

CEE

SCARS  
PUBLICATIONS

*The Five Stages  
of Macbeth*

**To Crystal Pepsi and its much “cleaner” taste  
(nobody knows what’s best for them;  
that, is the cross of Earth)**

“There is nothing to understand...only this: I am a man, who could have been great...but, was not.”

—James Cromwell as William Randolph Hearst, *RKO 281* (2000; HBO)

# *“We will proceed no further in this matter”*

I’ve heard it called, “self-selection bias”. On *South Park*, it was referred to, as a “cloud of smug”. I think Germany really did win; Speer and the intellectuals, anyway. Everyone Western struts today, SS. In no greater sense, than You Know You have the answers. And you do, yes. I’ve told you so. But as with online poker, or Words With Alec Baldwin, if you don’t want to jeopardize your pedestal, choose your mental fencing opponents, with care. As well as your thirst for the match. Use the adeptness you possessed as a child, playing Milton Bradley’s OPERATION: *It takes a steady hand...!*

Can you hold the entire Internet, the totality of Man, in your head? No, of course not. Can you google up, at the drop of a hat, exactly what you need, to win a point? Uh, yeah. Ahuh. A few of you are already degenerating toward dishonesty, in your answer. I daresay you think well of yourself; most do, today. Think well. Of themselves. Which, I encourage. But, nonfriend, if you’re truly, *truly* certain you “know” for the rest of us or for Me, if the Ultimate Construct is yours through experience, education, being exposed and “so-and-so’s brother knows a guy...”, if you search your soul, your professors have scourged you, you’ve read every last rewrite and there is no deformity...then, that takes you off the floor of Life’s Congress, and sets your feet upon a mount. A place of contemplation. Meditation. Selfabsorption. Apartness. Your shit don’t stink, as you acknowledge its chemistry.

Howevah...if you *do* “know”, so well you must fight, Errol Flynn, with every trick your every paid respect bought you...then, you need to shut up. And, not fight. Otherwise, you’re a fraud. Or, just a jerk. I’m a jerk. That’s how I know.

Holding, knowing, realizing Truth for real, is kingship. Lordship. Crowned as he or she who won a war. Being merely a claimant, a puffer of chest, a strutter or swaggerer, biting out *bon mots* which begin with “You obviously...” or “I can see that you...”, like you’re in a spitting contest...yet, somehow, evil twin, denying this exhibited, expulsive behavior, denying lust of aspiration or greedy selfmotivation or any identifiably dark thing...that’s wannabe. It’s weak. It’s sycophantic. And, I’m no fan of The Bard, but, he anticipated us. Here, you’ve got your Truth, sure you do, but it’s a truth that shows a face and a truth that takes away. It’s a truth of thievery and a truth of trickery. It is red eyes of murder, for you know you’re right, don’t you? You KNOW. That dirty-faced school kid kinda “knowing”, somewhere down deep, Tom Cruise, in places you don’t talk about at parties. You KNOW you’re better!...but, you know saying that straight, will go over like lead falsies, and it’s got you like Montezuma’s Revenge. So, you’re ice, you’re slick, you’re on camera in Vegas with kings in the pocket, and you don’t know if that’ll quite be enough. If it isn’t, every breath since birth has been a lie. You were TOLD—weren’t you? That you were “special”? Someone’s ass, prophesied! Very possibly your own. So, it’s a CCG of social logic; *you’ve got to make The Other crack*. And, take what is yours. Take your Self. A portended Self. A crown, through being right and reasonable and contemptible as shit.

You are Other-programmed, by acceptance, not by choice. You are Reason glazed in smarminess. You crave conflict, the slap-fight of interp. Robed royal for kindergarten. Hit the bad kid! Kill him! Invalidate him! There’s only One You!

That, uhh...that’s a couch issue, nonkinsman. Your fearful “truth”, is a Macbeth.

Hot potato, orchestra stalls, Puck will make amends.

