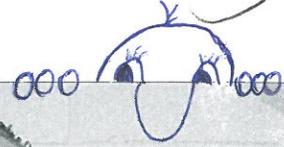
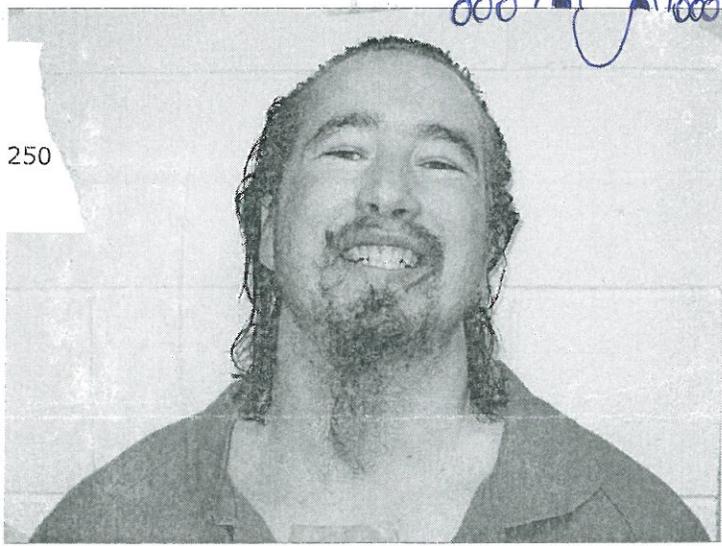


* I ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ - MY ALPHABET *

ALL I AM, BASICALLY, IS A HEARTBEAT AND A HANDSHAKE. BLOOD COURSEING THROUGH TIRED VEINS BETWEEN SAUR SOLID CONCRETE WALLS. MY STORY IS BASIC. GROWING UP AND ATTENDING SCHOOL. LEARNING THAT ALL THE TEACHERS ARE TEACHING IS EVERYTHING I HATE. SLUFFING SCHOOL. BEING CHASED DOWN AND DRUG BACK TO SCHOOL. DEVELOPING HATE AND ANGER TOWARDS THE CHASERS. RESISTING BEING DRAGGED AROUND. BEING PUNISHED FOR THIS WITH WORSE THAN ATTENDING THEIR BOURGEOIS INDOCINATION. BOOT CAMP. JUVENILE HALL. MORE RUNNING, MORE CHASING, MORE RESISTING. THEN PRISON. AND ULTIMATELY A SENSORY DEPRIVATION (UNITED NATIONS OUTLAWED TORTURE CHAMBER WHOLLY EMBRACED BY MY FELLOW AMERIKKAN CITIZEN AND FAMILY) — A SUPER-MAX SOLITARY EXISTANCE.



BRANDON GREEN 147075
UTAH STATE PRISON,
VINTA ONE 300, P.O. BOX 250
DRAPER, UT 84020-0250



BRANDON KENDALL GREEN,

#147075

U.S.P. 11-309
Box 250
DRAPER, UT
84020-0250

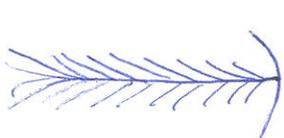
MY FRIENDS
CALL ME

THE CHASERS
LABEL ME

NOONE EVER SAID I HAD TO STOP SMILING.
HI MA! SO THIS IS GOING TO BE MY STORY ABOUT
MY LIFE. WITH SOME TWISTED POETRY, A LITTLE AND
STUFF AND SOME NEWER STUFF, ALL WRITTEN SOLITARY.

II

I'm JUST GOING TO GO THROUGH my old poems.
AND MAYBE TELL SOME STORYS INBETWEEN. THIS ONE
I WROTE TWO YEARS AGO. IT OFFENDED my PEN PAL,
THIS HAPPENS ALOT, AND HE STOPPED WRITING. BUT
HE MADE SURE TO SEND A GOODBYE LETTER WITH A
WHOLE JUMBLE OF AMERIKKAN FLAG "FOREVER - STAMPO"
STUCK ALL OVER IT. IT WAS PRETTY. * MISS YOU BUDDY *



* OASIS / OASIS *



THERES ALWAYS ACCUATION IN my fellow MANS EYE
WHEN THE CAPTIVE SPEAKS ITS CONSIDERED LIE
THE AIRTIGHT STORY ETERNALLY CONSIDERED ALIBI
IN TODAYS SOCIETY A MANS EMOTION CANNOT BE SHOWN
UNLESS ITS TURNED INWARD

WHICH CAUSES SLOW DEATH AND HEART OF STONE
BLEEDING BOWELS AND INNARDS

MANY A YOUNG REVOLUTIONARY HAS STOOD ALONE
STOOD STEADFAST AS REACTIONARY CROWDS CAST STONES
MY VOICE IS THE VOICE OF THE MASSES

THE POOR STARVED WITHOUT PHONES
OR VEHICLES TO GO OR CALL FOR HELP
GLASSES EMPTY — STOMACHS DISTENDED

THE YOUTH OF THE WORLD WONDER WHY AMERIKKAS
PASSED JUDGEMENT

PRETENDING TO FEED THE WORLD WITH THE ARIKA TRIAGE
CURE AIDS — ALL A MIRAGE
AN OILY SMOKESCREEN VEILING TRUE INTENT

SEETHING MASSES GROAN AT THE BLACK CAPITALIST PRESIDENT
THEIR CHEERS TURN TO SORROW OVER THEIR SPOILED
BETTER TOMORROW ...



