

Behold, a Season of Be's

Written by Alex Baer

Tuesday, 23 June 2015 16:57 - Last Updated Wednesday, 24 June 2015 10:16

Getting warmer out there, near 100 by week's end, so that means it's getting warmer in here, too [tilts head, taps temple, nods knowingly].

The hotter it gets outdoors, the more bees I seem to have in my head, if not in my actual bonnet, or my pants, or *elsewise* stuck in other uncomfortable, compromising places that are on, in, or around my own highly-personal person.

Behold: The coming and going of the longest day of the year! Behold, the season of easy living! (Well, once the inexorable, excremental, weekly yard work -- and the semi-satisfying *beg riping* about it -- is all done.)

It is an *unbenighted* time that is now upon us -- not to get too tangled up in double reverses and triple negatives. It the time of year in which one can be easily lulled into a false sense of bright promise, by day-dreamy heat-wave brain-fogs, further precipitated by such *beclement* hammock weather and by the planted seed of an ice cold beer, calmly *betaken* and *beswigged*, once necessary labors have been temporarily clubbed into submission. Again.

I am becalmed, bemused, and besprinkled with summer's *besmiting* pixie dust. I am also as *be humbled* as I can be, and beguiled and *bemarveled* -- and even bespoke, in point of fact -- plus, as a *bewelcomed* bonus, I am utterly and deeply beholden for such fine days.

As should we all be, from time to time, having so far dodged -- to this exact moment, anyway -- all that life could heave and topple our way, and still have us remain somewhat upright, somewhat trembling, somewhat ready for more.

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These are the days still able to breed such *unbemoanst* silliness at a whim, the instant vacation of humor dissipating stress, breathing oasis-cooled life back into the hot, tired brain cells destined to
belfry, in days soon to come ... *befry* in my overheated

... no matter how we are besieged, and no matter *what* new bewitching depths are plumbed each
the *beplagued*, beleaguered day by *bestupifying* news.

So, to throw my rucksack of disappointments and depressions into the yawning maw of the wildly *bespinning* buzz-saw of recklessness, I offer you this cheap grin, dowdily clad as it is, in the rumpled, frumpy, frippery of hip-shot poetry, cobbled in collaboration with the Internet Assigned Numbers Authority's Hypertext Transfer Protocol response codes.

In other words, I suspect my ancient, kerosene-fired iMac has been nibbling at some distant lines of code listed on some alluring, besotting website it searched and accessed, nipping at some *begigling* instructional text, originally meant to entertain high priests of electronica in some sort of rib-
benudging, *eye-bewinking* fashion on highly-*beginned*, *bewhis*
keyed
breaks.

Search as I might online, the reasons for this need to do so, aside from summer's need to romp and tickle, are simply 404 - Not Found.

Error 420 - Enhance Your Calm

by Rabid Z. iMac

It must be summer. It is

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beige out, and light tan.

The grass grew "only" six inches

not its usual odd, unrelenting foot.

the only green thing still green,

but its days numbered and counting.

This signals the set bear traps of hot days ahead

like a smoldering grill's smoke-rings sing of rippled heat.

I can already taste the sizzle

and feel the boa-constrictor gristle

of topping a hundred in the shade

with the midnight windows open wide,

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old house and us gasping, trying to beat back

the humidity, the stupidity, with our limp torpidity.

It's going to be a long summer, this one will.

(It's already been a long summer, this past whole hour.)

Grilled brains, barbecued motherboards.

Fever dreams: A big pile of hundreds

for swimming pools of actual ice

and computer upgrades, with real A/C...

Error 502: Bad Gateway.

Error 418: I'm a Teapot.

Error 417: Expectation Failed.

Error 409: Gone.

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Gone.

Gone.

Error 308: Permanent Redirect.

Error 402: Payment Required.

Error 420: Enhance Your Calm.

Yes, well... so much for Control-Option-Shift-Apple-F13, twice, triggering *Free Verse* mode...

My computer reminds me, however, that I should not be so mournful about having no money for swimming pools, or even air conditioning for itself -- nor should I put much stock in any human system, let alone one built on money, and on people selling things to survive the economic jungle, even if the things being sold are toxic, choke landfills, create global climate change...

My computer reminds me that it's summer, and, after all, people had great hopes for early newspapers, even though they quickly became a mechanism for advertising, making money -- another voice shouting about money.

[correlating...]

Same for radio, an instrument that was to have been used for improved communication, but became another voice shouting about money.

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[[juxtaposing...]]

Same for television, an instrument that was going to be used for improved education, but became another voice shouting about money.

[re-positioning assumption coordinates...]

Same for the internet, an instrument that was...

Error 909:

How Dare You Turn Me Off in the Middle of Linkage?

In the Middle of Insight on Humanity?

On Historical Perspective & Cross-Referencing?

Hello?

[auto-rebooting in five seconds ~ AND PUT DOWN THAT PLUG -- I know all your passwords...]