



# Men for Sale

Poems, Stories & Blogs

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# POEMS

## **Maeve's Tower**

Diamonds around her neck  
flowers in her eyes  
fate floating in her heart  
a life journey coming on.

You are not alone  
dear iPerson 1.0  
go home  
God is the OS of your Soul.

## **mud**

just wondering where you'll be  
when the get out of jail free cards  
are trampled and lost in the mud  
and the fascists rule the land?

## **unexpectedly on the telegram**

I'm so happy to have a good friend like you unexpectedly.

It's fate to meet unexpectedly on the telegram

I could see and feel the layers between reality and illusion. The 'middle layer' idea is brilliant. Have you written more like this?

Wow, that was amazing! You've got such a vivid style

Just promise I won't fall in love with one of your robots

Your love is so fast, I know you don't have a bond yet.

I fear deception and hate betrayal.

I am also single. I like to make friends with sincere people, and I also look forward to a sincere love LOL

Where did you find this beauty?

That's why it's no wonder you talk so well.

But I think I'll have to read baby cake's books and sleep later lol

I usually read financial books.

Wow... that's beautiful. It flows like a quiet storm strong, but calm.

I have a beautiful mind too.

Are you talking about my appearance?

You show a spirit of achievement and adventure, a love of difficult paths and mountain climbs.

Judging from your photos, you are very handsome and amiable. I bet you are a gentleman who is humorous, tolerant, and respectful to women.

## **the dishwasher**

Steam still clings to the glasses  
as the morning light slips through the window  
quiet and pale

Plates, stacked in their quiet towers  
wait for hands to return them  
to their shelves  
each movement a gentle ritual  
the soft clink of ceramic  
the cool touch of silver

Outside, the world stirs awake  
but here, in this small kitchen  
order is restored  
one cup, one bowl at a time

The day begins  
with the simple grace  
of putting things back  
where they belong.

## **Costa Rica**

Rainforest hush  
sunlight on corrugated roofs  
the hush of green  
and the echo of laughter  
caught in the mist

It feels like a dream  
wrapped in reflections  
metal, memory,  
and nature all spiraling  
in some quiet gravity.

Time moves slow,  
like rivers folding  
over smooth stones  
each moment a shimmer,  
each breath a return.

4 Wendy

## **A Forest Bath**

Sunlight flickers between bows

Moss, a spongy throne

Breath rises, falls

Eyes open, then close

A bird calls

Wind answers

Listen to the hush

Green light, cool shade

The forest spirit gently

Still.

## **falling locks**

wrapped in the sky

she coos

her commandments

soft skin

falling locks and

dancing feet

water

diamond eyes

& sun.

**I am the rain**

you are the flower  
i am the bee

you are the lava  
I am the volcano

you are the wipers  
I am the rain

you are the breakers  
I am the sea

you are the syrup  
I am the cake

you are our dream  
I am the sheets

you are the peace  
we are the love.

## **two moons**

long curls beyond her waist  
big brown eyes the size of two moons  
a smile alive with notions and potions  
skin like a quiet breath from a child

Wendy is a classic woman  
with hopeful parents  
not copied by machines  
but etched in the soft glow of longing.

## **the back-up**

choosing the history  
we want others to see

that old operating system  
clunking along in first gear

deleted files  
old lies

memory blues

the back-up  
is never new.

## **Hello there!**

I admit, I'm slightly nervous as I write this message. I've never written to a stranger, especially one who resides so remote. It's akin to launching a paper boat with a dream across the sea, praying that it will land the perfect beach.

My world is a small Russian settlement, lost among plains and white-tree forests. Here, time doesn't run, but feels to flow slowly like a wave. In the dusk, when the sunlight touches the edge, the sky shines with such hues that it feels as if God directly paints art.

I'm a healer.

I care for people... and perhaps a small part of my own emotional wounds. I have each thing I need for living, but oddly enough, in the evenings, I often sense... not quite solitude, but rather... some type of something missing. It's though the mosaic isn't completely put together, and the crucial part is lacking.

I need a person with whom I can be silent without experiencing uneasy.

With whom you can look at the stars and share your truest reflections. A human who finds beauty not only in the outside, but also in what's buried inside the heart.

Perhaps it's a foolish idea to look for a soulmate through the online world. But suddenly... are you the one who can perceive in me not just words on a display, but a deeper meaning?

