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3rd ONE from the end.

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3 pages.

Randy Chaplin — January 20, 2013

The thing is you see, i can't remember. I went into the hospital for 4 days, Tuesday before last, I had a surgical procedure where i was put under anasthesiolo-stuff and my left lung was drained of fluid, it's the 2nd time i have done this, only this time the Dr. filled the space up with some globulene they call "Talc" and apparently that will keep me from filling up for a while. So im working the soreness of having a tube coming out of my left side for 3 days.

The Oncologist says "it will not cure your lung Cancer but it will give you a modicum of comfort for a while.

It is 6:00 A.M. I woke up early. I drift back to "Moonlight Beach" in Encinitas CA, im sitting down by the fire ring and i look up and see "Vinnie", St. Vincent de Paul de Mino"?

over →

as he begins to play "Oh when the saints go marchin in," Comin down that big ole winding path, blowin that saxophone. Our dear kind "Vinnie", he found Ruth "George" yep, she called herself "George". They've long since survived an "horrific", personal tradgedie and set to raising their daughter. I miss you "Vinnie".

So here we are 2013, amazing! My Step dad gone, my darling Mother gone, my 2 half brothers, although whole to me, both gone. My big brother Phillip gone. I sit in this cell, November 7, the Oncologist told me, "4 to 6 Months, hard to say w/ Cancer, maybe 10 months". So, here i am with a whole new perspective on my life. I think of David Haulett at least 3/4 times a week. I know some people must continue to Vicliffy

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me. Crazy Louie said, i want my 100 bucks; i could wring your neck like a chicken. Those words burned me each utterance a knife wound; so painful, the shame gripped me, threw me into the bottomless well.

Louie was not the only one, oh "no", Tom & Ed, oh yes, I had opened my heart up to them, and Tom refused to hear my side, so convinced was he, that i was the wrong doer, he was a drug dealer, this apartment, that one, he was going down anyway, I was a drug addict he was a drug dealer— ashes, ashes, all fall down. I miss you two. I hated what i had become in Escondido. The drunken piano playwright. The petty sweeping and mopping 7 days a week, you should consider yourself "lucky".

I did, I was, so lucky. I slept on the cold concrete, heroin addled bank robber you. I gave Louie 6 →

6 - 100 dollar bills. I don't owe you anything. I am paid in full. I know the monster you are, Psychedelic Mystic, Dear Ron, he told the police I was sleeping on Louie's floor. The police told him I was armed and dangerous. I was armed w/ a disposable camera and a broken heart, and the knowledge that the only thing to fear is fear itself. a truth so ennobling, that nothing could hurt me anymore. When the ones you hold up to the light as knowing whats right as being the righteous in this life. So proud to call them your friend, only to discover, they ever always thought the worst of you. Yep! If it was stolen, you must of taken it. The syringe in the bathroom trash basket that had to be mine, of course it was Randys, it had to be Randys, it wasn't. it was not! MINE.

I would go out of the house usually out my 2nd floor bedroom window, step down on the fuel oil tank, and jump down to the ground, I would pull the big fur hood of my giant air force coat up over my head and go up to the one spotlight in our little Indiana town, maybe 6 or 700 people. Snow as big as butterfly wings flurry and flurry. There is a horse trough up at the Crossroads I would sit there to deep in the early morning 3:00, 4:00 o'clock and dream and sing, and dream, and i can still feel the pull of those hopes, that passion, I wanted to be a writer, an actor, I wanted to sing in musicals and walk out through the October and kick the piles of leaves, smell the burning fireplaces, let the tears flow knowing I already was all of humanity, and the cold and the tired, finally claimed me, calmed me and I sat down on the one porch step tellin me, this is not your house, until mom whispered out the front door Randy aint you cold? You better go on up to sleep as i slipped past my →

beautiful Mother whose only breath was to prove she cared for her family whose days and evening dinners, I can now call "Classic American Fare".

Pull the blankets up over my naked self, window 1/3 of the way open hear the fan blow away all the other sounds, him complainin, Coffee Cup and green sparkly tin ashe tray, calling for him already, plain white glass Coffee Cup, every single morning of my school days, sittin there where my daddy had already gone to lift us up and hold us up the whole house everything out and inside of it, they held it up together, my Mommy and Daddy, my wildly normal Childhood. I miss my brethers and sisters I miss my room, my bed, I love my memories.

M. R. Chaplin
04/10/2012

"For my step dad,
the man in my life."

MARVin
Randall
Chaplin
5/9/56