

ISSN: 2278-9529

GALAXY

International Multidisciplinary Research Journal

January 2017 Vol. 6, Issue-1



Editor-In-Chief: Dr. Vishwanath Bite

www.galaxyimrj.com

About Us: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/about-us/>

Archive: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/archive/>

Contact Us: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/contact-us/>

Editorial Board: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/editorial-board/>

Submission: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/submission/>

FAQ: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/faq/>

Capitol Gain

Thomas Piekarski

While Monterey is magical, San Francisco
amply sublime, Paris radiant, London wondrous
with resplendent cupolas, museums and bridges,
Sacramento is the epicenter of modern progress.

This Capitol is where it all happens. Here initiators
of change flourish, great ideas brewed, with billions
spent for the benefit of multicultural constituents.
From these steps the great state of California

is formed. Fitted. Functions. Leads the world in
innovation. Nobody wants to confiscate your guns,
buddy, this isn't old Tombstone or Dodge. You can
carry a piece if you want, but please just don't shoot.

Welcome autumn rains record-setting, grasses green,
temporary respite from drought while wildfires rage
in the Southeast. Man can't overcome Mother Nature
so those fires carry on while we get needed water.

Recently on Facebook I wrote "Some politicians
flip-flop. Most lie. And the worst are cockroaches,
cowardly, who thrive in dreadful damp darkness."
But here they pass laws for the betterment of us all.

Life is a dream, an elaborate illusion. And so we
might as well roll the dice, let it all hang out while
we have the chance. For this cosmic miracle can't
last forever, so there is absolutely nothing to lose.

Those protesters can rant and rage all they want.
I'll sit here perfectly still on a bench along a broad
pedestrian path, with a frontal view of the Capitol.
It's dome painted ashen gray, but it should be gold.

Wondering why the clouds overhead don't implode,
why that sky-high palm is so skinny, why it sways
when there's no discernable wind. Roses withered.
A crow caws thrice in succession. Hello my Avalon.

Hello mercurial rise, for the Japanese maple
shimmers crimson in the glistening sunlight.

Helmeted cops race bikes around as many sexy women jog along the sidewalk in tight leotards. Here in the Capitol city, blacks and whites don't fight. Hispanics marry Asians, whose children trade tweets, bank on love to stock open souls and foil anyone who would dash their dreams.

This morning I drove down Broadway past the Post Office, Thai restaurant, dive bars, Tower Books and hospital to view the mighty Sacramento River as it rambles from Shasta Lake.

Marina on my left, the river at my right, I watched a replica clipper ship, its masts barren, chug against the flow, the passengers energized, motor powered by diesel that left a thick gray haze in the chilly air.

A busy squirrel plucked a piece of discarded rag on the bank, scurried off, so excited at the find, dug a hole in soft earth and buried it so that it would be saved for what future use I'm sure I'll never know.

Happy days aren't here again since they never left, and can't be stopped so long as the river still flows, isn't drained from excessive use by the farmers and exploding population whose thirst is insurmountable.

The old rail yard once a bustling hub is now a toxic waste site, abandoned, its ramshackle buildings spooky as Dracula's infamous castle. The legislators who huddle

in the Capitol are pondering what to do with it. They're resourceful, creative, but may well tank if the river does go dry one day and threatens the freedoms we take for granted in this state.

Rain, rain, rain, oh let it rain. Rain on heads of government, rain until the dams can't hold, rain that our story will be told to generations so distant they may not resemble us in the least.

A chopper hovers above the Capitol, its blades slicing the sky to bits, so loud and obstreperous. Yet it's necessary security, as we must make sure no harm will come to our elected representatives.