III I CAME ACCROSS THIS FREE BLOGGING SERVICE
ADVERTISED IN ARAP (ANTIRACTOTACTION-LA @ YAHOO.COM).
I'VE BEEN IN SOLITARY ALMOST FIVE YEARS. WHAT I'M
DOING IS GOING THROUGH MY OLD POETRY. ITS A STACK.
AND I'LL JUST START FROM THE TOP PAGE AND GO
THROUGH THE PILE. SOME OF ITS JUVENILE. SORRY.

THIS ONE IS TO MY MOM. AFTER HER BOYFRIEND'S
SUICIDE. HIS NAME WAS MECK. R.I.P. AMIGO.

(MY NEPHEW GAGE HAD A COLD)
* JESUS GOD MOMMA *

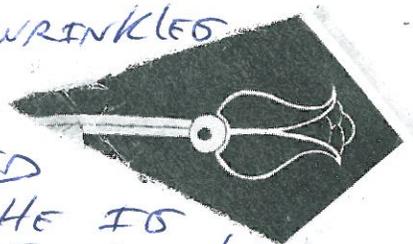
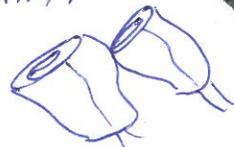
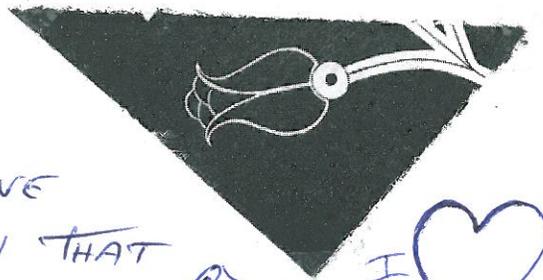
I FEEL YOUR PAIN

PLEASE I PRAY DON'T GO INSANE
LIFE'S NOT FAIR WE BOTH KNOW THAT
BELIEVE WITH ME IF YOU WILL
EVERYTHING IS JUST SO SURREAL

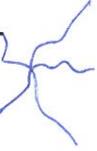
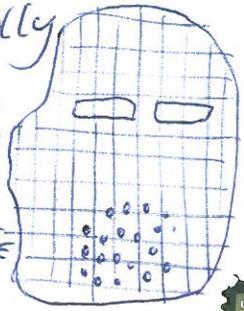
THERE'S SOME SORT OF MAP OR FABRIC WOVEN
IT'S TOO LARGE TO WRAP OUR HUMAN MENDS AROUND
GAPS RIGHT BESIDE YOU MAMA SITTING ON THE COUCH
HE'S GOT STICKY FINGERS - SNOT BUBBLES
FROM A COLD RUNNING DOWN HIS MOUTH
YOU'RE HIS EXAMPLE IN HIS SMALL EYES A GOD
"TEACH ME GRANDMOTHER BECAUSE SOON I MUST DEPART
DOWN THIS PATH MY LIFE EVERYONE IS FORCED TO TRAVEL"
HE SPEAKS THESE WORDS WITHOUT SPEAKING

THE SAME AS I USED TO
AND THOUGH I'M GONE MY DEAR MOM WANDERING A PATH
FEW SURVIVE I'M STILL ALIVE WITH HOPES OF ONE
DAY SEEING

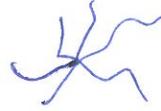
YOUR FACE WITH GRACE GONE OF WORRY WRINKLES
DAWN ASPENS SLOPES SKIING
PLEASE KNOW ALL YOU COULD DO YOU DID
IT'S LIFE WHO'S GUILTY A COWARD HE IS
WON'T GIVE A SECOND'S REST TO YOUNG OR OLD
HE MAKES OR BREAKS DESPITE LOVED ONES BEST



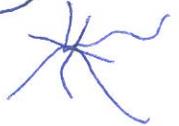
IV THIS ONES MY VERY FIRST POEM. HERE AS I WRITE
THIS STUFF ITS 07/14/2011 6:AM. BASICALLY
NOTHING MUCH CHANGES AROUND HERE, YOUR
TEETH GET GRIMY AND YOU HAVE TO
BRUSH. THATS ABOUT THE LONG AND THE
SHORT of SOLITARY. IN A NUTSHELL.



* UNDERNEATH THE MASK *



THIS MASK I WEAR IVE WORN FOR YEARS
ITS CRUSTY AND OLD AND STAINED WITH TEARS
BUT ITS KINDA LIKE BECAME MY FRIEND
WHERE LATE AT NIGHT I REMOVE IT AND PRETEND
ITS A FRIENDLY FACE COME TO CHAT
INSANE I KNOW AND WHY YOU ASK
WOULD I SPEND TIME SPEAKING TO SUCH AN UGLY MASK
YOU SEE, UNDERNEATH ON THE UNDERSIDE
THIS MASKS NOT AS MEAN LOOKING AS THE OUTER SIDE
ITS FUNNY THIS BUT SOMETIMES I SWEAR
ITS THE BOY I WAS SITTING THERE
THE INNOCENT KID I USED TO BE
HE SOMETIMES SAYS LOOKING UP AT ME
PLEASE NO MORE DRUGS — NO MORE INSANITY
BECAUSE, SIR, I WANT A LIFE
NOT THIS DAILY STRUGGLE AND STRIFE
I FORGIVE YOU NOW FORGIVE YOURSELF OUR FUTURES WAITING
SHE CRIES AT NIGHT YOUR WIFE SHE DOES
AND THOUGH YOU DONT KNOW HER OR SHE KNOWS YOU
YOU HAVE TO MEET ONE DAY BECAUSE
OF YOUR UNBORN CHILDREN I CAN HEAR THEM ASK
WHENS DADDY GOING TO REMOVE
THAT SILLY MASK



