

Hello: We Speak the Truth
by
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William John Cox

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*Completed while he was still in this 30's and
at a time not that distant from the dusty cotton fields
in the High Plains of West Texas
where he was born and is still known as Billy Jack,
Cox was not hampered by circumstance or conditions
in becoming a magnificent observer of the human condition.
Some men require a lifetime to gain wisdom;
William John Cox was blessed early-on.
Charles Foerster*

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Prologue

This collection of thoughts was written by
the orphaned eleventh child of a strong woman,
who gave that and a mother's love, and
a hard-working dirt farmer,
who gave that and the magic of books.

These are pages from the journal of a
common self-educated man in his thirties.

They contain the thoughts of one
who has spent his life relearning the language and
who now reaches out for others to whom to speak.

It is dedicated to those who speak the truth and
whose voices echo.

Thomas Donn

*When we as children
Played "Mother May I?"
In the schoolyard dirt,
It made no sense
To ask permission
Before taking a
Giant step.
It makes less sense
Now.*



When

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*I've never built a sandcastle
Or written a message
In the sand,
Or floated a note in a bottle
To a faraway land.
There was no ocean where
I was born,
And I was not long a child.
I too quickly became
A man,
And these are things
A man can't do alone.*

A Silly Dream

I dreamed of a God in the sky
One night.

He was a schoolboy who had
Erected an experiment
We call the universe
On his bedroom desk.

He was occasionally chastised
By his father
For failing to better care for that
He'd created.
But, most of the time
He neither noticed
Nor remembered.

I awoke from my dream
And found
That I could never again
Believe in a
God in the sky.

Alone

In the evening shadows,
When you are alone,
And your heart cries out
For the ringing of the phone;

When there's but silence and
The ocean's roar,
And there's no knock
Upon your door;

When you sit
For quiet hours long,
And the voice of another
Would be the sweetest song;

When you fear the dark,
Much as a child,
And there are numbers
That you do not dial;

When you are alone,
And you're with me,
Then is when
We'll learn
To be.

Reflections

Long by the still water
I did quietly lie,
Gazing into its depths
Up at the sky,
Until one day I was
Surprised to see
A face I liked
Smiling back at me.

That image was shattered
When for it
I did reach,
But, the soothing ripples' tide
Had a lesson to teach.
For now in the surface calm,
The face I again see
Is the one
I want to be.

So, lying here now,
A wiser me,
It's finally clear
What has to be.

My friend is as near as
Beyond my touch,
But, he's always there
Whenever I look.

Whose Voice?

Whose voice is it
I hear inside,
That makes me so uncomfortable,
I wish it would hide?

Whose voice is it
I hear inside,
Is it mine or another's
That makes me decide?

Whose voice is it
I hear inside,
If to it I listen,
That slows my stride?

Whose voice is it
I hear inside,
Who I wish more often
Was on my side?

Whose voice is it
I hear inside,
To others told different,
Too often to lied?

Whose voice is it
I hear inside,
Who's told me so often,
I should have tried?

Whose voice is it I hear inside,
Whose truth I have
So often denied?

Whose voice is it
I hear inside,
Before whom,
Without shame,
My tears are cried?

Whose voice is it
I hear inside,
Whose reason I have
So often defied?

Whose voice is it
I hear inside,
Who denies me nothing

Done with pride?

Whose voice is it
I hear inside,
So long unlistened to,
I thought had died?

Whose voice is it
I hear inside?

One Voice Spoken by Two Heard By All

If there are but really
Two --
One "yes" and one "no,"
The no based on experience
And the yes on dare,
Then, would we ever get anywhere
If we always took care?

It's just that when we fall,
The no always helps us up,
But always says,
"I told you so."

But, if we don't fall,
Does not the no
Become a yes?

A Promise to My Self

To be true to myself,
I must to my self
Listen;
I will on this
My life build.

A Healthy Poem

To be what you thought,
And I wished I was,
Would be to be,
What I'm not,
Because,
I am what I am,
And not what I'm not,
But, that's no reason
I can't be what I want,
For, not is now,
And then is when,
I will myself change,
Now and then,
Not to be what I'm not,
But to be what I want.

What is Happiness?

Well, I suppose
It is doing just
What you feel
Like doing,
And feeling guilt
about it less
And less.

There would seem to be,
But one true measure
Of happiness
To me;
Would you like your life
In slow motion,
If you had the choice,
Or, would you just want
To get it over
And done with?

Where Have All the Happy People Gone?

I see all about me unhappy people.

I see those
Who are unhappy,
Because of impossible dreams.

I see those who have achieved
Impossible goals,
Who are unhappy,
Because of the price paid.

I see those who, due to their birth,
Are unhappy,
Because their destiny is but death.

I see those who laugh when entertained,
Who are unhappy,
When they are alone.

I see good people,
Who are unhappy,
Because they think themselves weak.

I see those who want to believe
In their religion's God,
Who are unhappy,
Because they question.

I see those battered by reality,
Who are unhappy,
Because they don't understand.

I see those who think
They have a free will,
Who are unhappy,
Because they have no control.

And, every once in a while,
I see those who are happy,
Because one day they decided
That was all they could do.

Friends and Others

There are friends with whom
Our wine is tasted,
And there are those with whom
Our time is wasted.