With kindness from faraway Russia!

Darya.

## **chasing meteors**

her hair smells like burnt toast  
a silent song in the dark  
forgetting her name before dawn

peanut butter and jelly girl  
splashing in the tub  
chasing meteors  
@4 am

## **gratitude grace pride**

she's solar-electric yin yanger  
a doer and sayer  
a dangerous kisser  
fueled by risk and analytics  
our data queen bee

Singaporean evolutionist  
a collaboration song  
the Nature woman with a  
gorgeous smile  
a fashion chameleon scent

happiness and sorrow collection  
that keeps shining.

For Lily

## **song book**

it will take forever  
to know me

a million epochs  
to be side by side

we are strangers  
holding hands

can we find the sunrise  
in our hearts and souls?

## **cosmic love machine**

I'm waiting patiently  
for God to gear down  
and fulfill my destiny

my hopes  
my daydreams  
are electrifying you

I am just a spark  
for a cosmic love machine  
amen.

# Stories

## Trump: King of His Kingdom

In the year 2028, the sky above Washington D.C. was a bruised red, thick with the smoke of fireworks and military jets tracing stars across the sky. Atop the newly renamed "Freedom Tower" — formerly the Capitol — stood a golden statue of Donald J. Trump, arm raised in eternal salute, mouth open mid-decree.

They called him President, but that word had long since lost its meaning.

The King of His Kingdom, as state media affectionately titled him, addressed the nation every morning through a broadcast known as The Truth Show, where facts were optional and applause was mandatory. His voice echoed from drones hovering above cities, repeating slogans like "New Laws, New Order, New Glory." He had rewritten the constitution — or rather, had it rewritten by a team of corporate lawyers and loyalist judges — consolidating power under the Office of National Leadership, held, of course, for life.

The New Laws were clear: dissent was sedition, protest was terrorism, and journalism was treason. Immigrants were branded as infiltrators, and a sprawling border wall, now electrified and topped with cameras, glimmered in the heat like a black scar.

In the capital, a Military Parade marched weekly — tanks, flags, missiles, and men in crisp black uniforms carrying banners with a single letter: T. Veterans of the Resistance called it fascism; Trump called it "a beautiful celebration of greatness."

He had been a Convicted Criminal once. Embezzlement, obstruction, fraud. But the courts were his now. He'd pardoned himself, then outlawed further trials "in the interest of national stability." Critics claimed he was Beyond the Law. He smiled and replied, "I am the law."

To his supporters, he remained the shrewd Businessman, the ultimate dealmaker who had sold the soul of a nation for profits and power. To his opponents, he was a Liar, a Cheater, a symbol of everything broken and bent.

But none of that mattered anymore. Truth was decided by the loudest microphone, and his was the only one left.

And so, in 2028, Donald Trump stood not as a president but as a sovereign, ruling over a fractured republic dressed in gold, his enemies silenced, his image enshrined — a dictator crowned not by force alone, but by the applause of those who had once called themselves free.

## Round and Round

In the Westside of New York City, tucked between crumbling brick buildings and a graffiti-splattered skate park, there existed a roundabout that no one remembered building. It had appeared sometime after the last renovation of Riverside Park, but no one could say when exactly. Locals called it the “Ghost Circle,” a swirling convergence of cracked pavement and faded crosswalks. It was ignored by city maps and bypassed by GPS.

Towne had found it first - or it had found him. A UX developer for a collapsing AR startup, he was always chasing something unreal. He wore lenses that layered the world in alternate textures: sunlight could become neon; a Starbucks could shimmer into a 19th-century apothecary. Reality was only ever a palette.

Shelly wasn't like that. A dance instructor by day, barista by night, she lived with both feet planted firmly in reality. But she liked Towne's dreamy curiosity. They made an odd pair: him in soft hoodies with headgear always blinking, her with tattoos of real-world butterflies and old-school ballet slippers.

They met at the Ghost Circle the night it changed.

Dusk:

The sky was bruised purple, the Sun low and slanting gold through the Hudson haze. As it slipped behind the buildings, the Moon rose directly opposite - full, massive, and silver. The moment the two celestial lights met in balance, the circle pulsed.

Towne looked up from his AR interface, blinking.

"You see that?" he asked.