V



IM REMINDED OF HUMPTY DUMPTY. HOW IS IT ALL THOSE PEOPLE COULDN'T PUT POOR HUMPTY BACK TOGETHER AGAIN? MAYBE BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T EVEN TRY. MAYBE POOR HUMPTY WAS TRESPASSING, OR ON PARALE...

Until all are free we are all imprisoned

* SAY UNCLE *

THE WORLD IS BEING POISONED ARMYS SLAUGHTERING CIVILIANS I JUST DONT UNDERSTAND IT WHY'S OUR NATIONS FEELINGS AND POLICYS SO UNDERHAND

IT IS AS IF A SON IS WATCHING HIS MOTHER SMOKE AND SMOKE SEEING HER SKIN TURN DARKER HEARING HER COUGH AND CHOKER AS SHE POISONS HER BODY IN FRONT OF HER CHILDREN PREACHING HARD WORK, NO CRIME OR KILLINGS EARTHS JUST THE SAME YET ITS LIKE THE SON IS FORCING THE SMOKE DOWN MOTHER EARTHS LUNGS NOONE EVEN SEES IT ITS HAPPENING SO FAST



WHAT'S OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS GOING TO THINK ABOUT THE PAST I FOR ONE AM ASHAMED NOT PROUD ONE BIT

TO LIVE IN A COUNTRY OF DEATH HOW LONG UNTIL WE GET RID OF THESE TOXIC VEHICLES OUR DEPENDANCE ON FOREIGN OIL STOP THE SHEDDING OF BLOOD ON INNOCENT NATIONS SOIL DEAR GODS IM ASKING COME NOW BEFORE ITS TOO LATE

STOP THIS SYSTEM OF LIES SAVE US FROM OUR FATE WHO AM I TO SAY THIS JUST A PRISONER IN CHAINS AN OUTCAST WITHOUT A VOICE AND YOU THINK IM DERANGED ATLEAST I MOURN CORRECTLY I HAVE MY BLINDERS OFF SATAN WEARS A TOPHAT FEEL FREE TO LAUGH AND SCOFF HE WANTS YOU HE SAYS AN PASTORS THE EVIL BASTARD DOES THEY DONT TELL YOU WHY JUST SETTLE FOR BECAUSE

... OR HUMPTY WAS A WAR OR TAX RESISTOR, OR A PALESTINIAN. OR, HE, WASNT... WHITE?

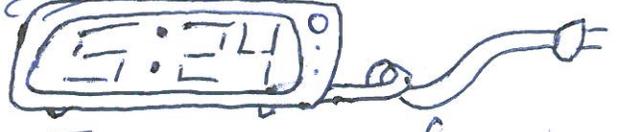
VI MY OLDER BROTHER JESSE NICKNAMED ME "BOO BOO" WHEN WE WAS YOUNGER. AND MANY PEOPLE THESE DAYS CONSIDER ME "TOO HARD ON MYSELF" AND "PESSIMISTIC". YET. I DONT KNOW. I AGREE I SEE A DARKNESS OVER HUMANITY AND ITS FUTURE. I AGREE WITH SCIENTIFIC FACT THAT OUR PLANETS ECOLOGY IS WITHERING AWAY BEFORE OUR EYES AS WE EAT BUTTERFINGERS AND VOTE FOR THE NEXT AMERIKKAN IDOL. I AGREE WITH THE FACT THAT THE MAJORITY OF THE WORLD [BILLIONS] SUFFERS, STARVES SO THAT A MINORITY CAN VEGETATE IN FRONT OF HD T.V.. I DISAGREE WITH RELIGION. AND LEAVING IT ALL IN "GODS HANDS." BECAUSE HE'S SURE AS HELL ~~DO~~ DONE A FINE JOB OF IT THUS FAR. I DONT BELIEVE IN THE "END OF DAYS" UNLESS WE OURSELVES STUBBORNLY CAUSE IT. I DONT BELIEVE IN WAITING AROUND FOR A JESUS TO SAVE US. OR A NEW LIFE TO REDEEM US. I BELIEVE IN OUR SPECIES AS A WHOLE, BUT NOT ONE RACE OVER THE WHOLE. I SUPPORT WICKILEAKS AND ANONYMOUS <http://www.what-is-the-plan.org> AND <http://whyweprotest.net>. I SUPPORT THE PLO IN OPPOSITION TO ISRAELI GENOCIDE; THE AMERIKKAN INDIAN MOVEMENT IN ITS ATTEMPT TO HALT ITS PEOPLES EXTINCTION; THE EGYPTIAN REVOLUTION I SUPPORT. THIS "WAR ON TERROR" BULLSHIT IS JUST AN EXCUSE FOR IMPERIALISMS DESTRUCTION OF THIRD WORLD COLONYS. AND THIS "PROGRESSIVE" PRESIDENT IS JUST A MOUTHPIECE FOR THE BOURGEOISE PLUTOCRAT GOVERNMENT. AS GUILTY TO VOTE THINK YOU'LL WHITE - HARVARD



IF YOU PAY TAXES YOU'RE JUST AS THOSE THAT DROP THE BOMBS. REPUBLICAN OR DEMOCRAT AND GET ANYTHING BUT A JINGOIST - SUPREMACIST CHAUVINIST RICH PRICK - YOU GOTTA BE STUPID.

