07/14/2022

“We can incrementally shift the direction of our impulses toward the next best thing, rather than the worst, and not become consumed by regrets, but informed by them as they guide us forward toward the more necessary part of our nature.”

15 years ago married us.

Slipping off to drink and smoke.

Svetlana Boym – two kinds of Nostalgia. Nick Cave quote. He suffers man, this guy has been through it. He’s overcomwe addiction and tradgegy and career ups and downs and lefts and rights and all over the places.

Make America Great Again.

Build Back Better

Yes! We can.

Facts. Information. Perspective. Get real clear. Simple. Straigh. No longer thinking life is a big fucking joke.

The weight is here. Absurdity. Caught up in the anxiety of consuming. An addiction that does not let us sleep. Find our very own specific kind of consumer.

Borther in laws traumatic purchases—the car saga, the Washing Machine—having the cops called on him on Father’s Day because he won’t get off their tryuck and they won’t deliver the washing machine because somehow his wife had offended the delivery driver somehow. THIS WAS THE THIRD ATTEMPT . It ihad been a whole fiasco.

He’d always been a good writer. His mother spoke of him with pride and enthusiasm.

Prying for the boys in South Africa.

Clear eyed about it all.

The sweeping sky. With stars. And the scent of pine. And water lapping down on the sandy shoreline and grass beside the sand. The a head high with alcohol and cannabit and the night temperature cool now after a hot sticky day. Enter the universe of the video game. His wife is recovering from something. His son. How do we think about all these relatihioships.

06/30/2022

Kind, wise, genuine, dedicated, apologetic., present, dedicated to the commu ity, the people, the place, willing to fight for those traditions even as he attempts to broaden them, expand them, keep them relevant, not allow a short sightedness that will doom the tradition to extinction

Should keep notes on his wild thoughts. Have so simple process for slowly having the ideas march together.

One of the simple concepts I’ve been appreciating with app development is its emphasis on modularity. Building good parts that are compatible with other parts is more important than creating some intricately preplanned system. The creative process, the building process can be organic, progressive, forming parts that are composable, that will fit with all parts. It’s a lot like Lego. A bunch of pieces that fit with everything else.

My favorite app that I have pulled together provides me with a was to create topical dictionaries, a note taking system and an address book, and a colorful file management system for my various writing projects—family, personal history, luxury retail, China, American Politics, esoteric stretching and barefoot running, personal letters, poems, song lyrics, Science Fiction, Satirical Fiction, Fantasy, Magical Realism, Young Adult fiction and Children’s literature (with Esme), choose-your-own adventure style vocabulary building site/platform.

What pulls the whole thing together is that its content is index, searchable, with simple, but effective controls that help me intuitively keep track of what I have been working on lately (and accessing it easily) as well as other projects that I have not had any material to add. This may be kind of a wild way to work, but I’d argue that it is a creative way to work. While certainly not the most efficient process, I feel like it is slowly bearing fruit and building up a back log of material as I hone my compositional abilities, craft my voice, improve my typing whatever.

That is all just to say, I feel like you need a gentle process to catch all your good ideas and get them to slowly line up over time. At the very least my process has given me a non-judgemental space where there are really no bad ideas and there is space for all ideas—momentary inspirations, ephemeral impressions, quotes from my girls, venting, note taking, processing, editing, spelling, spell checking, settling, rooting, breathing, being, remembering, reconstructing. *The Future of Nostalgia*. Constructive Nostalgia vs. reconstructive Nostalgia.

Alan Watts showing up in that book from my brother. Francis Fitzgerald showing up in Peter O. Whitmer’s book about 60s

William S. Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Key Kesey, Timothy Leary, Norman Mailer, Tom Robbins and Hunter S. Thompson.

"they peer into the future, saying `there is always more.' They are the starry dynamo in the machinery of the night."

This whole thing doesn’t matter, but I am fascinated by it because it felt very mystical to me. It felt immediate and surprising. AN echo that there is something out there. Something to discover, A snowballing line of bread crumbs. Anything. Following that trail. Journeying into something new. Breaking from the cycle—the incessant cycle of the news, seasons, births, deaths, holidays, travesties, next-big-things. So when you run into something that is delictably weird. Wildly connected to salient things and your intuition is going off hollowing that yes, this is strange and surprising! Pay attention. You won’t make sense of this, but you can laugh about it. You can find it delightfully strange and continue following this inchoate insights on and on into the future.