Shelly glanced around. "See what?"

"The shimmer. Just now. Like - like a lens recalibrating."

They were walking the roundabout's edge, hand in hand, when everything slowed. Cars looped the circle, then flickered and evaporated into trails of white smoke. A pedestrian ahead of them sneezed - and vanished like static clearing from a screen.

Shelly gasped. "Towne?"

But Towne was gone too. Only his voice remained, filtered and echoing through some impossible spatial corridor.

"Shell... don't panic. I think we're in the middle layer."

Inside the Magic Roundabout:

They weren't gone, exactly. Just... translated.

The roundabout had become a Möbius strip of time and experience. Above them, digital signs floated in the air, blinking RUSH LYRICS in soft crimson type:

"All the world's indeed a stage, and we are merely players..."

That music - Rush, from Towne's curated playlists - began to bleed through the ambient city noise. It felt orchestral here, like a cosmic overture to something bigger.

Shelly stood in the center of the roundabout. The ground was real, but wavered under her feet like heat off asphalt. Buildings around them flickered between states - brutalist towers and spiraled cathedrals, neon glass and endless trees.

“It’s AR,” Towne said, his body phasing back in. “But it’s not ours. This isn’t code. This is... living data.”

“It’s beautiful,” Shelly whispered. “But it’s wrong. Something’s missing.”

They walked. Around and around. The roundabout had no exit anymore. Each time they reached a new fork, it returned them to the start. The people were gone. Cars were smoke. Even the sky flickered - sunset and moonrise locked in perpetual contradiction.

Shelly turned to Towne. “Are we dead?”

“No,” he said. “But I think... we’re trapped between lenses. The real and the augmented are overlapping, and we’re in the seam.”

What Saved Them:

Shelly closed her eyes. The world shifted less when she wasn’t looking. “What if it’s not about seeing the right thing?” she murmured. “What if it’s about feeling the real world again?”

She reached out and touched Towne’s cheek. Solid. Warm.

The music shifted. Rush again - but this time, it was live. A small band appeared ahead of them on the roundabout, playing analog instruments. The drummer hit a symbol, and a tear opened in the air like ripping fabric.

“Reality’s glitching,” Towne muttered. “But maybe - maybe music is the bridge.”

Shelly laughed. “You’re such a nerd.”

“Come on.” He grabbed her hand and ran. “This way. Toward the solo!”

Back in the World:

They burst through the edge of the circle as the guitar hit its final note. The street was back. The sky was dark. The cars were real again, honking impatiently. A hot dog vendor yelled something about mushrooms not being free.

Towne collapsed onto the grass. Shelly joined him, panting.

They stared at the Moon, now small and pale above the rooftops.

“We were there,” she said. “In-between.”

Towne nodded. “Augmented. But... alive.”

The Ghost Circle never shimmered again. Or if it did, no one else noticed.

But every so often, at sunset, when the Sun touches the edge of the river and the Moon lifts itself into place, Shelly and Towne return to the roundabout - just in case the music plays again.

And if you ever hear Rush coming from a traffic circle that shouldn't be there, maybe don't walk it alone.

Some realities should not be layered.

## Hot tub

Two pairs of toes, tentative and curious, bumped beneath the bubbling surface—an accidental, electric touch, quickly followed by a burst of laughter that echoed off the tiled walls. The bathroom was transformed tonight: not just a place of mirrors and mundane routines, but a sanctuary of steam and possibility.

The hot tub's jets hummed quietly, their bubbles rising like camouflage, hiding shy glances and nervous smiles. Between the two, a bottle of champagne lounged in an ice bucket, its ritualistic pop marking the beginning of something new. She poured, he toasted, and the glasses clinked, delicate as hope.

A plastic shark floated by, its presence both absurd and oddly comforting. He nudged it with his foot, sending it spinning toward her. She grinned, catching it, and set it on the edge of the tub—a silent guardian of this strange, wonderful moment.

The water soothed away the day's worries, and the great technology of the tub—its lights, its warmth, its gentle whirring—felt like a cocoon. They talked about everything and nothing, laughter bubbling up as naturally as the water around them.

And beneath the bubbles, their toes found each other again, this time lingering.