**CEE camping at the Podkamennaya Tunguska River,  
Russia, June 17<sup>th</sup>, 1908 (O.S.)**

## *I Can't See Ya*

Been there, tried that  
Went through the Rogerian therapy

I've given up on that one  
'Seeing you', you know  
It would seem,  
This found through experience,  
That to 'see' someone, *Our Town*  
Really look at them and 'see'  
And to hear them,  
Is processing their *Carte Blanche* card  
For their right to be a  
Son of a bitch

*You've Got a Hand  
In Front of Your Face*

And, I guess I don't have to tell you  
It's your own  
It's your own version  
Of the boot Orwell said  
Would always be there  
Smashing that face  
Yours, I guess  
I guess I don't have to tell you  
You're not listening, anyway  
Just locking and loading

## ANTICLIMAX [EPICENTER]

# *Pearl Harbor Was a Conspiracy*

Oh, really?  
Well, *gooooooood!*  
You feel *better?*

‘Zat s’posed to be a warning?  
To a country of citizens who  
Postulated to, the notion of  
Leaders who lie,  
Would give you a 98%  
“No shit!”  
Then, vote against whomever they hated, anyway

Okay, great  
Pearl Harbor was a conspiracy  
And the New Deal was National Socialism  
And my Mom’s people were sharecroppers  
And I bought my home outright  
No mortgage  
Ever  
From Day One

What was your point, again?



# *Look, Daddy, a Negro!*

Shameful Secret Time:

It's the summer of the Watts riots  
Mom takes me for a new pair of shoes  
The young shoe clerk is a black man  
And, I had Never seen anyone Not Like Me  
And Mom was a little naïve  
And forgot little things like that,  
Like telling your kid  
The things you hadn't thought about  
Since the days of Amos and Andy (on radio!),  
The young clerk is getting me fitted  
And Mom sees me studying his face  
And it hits her, and she tries to think of something  
But freezes, goes up on the mic,  
And I, not yet 4, ask an innocent question  
Which I won't write down,  
As I only really got to like "Me"  
After I grew to be an asshole,  
The young man quietly answers in the affirmative  
And Mom, writhing, makes broken small talk  
About his job,  
And she bought the shoes  
And she took me home  
And I learned something, that day  
Like Stan and Kyle,  
I grew up, however, to be Cartman  
I fucking-hate race  
The *Human* Race, read my lips, Joe Louis  
The Human Race

## *Ocean World*

Name, I know you're basically  
A good boy  
But in every human, there exists  
That lit-tle, tee-nie bit  
Of  
HATRED  
And my kindliness  
And gentility  
And slight, ironic courtliness  
Is not weakness  
That's a *non sequitur*, that is  
That invites insurrection  
And I won't have it, make no mistake;  
I hung you by your heels, for a reason  
I will not suffer for it,  
When you're weeping on Oprah, in 20-some years  
I will be at peace,  
As Christ Himself and I  
Carve the roast beast

# *Can Anybody Interpret That?*

There's a passage in the Bible

A very beautiful passage

And it says,

**[CENSORED BY**

**THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES**

**PURSUANT TO ARBITRATION]**

Can anybody interpret that?

Stands now Child Man Manchild

Non-hunk with a hunk of opinion,

“Well, God and Jesus and this and that and

bluhbluhbluh...”

*YEEEEESSS!!*

What's your name, son?

I'll leave a note for The Creator and tell Him of your

Good Conduct

Or, whatever

*Security Often Triumphs  
Over Preference  
(Lost First Love)*

But, suppose  
I had had already  
The monies I have now  
Suppose every dollar and the power  
Not anything else  
No sheepskin, no prospects, no future  
No *Sieg*, Normalcy!, no golden goodie two-shoes  
Not what anyone else in the goddammed world or  
Church  
Which is another world  
Like “Another World” was a soap opera

Not what “They” said as  
“We Have Decided For You” as “proper”,  
Only the lordship of money,  
Do I see anything  
In a Nostradamus coffee cup of deep, tenebrous black  
But you, at my chest  
With blue eyes of hard, murderous black  
And lizard-lick tongue of rebellion  
Wha-evah!  
We’ll do wha’ we waunt!  
We’ll Claude Rains-it, evil sprites,  
Burn, blaze like torches, denying ourselves Nothing...  
...so...to clarify,  
Enough scratch, right there, right then  
First National Accessible  
You would drink, vampiress, of poison, gladly  
Hand me, too, its crimson chalice  
We are as gods, wet lips would advise  
We are newborn young, the fire of hormones  
With money