06/29/2022

Great quotes Red Dead Redemption. Who are these writers?? Would love to ride shotgun and collect your thoughts as you ramble into them, shooting and cowboying your way through this digital realm. How much more immersive are the VR games going to be. Creating something. Achieving things. Going to that immersive level of engagement—reading, deep study, music making, unself-conscious, controlling through an avatar your engagement with the world. Perfectly willed. Something voyeuristic, what happens then? How about now?

Despite the wrongness and the falleness of it all, these traditions – faith, hope, love are worth fighting for and by fighting for I mean wrestling with the angels, turning the other cheek, allowing yourself to be a fool, the butt of the joke, the scapegoat, the lamb. Humbly accepting your humanity. Humbly accepting other people’s humanity. Practicing that passion as best as you can. Living love, living hope, living faith. Discussing dogma, sure, intricately interacting with the overlapping literacies of this existence, sure, but being kind about it. Approaching this engagement, this existential Isness not with a dogmatic mindset, but a radical servants heart. One who speaks from the perspective of hemp parchment, who radically allows themselves to be subsumed by we.

Watched your sermon last night. The girls were down, betsy was out at the Montrose Saloon right down the street from Angelo’s to catch a Jaxx show.Two men in their sixties did their best Simon and Gerfunkle eques sixtieis croner medly. Pleasant voices on a Tuesday night. Am continuing to really enjoy our computer, projector, white shit up on the wall entertainment center set up.

* The organist Flickinger
* The stream getting interrupted
* The loading circle beachballing interminable.
* “There ought be a law…”
* Practice – bringing that kindness of Christ
* The sacrifice that entails.
* A Kierkegaarden sort of critic of the self-satisfied status quo seeks
* A compelling search for community.
* Plugging son into nurturing, loving, supportive community.
* How to continue to build on that community and ethos

Without getting bogged down in politics and bias which are often just the offspring fear – which is both a very human and a very manipulated aspect of our humanity.

* Politics is professional fearmongering.
* Sermonizing—this is wrong. Just like the Galations were absurd in their division over circumscison, the modern church is foolish to get hung up on divorce and abortion and homosexuality. Obviously the church community has moved a long ways on accepting divorce. They equate it with Freedom, which is ultimately our national religion, no? Our national creed being our god given right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.
* Politics is good at being divisive. It finds the fault lines. Defines them.
* Trump’s genius stroke of making his election fraud claims and resulting illegal, unethical and unAmerican pressure campaign as a wedge issue. An ultimate loyalty marker, faith statement territory where real facts are supplanted by the emotive logical and rhetoric of the heart. What was that quote about once you’ve got someone’s heart its all over. Winning hearts and minds. This seems so sweet and innocuous. Its brainwashing though, no? Marketing, persuasion. Message crafting. Narrative establishing. A coalition of forces real and imagined unleashed on an agitated and uncertain populous.
* I appreciated your rhetoric, your tone, your engagement. Your clarity and frustration. Your joy and hope. Your despair and cynicism. Your optimism. Your example. Your acknowledging the humanity of others. Your commitment to absorb and redirect for good, mutual good and societal good and Christian good and American good the hurt and pain and developmental angst and emotive energy of children. Yes, thank your teachers. Commit to your teachers. Just as you commit to your children. Your neighbors. We is not a pejorative. In fact our Constitution, our most hallowed document begins with those beautifully inclusive two letters. *We the People.*

I’ve been trying to think about we and frame things in terms of we with my nuclear family of four, my childhood family of 33, my city and state of millions, my country of hundreds of millions, my planet of billions, my universe of billions and billions. I have been trying to reframe my perspective more to we. I’ve been failing. I’ve been praying. I’ve been practicing. Try, try again, fail again, fail better.

6/28/2022

Crowded out on the by Helena who is up uncharacteristically early. I am guerilla typing. My writing project getting on. The anchor (securing or just dragging me down) has been my iterative development of my Word Doc front end. Slowing over coming my digital dislocation.

Red Dead Redemption II, fairytales, Greek Myths, the biblical peregrinations of Elijah, like some western gunslinger. A Greek hero at large. Pushing forward the power of the One God. The one culture. The Innate rightness that justifies flooding the world, mauling 42 youths, slaughtering neighboring kingdoms for various a la mode political concerns.

