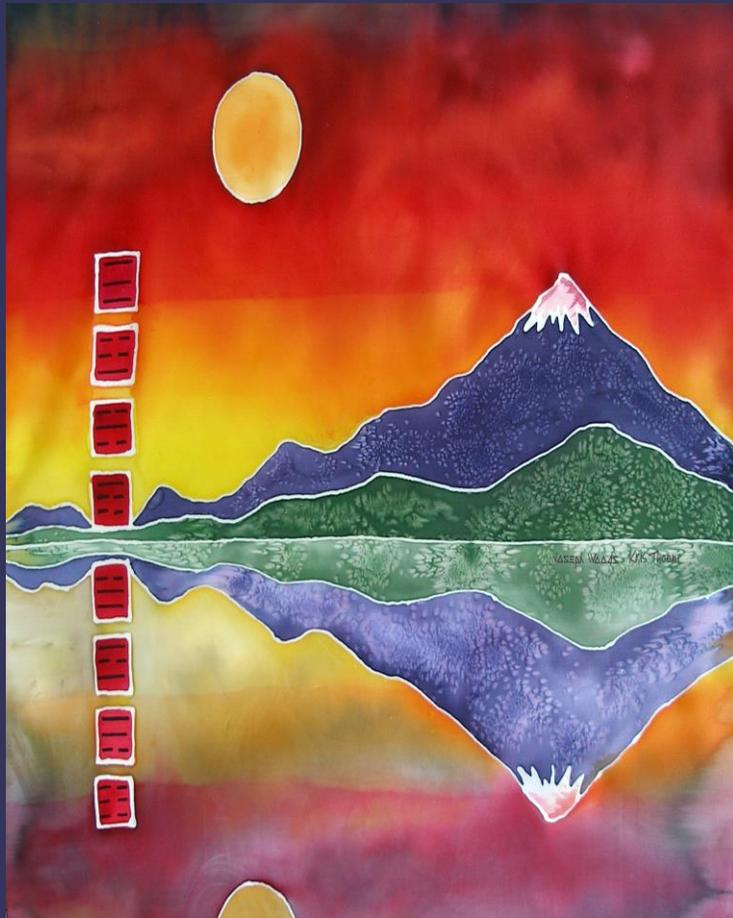


NEW MEXICO MEN'S WELLNESS

MAN ALIVE!



REFLECTION

WINTER EDITION 2019

As the light diminishes and dark takes hold as we approach solstice, let us reflect upon the mystery and gifts of balance. Peace and dissonance, climbing and coasting, joy and sadness, the symbiosis of life's yearning for itself.

We leave the heat and fertility of summer and enjoy the colors of autumn. Experiencing the change in temperature and the angle of the sun, may we reflect upon another change of season. Winter calls upon us to reflect. The chevrons of geese and cranes may create stirrings that have been familiar to generations. Their journey announces winter, perhaps a time for careful thought.

We live in demanding, difficult times. What better time to reflect upon our place here, our individual spheres of influence, our willingness to connect rather than to divide, to find our higher selves instead of our wounded ones...

May we all absorb this changing, lovely time. I hope that you might find solace, hope, energy and community in these contributions. May what you read encourage you to participate and create; to never leave unsaid those things that truly need to be said.

Blessings and thanks,

Hank



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- Cover** Joseph Woods
Page 3 Joseph Woods
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Pages 10, 11, 16, 25 Hank Blackwell
Page 12 Danny Lopez

We Are Bound
by Raymond Warren Johnson

Night's dark with age.

Cold wraps its hands
around our spines
as we slide up to the fire
encouraging our thoughts to go
where it's warm and glowing.

We stop and think and wait for rest.

Night's quiet with echoes.
We listen to soft buzz of universe
and set our rhythm to interval and length.
Soon we learn eternal pulse of motionlessness
and sigh after crisp inhale.

We are bound to nothing.



Reflections on My Country

By James Connolly

When attempting to understand the culture and politics of the country in which I have spent my entire life, I often find myself baffled by the inconsistency and paradoxical behavior of my fellow citizens. Attempting to make sense of this, I have recently studied different aspects of human biology and behavior. This led me to delve into the unfiltered political history of our nation before and since its founding. My hope is that you find these reflections useful and worth sharing with friends and colleagues.