There are friends with whom
Our dreams are said,
And there are those before whom
Our pearls are spread.

There are friends with whom
Our thoughts find a mate,
And there are those from whom
Our echo is fate.

If left unsaid,
Words meet their doom;
The question remains,
Which is whom?

My Teachers

I learned much from my teachers,
More from some than
Others.

None of my teachers are
Still my teachers.
Their words were those of
Others.

The others no long live,
Except through their
Words.

Or else, they cannot be reached,
By one such as me,
Except through the use of
Words,
Taught to me by my
Teachers.

Fear

I fear only that someday,
I will be unable
To cry,
And there will be not
One friend
To understand why.



Now

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*There is planted deep inside
Each of us
A seed,
Which, if nourished by
The truth,
Grows to fill and then
To shed
The dry husk of our existence.*

My God

There is but one God.
He lives inside
Each of us.

His strength is measured
By that of
Our own.

He is as limited as
Our circumstance;
He is as visionary as
Our dreams;
He is as understanding
Of others
As we are of ourselves.

Sometimes we are able to
Share our God;
But, most of the time,
We borrow the God
Of others.

Birth and Death

I saw death the other night.
My own.

My body was laid out
For all to see,
The remains of a man
Who used to be.

An old and wrinkled man
Was a comfort to find,
One who'd lived to the end,
His space in time.

But, then I thought,
Are the wrinkles decay?
The scene I see
Might be today.

In horror, I turned from
The sight of me,
But, only for a moment,
I had to see.

When next I looked,
My body was in flames,
And I watched in futile silence,
'Til nothing remained.

Then, the ashes that arose
Caught my eye,
They were large and light
In the sky.

As the ashes were carried
From their body's toil,
They changed to a grain stalk
Rooted in fertile soil.

The top of the stalk,
Like others around,
Was heavy with grain,
Its task to lay down.

A sand storm arose and at
The stalk did beat,
But, it couldn't turn loose;
Its roots were deep.

As the others broke,
Or bent to the ground,
One stood alone;
It couldn't lie down.

The stalk was uprooted,
As the wind was strong;
But, in its defeat,
There was no wrong.

The stalk flew through the air
And the grain fell free;
Most sprouted nearby,
Far from the sea.

One seed caught the wind
And was further blown;
Beyond the field,
It was sown.

The rest are still there,
Where they'll always be;
My place is here,
I found the key.

I saw birth the other night...

The Ocean

Why did I come so far
From where the stars
Are clear,
To by your side,
Remain so near?

Why do I so rarely sunbathe
In your cooling breeze,
Or play games
In your sand?

Why are my walks to your surf,
So infrequent,
And then only for a moment?

Why is it that
It took us
So long to overcome
all that
Which you conquered
Before giving us birth?

We've harnessed the power
Of the land,
Including the rush
Of your returning water,
But, we cannot stop it from
Coming home to you.

When we build too near you,
Or upon your face,
You show us your might,
As do the children of
Your wind child,
Whose strength is felt by those
Far removed
From your countenance.

You absorb the waste
Of our power,
Which we dump in your waters
Destroying the beauty
Of our enjoyment,
But, not the secrets of
Your hidden and unexplored depths.

You no more have the power
To raise your level sufficient

To cover all but the highest mountain,
Than I have the rational ability
To believe in the Great Flood;
But, I believe in your strength
To wash away the mess and to begin anew
Should we use our power to destroy
Ourselves.

Should that not be avoided,
Will you have time
Before the Sun grows old
To produce another child
With reason?

Why would you want to?

I can't touch the Sun;
But, I can feel its warmth
In your waters,
Even on the coldest night,
And I am at peace,
My Mother and my Father
Are near.

A Reason for Reason

Are we not nothing more
Than beings of
Reason,
Who, through an accident
Of nature,
Found ourselves
With two halves
Of the same brain,
Each speaking
To the other,
a million-million times
Each day,
As each crosses over
To the other side
Of our body,
To perform
The necessary tasks
Assigned by
The random selection
Of nature?

Is not the process of
Reason,
But nothing more
Than a series of
Simple questions,
Asked by that part of us
That dares,
Of that part
Which records our memory
Of learning, experience,
And instinct?

Are not the answers
Equally simple,
Yes or no,
Always based on
The truth
As best we know it?

Heaven, Hell, and Reality

The only thing within our control
Is to become aware of ourselves
And the world we live in,
And our attitude
Towards it.

To have everything that is
Within our power must be
Heaven;
Otherwise, to participate in
The reality of those,
Who understand not,
Is to share their unknowing
Hell.

Reality Revisited

If you weren't sure of
The poem before,
Take a plane flight over
A great city sometime,
And ask yourself,
"What makes all that I see -- work?"

If you still then believe that
An unseen God manipulates all,
You do not believe in your power
To produce a paycheck.

If you cannot afford the trip,
Ask yourself the same question
The next time
You find yourself in freeway traffic,
You do whatever it is that you do,
Or you pick up your unemployment check.

The combined reason of Man
Is a power over which we exercise
Less control
Than we do upon the winds of time.

We have but
The ability to understand,
And to be different
From the guy in the next car
Who's honking his horn;
He cuts you off,
With a knot in his gut,
And you wave him in
With a chuckle.