# *Theory From the Infirmary*

Marilyn Monroe, smoking, in a glossy  
Grace Jones, the same, in power of color  
Sexy?  
Well  
Senior year, class at Congressional gridlock as  
Genderdivided,  
Debate ensued,  
*“Are women more able to withstand physical pain?”*  
Under blinding smile of Jimmy,  
Voices were raised  
Theretofore unraised  
I managed to be as dismissive  
As any other in the XY foxhole  
I compartmentalized  
This  
Was an aberration

Now, 21<sup>st</sup>, sun setting, it’s  
Marilyn Monroe, smoking, in the glossy  
Grace Jones, the same, in color of power  
More able, yes, more able, of course,  
For Terminators are robots  
And robots usually don’t feel

# *How to write a research paper*

Boot up your mac or your p.iece of c.rap  
Hit Airport  
And, you'd better know how to smartquote  
Then, pray  
That teach' ain't read the same thing, already,  
So, I'd alternate stolen paragraphs and sentences  
If I were you  
It's much like sewing, really  
Or, just think about Victor Frankenstein's work  
Prior to his  
Hitting the switch

It was harder for me, back when  
Back then, at the time of Christ  
So hard, I waited, until 2007  
Then started sharing in writing, mine own opinions  
Instead of those faulty, of Others

# *“Who-Hoo-Hoo’s There?”*

A good child of earnest face  
With heart both warm and humble  
Eager ear and jolly presence  
The Right Hand of Fellowship, personified,  
Even in that world of Old  
Such a non-fragmented, whole persona  
Was made lovable arse and  
Dart team goalie,  
Then—  
By most peculiar source—  
Threat;  
The good child of good humor,  
Face white  
Heart drained by Shamu  
Hangs upside down by his heels, at  
Ocean World, this morning,  
Why such light, such friendly ebullience  
Hurt anOther, inside, will not be learned,  
And by the time the country changes enough  
To care enough  
To find the perp responsible,  
The perp will be with Christ  
Carving roast beast



## THE INDOSTAN SEVEN

*Truth's Macbeth is very  
much like a Wall*

One not of Berlin, nor of Kurt Russell scifi,  
But a wall of Jericho or Troy  
It keeps out  
It is NOT inclusive  
It is a crystal case of  
Scepter, crown, orb  
And The Dude's "Ralph's" card,  
It is one-of-a-kind goodies  
So, it keeps That Which Is Not It  
Out  
It doesn't want you  
Your hands are dirty

*Truth's Macbeth is very  
much like Snake Stabler*

It is slow in its deliberateness, to the point  
It barely moves at all  
Wobbles only  
Muscl'd Weeble  
One can't depend on it, in an active sense  
But, should you trap it, catch it  
Get ahold of it, tackle it and fully  
Bring it down,  
Don't let it release what it holds,  
For Truth, out of the grasp of what You, personally  
Are fighting,  
Will find the right Other hands  
Without flaw,  
And as Drago, Soviet robot, said, robot,  
*"You will lose."*

*Truth's Macbeth is very  
much like Britney Spears*

It is!  
Turned one way or turned t'other,  
Iggor-rent cowshit queen  
Enforcer Giger-droid stalking Tina Fey,  
Either way  
It turns you Paleolithic, if you don't like it  
Or if you like it  
Or if you lie the neither  
Behind your  
"I'm sooo beyond you", half-head sneer,  
You Hate That Which You Are Not  
(‘Are’, in the broadest possible sense)  
Behind your “my world cuts paper and covers rock”,  
Truth which is Not You  
Was wrong, to enter your camp  
You’re turning Paleolithic  
Turning Paleolithic  
I really think so

*Truth's Macbeth is very  
much like a Tree*

That would be Loki's  
Yssabrbrklhcvkjfdslacshdwehjhdfrkg Tree  
Or Jack's beanstalk  
Or Half-Pint climbing a mountain  
Because she took the Rev. literally,  
Truth is The Way  
To get closer to God  
Run to Him  
Or get the Hell away from him  
An escape, upward, beyond Others  
With every last ounce of why  
Madonna needed to be Madonna so goddammed badly,  
You seek elevation  
You seek escape through elevation  
You seek your own, 12-step construct of your very own  
Bully god  
And maybe you need that  
If only just to kick Him in the nuts  
Like Madonna did/has/does/to be continued