Independent, individual human beings do not exist

The cult of the independent individual is strong in the United States. To suggest that there are really no independent individuals is about as close to blasphemy as you can get here. The evidence, however, is overwhelming: human individuals cannot exist without a network of other living beings (including other humans) who support us.

Over half of the cells in your body are not human. The latest research indicates that, on average, about 43% of the cells in your body are human. The balance (over 50%) are other microorganisms including bacteria, viruses and fungi. You might instinctively respond with a strong “yuck!”, but many of those non-human cells are essential to digest your food and help with biological defenses against less friendly non-human residents. In truth, many of these non-human cells provide “services” that are needed to stay alive. Rather than being independent beings, we really are a network of symbiotic organisms working together. If those non-human organisms in your body all died, so would you.

Regardless of rather superficial differences, you are made of the same stuff as your neighbors. 100% of all humans share 99.9% of their DNA with other humans. The remaining 0.1% of DNA is responsible for all the differences between human individuals including skin color, facial features, eye and hair color, height, etc.

Our DNA also tells us that we are deeply related to all other living beings on earth, animal and plant. Rhesus monkeys and humans share about 93% of DNA, house cats about 90% and mice about 95%. We also share much of our DNA with plants (commonly 50% or more).

Although different organisms use genes for different purposes, the DNA is the same indicating we are all related.

Alan Watts' volume, "The Book: On the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are" argues convincingly that we are profoundly delusional when we think of ourselves as independent individuals. Seeing ourselves this way leads to other potentially destructive thoughts. One of the potentially most destructive is a need to rank ourselves in relation to other people and place others in a rigid hierarchy.

Bottom line here is that regardless of skin color, the language we speak, or anything else about us as humans, we are all extremely closely related. The idea that we make an enemy out of another human being because we are different in relatively minor ways is truly ludicrous.

The practice of racist beliefs is deeply embedded in U.S. culture and thought, even today

Though we are very good at denying or ignoring it, the forced slavery of black Africans became one of the core institutions of the United States. Slavery was more than being forced to work on southern plantations. It was a major economic institution that grew wealth throughout the United States, not just the south, largely by the buying, selling, and control of black African slaves.¹

The practice of white-dominated race-based slavery of kidnapped Africans began in the early 1600s about 400 years ago and quickly became an institution. We tend to normalize and justify established institutions, whatever they are. White people felt much better about slavery if they believed that Africans were lesser human beings than they were. This need to justify the institution of slavery led directly to all sorts of collective false beliefs about Africans – they are less intelligent, practice heathen religions, are sexually promiscuous, and can be violent if not effectively controlled.

While slavery as practiced before the Civil War no longer exists, the residual beliefs about black people persist among many white people today. I will never forget how my mother vehemently denied being a racist while holding the same kind of beliefs that have been

¹ See Edward E. Baptist's book (2014) *The Half has Never Been Told: Slavery and the making of American Capitalism* for a lot the you never know about the American institution of slavery.

part of the racist vocabulary used to justify slavery: negroes are less intelligent than whites, don't work as hard as whites, and negro men tend to be oversexed and abandon their families. After these words came out, she also expressed support for civil rights and a good education for blacks and supported that with her vote. The problem with my mom, as with many Americans, is that her underlying beliefs, informed and derived from years of social indoctrination, were racist. These beliefs persist today.

One of the world's dominant but rarely acknowledged political systems is Fascism.

We usually talk about the United States of America as a democracy. The simple definition of democracy is a "government by the people, esp. the majority" although implementation varies in different actual governments. In actuality, the United States was founded as a representative democracy with institutions put in place to protect the rights of those not necessary in that majority. Built on their experience with the British monarchy, the three branches of government – the executive under a strong president, a legislature (part elected, part appointed by the states) to control finances and ratify the actions of the executive and the judicial branch to determine where the other two branches have exceeded their authority. The general principle at work here is that government exists to facilitate the security and freedom of the citizens while protecting them from the natural tendency of those in power to stay there.

If you ask, most eligible Americans voters want to have affordable health care, universal background checks before purchasing a gun, and fair treatment for all people in the U.S. regardless of who they are. If we don't have these systems in place and a large majority want them, how then is this a democracy? Clearly, in practical fact it is not. The chief reason for this appears to be that the needs of corporations to have their success promoted by government over the needs of the general citizenry, and this is a role taken on by fascist governments.

