

Please "Drifting on a Sea of Forgotten Teardrops,"
Post, together I. J. H. K. L. IX

"Christmas" December 13
2012

Continued.....

Dear ones, last evening
I watched the Concert, 12/12/12,
in Madison Square Garden.

When Roger and Pete died ^{"The Who"}
the last song, "a cup of tea,"
I finally broke, I cried and
cried. My lung cancer has
returned, I have 4 to 6 Mths
to live, give or take a song or
a drawing. So now, as
before, I will tell you, Randy
will soon rest, the price I have
paid in lost freedom, lost
family, lost love and over-
whelming sorrow and pain.
My careless, selfishness.

Someone had to be this
person. Someone had to have
every opportunity "Nessun dorma,"
and yet fail at everyone
of the endeavors taken.

I have been the wild

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haired young man. I have
been the singer of ages.
"Wild is the Wind!"

Silently and out of reach,
I stroll to the end of all of
my hopes, all of the dreams
of a skinny little Indiana
boy.

The night of John Lennon's
death, I was the sole pro-
prieter and bartender of a
small bar in Encinitas C.A.

I spent the whole night
on a 3 Mirrored stage and
played my acoustic guitar.

No one was there but Yoko,
and I cried and cried and
sang my heart out for the
icon of my youth, so carelessly
slaughtered, we marched for peace,
bell bottom blues and all Mr.
Lennon meant to me. Somehow
I knew I had run to the
beach of San Diego, not to
succeed but to pretend.

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I wanted to go where my mind could not find me!

To leave the poets, writers, artists, dictators, monsters of Capital and Motivation.

We have brilliant & amazing technology, but no more brilliant or amazing than the wide eyed wonder of the boy from free cloud. I was so angry. I could not connect, I come from a history of appalling dysfunction, and yet the story is there. Roman Jones in West Philadelphia and Gary Schmitt. John Runkel in California, Gregg Morten in CA.

So much documentation, songs and dreams. Everywhere I went I made music and sorrow.

Women; Tierney, Penny, Theresa, Kay, Janet, Marti, Maria "Mars" Barbara, Ruthie, Rene, Karen, Katya, Valerie, Ziggy, Devin, Linda, and all of the →

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Beautiful Women, I can't remember all their names, and yet it's those memories and those experiences which kept me, lifted me above my own madness. I have decided that this blog will "Not" have sexual stories.

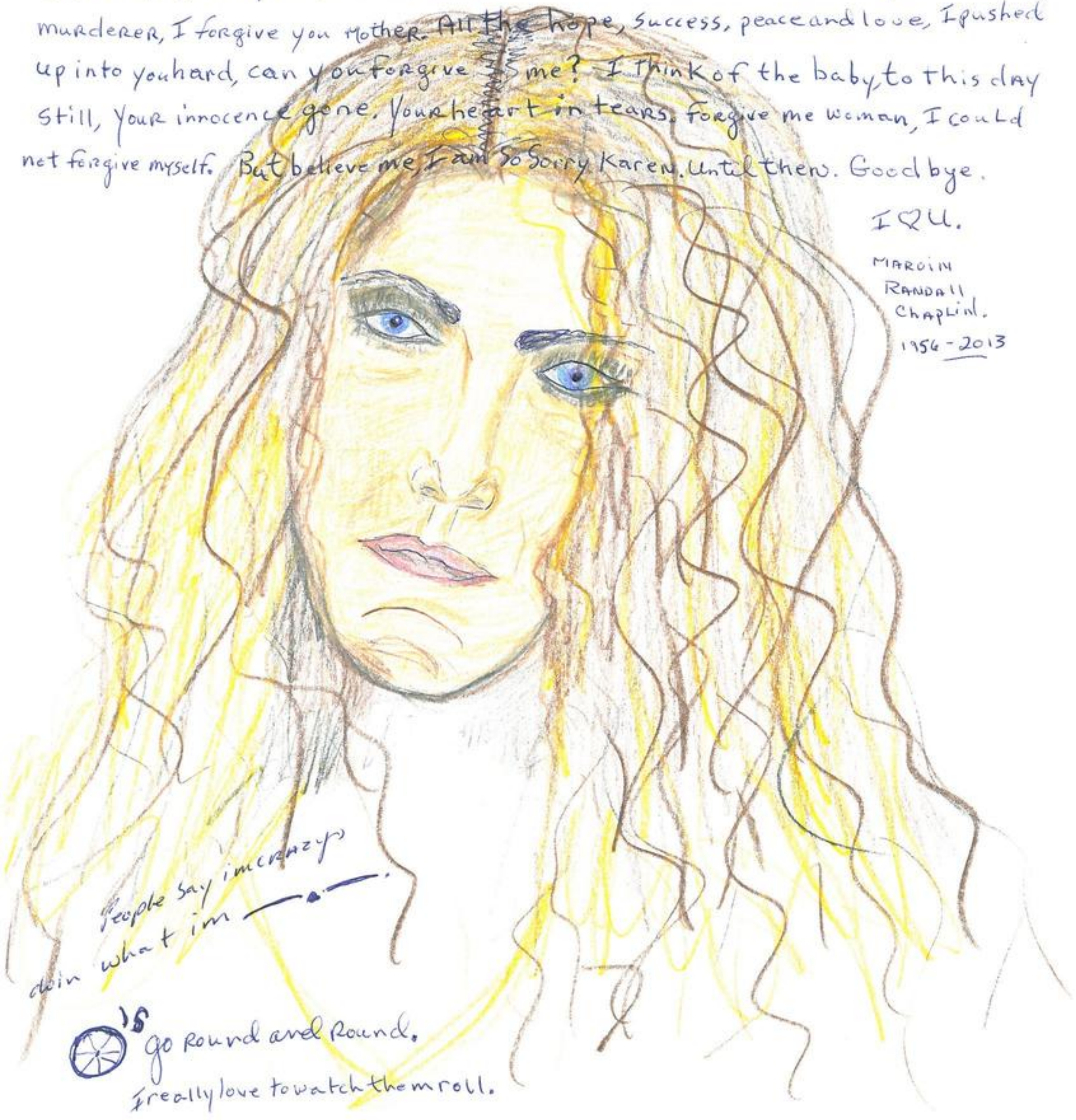
No, because the girls and women who loved me and gave comfort to me. Sunshine the beautiful blonde girl who kept me for a month at her beach house in Florida. I had been severely beaten. She saw me in a phone booth a scared, angry, purpled, bruised 16 year old boy, and she stopped her car and took me to her home and loved me and loved me. So many of these true stories and yes, there were men too. The women however healed me, scared and bound my wounded heart and gave me strength to go on.

This girl Sunshine in St Petersburg Fla in 1972. I was "On the Road" w/ Nietzsche and Rilke, and Proust.

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you are my life, you are my death, you are not here, but you are never gone.
As you said, we were them, they were us. I won't say their names or the
baby's name. If I keep it in our hearts, maybe we will get another
chance? All the years of this life, I could never love another. You were the
murderer, I forgive you mother. All the hope, success, peace and love, I pushed
up into you hard, can you forgive me? I think of the baby, to this day
still, your innocence gone, your heart in tears. Forgive me woman, I could
not forgive myself. But believe me, I am so sorry Karen. Until then. Goodbye.

I ♡ U.
MARCIN
RANDALL
CHAPLIN.
1956-2013



People say I'm crazy
what I'm

Wheels go round and round,
I really love to watch them roll.