

'Imagine'...(by 'Anonymous').

Imagine, just for a moment, that you were a *BRILLIANT* Red, White, and Blue kite—flying **proudly** in *FREEDOM*'s name (and *YES*, you guessed it...UNDER God). You soared *high* through the *GREAT* **night sky**, shining *BRIGHTLY*, in contrast, amidst the *pitch black*.

For some you represented *UNCONDITIONAL* love, *UNLIMITED* hope, *EQUAL* opportunity, and *UNPARALLELED* freedom (with *much love*, and **respect**, for *GOD*)...to others you were a trusting, naive, and easy *TARGET* which (and I mean the *WICKED* kind) symbolized the *promise* of *EVERYTHING* that they wished they could be.

And then...one *cold* and **dark** wintry night, your CREATOR—the *WISE* and *BRILLIANT* inventor (that inspired a *WHOLE* nation when he *first* made ya), took you out 'for a quick spin around the block'—just to acclimate ya. When, 'quite suddenly', your *sails* caught this **TREMENDOUS** gust of wind—*completely* out of the **blue**, too—and then that GOLDEN STRING he so delicately held in his hands *suddenly* just snapped, broke into **two**.

Cursed for now to roam the golden prairies and the fruited plains, you fly high above the grassy hilltops and the tallest skyscrapers as you *witness* some of mankind's **GREATEST achievements**...as well as tremendous *destruction*. Your eyes are now *EXTRA* wide open to the GREAT BEAUTY that daily surrounds you, as well as the TERRIBLE PAIN, and it takes **great focus** to accomplish the same tasks that you used to consider mundane. You tried to do just about EVERYTHING you could think of (and even a *few* things you are now **ashamed** of)...just to find your *ORIGINAL* master, the ONE who created you in His image.

Undaunted by the *seemingly endless* BARRAGE of *idolic* and **natural** *symbolism* which *daily surrounds* you, you **remise** of *days* past...before 'the revelation' (a *curse* in 'disguise'...cause you're survived a **low Blow** like (at least) *****B-L-O-W***** despite you're '**best intentions**' to '**WIPE ME OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH BY *PITTING ME* AGAINST **ANYONE** YOU KNOW DAMN WELL THAT I TRULY *LOVE***' like my Dad, my Mom, and/or my Grandpa (despite our obvious and apparent '*Generation Gaps*')...to Win.

(True story.)