Fascism is a political philosophy that reveres the nation, extols the virtues of a race or group of people, and blames another group for strong leader to enforce those beliefs. In the United States, where we are ostensibly a democracy, fascists must operate a little

differently. Here fascist methods are used to keep the people divided and make sure meaningful communications do not take place between factions. The fascists use a relatively small group to take and hold power by manipulating public opinion and dividing the population between “Us” (the good people) and “Them” (the bad people who want to destroy and control “Us”)². Here’s how it works: The leaders praise “Us”, extolling us as part of the greatest nation (or political party, religion, race, etc.) and assuring us that they know what is best for us. The leaders identify “Them” and tell us that they are going to destroy our cherished nation and institutions. Currently this group includes immigrants (refugees from Central America and the middle east), poor residents of inner cities – particularly if black, Latino, Muslim and even all Democrats. The leaders then proceed to blame “Them” for everything that is threatening and trying to destroy our nation, continually pointing this out to “Us.” The leaders then focus on expanding the divide between “Us” and “Them” until control is achieved.

I will not go into the details of what is currently happening in the United States, but some of the parallels are obvious. Fascism does not require a fascist state, just the ability to create and expand “Us” and “Them”. Democratic governments are particularly vulnerable because it requires people who disagree to communicate with each other.² No communication makes for non-functional government and the power vacuum is a perfect fascist opportunity.

And so, my point is . . .

I believe there is hope for humans going forward if we get ourselves out of the box of ego-centered individuality. The first step is to recognize how deeply connected we are to every human being on the planet. We are all brothers and sisters regardless of what we look like on the surface. Recognizing this can make a huge difference in how we treat each other. There really is no “Us” and “Them”, just us. When subjected to a crisis, people drop negative thoughts about others and volunteer to help. Our human

² See Jason Stanley’s book (2018) *How Fascism Works: The Politics of Us and Them* for a clear and enlightening discussion of Fascism.

connections become dominant and change how we behave toward others.

We also need to remain alert to the dangers of fascist ideas and not let those ideas be expounded without serious challenge. Use the word fascist and teach people what it is. Talk with your neighbors. Recognize they are living, struggling human beings just like you, and be kind. One of the best things we can do is to stop giving credence to the “us” and “them” trap, and treat each other as the brothers and sisters that we really are.

The ball is in our court, so what are we going to do with it?



Hiroshima
By Hank Blackwell

This ground (re-planted,
clean,
in hope of peace)
holds quiet for
birdsong and children's laughter
so both may carry
over monument
and dark relic.
Yet it remains unable
to quell the suffering cries
of burned masses.
It cannot overcome
the deafening crack
which released the blinding, white light
and the heat
of so many suns...
A young, re-born city
surrounds this half mile,
inhabited with the invisible souls
of those who left shadows-
reflections upon granite canvasses...



In the Blink of an Eye

by Danny Lopez

Just another ride on a brisk winter afternoon. A tried and true route that I've ridden many times before. The only difference today was that I was planning to drop in on my dad and brother who were down by the river fishing. I had been invited to join them earlier in the day but I opted to wait and meet them halfway through my ride, which would have taken me about 40 miles that afternoon. I drove to the starting point as I didn't want to ride the seven miles along the frontage road into town. The road isn't bad and it is flat but the speed limit is 55 miles per hour and I just don't feel comfortable riding so close to vehicles traveling at that speed.



I normally begin in the parking lot at one of the Rail Runner stops and immediately begin my climb up Tramway Boulevard, which has a speed limit of 50 miles per hour but at a steep grade and with a much larger shoulder. I felt good that afternoon, like many other bike rides, but I did feel a little rushed as I was beginning later than I preferred. Nonetheless, I changed into my gear, loaded up on snacks, made sure I had my tools and cell phone and hit the road.

The ride and weather were great and everything was going as planned. I rode up Tramway, toward the Tram base and then into a quiet neighborhood with lots of twists, turns and short steep climbs and descents. The route took me toward Simms Road where I would then pedal up to the Elena Gallegos Trail head and then loop back down to Tramway. Back on Tramway I rode south toward Manitoba and then into the Glenwood Hills neighborhood for another nice climb to the Embudito Canyon trail head. I rested briefly when I got there and quickly texted my girlfriend and informed her I was having a good ride and that I was thinking about her. I headed off again down the hill and then back up into the neighborhood for some more climbs and descents.