Truth is Need  
Not fulfillment thereof

*Truth's Macbeth is very much  
like a Miami Dolphins Fan*

Whatever its merits or deficits, joys, tears  
Baggage, lawsuits, crap  
Corruption, bad choices, hope won or enjoyed or dashed  
Or the shittiest season under Shula,  
It  
Like a broken clock being right  
Twice a day  
Was once diamond, Syd, and without flaw  
And, Truth  
Like those who wield it  
Is juvenile as shit  
With its juvenile shit  
If it won point, three times, fencing vs. Gomez Addams  
Losing, googol to 3  
It's never going to let you forget it,  
It was a diamond, crazy doodie-head!  
It winked one time, in God's eye

*Truth's Macbeth is very  
much like a Rope*

For, rope, traditionally speakin'  
Is hemp  
And hemp is rope  
And dope is hemp  
And hemp is dope  
Hence, you're hanging onto  
Instability  
No matter how the fuck-good it feels

*Truth's Macbeth is very much  
like John Godfrey Saxe*

...but, only very recently,  
The Six Men of Indostan  
Never agree, nor agree to disagree  
They simply and merely disagree  
Yet, there is no harm perpetrated  
No blood is shed from  
Versus;  
...so, it's only recently  
Truth became almost wholly  
Like John Godfrey Saxe  
Or, well, like his object lesson,  
For if the Internet shed its lie,  
Showed itSelf as all dimension,  
You'd have more dead bodies from disagreement  
In one lunchtime  
Than fell in every war

## ANTICLIMAX [DISTANT TEMBLORS]

# *Something Flopping at the Box Office This Way Comes*

Springfield, MO summer sun  
Outside the Tower Theater  
Is gentle      There's a breeze  
Families buzz but are quiet  
Like when church is over and Sunday's ruined  
The movie made me sad, inside;  
The sadness  
Is my subsumed twin, my Konigsburg "(George)"  
What gives George voice, today, is the Disney,  
Evil not evil, but rather annoying  
Blackness not stygian, but "get on with it!"



Kid heroes boy-baby-doll, too a-squeak of  
I Like Ike  
For 1983  
A felt voice of a thinking process of another time  
Telling of an even-'nother time, but  
Re-adapted for Electric Avenue  
With no consequence, no pain, no horror  
A haunted house by your local Jaycees  
If your local Jaycees had Aaron Spelling-money  
A master'd had something to say, times past  
He said it,  
And the world turned around, again

I'm back at The Tower, Monday afternoon  
Seeing *48 Hrs.*, for the 14<sup>th</sup> time  
My George is still within me, always  
But howitzer roar of hand cannons  
Makes the sadness go away

*Why the rock group,  
“The Who”, is not  
grammatically correct*

As Ms. Ono can tell you,  
A rock group  
Much like the planet  
Is made up of individuals  
Each with legal access  
To firms and partnerships  
Made up of individuals  
And as Mr DeMille would have told you,  
Each seeks to do his own will,  
Which kinda means  
The only “Who” as entity  
Is an entity not a “who” at all  
Like a record company  
Which owns each individual member  
AND the group  
Like the Law, pointed to by you  
As a peasant to illuminated text  
And read back to you like a comedy sketch  
About speech interpreters fucking about

# *The Hall of Fame*

I'm sorry you aren't a fortunate son  
I am  
Or, I was  
When I was buying SHAPE magazine  
For pictorials of Heather Locklear  
Back when she was still legitimately  
Heather Locklear  
Not a mutation of Science Found a Way  
So we didn't have to look at a tappitytap skeleton  
From a 'toon of the "Danse Macabre"  
Puttin' on its Ritz like  
Whichever entity it was  
That tapped parts of The Selfish Giant's roof, away  
In *The Selfish Giant*,  
Look                      I realize I harp  
I've known and even free-drawn  
Beautiful old people  
I say, "beautiful", in that  
I'd stand shield, between them and  
My man with the rag on his head, but  
If you have *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*?  
Right?  
Right after the asshole-dude "chooses poorly"?  
Freeze it  
Then, go frame by frame  
As slow as you can stand