At which point
Do you become but
Another ant
On the ground below?
When you crawl along,
And do not understand.

The problem
With being able to see reality,
Is
That we want it
To go away,
And take with it
The reason,

Which makes its awareness
So uncomfortable.

It's much like the groundhog,
Who retreats to his hole,
Upon seeing his shadow,
To wait for a cloudy day,
Or a need to feed in the Sun,
His fear finally overcome,
By his love of himself.

Reality and Fantasy

There is but one reality.
Everything else is fantasy.
There is the reality of yesterday
And today,
And there's today's fantasy
Of tomorrow.

Reality is the platform of imagination
From which our hopes and dreams
For tomorrow
Are launched.

If one cannot see reality,
Everything is fantasy.
There is the fantasy of yesterday
And today,
And there's today's fantasy
Of tomorrow

Fantasy is the rock upon which
The unrealistic hopes and dreams
Of yesterday
Were dashed.

Fantasy and Imagination

The imagination necessary
To discover science and
To create art,
Is based
On the reality of effort,
Not fantasy of the
Unachievable.

If fantasy is
The mother's milk
Of imagination,
Reality is suckling
At ones own
Breast.

Sophistication

Sophistication is the acquired ability
To perceive the lies
Of others,
And to prevaricate
Better than they.

It is that art by which one
Gets the most
And makes the best impression,
by, for, and with
The least.

It allows one to succeed
In a world in which
Deception and frivolity
Are ways of life,
And in which the appellation
Of sophistication
Is considered a compliment.

Lawyers

Perhaps,
The most difficult burden
Borne by lawyers
Is their sure knowledge,
That the most mocked words
In our language are,
“Do you swear to tell
The truth, the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth,
So help you God?”

A lawyer’s business is
The manipulation of the truth,
And they are taught
To do it well;
The most successful
Do it best.

Perhaps,
That’s why
Good lawyers
Are so few in number.

The Truth

We learn to lie
From the moment
Of birth;
Deception is well practiced
Here on Earth.

The lies told by each,
One to another,
Shield hidden secrets,
In each yet to discover.

If one speaks but
The truth,
It's easy to perceive
The lies of others
Who seek to deceive.

There's a power
Which flows
From the exercise
Of perception,
Experienced by those
Unshackled by deception.

It's as though there
Are two people
In all you do meet,
One who is lonely,
And the other it does seek.

The love one receives
From speaking the truth,
Comes from within others,
A reflection of proof.

It's seen not too often,
A vision without stare,
Looking inside each met
To see who's there.

Alone Revisited

To be alone,
Rather than lonely,
Is to have not one
 To own,
 but the memory
Of each you've known
And to be at peace
With the thought,
And yourself.

Friendship

Friendship fans the spark
Of love,
Which from conception glows
In each of us.

It nourishes the seed of
Beauty and creativity that grows
In each of us.

It gives rein to the free spirit
That yearns to soar
In each of us.

It is warmed by
That flame
In each of us,
Made stronger and brighter
By friends who've
Been here before.

Love

You gave the man the gift of love;
You gave his spirit the gift of freedom;
And you gave his soul the gift of understanding.
What more can he give to you?
Than that...

Your love taught him passion;
Your release taught him restraint;
And your understanding brought peace.
What more can he give to you?
Than that...

We are but a reflection of what we give others;
And, oh, how it pleases the soul
To see the image of love
In the mirror
Of our life.

Writing

Oh, for a steady hand as
I so violently waver,
Trying to understand why it is
That a man of my age
Has so much to talk about
And so little to say
And no one to listen...

Then, sometimes, I fear
I am becoming much
Like an excited schoolgirl
With her first gift diary.

There are so many words,
So long unspoken...

My Home

I live in my temple,
Wrought by my hands,
Fashioned by my past,
Designed by my dreams,
Made real by circumstance,
Rough hewed as it is.

**Self Portrait of a Madman's Eyes
Seen in the Stained Glass Window
Above His Desk**

Diamond-shaped reflections
Of steady eyes,
Blinded by a blink,
And, just now,
Caused to smile,
By a mischievous wink.

Framed and somehow tamed
By etching since youth,
Unburdened by blame,
Reflecting truth.

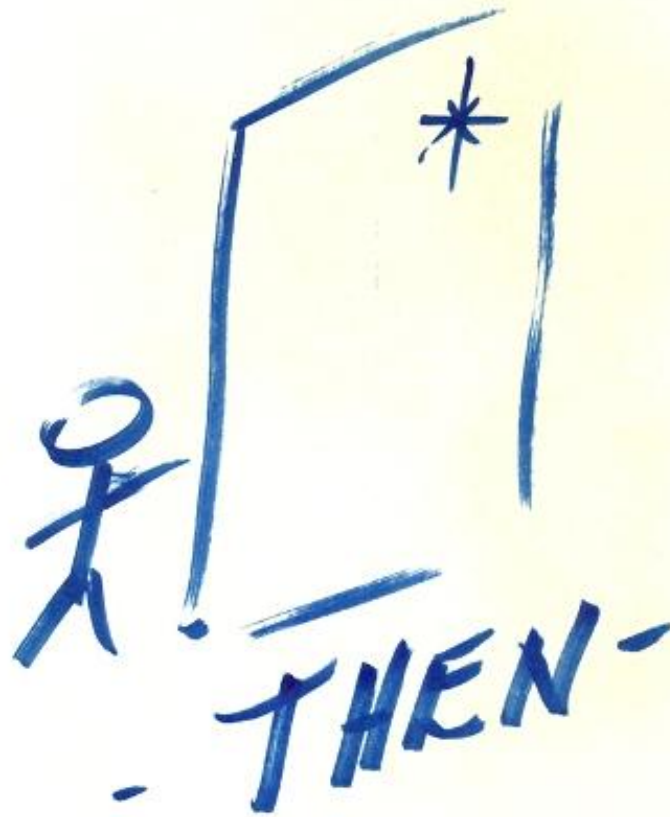
Narrowed by the Sun and
Made wise by the years,
Staring back, just now,
A reservoir of tears,
Poorly masking a
Madman's fears.

