace hidden quiet from neglect.**

**It was all pre-arranged like an action-filled play, on a stage in life’s dream that is true to this day.**

**Jason laughed as he blessed till the end of his shift, at the ease of this ludicrous soul- shaping gift.**

**Then the bell down the hall sounded evening had passed, echoed sharply the halt with a gear-wrenching blast,**

**Jason let his arms down, shuffled softly through doors, amidst others who gladly thought sadly of chores,**

**just another day gone, with no ending of work, all their muscles were sore, their gross pay too berserk.**

**Most with eyes straight downcast, workers punched their timecards. Jason spread out God’s dear love right across those steel yards.**

**“Guess I’ll see you tomorrow, have a pleasant night’s sleep. Hope your restfulness pleasant, and your mindlessness deep.”**

**And he disappeared quickly to where time has no right, was soon lost in a place where Heart’s Being’s all light,**

**thinking what he’d been blessed with this glorious day might continue for as long as whenever it may.**