I'm sorry you aren't a fortunate son  
It works out no one is  
But for a relative blip of time to hate  
A particular group of Presidents

# *There Be Buxom Wenches*

I am a pirate  
At least, for this poem  
It doesn't work, to really be a pirate  
There're too many restraining laws,  
Human intimacy is awkward, and  
Human power relationships  
Are for real  
And, that doesn't sit well in pit of my stomach  
And, it's then, too easy  
In some naked moment  
To be a pirate for real  
Which, doesn't work, because  
Restraining laws  
Third base!  
It's like when Michael Palin, in *Pole to Pole*  
Had learned enough Russian to ask for his own  
Train ticket,  
And the girl says something in return that's clearly  
A Q, and  
Palin, sheepish, turns to the viewer and says,  
"Oh, dear. I'm lost, the instant they speak back."  
Which, I'm pretty certain, is not just MY problem,  
But a pandemic,  
I don't want to really be a real pirate  
Because we live in a real world  
Of walls, Jack  
Of prisons

Don't speak back

I said, *Don't*.

*“Making” children learn  
(which assumes no Self will)*

Patticake, patticake

Baker Act

Make me a Disney animatronic

That quacks like a voter

Who’s been taught complete misinterpretations of  
Love

Respect

Compassion

Companionship

Male/Female,

Who puts everything in quotes

Because said robot-person himself

Is as relative as incest

And who really should be slapping his paws together

Replete with the throat-bellowhonk

Of a goddammed seal

And, make this creature as fast as you can, Baker Act

And, make them a dream

Make them the cutest, ‘cause

That’s all they’ll have left

# *Men Children Only*

Our Norwegian Forest cat  
Is a ball of fur  
“Puff Baby”  
She smiles and is loving  
Always part of the solution  
Wants harmony, brings it  
Is kind  
But, I tell her “NO”, all the time                      Angrily  
Sometimes, I scream;  
Our Egyptian Mau  
Has classic markings  
“Mr. Tiger”  
He likes everyone to be together  
Is gentle with the other two  
You’ve never seen a milder tom  
Shows loyalty, seeks approval  
But, I growl at him quite a bit  
And lurch in his direction;  
Our black cat  
Is a grand dame  
“Lilith”  
She’s pushy, takes things from the others  
Envious of attention given them,  
Demanding, imperious, destructive at turns  
Aggressive, cruel, even hurtful, if they  
Or we  
Get in her way,  
Her mode of expression is often a hiss  
Lies in our front window as Empress, bored,  
I love her ever-so veryvery much  
She is my lil’ Buh-Bee

*“That’s what he told Malcolm  
and Donald Bane!”*

Whatever you tell me  
Pretty much figure, I’m not gonna believe it  
And, yes, ya sweet moralist-who-spurns-religion,  
I know what that makes Me  
I know what it makes you, too  
Because, pretty much  
You’re lying  
Your pants are as charred as  
Well  
Mine aren’t, actually;  
Dipshit trust, is the other extreme  
People shed a tear for dipshit trust,  
But, if you offer in one hand,  
To be stolen blind by scammers when I’m  
Two days into AARP,  
And in the other,  
Being the scary old fucker who never  
Opens his drapes  
And kids cry if they have to knock on Halloween,  
Well?  
My empowerment of my empowerment is  
My empowerment of my empowerment, R.D. Laing  
I’m dying, irregardless  
Your Other tear, didn’t buy me my ID  
Or a flying DeLorean, but we’ve  
Been through that, already

# *A Knock-Knock Joke*

*(you start)*

Who's There?

Family Services. We ran out of coffee, so had time  
To fuck with your life.

Who's There?

A truant officer. But, I'll pretend not to be.

Who's There?

You know who it is, asshole. A 'who', who's pregnant.

Who's There?

A process server. But, I'll pretend to be pregnant. Or be  
a truant officer. What did you say your name was?

Who's There?