My prediction, my bet, is that all of this will be easier to see the silver lining in once I have some hard marketable skills, finally achieving a career position in the wealthiest economy in the history of the world. Overcoming the challenges of culture, the distractions, the over stimulated jumped to trumped up conclusions.

Allowing self to be iterative. To change. To evolve. How do we continue to love and support other people? Especially those who are different than us. See things differently. Accepting gays destroys a relationship. Supporting abortion rights destroys a relationship.

What is the difference between I believe this is right and will therefore live in such a way that this conclusion is reflected in my living practices and this is right, in fact, this is the Truth, and if other people don’t understand this then they are not only wrong, but also evil and sinful and bound for hell.

Mother’s manic bliss. Pulled in all these heartfelt directions, radiating anxiety about what could be, what could have been, squeezing and suffocating much of the spontaneity of the moment with her hyper-hypothetical emotive musings. Where are? Where did you go? You are not here, you are not building this moment with me.

Where do we go from here? We have to keep building. We have to keep fighting and arguing and loving and demanding and capitulating and correcting and studying and testing and failing, the effort of existence doesn’t go away just because we have enough meat to eat.

The scruffy haired man in a t-shirt behind the bar. Friendly, ebullient, maybe a little dumb gay man. I bet his mother is just lovely. Some easy cynical thing that Bob would say. The Bottles and Cans worker whose conversation style reminds me of a cross between Ben Snyder and Bob Noonan. Friendly, affirming, good naturedly riffing people’s comments and concerns. The lovely mother in her white dress, losing her daughter among the racks of booze.

A bridesmaid of a certain age, just the right amount of tipsy and available.

Riff with mother over his support for the gays. His father old and aging. Senile and regally set in his ancient ways.

A decades deep tither. Supporter of the church. Keeper of the faith.

My existential crisis symbolized by the shame of having to support my young family with the funds from my 401K. Made it through Y2K by breaking into my 401K

Quote from Robert Frost

*And now, O sea, you’re lost by aeroplane.*

*Our sailors ride a bullet for a boat.*

*Our coverage of distance is so facile*

*It makes us to have had a sea in vain.*

*Our moat around us is no more a moat.*

*Our continent no more a moated castle.*

*Grind shells, O futile sea, grind empty shells*

*For all the use you are along the strand,*

*I cannot hold you innocent of fault.*

*Spring water in our mountain bosom swells*

*To our fresh rivers on you from the land.*

*Till you have lost the savor for your salt.*

* From *Does Not One a All Ever Feel This Way in the Least? ,* Robert Frost

Home (names)

家—finding home, immigrant experience, art, mode of being, body, mind, soul, stumbling, I don’t know, I don’t know…finding home… finding where language works, where yourn interfaces are not broken, where there is balance and warmth and curiosity… the battle for home has become about language. I may be a little dramatic. I may be more prone to hyperbole. Elaborate gages. Rambling context building sorties. So good to meet up and have a big free flowing conversation—limiting drinking… ending up in more mature rhythms….so good to chat and ramble and catchup proof that at leas onne interface was pandemic proof. It couldn’t tear the whole world down.

Begyle, leafy Cuyler the el and the metra screaming by the flash down pour. Walking along Ravenswood, Berry Hill, Culvers, Picnic with the Nighthawks, Cancoon coming up, things opening up, new chapeter, always a new chapter, shifting etc…

Michael Jackson impersonator. Good food and drink. Temperature controlled pool. Now off to Norway To Sweden.

The secret to life is enjoying the passage of time - James Taylor

Language broken… don’t know how to use it without feeling bad—Instagram, Facebook.. contexts certain things are Okay certain things are not… Do not hwave the wherewithal to negotiate the norms of a new interface. Don’t feel compelled to be daily connected to that many people. No firewall between you and society. A long way from the formality of Calling cards. We were more inaccessible, but also more present, focused, life was more digestible. Which I am not saying it should stop, slow down, but I should figure out how to better digest it all.

Work life balance—vocation and home—home language and work language…

Polishing the jewel…

Older woman sing-songy poem aout her jewel shining bright for all eternity…manic metaphors. Full of sentiment that transcends good sense or grounded logic or physical reality.

I’m not from eastern European. Poland is in central Europe.

Engrish—da bao… vs… da bian…

Identity… other people’s identities are anathema… those Muslims don’t need a holiday. Drawing lines on inside and outside. This is tricky because lines shift over time. Conservatives always lose eventually, no?

Entropy poem….