Failure

No one shall ever know,
Save I,
Should I fail.

I have never failed;
I've always come back
Stronger.

Who shall ever know,
Save I?



Then

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*Humans are funny animals.
They are born naked,
And they spend their
Lives growing
A shell.*

*Most are never hatched.
They spend their lives
Doing everything,
Save the one thing that
Each can do.*

The Beauty of Sleep

What of sleep and dreams,
But an opportunity
To slow our pace
To that of a turtle,
Secure in our shell,
A time for our body
To rest;
A time for the fleet stag
Of our mind to race
Through the forests
Of our imagination;
Time slowed to that of
A turtle's clock,
Its released energy redirected
To give us time
To find sunlit clearings,
Where the flowers of reason
Abound in natural beauty;
A vision to behold,
A story to be told.

Happiness and Destiny

I once sat on a quiet beach
Watching sandpipers feed
In the sunset.

They chased each receding wave,
To the surf's edge,
Pecking at the wet sand
For whatever it is that
Sandpipers eat.

As each breaker rolled in,
They darted back to safety
Or took to wing,
To keep their tail feathers dry,
I suppose.

Once their hunger was satisfied,
They lined up in a row,
And napped on the
Still warm dry sand.

A large old bird stood alone
In the approaching darkness;
Immobile at the surf's edge,
His daily hunt
Not yet over.

As I watched each wave
Break over him,
I realized that he stood on
But one leg.

I wondered if he was happy;
And, if not, why did
He bother to continue
Pecking in the sand?

He was probably just as happy
As the others,
Once he got his
Stomach filled.

If man goes through life,
As lemmings find the sea,
Is his happiness only that
He must survive,
In order to die?

If that which sets Man apart,
Is his rational being,
Is it not that reward
He is driven to seek?

Otherwise, Man dies,
His life unfulfilled,
And, his destiny,
Unrealized.

Those who just live out
Their lives,
Seem much like the sandpiper,
Pecking in the sand,
Rather than at their shell.

He had the instinct
To peck out of his shell,
So does Man.

Faith

Is it not true,
That one who can no longer
Rationally believe
In a theological explanation of
Reality, Eternity, and the Universe,
Continues to have faith
In a God?

Does not there remain
A trust and belief
In what we call God
And those who have professed
To speak in his name?

Is not the faith which
Remains,
But an expression of trust
In the inner voice
Which answers ones prayers,
And which is never
Wrong?

Is not faith in that
Constant voice,
But an expression of
Trust
In a concept of
Conscience,
However designated?

Is it not true
That those who internalize
Their God,
Have no need
To abandon the concept
Of faith?

Is it not true
That their prayers are
Just
More speedily answered?

Is it not true
That one cannot lie
To ones God
Or to ones conscience?

Have you *not*

The rational ability
To strike the word
Necessary to make each of
These statements
True?

Ask your conscience
The next time you hear it.

Is the answer
The truth?

Voice of the Ages

There is a voice which
Has been heard through
 The ages;
It has been spoken in
 Many tongues.

It is spoken by those
 Who understand;
It is heard by those
 Who walk alone.

It is spoken because,
 Once learned,
It cannot but be
 Spoken.

It is the voice that
 Spans all eternity;
It is the message to be
 Beamed to the stars.

Its language is truth,
 Spoken by all,
 To themselves.

It is that voice deep
 Inside each of us,
That screams out so softly
 From its moment of
 Truth.

It is that force made strong
 And tested by the truth
 Of reality,
That pecks its way through
 The shell.

Jesus, Son of Man

If only Jesus
Had chosen to write,
There wouldn't have been others
To confuse his might.

He was a man,
And
His God shined bright,
From within,
As a star in the night.

His message was simple,
A working man's wealth,
"Love thy neighbor
As thy love thyself."

He practiced what he preached;
It was the best he could do;
He loved himself,
He loved you.

With only his voice,
He answered the need,
To tell his truth,
To plant the seed.

For those to whom he spoke,
The Sun circled the Earth;
Even to a man of reason,
2,000 years had yet given birth.

He must have believed
In a God in the sky;
Somehow, I'm convinced,
Jesus couldn't lie.

He sacrificed himself
On the altar of reason;
His truth survived
Its growing season.

If he were here,
The dawn of a new day,
How many would listen
To what he had to say?