III Neither ruling-class war nor imperial peace!

SO BOO BOO TO A COMPLIMENT, SEEING REALITY IS SAD. AND IF IVE ~~BEEN~~ OFFENDED YOU. WELL...

* GO TO HELL * - 

I SEEK HELL NOT HEAVEN BECAUSE THATS WHERE MY FRIENDS WILL BE

WHO WANTS TO SURF CLOUDS WITH MY ENEMYS LAMELY WHEN THERES A PLACE MY DADDER EVEN CAN WARM HIS TOES IN FRONT OF THE FIRE

MAO ZEDONG, STALIN, LENIN ALL IN ONE PLACE TO ADMIRE YES I AM A "SINNER" MY LIFE'S NOT AS IT SHOULD BE

I SPEND YEARS INSIDE SINGLE CELLS JUST ME MYSELF AND ME YET CAN YOU ALL ON THE OUTSIDE TRUTHFULLY SAY YOU'RE AT PEACE WITH YOUR GODS ELECTRICALLY STIMULATING YOUR MINDS MAKING THOUGHTS CEASE

THE WORLD FEARS THEIR OWN THOUGHTS WHILE I CHERISH EACH OF MINE

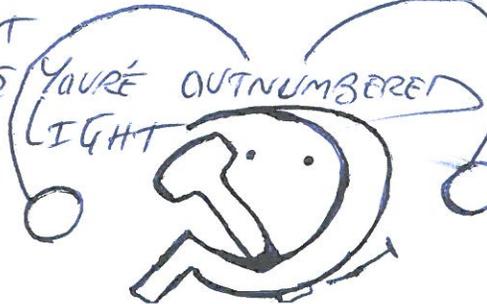
WE INSIDE THESE STAINLESS STEEL FENCES HAVE DROPPED THE FRONT LIKE A DIME

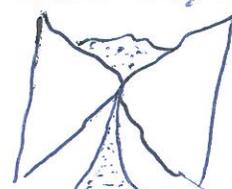
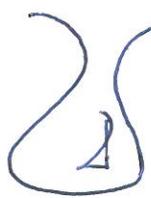
SO SATAN I HOPE THERES ENOUGH ROOM MUST BE GETTING VERY CRAWPED

MIGHT HAVE TO HAVE YOUR BROTHER JESUS SCOOT OVER SOME TO ALLOW US

JESUS YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL MAN MUCH LOVE TO YOU AND YOURS REVOLUTIONS THIS WAY THOUGH SMELL THE SOCIALIST SMOKE BAWN WITH THE CLASS RULE DOORS

PLEASE GOD JUST LEAVE US ALONE HOPE THERES NO REASON TO FIGHT

BECAUSE IT SEEMS YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED THE LIGHT  DARK SIDE AGAINST



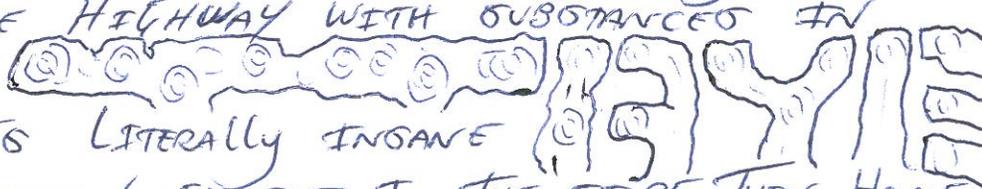
VIII I SUPPOSE I AM KIND OF A
GRUMP. A GRAMPUS. A KILL JOY OR
BUGABOO. BUT ONLY WHEN IT COMES TO
POLITICS. THIS ONE I WROTE FOR MY
CLASSMATE WHO DIED IN 2000 - NAMED
MANDEE ROSENALPH. SHE WAS ONE OF THOSE REALLY
NICE CHEERLEADER TYPES WHO DIDNT TREAT US DRUGGY -
BAGGY-PANT WEARING, TATTOOED, SMELLY GUYS LIKE WE
WAS ... WELL, TATTOOED AND SMELLY. R.I.P. GIRL.