危机

人

八

入

肉

操

肏

North Center- description, settling, HOME trip… then having to consider leaving almost immediately. You realize things and then you forget them. You feel them intensely and then the feeling fades or the feeling or concern is replacedsor overshadowed by something more pressing immediate, demanding. We splinter and fragment and the crack spreads out through our mind life spider lines an impacted pane of glass.

My back porch—the collapse… *The Show Must Go On.*

Separation

Exile- Eastern European. Titles. Names. Evocative. Poetic. Smashing in information precontext. John Fahey titles…

Names of girls… Beth’s names….

Journey

Traveling

The SEA between us the LOGOS…

Language is broken…who broke language?

Salvation message—Nick Cave… humane ethic and curiosity and warmth and effort to be better. Approaching writing as a self bettering practice. A sacrifice and a capitulation. A relationship.

*I’ve been called I’ve been called…*

What about water? If it doesn’t work out.

She has no idea what I have been through the 2000 pages of notes the 10,000 lines of code the 1500 hours accruing—HTML, CSS, SASS, HTML, XML, etc..etc…MongoDB

What happened at the Pentecost?

Language is broken unless blah, blah, blah…

Begin speaking to her in Chinese. I say simple things. I say—If I speak Chinese, if I use special Chinese words can you understand me? Do you can’t so I use my brain to select words that I believe you will understand and that will hopefully not offend you. I say these things in Chinese so she hears them something like this:

Later that week I receive a note in the mail from her. It has a message fo the girls about her garden and all the things she is growing in it and a small envelope she has sealed up a message for me in which she doubles down on her evangelical position. Underscoing how much I suck by point out that—until…

A day later she texts me. Can she send me something. Some words. My goodness I think. I though maybe her absolutist position was going to break us out of the loop. She has broken me. I am completely indifferent to what she will send me. I am curious what words are going to pry me out of my closed minded narrows. She sends me a meditation on the trinty with language like--…

Everything must be heroic and awesome and epic and absolute and superlative. How are you doung??? Anything less than great!! Fantastic is either proof of intimacy or depression. Perhaps both…

*I’ve listened to your twice told tales now…*

Restorative nostalgia vs. reflective Nostalgia

Boym

* Benjamin
* Brodsky
* Nabokov

Conspiracy theories

MAGA

Emerson quote

Trump definitions

Trump Poems

The spectrum of political kindnesss… Conservatives so mad aboutnthose people wanting to change everything. Progressives livid that those people are buring their heads in the asand and refusing to be forward thinking, embracing of inevitable change, evolution, revolution, paradigm shift, twist, shimmy.

Walking down an alley after picking up thre packs of cigarettes for $10 with a free lighter included. Beccas big glass vase of colorful lights that she would unconsiocusly piller from the entire community.

Crisis

World vs. Environment (*Lost in the Cosmos)… brokenness of language.* World, Environment, Vinn diagram of interests and language. Can not politics become an earthly consolation?

Objects and Messages.

Thee and thou…

Subjects and Objects…

Correct interface. Once object can have many different interfaces.

Contexts are interfaces.

Firing messages at people you know will cause tension presumably just to grind your axe. What is this human obsession with axe grinding. As far as I can tell that is what the whole Foxnews network is predicated on. They do not seem to be taking into account the very real danger of peak grind. Just grinding it all down to too fine of a point. You’ve sacrificed so much to stay so sharp. You still sharp, but its come at the grindingly exhausting price of maintaining maximum friction.

Tarot, Achilles, IDES, U-Haul, the yellow river (process), not didactic… honestly have no idea what I am trying to say, but as I write and read and aexplore and develop my themse or cqtegories or whatever more and more questions pop up and more and more linguistic peregtinations – trails to wind along present themselves and then the momentum really starts to roll and I don’t think I could stop even if I didn’t want to.

Enter

Meat

List of names… iterations of Beth’s daughter’s

Home

End with all the names of home…

Writing to keep trake.

Writing to build skills, wherewithal.

Writing to reflect.

Writing to chck

Writing to deepen myi connection and understanding of language

Writing to explore voice and communication and interface and what can be said and what should be said and what is funny and what is not. All of this billion little judgements that go into our ever mitigated experience of being. Confronting incompleteness. Cnfronting fragmentation.

