

Poisoned Springtime: What Will You Do?

by

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Not everyone lives and works hidden away inside buildings, wholly apart from nature, even now. There are those of us, here and there, for whom the reality of daily life is deeply bound up in the natural world and the quiet powerful dynamos of the seasons. I, for one, have always spent as much time as possible under a tree, on a beach, or in a garden. I have lived in and with and from the heart of the natural world. As an artist, I paint the sky, letting my mind's eye roam the pure healing blue of the light of day, and the mysterious night's stupendous starry infinity. As a gardener, I dip my hands in the equally sacred soil, planting food for the body's nourishment, and the beautiful flowers whose perfume nourishes the angels. And springtime has always meant the bouyant uprising, simultaneously, of all the inner and outer energies of physical and spiritual renewal. Springtime: the time of the year when the essence of freshness and regeneration rises in our hearts, in the earth itself, and in the sweet blue sky at dawn.

This year is different. There is no ineffable joy in the dawn of a perfect spring day. There is no pleasure in sowing the seeds of the future crops. There is no happiness in my life's work of contemplating the beauty of the skies. There is only grief, indignation, debilitation and exhaustion. In short, this is another poisonous Chemtrail Spring. We wake here as usual in central Arizona to noxious grey haze, settling down like death over the outer veneer of burgeoning springtime. Instead of morning dew flavoring the air, there is a toxic metallic taste on the tongue. Above the slick frankenfog, the soldiers of the New Roman Legions go back and forth in the sky, sowing salt in the fields of heaven. And then? If we do not cower inside our houses, we enter the great outdoors, and breathe the insult of slow death for inceasingly overworked immune systems. And who on earth has the right to rob us of this sacred ground we stand on, to destroy the marvellous working of the bodies we inhabit, and to spew chemical venom into the very air we must breathe? Where are our lives in all this? Mine is here now, reduced to writing from quiet fury: and what then? Are we to accept being forced to live out our lives in electronic corners, wondering about who is destroying our very existence, and why?

And does it really matter so much why so many of us are obliged to dwell in virtual chemical dumps? Personally, I no longer care what the evil hare-brained "reasoning" is behind all this. Are so many of us are merely acceptable numbers of damaged goods in a vast experiment to patch the ozone holes? Or are the criminally insane frankenfolk we allow to run our lives deliberately toying with second degree murder and genocide? Are the heartless, mindless, soulless scientists playing with their weather modification games? Is the answer "none of the above", "some of the above, or "all of the above"? I don't care anymore. The point of all this to me is that we, collectively, are allowing these blantant "secret" experiments to have their nasty way with us. We can look around and see how few human beings, in full possession of their wits, un hypnotized by the wholesale dark paradigm,

are left standing in the here and now. And those of us who retain sufficient consciousness to see what is in front of our faces, being shoved down our increasingly inflamed throats, are forcing the issue, demanding to know, writing the endless letters, enduring the ridicule, and in general devoting ourselves to giving these monstrous inhuman secret cartels as hard a time as we possibly can. And then?

The gist of all our lives is simple enough: there is a war being waged for the soul of humanity. This war is everywhere, in everything. It is in the water, the air, the earth, the food, the structures of our marketplaces, cultural activities, and in our forms of government. On one side of this battle is the soul of humanity, and on the other side: the corporate-financial-military-industrial-governmental-medical-pharmaceutical-agricultural-educational-religious-scientific-entertainment complex. (Did I leave anything out? No matter. You know who they are.) And at the very core of this dark mess is The Rule by Secrecy versus the Ideal of Democracy. As a whole, humanity is clearly on the brink of complete enslavement, and is going along willingly, blindly into the dark it cannot see. Humans are at present, as a whole, acting like the three monkeys of sheer denial: seeing no evil, hearing no evil, and speaking no evil. All very well, except that at the same time, the monkeys are chained, hypnotized, gassed, enfeebled, dumbed down, and devoured where they sit. But after all, the stock market is still ballooning nicely, we can all go shopping, and there's something wonderfully stupifying on the tube tonight, so all feels perfectly comfy to most of us.

So then here we all are. The soul of humanity, our free will, is quietly being chewed to the nub as we watch. What will we do about this, those of us who have eyes to see? Shall we just sit quietly in front of our monitors until the chemical and electromagnetic manipulation of the human mind is perfected, and all our troubled thoughts and feelings will suddenly be over? Is it so far-fetched, given what we factually know already about this technology, to contemplate waking up one morning in a state of total acquiescence in things as they are? Shall we just wait patiently until there is nothing left between our ears capable of registering all this interlocking darkness? I don't think so. I think we will fight to the last raspy breath in our bodies, in every way we possibly can. Especially, we will fight lies by stating the truth as often as we can, in whatever venue our efforts can find a place. This war is best fought at present on mental levels, in the "sky" of our minds. We are fighting first of all for the conscious attention of our fellow human beings. Just as chemtrails are being laid out behind a veil of secrecy in the physical sky, we will lay out the counter-trails of reality and truth openly, on the internet and everywhere else we can find a hearing, in the minds of as many people as we can find to listen.

All of us who care about what is happening to humanity see it from our own small point of view, and we differ, sometimes radically, in our particular personal collection of thoughts and ideas about all this. We differ in temperament, background, education, talents, limitations, predispositions, and in every other way that expresses our unique individualities. For this reason, it isn't possible for those of us engaged in this great war to equally like, understand, and agree with all those fighting on our own side-

let alone being able to have compassion and understanding for all our fellow beings trapped in the dark paradigm. But we can try to remember the larger picture: this vast global multidimensional landscape in which we are all equally living, suffering and striving for what we believe in. We can fight to the death, if need be, without the virulent poison of hatred in our hearts, and without the spiritual childishness of separatism in our minds. In the end, if humanity survives spiritually and materially, in some far-off time there will be no "us" and "them": we will know ourselves to be one humanity. In the meantime, we have no choice but to wage an interspecies war toward that very end. The truth is, we are fighting for everyone, and for every child born in the future. If we don't fight, no one will. There is no one else here. There is no one else to care about the soul of human beings except...you and me.

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