Then it happened... so quickly... so painfully... All I remember is seeing a large white vehicle enter the intersection I was about to cross. Instinct took over and I applied the brakes. I felt my bicycle skid and fish tail...then CRASH! I hit the asphalt with intense force. It was a solid thud, a slide, a few flips, and more sliding. I felt the bike go under me then fly over me. At some point my shoes unclipped from the machine and my legs propelled the bike over and from me. I saw it fly and heard it crash...

... breathe Danny... breathe Danny... what just happened? Oh shit, I just crashed! Fuck that hurt. Wait, I'm ok. I fell hard but I'm a strong guy. Give me a sec to catch my breath. Shit that was a hard fall. Ok dude, get up. Oh no, that hurts. This isn't good. What's wrong with my hip? Shit, it feels like its bent. It feels warm too. Am I bleeding? Am I bleeding inside?

Fuck, I can't move my arm. I think my arm is broken or is it my shoulder or both? Ah man, this hurts... I feel warm right now. Ah look, my bike shorts are ripped. Man my elbow hurts. I'll be ok... I just need to lay here a while. I can't stand up... Fuck...

Maybe a few seconds... I'm going one way. Traveling in one direction. Thinking of one thing. Then... everything changes. It fades away. Those experiences stop or fade deep into the distance. There is a new reality now. I'm thinking differently, I'm feeling differently and I'm traveling in a completely new direction. Moments take place in milliseconds. They are so quick. It's hard to break them into individual frames. It's not like a movie. It's too fast to be a film. I don't recall what I was thinking as I rode down that hill. That was the beauty of it. I was in the moment. I was feeling the wind and sun in my face and my weight on this light machine carrying my body forward and down a hill. I was happy. I was at peace. I was present. The crash didn't change this. As I lay on the ground, my body broken, not able to move and waiting for someone, anyone to come and help me, I was still there, present and very aware. I couldn't do anything though. Pain was coming now in waves. People started arriving. First it was the driver, then an older gentleman passerby then finally the first responders and my girlfriend. I was helpless. For the first time in a very long time I was completely helpless. At the mercy of the universe and in God's hands. I do recall something. I surrendered. I completely surrendered at that very moment. I gave in to the pain. I let those around care for me. They lifted my broken body because I couldn't do it myself.

Everything happened so quickly. No sooner after my crash I was being transported to the emergency room to be further cared for. The next seventy-two hours were spent in a bed with doctors assisting me in managing my pain. I moved very little but was moved more than I have ever been. My family and friends showed up in droves. Their care, concern, love and time lifted my spirits and warmed my heart and soul.

I shared a room with an amazing man who talked and laughed with me in the early morning hours as we both tried to find comfort and solace from our physical pain and discomfort. We talked about our youth and shared stories about crazier times in our lives. The curtain between us shielded our bodies and faces from each other but it didn't stop our conversations and stories. It wasn't until the final moments before my discharge that I was able to reach across the bed, pull back the curtain and see his face. Those soft grey eyes, long hair and half smile. He looked tired but happy to see me. His name is Robert and he wished me well and told me to kick ass and get better and back on my feet and on my bike. That wish, from him, meant more to me than anyone will ever know. Robert has been paralyzed from the waist down for the past thirty years. He was nineteen when he lost his ability to walk in a motorcycle accident. I plan on visiting him soon once I am back on my feet. Everyone deserves a visit and to have their spirits lifted.

I now find myself on the back nine of my recovery, to steal a golf term. My body is mending itself. I feel strength and mobility returning by the day. The road to a full recovery is still months ahead but I can now look back with a clear head and an open and broken heart full of gratitude. Life has a way of shifting without notice. What can we do in times like these? Truthfully, I didn't have time to think and I was ultimately forced to surrender. Life had to run its course. As I was laying in the road that afternoon, I can look back and think of it as a river. There was nothing I could do but to just let the current take me. So, I relaxed and let the hands around me carry me further down the stream. Where it will end, I don't really know, but I guess I'm ok with that.

River Stones
by Hank Blackwell

Each moment begins;
a sharp stone,
fractured from the vein...
falling into the swift current
becoming similar
one to another
in size and weight.
Finally, arriving home...
tiny, glittering grains
upon the endless beach.



Cottonwood Tree

by Robert Lewis

I was a wisp of cotton carrying a seed, long ago.

One of a million seeds.

I have a memory of surviving in the moist soil near a river and my life began.