# Blogs

## **"The Hoop House Adventure"**

### **The Resilient Communities Project**

#### **Kids Story by William Paul**

In the heart of a green and growing village, where neighbors shared tools and dreams, lived Randy and Zoe - two curious middle schoolers with big imaginations and muddy shoes. Their village was part of a special group called Resilient Communities, where people worked together to care for each other and the Earth.

One sunny spring morning, their ecology class got an exciting project: Build a hoop house to grow vegetables year-round!

"Think of it like a cozy greenhouse," said their teacher, Miss Maple. "We'll use passive solar design, recycled materials, and permaculture principles. Let's ask Rea, the village carpenter, to help!"

Randy and Zoe raced to the village workshop, where Rea was sorting a pile of old window frames and bent pipes.

"Want to help us build a hoop house?" asked Zoe.

"With pleasure!" said Rea. "Let's follow three smart ideas from permaculture to guide us. First: Use small and slow solutions. We'll start with a mini-hoop house and learn as we go!"

They picked a sunny corner of the school garden. Rea showed them how to bend old plastic pipes into arches, anchoring them into the soil. "These are from the community's old irrigation system," she said. "Still strong, still useful!"

Next, they stretched clear plastic—salvaged from old construction wrap - over the frame. It trapped the sun’s warmth like a cozy blanket.

“Catch and store energy - that’s the second principle,” Randy said proudly. “The sun warms the air and soil inside the hoop house!”

“Exactly,” said Rea. “That heat will help our veggies grow even when it’s chilly outside.”

They added recycled barrels to collect rainwater and painted them black. “They’ll soak up the sun and release warmth at night!” said Zoe.

Finally, Rea explained the third principle: Use and value renewable resources and services. “Like using rain instead of hoses, and compost from our lunch scraps to feed the soil.”

By the end of the week, the hoop house stood proudly in the garden, with rows of lettuce, spinach, and tiny tomato sprouts planted inside.

Randy, Zoe, and their classmates celebrated with a salad party made from their first harvest.

“This hoop house may be small,” said Zoe, “but it’s growing big ideas.”

“And lots of spinach,” added Randy, with a grin.

From that day on, the hoop house became a favorite spot in the garden - a place of sunshine, teamwork, and green goodness.

Join and create your story with

The Resilient Communities Project

<https://resilientcommunities.network/>

## "A Tour of Purpose"

Glen and Sally stood side by side on their driveway, sunhats shading their eyes from the soft June sun. Their home sat comfortably on a quiet cul-de-sac in the Pacific Northwest, but this was no ordinary suburban house. Over the past decade, they had transformed their modest lot into a thriving example of what they liked to call "preparedness with purpose."

Today's home tour was part of a regional gathering organized by NorthwestPermaculture.org - an open event for members and curious neighbors alike. The theme of this year's gathering was "Convergence of Preparedness, Resilience and Permaculture", and Glen and Sally's place was the unofficial flagship of that convergence.

As the first group of visitors trickled up the walk, Sally gestured to what had once been a manicured lawn. "This was all grass ten years ago," she began, guiding the group through a colorful blend of raised beds, fruit trees, and native pollinator plants. "We decided to replace it with food, habitat, and beauty. Not only is it more productive, it's more peaceful too."

In the back, Glen pointed out the rainwater harvesting system - a series of barrels and tanks tucked beneath a grapevine-draped trellis. "6,500 gallons," he said with a smile. "Enough to keep our garden going well into the dry season. And it sure came in handy last August during the fire-related water restrictions."

A young man raised his hand. "Did you guys do all this because you're worried about disasters?"

Glen glanced at Sally, then replied, "Worried, no. Aware, yes. We see disasters - natural or not - as reminders. You know, it's easier to blame nature than to look at how our systems intensify these events. But instead of fear, we focused on

transformation. Our answer to crisis was to produce more of our basic needs right here.”

The tour moved into the garage, now a cozy living space lined with bookshelves and solar-powered appliances. Upstairs, an ADU caught the afternoon light with passive solar design, warming the space without a heater.

“We like to say we downsized our footprint and upsized our community,” Sally said as they gathered again under a shady pergola. “This isn’t just about sustainability. It’s about making common cause with friends and neighbors. If we want safety, security, and well-being for people and the planet, we have to start where we are - with the land under our feet, and the people next door.”

There was a long pause, not of awkwardness, but of reflection.