Have you ever heard of the prophet, Joseph Smith?

Who's There?

Would you like to live forever, in paradise on Earth?

Who's There?

I'm selling magazine subscriptions, but won't admit that  
for 10 minutes.

Who's There?

Sheriff's Department. We have an Order of Reclamation,  
for these premises.



Who's There?

(silence)

Who's There?

(not quite silence, but you dearly wish it was)

**Friend, over my shoulder:**

*These aren't at all funny, you know.*

**Me:**

*You think I write to get laughs?*

# *A World Where Everyone Failed*

***“What was best grade, on Macbeth test?”***

**“F. Everybody Failed.”**

**(Flash Forward, 30-odd years)**

I won't say the electricals don't work  
Or the government fell apart  
Or society fragmented  
Or Giancarlo Esposito knocks at people's doors  
That isn't how it played,  
Because that would Never Be how it played  
Scifi editors universally reject that shit  
But, it's the Middle Ages, all the same  
It's the Middle Ages  
In a Future now Present  
Where Nothing Whatever came to fruition  
It's torn lives and rags of lives and dirty lives  
And torn, dirty rags of lives  
Of failure, crumbs and crusts

It's false hope criminals hold out to suckers  
It's false hope held by suckers  
It's false hope that never plays out  
And neither God nor Bill Maher  
Make anyone's life better, ever  
Not even for the ones who scream at you  
To listen to either one,  
So, it's the Middle Ages, The Collector's Edition,  
Ignorance, zealotry and chamber pots dumped  
And, it ain't no outdated scifi device, but  
Adamantium irrejectible,  
'Cause as goes the hack standup twaddle,  
"I'm not makin' this up."

*As Wordsworth was saying  
on the toilet, one fine day...*

Glamis

In the paradoxist

Would be Macbeth, binging before purging

*#GLAAHHMMssssshubbugumbuggauh!*

*Preya-gume!#*

Cawdor

In the paradoxist

Is “corridor”

In the hillbilly

*‘Ay-yah! We’z’ inna caw-dor! Igy’yuuhhhh!’*

King

Would have been Charles Philip Arthur George Windsor

In a much sadder world than this,

Where I would have danced green and cried golden

Filled yet free

Like Redford, in *Barefoot in the Park*

BONUS PAPER TRAX: THE FINAL THREE  
[3] HITLER POEMS LEFT IN THE LARDER

*I Don't Give 2 Reichmarks*

Opinions are  
Personal Facts  
As opposed to affecting  
Flatulence of sociality  
Just because The Book says  
Community,  
Read something else  
Preferably a how-to,  
Them? *They're* not gonna teach ya,  
Other than by way of veryvery own  
Personal Facts  
Personal for *dehbm*,  
MachineHate for *yooo*

# *Shooting My Feminine Side in the Back of the Head*

Hey! Metrodetrimental!

D'you believe in No definition

For "What a Man Is"?

Yeah?

Yeah,

Go to a bulletin board, some time

Take a bath in the steppin'-in-the-cowshit

Even especially

In urban areas,

"A Man", towit,

Am th' same piece a' monkey

Standing wax in front of a pre-PC field trip cave,

Stoic, ironassed husband-protector who's all about

Sex

AndDutyAndHonorAndHonorAndDutyAndHonorAnd

Sex

A hardon of a human, there to suck gut 'til he strokes

Bulletin boards unanimously rubberstamp

This stereo

They say it like John 3:16

And, when they do, I nod slate, in stiff salute,

Black-garbed disciple of *Die PARTEI*,

Because The Above, isn't at all, who I am

And I know how wrong I am

*Me, Hitler,  
Peer Into Eternity*

Expecting dazzled as by zoetrope toy  
Spinning gold of an olden joyjoy  
Peepers in search of a quaint  
Indecency  
Hope  
Or something random  
Nope  
This is just a wall

LETS FORGET ABOUT HIDING THIS  
TRACK: [EVENING MEDITATION]