I grew at first without shape or stature. Slowly over time I began to grow tall and be noticed.

I was surrounded by other trees like me. We were a family.

The years went by. I became strong and hardy. I withstood the elements.

I was almost 100 feet tall. My canopy spread 75 feet.

I provided shade. I felt proud.

I am much older now and withered by the weather.

My roots are deep and wide. The wind has misshapen me, sculpted me.

I have a curious design. I can no longer freely sway, bend, be flexible. I am slowly, ever so

slowly, aging. I do notice around me younger versions of myself. I long to return to that

freedom of youth with so much promise and expectation. However, I am content to

grow old in the knowledge that I have lived well, and a wisp of cotton carrying my seed has resulted in life, just like me.

So, come closer. Sit beside me, abide with me. Lean against me. Take comfort in me.

Listen, because I have wisdom and knowledge. Don't be afraid. My bark is bigger than my

bite. Don't feel sad. It is my time. This is the way it is.

Take my picture. Draw my shape. Revisit me again. Soon, I shall return to the soil

whence I sprouted and began. But wait! I am a wisp of cotton carrying a seed. I shall be

back again. Will I remember when I was here before? Does it matter? I am the cycle of life.

Because
by Mark Ayers

My father once asked me, "Why?
Why do you have to tell anyone?
Why can't you just keep it to yourself?"

Well, Dad, because...

Because, like having blue eyes and blond hair.
(Well, it used to be blond!),
And being right-handed,
It's part of who I am.

Because growing up, I flirted..
Not with girls. Certainly not with boys.
But with...suicide.

Because everyone else at work
Gets to put a picture of their spouse
On their desk,
And I can't
Because it may offend someone's sensibility.

Because every Monday morning,
Colleagues ask me,
"What'd you do this weekend?"
And I always mumble, "Ah nothing."
Even though I'd just returned
From New York Pride
And had finally met Mr. Right
(For the 77th time),
Or had sat by a friend's beside
As he lay dying in a hospice.

Because if I had a partner
And we met after work in a public place,
I'd like to kiss him on the cheek
And whisper "I love you" in his ear
Without fear of verbal harassment
Or the threat of physical violence
Because we were protected
By the same civil liberties
Guaranteed to all other citizens.

Because some of the teenagers I teach
Grow up thinking they are worthless
And undeserving of love.

Because living a lie all the time is unfair.

Because, Dad...

As much as I love you,
I love myself too.

Strange, Old, Crotchety, Grumpy, Old Curmudgeon

by James A. Mischke

Professor Emeritus of Psychology, Sociology and Social Work,
Dine' College
Vietnam Veteran

"An imbalance between rich and poor is the oldest and most fatal ailment of all republics"... Plutarch, Greek biographer and essayist, AD 46-AD 120

Some people describe him as a grumpy old curmudgeon. Others see him as a savior. And he may be the oldest guy in the presidential race. He might remind you of your grandpa, but regardless, the fact is that his message is timeless.

From Pharaoh to Caesar, from Napoleon to Hitler, from Stalin to Mao to Pol Pot, the human pattern remains the same: there continually stands the great tendency of a few elite leaders to actively struggle to control the masses for their own selfish ends of power, privilege, and prestige. And, too often, the masses have willingly bought into it, being persuaded by various forms of superstition and general nonsense that that's the way it should be.

Yet, human culture has slowly evolved a candle in the darkness. Though nothing like perfect sunlight, a sort of curious genius has arisen, allowing for a political system reflecting a balance of power that ultimately might just save humanity by moving us forward from our follies and foolhardiness. Our founding fathers gave us - gave the world - a system of balance of power through which "We the people" have the tools to stand up to any selfish elite which dares to challenge a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Yet, today, this system is faltering. Consider the following statistics:

Today, despite substantial economic growth, a full sixty percent more US Americans live below the poverty line than in 1968, and forty-three percent of all US children live below the minimum income level considered necessary to meet basic family needs.

An alarming 13.8 million US households cannot afford water, and a quarter million people die in the US each year from poverty and related issues.

For a nation that declared it was founded upon principles of equality, systematic inequality has never been starker. In the richest nation in the world, 140 million people live in poverty. The richest one percent in our country holds more wealth than the bottom ninety percent combined. The wealthiest three people in America – Jeff Bezos, Warren Buffet and Bill Gates – have as much as the poorest 50 percent. The poorest 20 percent of Americans have negative net worth, meaning they owe more than they own and have nothing to fall back on.