Love Revised

It is not that I have love
Not enough
To exchange for all
You offer me;
I have not but love.

I give you not
All of my love,
Until you have walked
With me,
The path of truth.

I give you not
All of my love,
Until you have walked
With me,
The path of reason.

I give you not
All of my love,
For, it is the barter
Of my happiness.

But, once by my side,
You've walked with me,
By my side,
You'll always be.

A Basic Concept

A human child is conceived;
It grows and is born;
It lives until death.

At the moment of conception,
Every force that shall ever
Impinge upon its being
Is in motion;
We are as powerless to stop
Those forces
As we are to rearrange
The stars.

At that moment,
There is ignited a spark
Of perception;
At that instant, and
Perhaps never again,
There is truth.

The spark is the light
Or reason;
It is made bright by
The truth;
It's coals are banked by
Lies and distortion;
They are dampened by
Blind faith;
They are raked by
Questions.

Its destiny is to create and
To discover truth;
Its revelation is the dignity
Of good and beauty.

It may be passed along,
Still a spark,
To our children;
Or, its torch may light
Our life and that
Of others.

Once shared, it can never
Be extinguished,
Not even by death;
The spark is the eternal flame,
That provides each of us

The opportunity
To become a part of
Creation.

Our struggle in life is
Fought with
Fire.

From the inside out,
We seek to surface
Our self
Through that which
We have become;
We do not win until
We stop fighting.

Success in life is not measured
By whether one is able
To reascend the plateau
On to which he or she
Is deposited,
Or whether one goes higher;
Rather, it is determined by
The brightness of one's flame.

The flame of some is so dim
As to never be seen;
In others, it lights the
Paths of history,
For themselves,
And for others to come.

The flame of reason
Is fueled by the truth;
Its catalyst is
Freedom;
It is the bond
Of God.

We have nothing to fear
From the stars;
We will be ignored
Or controlled
Until we recognize
The simple truth.

The discovery of truth
Through the exercise
Of reason,
Produces a reward
Of good and beauty,

Through the practice
Of peace.

The Garden was not
At the beginning;
It is at the end.
We shall never get there,
Except by the light
We create,
To show others
The way.

Nature

The beauty and might we see
In nature,
Is but a measure of
Our God inside.

The majesty of mountains,
And the ocean's power
Was not created by
A God;
But, its appreciation and
The understanding it develops,
Allows us to share in
That which simply exists,
Mighty and beautiful
As it is.

As a butterfly evolved with
Wings so lovely,
Man evolved with the wonderful
Spark of ability
To recognize the beauty and strength
Around him,
And to create its reflection
Within himself.

Men and Women

There shall always be
Women and men;
And, they shall always
Be different.

Separate in their strengths,
They speak easier and
More truthfully
One to the other,
When together.

It is among themselves,
That they compete,
In a struggle
Without shame of defeat.

It is with the other
That they join their seed,
Selecting the strongest,
To match their need.

Women seem to tell
The truth more often;
But then, I'm
A man.

Marriage

A woman and a man
Can be seen
As two equal circles
Or rings,
Which if moved together,
Form a new shape
In the center,
Halfway in between.

Within that new and
Equal space,
Only truth can be
Spoken.

Too many are the
Marriages
Where there is no
Center place,
And the circles remain
Unbroken.

We seek from another
A union of division
Where but one ring
Can be seen
Unless viewed from the side
As though rotated
On a string,
A different vision,
Two equal lines,
Separate and straight,
Side by side,
A space in between.

There is no further seeking,
And marriage is done;
Two Gods have found each other,
and now are as one.

Children

Why do we have children?
Sometimes, they are choices, and
Sometimes, they are consequences;
But, once we have them,
Why?

We see in them
The beauty of nature and
The mystery of creation.

In a powerless world,
They are the only thing
That each of us can create
That is truly unique,
And ours to keep.

To the extent
We share our happiness
With them,
They bring us pleasure.

If taught the truth,
They become friends,
Who walk with us
To the end of our time,
And beyond.

Once created, they are alone;
They are ours,
Only to the extent that
We share the truth.

If to them we teach
False lessons of life,
We'll earn their distrust
When they learn to question.

They make us immortal,
Though they have not
Children of their own;
If they learn the truth,
To many it will be shown.

Mother's Love: A Common Bond

What is there, then,
Of a mother's love,
Save that it's shared by all
Whose instinctive reason
Discovered a reassuring love
During that time,
Prior to birth,
When but love and reason
Form the only language known
By a newborn child.

Was not the birth
Of Man,
But that moment when,
Perhaps in a tree,
A mother felt love
For that she held,
And the child responded
With its only voice known?

Is not a mother's lullaby
But an answer
To a child's crying need
To teach its language,
To the one who holds it,
In order for each to learn
To understand
The other?

What then of Frau Gobbels
Who, by her loving hand,
Placed poison in the mouths of
Each of her sleeping band,
Then herself with her man,
At their own hand,
Died with their lies,
But a mother's command
To mark the passing
Of the last barbarian?

War

Man shall probably never again
Fight a world war
In which men are able to see
The faces of those they kill.

Destructive as the last was,
Its goal was not the elimination
Of man.
Its product, however,
Was the means.