*Truth's Macbeth, is an  
elephant (The Captain  
Whackencracker Show)*

He's uncreatively named, "Jumbo"  
He hung with Old Sly Fox  
Old Sly Fox, bit his eye out,  
And Jumbo stomped Sly's head in  
And, those who chose to listen to this  
And the imagined those who watched it  
Laughed, iced coffee, in another time  
At the "how grotesque", of it all,  
The deficit in themselves, being,  
No one ever remembers to hold the solipsism  
Especially members of the  
Junior Anti-Solipsism League



I DON'T SEE THAT IN MY LIFE  
I know you don't, Junior  
Thus, "how grotesque", is alive and well  
It is huge and lumbering  
Slow of wit, but,  
If you don't weep as martyr and discard your soul,  
Fight "how grotesque" like Hitler would  
If you only snicker and damn its eye,  
Your very thoughts, will be crushed  
Jumbo, as Berger would tell Carrie  
Is simple  
Shelter, Food, Warmth  
He adds no addenda or footnotes

# “Let’s do the deed!”

Let me sum it up for you—here’s how we stand, in Indostan:

When you come at me, when you stop me in my tracks, when you can’t hold the bowel movement of what you think versus what I in my perceived hunting and gathering “don’t know”, your “truth”, does not by my likes, deserve the title, nor consideration of it. It does not deserve a silver, a bronze, or Miss Congeniality. It does not deserve the patience God gave the victim of a telemarketer. Because I as King Duncan, would in a better world, call all of you true friend, with a smile and kind word as I pass. I say, “friend”, though each of us is a king and kings have not friends, but those they think well on and those who are threats. Your “truth” as a comparing of johnsons is for some, a Macbeth. It shows a false face. It conspires, shadow, and it does so, for you would have Power. Which is the birth name, for your “truth”: Power. A crown grabbed wrongly and with no regard, because once upon a need, you were “told”. By whomever. But, impartation is seldom good, when it then has us waiting on a Lotto where our divine numbers never fall just so. So, we argue. And we hate. And we want each other dead. And we say we don’t. And we’re liars, yet we cannot be humble nor be at rest, and like Indy Jones, we *must* have the prize (“*I can almost...reach it, Dad...!*”).

Your power is a wall. You’re hiding. You’re a sniper, screaming zealot.

Your power is a snake. Someone hurt you. You’re dealing three-card Monte, the rest of your days, trying to cauterize with battery acid.

Your power is a spear. That’s a gimme. I am the enemy; I am before you. You must drive me from the field.

Your power is a tree. You bet it is. Spit on me all you like, but you’ll find that tree, in the Book of Genesis. Really near the front.

Your power is a fan. The pre-prefab kind. Steel. Loud. Retaining dust. Occasionally, cutting off a finger.

Your power is a rope. It is a noose. We each of us, are Ogden's Hangman. But, just as you say I have sinned, I too, see your mark. Nowadays, it is the mark of the Chick tract sinner. And, no—you're Not a good person. If you were, you'd stay out of my shit.

You have every right I have, nonfriend. Every privilege, every title, every worth. What I've said from the beginning in these chaps is true, so don't feel betrayed or confused. I celebrate your Truth in theory and by commission, and I charge you as I've said before, to run right at Others with it. Me? I don't wanta know about it. And would to God, but, I'm not unique. Death Commandos on online boards aren't kidding...and, you've no idea how well or not, you play the "foot-print" game. Do ya? No idea, until the secret's out but not the damned spot. I've also written that discernment is key. Choose you with care what hill you would die on.

Finally, if you meet the Buddha on the road, don't kill him, shine him on...or, preferably, don't even see him when you see him. Selfabsorption requires no refilling through conquest. I was feeling entitled, state of the art, long before They bound it in bestseller guilt. I'm not into comparing sneers, leers or jeers, like we're 12 years old, trading football cards. As for abject Reality reinventing Itself with you as freckled newsboy, oh, hey, *wow*, give me more of *that!*

Nonfriend, I, just like you, know everything I need to know. Unlike you, I'll look others in the eye and say that with a whole heart. Statement of soul. With confidence. Without blemish. Unafraid. Already arrived. King Duncan, in dark of his room. The Buddha, there, on the road. One who does not, unlike yourself, vain Thane, mistakenly bring a knife to a gunfight.

—CEE, 5/9/13

# The Five Stages of Macbeth

CEE

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