Drawibng up a big complicated story board—like one of those cork boardsd that polic detectives use to connect all the threads of their investigation, yarn lines connecting thumb tacs to ghastly crime scene photos and circled radiuses on a map. Tendrils radiating out from some central violent act. A new calvarly to runthe religion of the investigation through. The truth finding mission. The parsing of appearances and rumors and thepories and suspects and suspicious activities. The evidence, circumstantial or otherwise, predjudiced or otherwise. A recording—raw footage. A digital roarshak test to test your semiotic kneejerk. How do we collect meaning? How do we define things? What is TONE. How do you confront TONE when the TONE will not acknowledge its ugliness. Do teenages realize they sound so snotty and ungrateful and tiresomely EMO?

Been down into the mesabit range

Up in my ivory tower

All strung out and half deranged.

Lost in language. Uncertain hwere our place is. Without a place. Stretched… etc…

Armin van… Blah.. Blah.. Blah… Siri… Alexa… Ruby…Mary…

John Philip Sousa,

Karaoke—Annie, sound of music, lets go fly a kite, these boots were made for walking patesy cline, Sunny Afternoon, Subtearnean homesick blues… fragments of those songs. My mother comes to Chicago and sings the night they drove old dixie down.. which triangulate with her Nazi comments and general “big lie” warmth to the south I found kind of chilling and again was wondering about the import of the lyrics. What the hell was that all about anyway? And I hope Neil Young will remember a southern man don’t need you are anyhow.

Hallucinations of clientelling and learning about diamonds and timepieces and throwing tarot and developing my Mandarin Tarot binder…and writing poems and stories and rambling journals hiding from my family, feeling inspired or injured or just completely shattered and fragmented, completely out of control of my time, starting letters, mandarin short stories. Paul Alster book about coincidences. The Old man in the sea.

The first line in

English

German

Spanish

Chinese

Ruby

Documentary…

Reading I did twenty years ago.. trying to get a sense of what writers did and how they did and what it was and why it was important and why for me it was more important than all the other things that were tempting me with some sort of investment of time

Stocks and investing

Specific human languages

Computer languages

Any book

Any magazine

Human conversation

Reering my children.

Staying connected and up and friends and family.

Managing the ever newly found needs of my cloistered clan.

Doing language.. this longing for language… getting deeper into it… feeling it.. inchoate… I can’t entirely defend it… Kant ontological argument breaks down. I can’t sell it. So what I am now some sort of gnostic keeper of an undesirable truth.

INPUT OUTPUT

What justifies anything really?

Writing became body work… no longer competing elements. No longer forces in opposition to one another. But instead we make depositives. We make withdrawls. We stroe up strength we expend our energy, we clench and dig in and get stiff. We open and stress and turn our faces to the sun. We breath. We hold the light close, near.

Grounding writing in something physical, some process of nourishing and communicating. Pullig together thoughts. Letting settle. Leaning into something. Relaixing it. Massaging out a loop or an anecdote. Deconstructing a memory. Surrounded by texts. Easy to be overwhelmed. Awash at sea. But there is beauty in the cacophony, when you have the wherewithal to pull out and pull together a few starings. The keyboard demo flute sonaa and the breathy drone of the neighbors airconditioner unit and the birds still chirping on the perch of noon like they’ve been doing all morning since the sun came up at 5 or whenever. And the big turcks hiss brakes and rumble accelerations. Slammed door down in the Wintrust Parking lot. The enlightend and possibly ttipping smash punch sparking beverage drinker with his mirrored sunglasses and dopety grin and in the reflection of his gaudy , huge snowboard goggle massive sungklasses is a cartoon shark looking back at him and also wearing large gaudy snowboarder style glasses. Interestingly the backdrop is to my eye the same shade of hot pingk that had been the dominate color in the T-Mbile ad that had previously lorded over our northern and central located neighhood. Easyily pinned on a map at the intersection of Lincoln, Damen and Irving Park. Could connect in the North Center writing here.

I’ve been exploring voice. I’ve been exploring different themse and material. I’ve explored what happens to pop up when I write with a certain person or persons in mind. Thus my letter to the two of you gents. Full disclosure, some of the writing here is a bit boiler plate-esque meaning that I have cut and pasted it from other pieces, other themes. My process has begun to yield the pretty interesting “modular” production style. Definitely influenced by my coding and my slightly clearer thinking about general file system maintenance, structure, etc. This year has gone a long way to getting me out of the digital dislocation I had felt myrred in for a long time.