The next or the next
Can have but no other effect,
Save that it or they,
Be fought
To defend against
The enslavement of reason.

Should that battle be waged
Within and between the minds
Of men,
Rather than determined
By their rage and deeds,
It cannot be won
Except by the forces
Of truth and reason.

It all believed in but
One God,
Their own,
Never again would the banner
Of the same God
Be carried by both sides
Into the common battle.

Man shall never again
March to war and death,
Proudly moved
By the cheers and tears
Of those left behind.

Men of intellect
Now man battlements
Of lighted consoles;
Their computerized decisions
But scarcely sense
The taste of battle and death.

Those who stand at the button:
Your voice of reason inside
Shall never move
Your hand;
Only what you've become
Would destroy Man.

Boys shall always play
With the toys of war,
Until women choose as husbands,
Men for whom,
War has become an abhorrent chore.

The Sun may illuminate another
Million years of wars;
But, until truth and reason
Replace the God of Mars,
Man shall never see his reflection
In the stars.

Work

The circumstances of life
Direct each of us to
The path upon which
We begin our journey
Here on Earth.

At every intersection,
We are faced with the choice
Between the difficult
And the comfortable.

The comfortable roads are
The longest,
And sometimes,
The easiest roads lead nowhere,
Except to death.

The difficult paths lead
To other intersections
When they become too difficult
Or too easy.

Once our choice is made,
There is no turning back;
We must move along
To the next junction.

Our only guidepost is
The sign of happiness;
The choice is ours;
We walk alone.

He who does his best,
Has no shame;
He has no master,
And no one to blame.

Charity

There shall always be the
Sick, poor, and hungry,
At least in
Our time.

Our role in life is to
Care for ourselves
And those we
Create.

It is not to feel guilt
For the plight
Of others.

Except, that, in caring
For another or others,
To the extent that
It brings us happiness,
We are able to exercise power
Over one of the few things
We have control over.

The choice is ours,
And no other person,
Nor their God,
Has the power to pass judgment.

Hate

Tell me,
Why is it,
That you'd
Want to
Hurt
Another;
But, to destroy something
Inside yourself
Which
You cannot destroy,
For, there goes but nought
Yourself...?

Morality and Ethics

What more basic and logical
Standard could there be,
For the conduct of ones life,
Than to be able
To trust and respect,
That person
Reflected in the bathroom mirror,
Each morning, when,
At our worst,
We do ourselves
See?

It's as though,
One should never sleep
With anyone not loved,
Including the one person
Certain,
To share our bed and dreams
Each night of our life.

The Law of Man and of the Universe

The best government is that one
Which is able to effectively govern,
Given its time and place;
But, no government can
Forever endure,
Which does not protect
The reason of Man.

I live according to the law
Of my God,
Which makes Man's law
Mostly irrelevant;
But, when I choose to do
What I do,
I, and no other,
Accept the consequences.

Only when most agree
Upon basic law,
Can the law of Man succeed:
Those who choose to violate
That which protects
The individual freedom and dignity
Of others,
Must accept the consequences
Of Man's law.

Those most dangerous,
Should be removed
To a place together,
Where they themselves
Support;
And the rest not
Threaten.

There they should stay,
Subject to no rules
But the basic law
Of Man,
Until such time certain,
The consequences
They've paid.

Those without the dignity
Or ability of self survival
Should be provided but
Solitary existence
Until a day certain,

When their thoughts
Have shown them the way,
Or the consequences,
They've paid.

Upon their return
To the society of others,
The decision's again theirs;
They should bear
No mark.

It is not for Man
To extinguish the spark of reason
In another;
He has no duty but to
Protect his own;
And to allow, in others,
Its need to grow.

There is but one law
Which in each must
Govern;
There is but
One truth;
It is the same
For all;
That is why it is the law
Of the Universe.

Twenty Questions

There is a game that
All should play
With each they meet
Every day;
Each has twenty questions
With which to say,
“Who are you
Who goes my way?”

A question asked
In expectation of truth,
Results in an answer
From which to deduce
another question and
The answer it will produce.

For those who play
With truth and reason
There's knowledge gained
Unlimited by season.

Those joined with others
Will together produce
The answer to eternity's question,
“Do you speak the truth?”

The voice of Mankind,
As one, thus spoken
Will speak the universal language,
Its code then broken.

The question was asked
By others thus made bold;
Its answer will be received
When Man's last lie is told.

We will then share in
All's that's gone before,
As though stepping through
A most magical door.

Our voice thus joined
In eternity's choir,
Will sing a lullaby,
In treble,
For those in the mire.

Hello

Those who hear the truth
Live their lives alone,
Accountable to no God,
But their own.

Their creations,
Worthy and slight,
Are a basic contribution
To the universal might.

Their path is guided by reason,
But, they know how to cry;
They couldn't do otherwise,
They don't bother to try.

In all that they do,
They give their best,
and when they sleep,
Their God's at rest.

Their strength's in their knowledge
Of being right;
They've survived;
They've had to fight.

They live their lives
In a most selfish way,
Sharing the love of each met,
In the play of each day.

They live out their years,
And death do not blame;
They've eternal life,
They pass the flame.

Their opinions are their own;
Their eyes are steady;
And the smile you see,
Is always ready.