Nearly 45 percent of Americans households don't have access to \$1,000 in case of an emergency.

About 58 million Americans earn less than \$15 an hour.

More than 41 million workers earn less than \$12 an hour – barely above the poverty line for a family of four.

(Source: *The Other 99 Percent*. The Durango Telegraph Sept. 20, 2018 Vol XVII, No. 38, p. 10. An interview with Chuck Collins, author of *Born on Third Base*)

Currently there is widespread cultural conversation as to national prosperity on the basis of such factors as the stock market. The question arises: "To whom does this current system render prosperity?" We might ask, "Are we our brothers' keepers?" Is this really America? Although Sanders's message is tiresomely repetitive, it is nevertheless, in its essence, prophetic in that it

carries a timeless truth. One can think of it all this way: “No society can long stand when its elites gorge themselves with unnecessary luxuries while their countrymen go hungry. As long as the right to private profit stands to override all other human rights, society will continue to collapse. It is no longer possible for us to look at the misery of our countrymen and utter: ‘It’s your end of the rowboat that’s sinking.’” This is not democracy. In a democracy, all are one, not out of the force of dictatorship, but rather on the basis of humanitarian concern and compassion.

The Tao Te Ching, an ancient set of Chinese writings from perhaps 500 years before Christ, both identifies and condemns our current, yet perennial, and consistent pattern of human exploitation:

When rich speculators prosper
 while farmers lose their land;
 when government officials spend money
 on weapons instead of cures;
 when the upper class is extravagant and
 irresponsible
 while the poor have nowhere to turn –
 all this is robbery and chaos.

It is not is keeping with the Tao

... Tao Te Ching # 53

The highest form of patriotism stands as love for one’s countrymen and countrywomen. Yet this theme is, in fact, so very old that such cruel exploitation is traceable all the way back to the era of the Old Testament prophets. Plain, indeed, are the thoughts on this subject from the prophet, Micah (writing perhaps circa 734 to 728 B.C.E.). The Old Testament prophet, Micah, was concerned with social justice. Consider how Micah rants against the tyranny of the rich:

Woe to those who plot evil,
 who lie in bed planning mischief!
 No sooner is it dawn than they do it
 --their hands have the strength for it.
 Seizing the fields that they covet,
 They take over houses as well,
 owner and house they confiscate together,
 taking both man and inheritance... (Micah 2: 1-2)

From the innocent man you snatch his cloak,
 On the man who thinks himself safe you inflict the damage of war.
 The women of my people you drive
 From the homes they loved;
 Their children you rob forever
 Of the honor I gave them...(Micah 2: 8-9)

Micah was astounded by the abuses that had arisen within his society as a result of the phenomenon of extreme social stratification, the very same system under which our countrymen and countrywomen are suffering today.

Does Micah's theme, Senator Sanders's theme sound familiar? Many of our countrymen are now living on the streets, homeless, yet many continue to defend themselves by blaming the victim rather than extending a hand to help our countrymen and countrywomen up onto their feet. Sociopolitical abuse is the issue of our day. It is the perpetual issue of humankind struggling to build a decent and democratic society, struggling to build a decent living, struggling to care for their families. The message of the prophets is the message of Senator Sanders as he speaks out for a basic social foundation of human decency, a truly democratic society.

Editor's note:

Normally, our practice is not to publish submissions that endorse political candidates or individuals. However, in this case, the overriding message of this piece was felt to be important and salient far more than the few endorsements. Man, Alive! does not endorse the politician in this article, nor any candidate or occupant of any public office.

Beauty
By Victor La Cerva

Beauty is hard to measure and certainly impossible to calculate. The famous pioneer of modernist architecture, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, reminds us: “Less is more.” For some of us, we still inhabit a home we have had for many years. Others have already made a downsizing transition, a genuine relief from maintenance and upkeep. Still other seniors have discovered their best rhythm with a warm winter retreat. At any age, we can welcome the gifts of solitude, and establish a sanctuary, a place where we can be inspired, enjoy quiet contemplation, and also completely relax and renew. Where do we regularly take refuge, refresh our spirit and regain our strength? For many elderly, it is primarily their home where they might truly rest and feel safe. Everyone needs a sanctuary, yet few take time to create one. Many of us also have favorite spots in the natural external world we enjoy visiting, where we revitalize ourselves: a garden, beach or forest path. For others it might be a city sculpture garden, a cozy library nook, or a tranquil café. The sweet comfort of our home, however humble, always welcomes us back.

