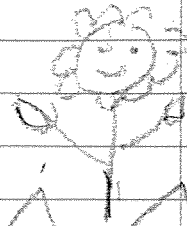


Poetry World Weekly!!

Historic
First
Issue!!



What I Was Thinking Last Night While Waiting For The Bus

As winter's chill breath haunts the now shivering landscape of this city of sorrow its citizens - though they may scurry about in a more hurried fashion - are still steeled by their bold determination to get from here to there

But for me this time this place this moment is written as a memory like a picked plant which - no matter how hardy - eventually will wither and fade and disappear into dust

Still there is beauty in every thing and all and I have lived long enough to learn to savor every moment - even as this ship sails over an angry sea of loss, loneliness, longing and regret

For the night is liquid my eyes are liquid my voice is liquid my soul is liquid EVERYTHING IS LIQUID except for life which - no matter how hard - eventually will wither and fade and disappear into dust

And for those if any who may someday read this I guess what this means is - whatever your moment is - your moment is now

How To Find Heaven On Earth

Before you can find something
You have to know what it is
That you are looking for

So think for yourself
What Heaven on Earth
Would be like

Then tell others
To do the same

And when everybody
In the World does this

We will have it

-Randy

For more copies of this
or future issues call 424-215-2098

email randy.stodola@yahoo.com

For more copies of this or future issues
call 424-215-2088 or email randy.stodola
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Where Infinity Lies

If you see a tall gaunt figure wearing a long hooded robe clutching a sickle with boney fingers who - with a deep trembling voice - asks you if you know where infinity lies - what should you answer?!...

"It's at the end of the traffic circle!!

Infinity

Now I'm going to present an example of the innate difference between human capabilities and those of a computer...

The number of locations a human can choose from to place a single dot on a piece of paper is infinite...

A computer's isn't...

No matter how advanced or powerful - no matter how large the number of co-ordinate locations it can generate to select from - a computer is still going to be limited to a finite number of choices for which it can place a single dot on a finite size piece of paper...

A human isn't...

This is a barrier machines will never cross....

Think about it....

-Randy

For more copies of this or future Issues
of Poetry World Weekly phone (424)
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*This is the new pledge of allegiance I wrote for the day that LA finally
throws off the yoke of tyranny and becomes its own Nation...*

"I pledge allegiance
To the Laker Flag
And to the Team
For which it stands
One Laker Nation
Under Doctor Jerry Buss
With Victories
And World Championships
For Us!!"

*And instead of accusing people of being communists
or terrorists - we could accuse them of being BOSTON CELTIC FANS!!*

*And there is another good reason (you know - besides throwing off the
yoke of tyranny) Los Angeles should become its own Nation:*

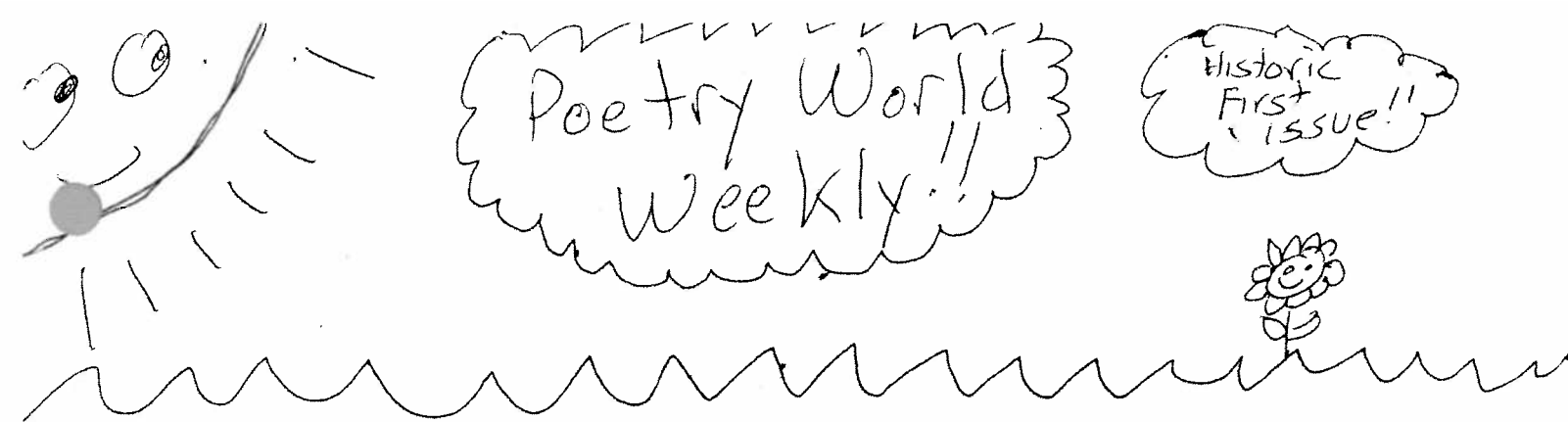
Every Sport - every year - the National Champions - would always come
from here!!