Another nice coding writing cross-over, also pretty obvious, is typing. I have always been an okay typist, but this year has really pushed me to the next level, at least for me. It is feeling more like a skill and a really valued and enjoyed tool that I have to get all sorts of tasks.

I have felt a dearth of long thoughts in my life for some time. My instinct when given the chance to try to have a long thought was to pursue it through writing. This pursuit yield a very simple and focused process that was at once also very complicated and fractorial and expanse. I didn’t understand it, but it was propelling me into doing the most divervse, varied, creative, and spontaneous writing I had ever done. Like all writers, I have speat a lot of this year agonizing about what the hell I was doing. I mean the plan was and is to upskill my coding and seek employment in the tech sector in some way shape or form. Seems like a good plan as every time I mention tech to somebody I start getting gig offers—not doing the stuff I want to do and I am training to do, but offers none the less which make me feel it’s a fertile industry despite its deep reliance on all that sand.

Rembrandt model.

But then the writing instinct shoved itself into the way. What the fuck. Am I really a self-destructive artist type, that just when I seem to have identified a particularly marketable aptitude I felt compelled to double down on the low-flame vocation I have been agonizing over for two decades now. Simaltaneously, kind of nerotically dedicate to the craft, while at the same time constantly feeling a dearth of wherewithal to actually craft and finish anything at all. My page pages are thick. At some point they began to crush me. I’ve thrown out at lot of writing just so I could be free over ever having to return to it.

And what has the writing been. I don’t know exactly how to fully characterize it. Jounraling. Travelogues. Notes on language. Notes on reading. Letters, completer or not. Sent or not. Correspondence with betsy, emails, musings, druggy scribblings, doodles, song lyrics, poems, opinions, judgements, dilemmas, prayers.

But I will admit, the idea of taking on a larger more polished project somehow just remained completely anathema to me. Looking back I realize I was incredibly blocked. I’ve since come to conceptualize this block as my Obsidian stone. It first suggested itself in the form of an enormous monolith. An imposing, bulky, shining geologic monster. I faced it on an infinitely open plane awash in pale green light. The stone was inky black and pulsed with a radioactive purple glow. I could move freely on the plane in any direction that I chose. Freely. But I could not proceed thought he stone. My was blocked on that progression.

Sometime this past September. I finally approached it. And touched. And it moved. It shifted. Easily. I took a step forward with my hand outstretched and the hulking mass advanced before me undulating with compacted light and possibility.

Obsidian model.

Obsidian. The word had just come to me. Had suggested itself as words do from time to time. As books do from time to time. I had a sense that it was black. And shiney somehow. But what. What was it? A mineral? From a volcano of something. According to the internet it is from a volcano. Its molten rock that bubbled up and smoothly slide down the side of the mountain, cooling as it spread form smooth sheets of glassy stone that can be highly polished. Aztec shaman practiced some sort of divination using highly polished obsidian mirrors. In *Game of Thrones* obsidian is the model for dragon glass.

Is that it then. All of those things that I thought I needed to just run around are really the things that I need to carry with me. My material. My baggage. My material. My self. My history. My embarrasments. My successes. My self-consciousness. My naturalness. My passions. My aversions. This is my life that I carry forward with me. It is the highly polished mirror through which I observed the world ever receding behind me as I advance forward into the unfolding future.

Francis Fitzgerald showing up in Peter O. Whitmer’s book as I read them both together. Randomly. Alan Watts showing up in *A Time of Gifts* to ground me in the reality of the story.

Quote from *The Rings of Saturn*

betsy bringing home *Under the Sign of Saturn.*

*Dedicated to Brodksy*

Quote from *A time of gifts*

Alan Watts.

The winter hill, The Germans dining…

Novel… storming the beaches of Normandy. There has to be a great attrition rate or at least a perceived one or the act just ain’t that heroic. Men have died. People have been killed. Wow. Whoa…

Josephine

Where’d you get those gadanias

How about giving one to Jesus

How about giving one me.

Tangerine.

Bittersweet like a waking dream

See me in colors on a tv screen.

Speechless with out a line to feed.

Needlessly

Seeking solace in my family tree.

Cane and Abel campout

Cool and carefree

Nothing’s trouble till its too late, I know.

Fancy free.

Living in the shadow of your high society

Lead along the narrow road of piety

Crotchety beside the sea of thee.

Wisdom tree.

All of your mediocrity

Cut up and cross examined by Socrates.

Your old rooster roaming home without his comb on.

Philating microphones to shout down homophobia.