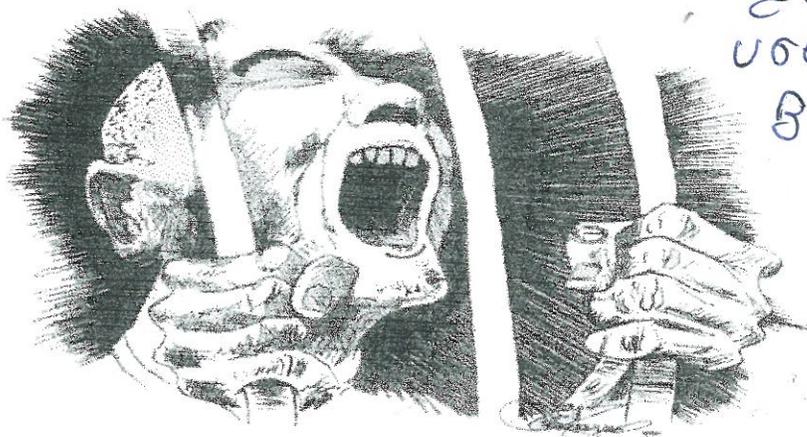
* MANDEES COMET *



I'VE SEEN THEM DIE BEEN WATCHING THEM GO
MOST FOR NO REASON BUT EVEN THOUGH — SOME ARE
YOUNGER MOST ARE OLDER WITH FAMILYS SITTING STUNNED
BEREAVED IN THEIR LAPS — SO WHY DO THE CRAZYS
THE WORLDS DRASS SEEM TO OUTSURVIVE
THE GOOD DIE YOUNG IT MUST BE BECAUSE WHY ELSE
WAS DEVOUT MORMON MANDEE TAKEN SO BRUTALLY
WHEN I DRAVE THE SAME HIGHWAY WITH SUBSTANCES IN
MY VEINS BEER BETWEEN MY LEGS LITERALLY INSANE
AND WITHOUT NO DIRECTION EXCEPT TO THE STORE THEN HOME
I HEARD SHE WAS JUST ENGAGED PRIOR TO HER CRASH
WAS ALIVE FOR HOURS TANGLED UP AND MASHED
AS I SPED BY ON MY DRUNKEN WHICH WAY
SHE LAY DYING DRAWING LETTERS IN HER CHEVROLET
IN BLOOD — THE SAME AGED BLOOD AS MINE
IT JUST GOES TO SHOW WHETHER ONES MEAN OR KIND
ITS ALL IN GODS HANDS THAT OR FICKLE FATE
SO I CONTINUE TO BE A MENACE WHO TRAILS ENEMY'S AND HATE
SPIRALING OUT OF CONTROL AROUND AND AROUND I GO
CALL ME CRAZYS COMET — ALONE. AND COLD. MISSING YOU, I GO...



IX I'M SORT OF SUFFERING HERE IN SOLITARY. I SAY
SORT OF BECAUSE ONE GETS
USED TO THE PAIN. AND FORGETS.



BUT IT'S THERE. HERE. THE
HURT. MOSTLY I DON'T SEE
IT, UNLESS I WRITE IT
TO SOMEONE, AND THEY
WRITE BACK AND TRY
AND COMFORT ME. BUT

BY THE TIME THEIR LETTER ARRIVES I'VE FORGOTTEN.
LIKE, FORGOTTEN WHICH PAIN THEY CAN'T. MAKE SENSE?

* SIMILE *



I DON'T BREATHE I INHALE I DON'T TASTE I CHEW
I'M NOT ALIVE I'M JUST HERE I DON'T CARE I'M NOT THERE
IT'S AWFULLY LONELY SMELLS OF BOLATINI
I MISS YOU THOUGH I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO
I'M NOT LIVING I'M DYING YOU ALL THINK I'VE QUIT BUT
I'M TRYING

STILL THINK THERE'S A CHANCE IN A WORLD FILLED WITH
CANTS

I SEE YOUR FACE IN DREAMS YOU'RE AN ANGEL UNTOUCHABLE
IT SEEMS

CAN'T LET THE TEARS RUN SPOILS ALL THE FUN THE ILLUSION
OF STRENGTH I PITCH AS A TENT OVER THESE FRAIL BONES
THESE SCARS AND STRETCH MARKS ON VEINS AND MUSCLE
DON'T FOOL THESE THOUGHTS THOUGH

THEY SEE THE BOY THERE CROUCHED IN THE CORNER SCARED
JUST WANTING A WOMAN'S TOUCH IS THAT ASKING TOO MUCH
ONE SNIFF OF PERFUME A SINGLE MOMENT BESIDE YOU
TEN YEARS I'VE BEEN HERE YOU ALL OUTSIDE CARE
I KNOW YOU TRULY DO

BUT YOU'VE ALL CHANGED SO MUCH WHILE I JUST LAY HERE

X



WHOS FAULT IS IT WHEN YOUTH SNAP AND START SHOOTING UP SCHOOLS AND MALLS. SALEMAN TALAVICH SHOT UP TRALLEY SQUARE HERE IN UTAH YEARS BACK. WHOS FAULT?