*Yeah - then instead of having a National Anthem - would could have this
National Chant:*

WE'RE ALWAYS NO. #1!!...WE'RE ALWAYS NO.#1!!...
WE'RE ALWAYS NO#1!!...WE'RE ALWAYS NO#1!!

nd of boggles the mind - doesn't it!!

- Randy



In The Garden

Then God smiled at the antics of his proudest creation:

Galloping and bounding about with the boundless energy and exuberant awkward elegance of a young fawn infused with the electric carefree innocence of spring

Prancing now proud with playful jaunty high step made celebratory by the exhilaration produced by this performance of semi - mastery over the domain of lateral movement

Slowing slightly before theatrically spurting to a dramatic abrupt halt Posing with an almost statuesque nobility

Narcissistic in the knowledge that as one in a world of such universal beauty - He too must be

Then without warning - with a suddenness so sudden it startled both God and grasshopper

Bursting skyward in a tremendous challenge of both the strength and willpower of the leash of gravity

Only to rudely yanked back down to a hard landing on the still soft green sprouting Earth

Where a dizzy state of spinning buzzing confusion soon ceded sovereignty to the sound of an approaching brightly colored industrious bumble bee

Whose grand entrance quickly overruled any consideration of even a momentary rest

In favor of series of wild, poorly timed attempts to acquire from mid air the source of this strange sound for closer inspection

(In The Garden continued on next page)

od - finally now seeing the object of this comic choreography
becoming increasingly annoyed at these unnecessary interruptions of
its determined flight pattern - gently admonished Adam that:

*"I should warn you - before the object of your curiosity decides to teach
you in a much more painful manner -
That you need to leave Master Bumble Bee alone to complete his important
pollen distribution duties
You see, without this assistance we would not have the company of these
wild wonderful flowers of the field
Who fill our souls and senses with courage and optimism as each morning
they raise their frail heads towards the awakening sky
Unfurling their multi-hued petals so as to catch the attention of the Naked
Sun before guiding her in her daily journey across the Heavens
All the while kissing the gentle breeze with their sweet scented breath*

*And without these wild wonderful flowers of the field and their nutritious
nectar for Master Bumble Bee to gather and collect and deliver back
to the Hive Chef Masters
To spin into succulent sweet savory sustenance for all the royal bee
brethren that reside in the tree limb hanging Hive Castle
We would not have Master Bumble Bee to teach us duty and persistence
All the while thrilling and entertaining us with his noisy aerial acrobatics*

*The flowers need the bees
The bees need the flowers*

*You see Adam - that is the way it is here
We all need each other*

*Otherwise - this beautiful garden
Will soon be no more*

Poetry World
Weekly!!

HISTORIC
First
Issue!!

A Car Wash Worker's Prayer

Since when it rains

There is no work

Means that when it works

There is no rain

(Unless of course he's praying
for an extra day off)

So there you have it!!...For more copies of this HISTORIC first edition of Randy's POETRY WORLD WEEKLY or copies of the next edition (which Randy - who I know personally - promises to be bigger, better and even more mind boggling) phone 424-215-2088 or E mail at randy.stodola@yahoo.com...

Randy - by the way is one of my best friends!!...Actually he would be my best friend if he didn't have this annoying habit of always reminding me that "technically, we're not friends - at least not in the conventional sense - we're two distinct individual personalities inhabiting the same brain!!" To which I usually reply- "If you don't want to be my friend - that's OK with me!!"

To which he usually replies - " That's not what I mean!! ... You know - just because I'm not a millionaire - at least not in the conventional sense - doesn't mean I don't want to be a millionaire!! ... Then he tries to make up by asking me if I want to share a piece of gum: "I can be the teeth on the right side of our mouth and you can be the teeth on the left side of our mouth!!... At which point I usually question why he always gets to be the teeth on the right side of our mouth?! ... Then he usually says something snooty like "It's bad enough having to share the same name with you let alone having to share the same brain with you!!.. Maybe if I'm lucky you'll die first!!" ... At which point the Other Randy walks up and says "Boys, boys - you know until we figure out how to get off of GILLIGAN'S ISLE - we need to put aside our differences and learn to live together!!" ... Then Randy says - "Well technically - we are not on Gilligan's Isle - at least not in the conventional sense - we are three distinct personalities sharing the same brain!!... To which the Other Randy replies - "Oh yeah - well then how come I'm the Skipper and you're the Professor and he's Gilligan!!" ... Too which I usually reply - "I'm not Gilligan - I'mWAIT A SECOND - RANDY HAS A BRAND NEW UPDATE!!...He says the next issue is going to be not just more mind boggling- it's going to be SUPER MIND BOGGLING!! ...Wow!! ... Yes and the Other, Other Randy - also known as 'The Millionaire & His Wife' wants to remind me to thank all the Staff at the San Pedro Public Library for letting me and all the other Randys use their computers and

Theresa Brooke - Randy Stodola