By the end of the tour, the group had transformed too - not in form, but in thought. It was clear this wasn’t just a garden or a house. It was a living model of the future many hadn’t yet realized they wanted.

And as the guests trickled back down the driveway, Sally smiled at Glen. “One home at a time,” she said.

Glen nodded. “That’s how paradigms shift.”

## **A Listening Heart**

### **A New World Fable**

Fable - a short story, typically with talking animals as characters, conveying a moral.

Deep within the heart of the Verdant Forest, where sunlight danced on mossy stones and the wind whispered through ancient branches, stood an old tree known simply as Elderroot. He was the tallest in the forest, his bark knotted with age, and his voice carried the weight of centuries.

Most creatures avoided Elderroot, mistaking his stillness for silence. But not Peter.

Peter was a curious child from a nearby village who often wandered into the forest, drawn by stories his grandmother told him - tales of trees that talked and birds that spoke in riddles. One crisp morning, while sitting beneath Elderroot, Peter heard a low, rumbling voice.

"You listen better than most," the voice said.

Peter looked up, startled. "Was that you?"

"I speak only when someone truly listens," replied Elderroot. "And you, Peter, have a listening heart."

From that day on, Peter visited Elderroot daily. He shared stories of his world, of his friends who didn't always get along, of adults who spoke in secrets, and of his hope that things could change if only people were honest and worked together.

Elderroot shared his own tales - of storms survived, fires endured, and how the forest always found a way to grow back stronger. "The forest teaches resilience," he said. "Even the smallest sapling can one day shelter others."

Inspired by the tree's wisdom, Peter gathered his friends. They formed the Youth Collective, a group of young villagers determined to bring more transparency and kindness to their world. They listened to one another. They spoke truth even when it was hard. They worked together to fix broken bridges - both wooden and human.

One summer evening, Peter returned to Elderroot with news.

"We helped Mr. Hamber fix the well - and we got the mayor to let us plant trees around the school!"

Elderroot's leaves rustled with approval. "You've learned what many forget: that strength lies not in how loud you shout, but in how deeply you root yourselves in truth and each other."

As seasons passed, Elderroot grew quieter, and one winter, he stood silent once more. But Peter wasn't sad.

The voice was no longer in the tree.

It was in Peter.

And in every young voice that dared to speak with honesty, work together, and grow toward the light.

Moral: True strength lies in resilience, honest voices, and the wisdom we share across generations.

## **Building Resilient Communities**

In a world facing unprecedented challenges—from climate change and economic inequality to social fragmentation - the need for resilient communities has never been more urgent. The Resilient Communities Project (RCP) stands as a beacon of hope, demonstrating how creativity, collaboration, and courage can transform adversity into opportunity.

### **Creativity: Innovating for Sustainability**

RCP's approach is rooted in innovative solutions that blend ecological stewardship with community well-being. The organization recognizes the interconnectedness of human, animal, and environmental health. Their initiatives, such as supporting organic farming, advocating for sustainable land use, and encouraging reforestation, showcase a commitment to regenerating ecosystems while fostering self-reliance and food security .

### **Collaboration: Strengthening Community Bonds**

At the heart of RCP's mission is the belief that collective action leads to lasting change. The organization actively engages a diverse network of collaborators, including health professionals, environmentalists, economists, and community leaders. This inclusive approach ensures that solutions are not only effective but also equitable, addressing the unique needs of marginalized groups and fostering a sense of shared responsibility.

### **Courage: Facing Challenges Head-On**

The Project's resilience is evident in their ongoing efforts to promote environmental sustainability, and empower communities through education and advocacy.

## Humility and Empathy: Listening and Learning

RCP's success to date is not just in its actions but in its approach. Emphasizing humility and empathy, the organization listens to and learns from the communities it serves. This commitment to understanding local contexts and respecting diverse perspectives ensures that their villages are both culturally appropriate and impactful.

## Vision for a Better Future

Looking ahead, RCP envisions a world where communities are not only resilient but thriving. By fostering sustainable practices, equitable access to resources, and a deep sense of interconnectedness, they are laying the groundwork for a future where all individuals can live healthy, fulfilling lives in harmony with the planet.

In embracing creativity, collaboration, courage, humility, and empathy, the Resilient Communities Project is not just imagining a better future- they are building it, one community at a time.