* VIRGINIA TECH *

HE WAS BOSNIAN THAT MUST EXPLAIN IT AND THAT MAN WAS FROM CHINA HOW UNAMERIKKAN CAN YOU GET

THEIR ACTIONS CAUSED MASS SILENCE PEOPLE CAME TOGETHER YET I ALONE HEARD A VOICE BENEATH THAT VIRGINIA TECH SWEATER I THINK WE ALL ACTUALLY DID

IT SPOKE OF THE HOLE INSIDE US EACH AND EVERYONE THIS NATION IN A CRISIS

JUST LOOK AT ALL THE KIDS MEDICATED FOR DEPRESSION DOCTORS GUINEA PIGS WITHOUT DIRECTION THEY GROW LEARNING THE SAME CURRICULUM OUR PARENTS ALREADY KNOW WEVE ENJOYED ALL THESE ADVANCES HIGH DEFINITION AND THE WORLD WIDE WEB

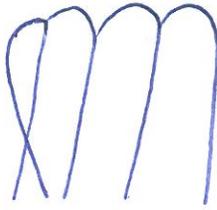
BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR DAMN SOULS WERE ALL NOT MANNEDUPS EVERYTHINGS BEEN TAKEN WITLED DOWN REAL SMALL PLACED INSIDE OF PLASTIC - "HEY HONEY YOUVE GOT A CALL HE SAYS HIS NAME IS ART WONDERING ABOUT THE MUSIC, LITERATURE AND POETRY AND WHY OUR KIDS DONT USE IT" TELL HIM THE KIDS ARE BUSY AND OCCUPIED ENOUGH DOESNT HE KNOW WEVE GONE DIGITAL JUST LOOK AT ALL THIS STUFF

ALL THESE T.V. SCREENS, BUTTONS AND REMOTE CONTROLS WE DONT EVEN HAVE TO INTERFACE AND HEAR EACH OTHERS WOES JUST HANG UP THE PHONE DEAR AND MICROWAVE US SOME PINNER AMERIKKAN IDOLS ON I THINK WEVE PICKED A WINNER" WHATEVER HAPPENED TO FAMILY THE SACREDNESS OF MARRIAGE NOW THE CHILDREN ARE LATCH KEY UNABLE TO EXPRESS THEIR FEELINGS

XI EXCEPT THROUGH MASSIVE EATING, SUICIDE AND SCHOOL KILLINGS

GOD FARBID YOUNG SALEMEN TELLS YOU HOW HE FEELS
WHAT'S THAT SAN DIAL 911 LETS GET THIS BOY SOME PILLS

VIR



Go

I WAS BORN 08/25/1982 TO A REALLY COOL MOM AND A REALLY COOL FATHER. AND A SORT OF MEAN OLDER BROTHER. MY BABY SISTER CAME FOUR OR SO YEARS LATER. SO I'M A VIRGO. I HAVE GREEN EYES. MY GRANDMOTHER NORMA IS THE ONLY OTHER FAMILY MEMBER WITH GREEN EYES. AND SHE WAS CHEROKEE. SHE DIED AS A RESULT OF OUR COUNTRY'S NUCLEAR TESTING CARRIED OUT IN THE DESERT OF NEVADA. SHE WAS A "DOWNWINDER."

BEAVER UTAH, MY HOMETOWN OF ABOUT 2,000 PEOPLE, IS ABOUT 100 MILES FROM THE NEVADA BORDER. THIS IS SOUTHERN (SOUTH WEST) UTAH. WE LIVED FIVE MILES FROM TOWN IN A TRAILER HOUSE. TWO BEDROOMS. ONE BATH. WE HAD ALMOST TEN HORSES. OVER ONE HUNDRED COWS. TWO CHICKEN COOPS. THREE TRACTORS AND PIGS SOMETIMES. IN THE SUMMER, WHEN THE COWS WERE AWAY ON THE RANGE, WE WATERED ALFALFA AND CUT, RAKED, BALED AND HAULED IT HOME.

I GREW UP FISHING IN LAKES AND CREEKS. AND HUNTING DEER, ELK, RABBITS, SQUIRRELS AND BIRDS. MY GRANDMA TOLD ME ONCE TO PLEASE NOT SHOOT THE ROBINS AS THEY WERE HER FAVORITE. ONE TIME, ON ACCIDENT, I SHOT A HUMMINGBIRD. I WRAPPED IT IN TINFoil AND GAVE IT TO HER WITH TEARS IN MY EYES. SHE LOVED HUMMINGBIRDS AND HAD THOSE SUGAR HUMMINGBIRD FEEDERS ALL OVER THE PLACE.

XII I REMEMBER ONE HUNG ALWAYS DIRECTLY OUT HER KITCHEN WINDOW. SO AS SHE WASHED DISHES SHE COULD WATCH THE HUMMINGBIRDS. WE HAD A SNAP TREE TOO THAT "SNAPPED" THESE WIERD LITTLE SNAPPER THINGS. AND A BUNCH OF LILAC BUSHES, AND THOSE "FLAG" PLANTS.

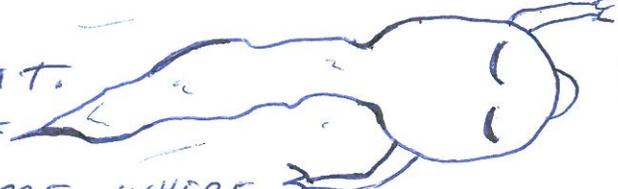
 I REALLY MISS MY GRANDMA. STILL. SHE DIED WHEN I WAS TWELVE OR SO. I REMEMBER SHE ALWAYS TELL US KIDS "BLESS HIS HEART" AND SHE ALWAYS SMELL OF LOTION AND HAVE SMOOTH HANDS FROM THE VASALINE LOTION SHE ALWAYS USED FOR HER HANDS. IT WAS ALMOND SCENTED, I THINK. SOMETIMES SHE WOULD PAY US A PENNY FOR EACH GRAY HAIR WE WAS ABLE TO PLUCK OUT OF HER HEAD. WE WOULD SIT BEHIND HER ON THE COUCH AND PLUCK WITH TWEEZERS. ONE. TWO. THREE. FOUR. SOMETIMES I PLUCKED BLACK ONES ACCIDENTALLY AND SHE'D SAY "OUCH."

