

03.26.2013

PERCOLATE

WHAT IF I TOLD YOU THAT I'VE LOST... THAT THE ONLY THING TO HOLD ON TO... THAT I MUST INVENT... REASONS?

HOW BADLY I WANT TO MAKE ANOTHER PERSON THE REASON FOR ONCE.

ITS WEAKNESS, MAYBE. OR ITS GENETICALLY ME JUST NEEDING TO BUILD A FAMILY, ETC. — AFTER ALL THIS I'VE DONE AND SAID... I JUST WANT TO SILENTLY NOT DO. AS I DO...

IM NEVER GOING TO OVERCOME MY CRAZINESS. I ONLY FEEL "O.K." CRAZY. AND FEELING O.K., TO ME, IS NUMBER 1 I.M.P.O.R.T.A.N.T.

BUT I FEEL MOST O.K. WHEN IM SURROUNDED BY NOT O.K.: IT MAKES MY PERSONAL O.K. O.K.ER.

FUCKING POLITICS! FUCKING PAROLE! WHY!!! ANY OF IT!? — ITS NOT DEGREE OR DEPRESSION. ITS A QUESTION: ALL OF THIS: WHY!?!?

TO FEEL THE PULSE OF HUMANITY IS TO BE AFRAID; TO BE AWARE OF FRIGHT, RAGE, CRUELTY, GRIEF, — CON-FUCKING-FUSTON!

PICK A HORSE AND STICK WITH IT. BUT WHAT IF YOU WANT ANOTHER... WHAT IF YOU'D RATHER JUST WANDER AROUND UNDER THE STADIUM PICKING UP ODDS AND ENDS THAT FALL THROUGH THE BLEACHERS. AS THE WORLD STOMPS AND BOOS AND SCREAMS. YOU JUST SHAKE YOUR HEAD. — A PENNY!

I WANT A SPRING THAT RUNS YEAR ROUND AND A CAVE TO LIVE IN NEAR IT. I WANT TO SPEND MY DAYS HUNTING, COOKING, BUILDING, MAKING SHOES, TOOLS, ETC.

I DONT WANT TO SPEAK; TO WRITE. MANY YEARS AGO I CHOSE PRISON AS MY CAVE. THE WATER RUNS. FOOD APPEARS. IM DEAD SILENT.

THE HELL IF IM GOING TO PUT FORTH EFFORT AT CLIMBING OUT THE MOUNTAINS TO WORK FOR SOMEONE, DOING INANE SHIT, SO I CAN PAY SOMEONE ELSE.

OVER AND OVER AND OVER. TILL. I. DIE. NOTHING HAS CHANGED ME. NOTHING WILL CHANGE ME.

MY GOAL IS DEATH ROW IN THIS VERY BUILDING SO I CAN GET A T.V. AND A RADIO. THERE FONT NO ALTERNATIVE — IF ONLY I COULD SKIP THE WORST STEP...