

Post, Winter 2012-2013 -

Here it is October, giant pumpkins and changing leaves. Many memories of small town trick or treats, and the best Halloween party ever, set to the soundtrack of "Perry Mason", Slow moving Zombies and Aliens, Philadelphia, Under the Redin, The gates of hell and The thinker. Learning to Chant, during a snow blizzard on the Avenue of the Americas, just to remember what my name was, to much trippin, I asked "Can you tell me where I am"? My long haired, goat te'd face of Che staring back at me from the Windows, Halloween party with Mary's friends. Love October, November and December. Sipping tea, hot chocolate in my Benetton ~~mag~~, Birkenstock socks →

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the ocean crashing 200 ft below,
the bluffs, the apartment on "I"
street in Encinitas CA. Where
Carole gave me that small beautiful
indian tea pot for Christmas,
Karen, gave me a quality of life,
I would never have again. I
miss "Snoopy" like it was just yest-
erday.

Early California days, I didn't
know "homelessness" "I had never
met a family of addicts, I knew
Great Artists, painters, poets,
musicians, that was why I
for the art of it!! To me every-
thing was historic theatre, still
is. Will always be. Today is just
musing, One day I will get to the
heart, Jody, Ralph, Louie, Cadillac Jean,
Papa Harold, Willie Grey, Kenny,
Wawa, David & Jim, Jim B, and
Mike, Grunion & Laurie, so many
folks, Linda, Christopher Haze, down &
down I go, to the ground I go, sleeping
in a Satin Comforter for 4 Mths in the
rocks at Moonlight Beach - "Goodnight
you Moonlight Ladies," "Let's swim →

to the moon on our 'Moonlight Drive'. I can't forget, Fay, and Jarry, Jennie & George.

We and the best sister a man ever could have, Rosie, I Turkeys and feeding all the street people on Thanksgiving.

We all sang "Way down below the Ocean where I wanna be, she may be. I miss my sister so much, sometimes even when she was there. But that was later, when the pain, ran out of her eyes, every single day.

I was heartless at times, how could I be? My hope, laughter & dreams, stretched far beyond our lives, but the sorrow man found me too, as the sun set that day, I was there on my "Rock" where I sat for days, & days, My last L.S.D. experience ended in a deep sobbing sorrow, that the passing of youth seemed to mark, there on my rock at the beach, I could not get above the sorrow. I never have. One time, the teacher told me "Kon →

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see you from a block away.

Your shine, your shine is
distinctive, you emit light.

Michael, write to me, im
trying to get you, my address.

Rosie, i miss, i am sorry,
you are in my prayers and always
"Blue eyes crying in the rain" i love
you, i hope you can forgive me.

Town, Troy -

Anyone else, My name is

Randy Chaplin, I'm a dreamer,
an artist, a poet, My nickname is
"Dead Randy" because that's all
i have coming to me. I deserve
so little. I live in "Deadland" in
prison, Zombies, ghosts & dead people,
surround me. I love Patti Smith,
D. Bowie, Anything english, I Rocked
on the North side, on the West side and the
East side, I hid out on the South side,
The golden flakes, reflect the sun, I
smash and prance into the ocean. I
Used to run, and run and run.
I'm right here. Then im gone. RIA