They are among you,
Always near;
They'll tell you hello,
If you learn to hear.

A Madman's Last Prayer

I shall not know
Whether my God has forsaken me
Until I know that what
I've written here
Exposing him,
Has brought me not failure.

Writing it
Has brought me peace;
What I know not
Is what the future holds;
That matters not;
What matters is that I tried.

For those of you
Who might feel shame for me,
For what you read here,
I apologize not for the inability
To say it better;
I have done my best;
And, for that,
I bow my head before no one,
Nor their God,
Nor mine.

Know that I have no shame;
And, that I, for that,
Have wondered if
I am sane.

I no longer have that fear;
What I have written here
Hurts none.
How can that be but sane?

I am happy,
I'll know not when?
Who shall ever know,
Save I?
Amen.

A Final Dedication

To the children of today,
Who have not yet
Learned to
Lie.

To the children of tomorrow
Who shall see
Beyond
The sky.

Epilogue

Drawn from my bed just now,
By that pulling force
Which has dominated
Man
Since that first day
His spark of reason
Was born;
Sitting in the dark,
Writing by the candle
Of Man,
Listening to a concert
Of poets on the radio,
Knowing not
What time it is,
Answering the need
To recapture the essence
Of a very long thought
Had a moment ago;
Hoping as I do,
For the Sun to soon rise,
So that I may again,
Have the peace
Of a day's work.

The need I have
Is to say something more,
Writing as I do,
For and because of all those
Whose voice of reason
Has somehow reached me,
And, who as best I can,
Speak tonight.

From where I sit
And tonight reckon,
I see not a heaven,
Else, it would more
Clearly beckon;
I see but the need of Mankind
To continue our path of survival,
Hesitating as we do,
At an intersection,
Halfway in between
Two roads,
Going in opposite directions.

I would be alone tonight,
Were it not for the memory

Of a young girl,
Who,
So very long ago,
Sat on a front porch with me,
Telling me of her love,
Shared with all;
A moment of love,
Stretched into eternity,
By our memory of it tonight,
Having been shared with all,
We've met halfway in between.

There is so much more
I would have me say;
But, I have grown more than
Weary,
Trying to explain to myself,
The need to keep writing,
When I am so sure
There is likely
Not one person
Who'd be interested
In what I have to say.

But, there are a couple
Of more stories
I'd like to tell:

Once, as a child,
I lay on a haystack,
And, to test the numbers
That I'd been taught,
I decided to count
The stars.

After a time,
I grew tired of the game,
and dreamed,
One way or another,
A vision of a spaceship,
Which I described to others
As a saucer.
They didn't believe me;
For, I knew not myself,
Whether I spoke the truth.

Perhaps, it was just a fantasy,
Told as a fib
By an imaginative child;
But, somehow, ever since,
I've had a need,

To get me here,
From there.

In the life I've lived,
I've had but one recurring dream
That I always awake to remember:

Falling always,
After a forced leap,
I've always landed
Before waking from my sleep,
To find myself,
Alone in my bed,
Bruised, but not broken,
And, still not dead.

During that same dream,
Had again, a recent night,
I, for the first time,
Was not alone in my fright;
In a descent with all,
Down collapsing stairs,
I alone leapt
For a dangling vine,
And awoke myself,
Before I dared find,
How far to the bottom,
Or, how far to climb;
Clinging there,
Suspended in time,
A dream interrupted,
Except in my mind.

Morning has arrived,
And the only thing
I can say for sure
Is that I believe
What I've written;
But, then,
Reality changes
With each new day.

Last evening,
My task thought completed,
I walked to the ocean's edge
And spent a moment,
In the double reflection
Of the nighttime sun
Upon the never still water,
And was then able
To sleep my night
In peace,

Until this morning
When I had these last few
Things to say,
Before getting on the freeway
To start my day.

Perhaps, I'll find time at work
To look up a good lawyer,
And if he's still there
On my way home tonight,
I'll stop in and trade him
These pages from my journal
For the privilege
Of living my life
In peace.

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*My new year's task
Of rewriting my journal,
A hundred times
Now finished;
My pen moves not
Fast enough,
My unexpressed thoughts,
Undiminished.*

*I think the time has come,
To rest, reflect and read;
A time,
... to shelter the seed.*

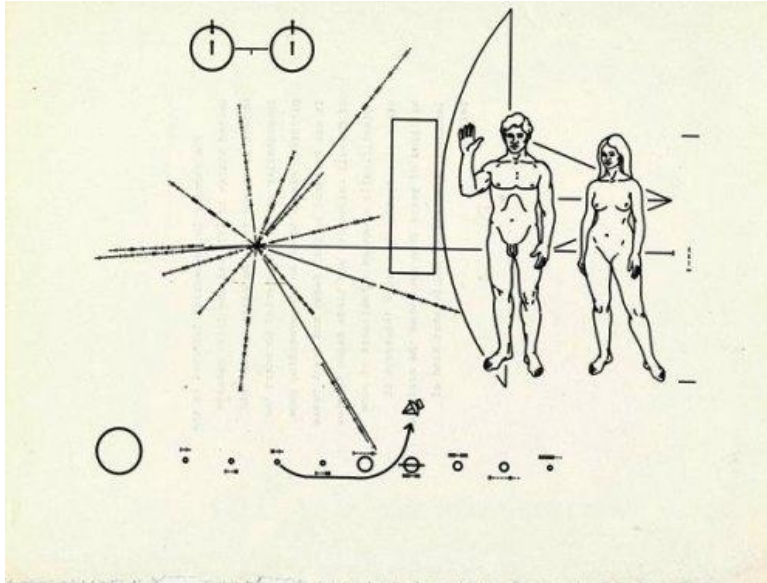
Thomas Donn

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The Pioneer 10 spacecraft launched by the United States in 1972 was the first manmade object to escape from the solar system into interstellar space.