I REMEMBER TIMES WHEN SHE'D COME HOME FROM CLEANING ROOMS AT THE MOTEL SHE'D GIVE ME STUFF THAT WAS LEFT IN THE ROOMS. LIKE GAMEBOY GAMES. AND MARBLES AND SUCH. ONE TIME SHE DROVE UP AS I WAS ATTEMPTING TO PEDDLE MY BIKE UP A SMALL HILL WE HAVE IN OUR DRIVEWAY. SHE BLESSED MY HEART AND TOLD ME SHE'D HAVE GRANDPA GET OUT THE TRACTOR AND SMOOTH OUT THE HILL FOR ME.

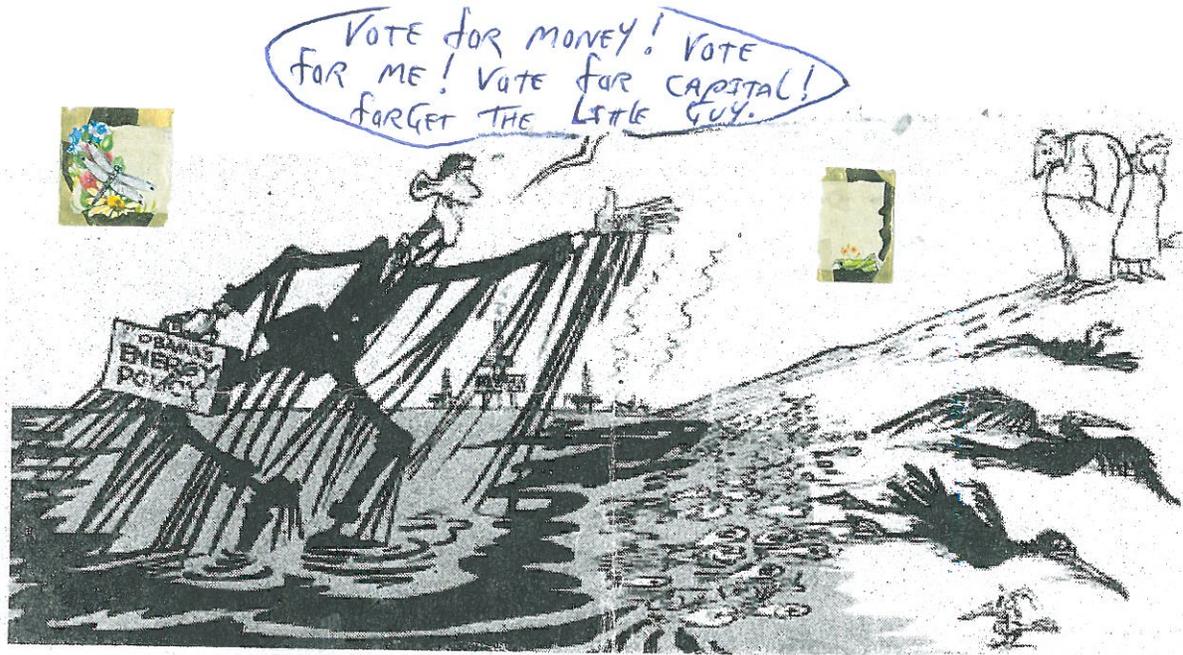


AT NIGHT WE COULD HEAR THE CRAES FROM ALL THE LITTLE POUNDS SURROUNDING US. COYOTES' CALLS SEEM SO LOUD OUT IN THE COUNTRY LIKE THAT. WE'D CATCH RALLYWOGS IN THESE POUNDS TOO. THEY WERE COOL LITTLE THINGS. SOMETIMES THEY'D BE JUST SPERM LOOKING THINGS WITH NO LEGS. AND OTHER TIMES THEY

