

GOING THROUGH MY PAPERWORK TODAY I RAN ACROSS A SONG.
A SONG BY THE WALLFLOWERS (ONE HEADLIGHT) COPIED BY HAND BY
A FEMALE. I'D FORGOTTEN SHE SENT IT. I'D FORGOTTEN, JUST FOR A
TIME, ALL SHE HAS SENT THESE PAST YEARS.

TWELVE PAGE HANDWRITTEN LETTERS TWICE A WEEK, PICTURES,
POEMS, HEROSCOPES, LOVE, LOVE, LOVE BOMBARDED ON ME. FOR WHAT?

WHY ME?

MY LIFE WAS AT AN END. IT OCCURRED. IT GIVEN UP.

AND NOW I GET OUT IN TWENTY DAYS.

I'LL BE ABLE TO BLOG BY MYSELF, HUG PEOPLE, CLIMB HILLS.

BUT I DON'T KNOW... I'M A BIT SICK. SOMETHING MAY BE

WRONG WITH MY GUTS, NOT SICK IN THE HEAD, BUT THERE IS
THAT, TOO. I'M SICK, I'M "HUMAN" ILL, AS ANOTHER DEAR
FEMALE FRIEND SAID. BUT MY MIND IS STILL FOCUSED ON...

SEE, I SAY TO MYSELF: "NOW I CAN DIE FREE. BECAUSE
DEATH IS COMING. SOMETHING'S BUOYED INSIDE ME..."

LIVE AND LET LIVE. LIVE AND LET DIE.

I THINK I JUST FEEL THE HUMAN CONDITION VERY
INTENSELY. THE NEED TO TALK. THE NEED TO SWEAT. THE NEED
TO LAUGH AND DRINK WATER.

WHEN I GET HERE LIKE THIS NOT KNOWING WHAT TO
SAY. BUT KNOWING SOMETHING NEEDS TO BE SAID TO FIGURE
OUT WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE ME...

I DON'T WANT TO DIE. BUT LIFE IS TRAGIC. SOME
COULD SAY TRAGEDY HAS TARGETED ME THIS FAR. BUT I SEEM
TO FEEL I'VE BEEN PROTECTED FROM IT. HERE. IN PRISON.

IF I DIE IN A CAR WRECK ON THE WAY HOME OR
ACCIDENTALLY DROWN IN A CLEAR MOUNTAIN LAKE BECAUSE OF
A LEG CRAMP. IT DON'T GOING TO MATTER.

IF I LIVE TO BE NINETY-SEVEN, RAISE HUNDREDS
OF OFFSPRING, HUMANIZE COMMUNISM, SEE WORLD PEACE AND
ONE WORLD MEETING PEOPLE FROM ANOTHER WORLD. IF I DO
ALL THAT. IT DON'T GOING TO MATTER, EITHER. IT WONT.

OUR EARTH COULD EXPLODE RIGHT NOW. DON'T MATTER.

I HAVE TEAR DUCTS AND SEMINAL DUCTS. I HAVE
ARMS, LEGS AND A BRAIN. I'M GOING TO USE THEM.

I'M GOING TO WITNESS THIS AMAZING EPOCH IN MY
SPECIES HISTORY WITH HUGE EYES AND TREMBLING HANDS.

I'M GOING TO LIVE UNTIL I DIE AS A FREE MAN.
WITH STARS THAT SHINE JUST FOR ME, FLOWERS THAT SMELL JUST
FOR THESE NOSTRILS, RAIN THAT FALLS FOR MY LEGS.

ONE IN SEVEN BILLION. THAT IS ME. HE IS I.

AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS. THAT KNOWLEDGE.

I'M NOT AN AMERIKKAN. I'M AN EARTHLING.
WE CAN DRIVE IT HOME WITH ONE HEADLIGHT OR LIVE
HAPPY IN A WHEELCHAIR, BLIND, DEAF, SICK, STARVING AND STILL SMILE.