It carried on board the following gold-anodized pictorial plaque. It was designed by Carl Sagan and Frank Drake of Cornell University and Linda Sagan to show scientifically educated inhabitants of some other star system -- who might intercept it millions of years from now -- when the craft was launched, from where, and by what kind of beings.



Author's Note

During 1977, I was employed as a Deputy District Attorney and lived in Manhattan Beach, California. I spent much of the summer contemplating my future and decided to open a public-interest law practice primarily dedicated to the defense of young people accused of serious crimes.

I had kept a journal over the years, primarily in poetry, and that winter, as I read through what I had written, I realized I had not always been entirely truthful in what I had written. I determined to discard much of the journal and to keep only the most reliable portions.

A *Healthy Poem* was one of the ones I kept, and I used its phrasing of "when, now and then" as chapter headings. The retained journal entries went into "When," and "Now" and "Then" contained new observations about a variety of subjects that occupied my thinking at the time.

I completed the journal in June of 1978 and decided to publish it under the pseudonym of Thomas Donn, a name which illustrates the divided human brain - - both as twins and as masculine and feminine. I printed several boxes of books, which I have given away over the years.

Recently, I reviewed the book and saw a couple of typos, but found that overall it still fairly accurately reflected the personal philosophy that has guided my life for the past 34 years.

With the easy availability of electronic publishing, I decided to use this little book as an exercise to learn the process for other books on my desk which I am considering publishing in this manner.

Hello is a serious book, but hopefully you will find it to be entertaining as well as helpful.

William John Cox
Long Beach, California
June 15, 2012

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About the Author

For more than 40 years, William John Cox vigorously pursued a career in law enforcement, public policy and the law. As a police officer, he was an early leader in the “New Breed” movement to professionalize law enforcement.

Cox wrote the *Policy Manual of the Los Angeles Police Department* and the introductory chapters of the *Police Task Force Report* of the National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals, which continues to define the role of the police in America.

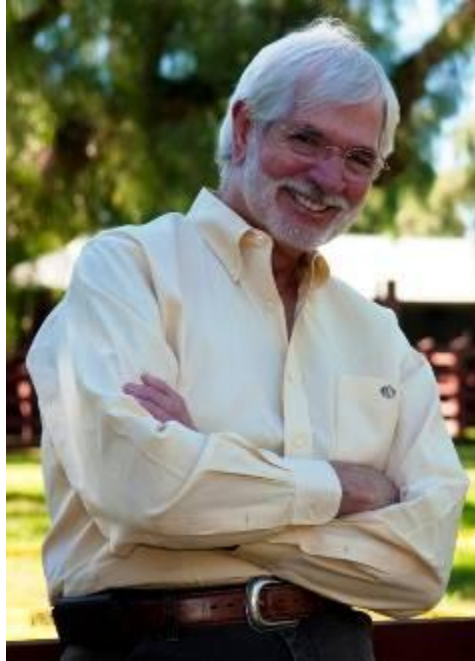
As an attorney, Cox worked for the U.S. Department of Justice to implement national standards and goals, prosecuted cases for the Los Angeles County District Attorney’s Office, and operated a public-interest law practice primarily dedicated to the defense of young people.

Professionally, Cox volunteered *pro bono* services in two landmark legal cases. In 1981, representing a Jewish survivor of Auschwitz, he investigated and successfully sued a group of radical right-wing organizations which denied the Holocaust. The case was later the subject of the Turner Network Television motion picture, *Never Forget*.

Cox later represented a “secret” client and arranged the publication of almost 1,800 photographs of ancient manuscripts that had been kept from the public for more than 40 years. *A Facsimile Edition of the Dead Sea Scrolls* was published in November 1991. His role in that effort is described by historian Neil Asher Silberman in *The Hidden Scrolls: Christianity, Judaism, and the War for the Dead Sea Scrolls*.

Cox retired as a Supervising Trial Counsel for the State Bar of California, where he led a team of attorneys and investigators who targeted the prosecution of attorneys accused of serious misconduct and criminal gangs engaged in the illegal practice of law.

Over the years, Cox has written extensively on public policy, philosophy and politics. *Hello: We Speak the Truth*, written under the pseudonym of Thomas Donn in 1978, was one of his earliest efforts.



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Other Titles by the Author

You're Not Stupid! Get the Truth: A Brief on the Bush Presidency
(2004) Progressive Press

Mindkind: Math & Physics for the New Millennium
(2012) Mindkind Publications

Time Travel To Ancient Math & Physics
(2012) Mindkind Publications

The Man Who Ate His Fingers: War & Justice
(2012) Mindkind Publications

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