XIII HAVE ONE LEG AND ONE FOOT.
I MISS JUST BEING A KID. BEFORE
THE CHASERS STARTED CHASING ME. WHERE
TO JUST SIT DOWN WITH A COLD COCA-COLA AND A
OLD FASHIONED DOUGHNUT WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE ME FEEL
GOOD. BASICALLY I'M STILL THAT LITTLE BOY. I STILL RELIVE
ALL THE GOOD TIMES SITTING HERE IN MY CELL. MY DAD
ONCE TOLD ME MEMORIES ARE THE ONE THING NO ONE
CAN TAKE FROM YOU. SO, AS I WASH OUT MY DIRTY
TOILET, SOMETIMES I CAN SMELL THE POLLYWOG POND.
AS I CURL AND SHRUG MY MATTRESS I PICTURE MYSELF
HAULING HAY WITH MY GRANDPA. AND AS I MEET NEW
PEOPLE, THE JOKES AND LOVE WE SHARE, ALWAYS REMIND
ME OF THE GOOD TIMES WITH GRANDMA. DEEP DOWN I
KNOW SHE'S STILL AROUND. BLESSING HEARTS. AND SAYING
'OUCH' WHEN SOMEONE PULLS THE WRONG HAIR. WATCHING
THE HUMMINGBIRDS AND ROBINS EAT THE RASBERRY BUSH
AS US KIDS TUMBLE AROUND IN THE LILAC BUSHES
DREAMING OF GROWING UP. I ALWAYS USED TO WONDER
WHAT SHE WAS THINKING AS SHE WATCHED US. IF I HAD
TO GUESS. I'D GUESS IT WAS THE OPPOSITE. SHE PROBABLY
WANTED TO BE A KID AGAIN. BE ABLE TO CRAWL UNDER
THE BRANCHES OF THE LILAC BUSHES WITH US. TO BE ABLE
TO LAUGH AGAIN WITHOUT... WITHOUT WORRYING. ARE THE
DISHES DONE? THE COWS FED? WHEN'S THE WAR GOING
TO STOP? HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FIX THE HOLE IN
THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE? WHEN WILL WE WAKE UP? WHY
DOESN'T ANYBODY WANT TO WAKE UP? AND WHY WON'T THEY
LET US WAKE UP? IS MONEY THAT IMPORTANT? IS A
FLAG THAT MUCH OF A BIG DEAL? OR SKIN COLOR?
WHAT ABOUT THE FUTURE? WHAT
ABOUT OUR KIDS? OUR SPECIES?
OUR PLANET? BLESS EVERYONE'S HEART.



XIV



I WROTE THIS ONE FOR MY GRAMA. ITS SELF EXPLANATORY.

* LOOK AWAY *

THE NIGHT BEFORE MY GRANDMOTHER PASSED I SAW AN ANGEL
FLY BY

SHE SOUNDED LIKE A BASS DRUM, WHITE AS AN ERASER TO
THE SKY

NO ONE KNOWS WHAT TO SAY TO THIS MUST SNICKER OR
BLAME A DREAM

YET EVER SINCE IT HAS STAYED WITH ME, THAT
FEELING, HERES WHAT I MEAN

TEARS SPRUNG FROM MY EYES THOUGH IT WASNT A SAD
TYPE CRY MORE LIKE EMOTION TORN FORTH MY ONLY
RECENT COMPARISON IS THE STING OF THE NEEDLE
AND THE RUSH OF THE SYRUM

GOD WHATS WRONG WITH THIS ONE SHOULNT EVEN THINK LIKE THAT
BUT ITS THE TRUTH, YES, I DIED IN THAT ANGELS PRESENCE

THE SAME AS I DIE EACH TIME

I FILL THIS DIRTY SYRANGE AND EMPTY IT INTO MY
VEINS LINE

THE TASTE OF PSYCHOSIS PARANOIA OR DEEP
MORTAL NEUROSIS CARRYS ME OFF TO SLEEP
DEAREST GRANDMOTHER IM ASHAMED

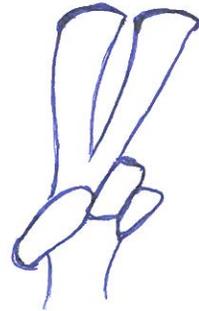
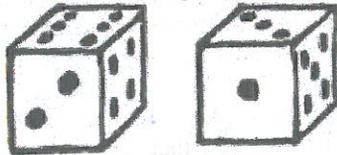
XV TO THINK OF YOU AND THEN YOUR NAME
I REMEMBER AS GRANDPA KISSED YOU AS YOU LAY OUT IN
VIEWING

I PRAY YOU CANT LOOK DOWN FROM HEAVEN AND WITNESS
WHAT I'M DOING

THAT DAMN CANCER TOOK YOU QUICK ONE DAY HERE THE
NEXT GONE

THAT FUNERAL WHERE RACHAEL SANG GOD I LOVE THAT SANG
"IF YOU GET THERE BEFORE I DO DONT GIVE UP ON ME"
SHE SANG THE WORDS SO SWEET BETWEEN HER HITCHING COBS
YOUR HUSBANDS COMING SOON GRANDMA HIS CHORES SEEM
THROUGH ENOUGH

I JUST ASK YOU TWO SHIELD YOUR EYES AS I INJECT
THIS NASTY STUFF.



GUESS ITS ALL PRETTY SAD. BUT THATS THE POINT.
WRITE THE STUFF DOWN. LET IT OUT. ITS A SAD
PLACE TOO. AND ALL I HAVE TO DECORATE IS MOSTLY
STAMPS AND OLD CUTOUTS IVE SAVED THESE FIVE
YEARS. * MY PEN IS RUNNING OUT. SO ILL STOP
HERE SHORTLY. NO CHOICE. IT COULD TAKE ME A WEEK
OR SO TO GET A NEW PEN. SERIOUS ATTITUDE
PROBLEM THESE CHAPTERS HAVE AROUND HERE *

I WANT EVERYONE TO IMAGINE AS I SIGN
OFF. AND SEARCH FAR AND BEG FOR A PEN. IMAGINE
BEING SOLITARY FIVE YEARS. NO T.V. OR RADIO. IVE
NOT HAD A VISIT OR PHONE CALL THIS WHOLE TIME.
NO MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS OR BOOKS. DEAD SILENCE.
JUST MY MEMORIES. AND YOU TO WRITE TO. GOODNIGHT WORLD.
* MORE SOON *