Given the harsh reality of sixty five million refugees in the world – many fleeing horrendous conditions – the simple pleasure of having a home can fill us with deep and abiding gratitude.

I appreciate and often visit my personal sanctuaries.

Excerpted from Victor's forthcoming book in 2020: *Thantopia: Reflections On Conscious Aging & A Good Death.*



Safe Distance

by Mark Ayers

I keep men at a safe distance
Lest they see my shadow:
Fear, anger, judgment, shame and regret.

As a man, I project an outward veneer of confidence, stability and wisdom.

Inwardly, I hide behind a protective mask.

I do not want you to perceive the wounded boy brutally abused by his mother.

I keep secret the humiliation of a teenager who did not stop bedwetting until age 14.

I bury the feelings of horror of an adolescent who discovered he was attracted to other boys.

As a father of four sons, I strive for my boys to see me as a man of constancy and support.

Yet, in public, I worry what other people think when they see me kiss my 28-eight-year-old on the cheek or engage my 22-year-old in a long embrace.

I feel powerless that I cannot save them from the ravages of addiction or life's hardships.

I am overwhelmed with guilt and hopelessness in the legacy of a planet in crisis my generation will leave behind.

As a boyfriend, I resolve to connect in truth and authenticity.

Yet how do I communicate the transgressions of my past?

What if he finds me undesirable and rejects me?

How do I convey my fears of male intimacy after being violated by men I trusted?

In my vulnerability, I pray for your acceptance.
I yearn for your identification and empathy.
For, you see, there is a paradox.

I keep men at a safe distance
Lest they see my gold:
Courage, compassion, resilience and beauty.

For the truth might just be...
That you...actually...
Let me say it...love me.

Namaste.

WEB INSIGHTS--DO NOT MISS!

***Masculine Wisdom** weekly podcasts at
<https://heartsongs.podbean.com/>

***BrainPickings** by Maria Popova at
newsletter@brainpickings.org

***New Mexico Mens' Wellness** at
nmmw.org

BARNRAISING

This section is intended to hold a place for announcements of relevant events and happenings, as well as invitations for participation, support, in the fashion of pulling your neighbors and loved ones together for an old-fashioned barn-raising.

Victor La Cerva was honored by the Santa Fe New Mexican in their 10 Who Made a Difference for 2019. Follow this link to read the article:

https://www.santafenewmexican.com/news/local_news/promoting-healthy-holistic-masculinity/article_6c2c00ac-8154-5c08-9b34-f9ffba00fdbf.html#utm_source=santafenewmexican.com&utm_campaign=%2Fnewsletters%2Fyour-morning-headlines%2F%3F123%26-dc%3D1575288009&utm_medium=email&utm_content=read%20more

Remember that NMMW has partnered in brotherhood with NM Men (see nmmen.org) to co-sponsor FREE Bring a Buddy Events once a month in both Santa Fe and Albuquerque. Please join us, alone or with a friend. Check the regular e mail announcements sent by NMMW for details. To get on the emailing list, just e mail Uwe: Remember that NMMW has partnered in brotherhood with NM Men (see nmmen.org) to co-sponsor FREE Bring a Buddy Events once a month in both Santa Fe and Albuquerque. Please join us, alone or with a friend. Check the regular e mail announcements sent by NMMW for details. To get on the emailing list, just e mail Uwe: uweschroeter@comcast.net

Lazarus Emenogu sends these greetings to NMMW men:

INTEGRAL YOGA INT'L AND WELLNESS CENTER LTD, NIGERIA

My eye treatment went well. We thank the Almighty Father for that. The good news is that I will be visiting our International Headquarters in Buckingham, Virginia U.S.A... That is where I first met my beloved late friend Michael Hop of blessed memory. I am representing the organization in African Continent. Please I am appealing for some help concerning my Air ticket to the states. My letter of invitation will be sent to me between February and March so that I get my traveling visa from US Embassy Abuja Nigeria. This will be an opportunity to see my beloveds from Santa Fe, New Mexico.

May the Almighty Father bless you!
Peace, Love and blessings to all.

If you wish to contribute, please contact Victor La Cerva.

