

Stay in Formation



CEE

To “Do It Again” by Steely Dan.
Because I would.
I have no idea why.

While in the greenroom a few nights later, I heard McCullough say that during that ride Booth made the following quotation:
‘The ambitious youth who fired the Ephesian Dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool who reared it.’
McCullough asked, ‘John, what was the name of that youth?’ Booth answered, ‘Why – I – I’ve forgotten it.’
—from *I Saw Booth Shoot Lincoln* by W.J. Ferguson
(1930; The Riverside Press)

Hup

“Human” on any Community level, harks very much to those Little Red Hens who led groups and headed projects, back in school. You recall. The “patticake” crowd. Making sure we were all organized and in our cubbyholes. The ones who bought in from the git’. The enemies of any state of Self. These little shits, really saw conveyor belt education as fun, positive, even uplifting. A real *Oklahoma* sky kick. Some baby step toward a shining Earth. The warm cuddles of Hi-ho, Hi-ho ...although, again, please note, THEY were the ones in charge, every time. Funny, that. ‘Guess I’d be down with arms linked in Help and Love and buying the world a Coke, if I was standing top floor of Republic Steel, watching my factory arsenal and Pinkerton detectives mowing my lawn of workers. **Footnote:** Sociology + Community x Implementation = Smithers, Release The Hounds.

There are educators today trumpeting Satchmo, on the “character” issue. The individualist, the rejecter of allotted mantle, they make The Enemy. That individual Self who will not, under penalty of expulsion, not censure, not exclusion, not prison, permit a blurring of I and Thou, in order merely to live in the world. We, the ones who will not assimilate and who are pretty good chess players in countering candied arguments pushing the juicy, sun-ripened peach of conformity. We who with selfaware volition refuse to work and play well with Others as but automatic reflex, or genuflect to an “understood” Big Bang theory of social behavior. For Us, there Must Be More than “I said so” or “the book says so”. Or, “the computer says so”. Or, “Love one another”, for that matter. Forces of nature demand genuine reason. The burden of proof falls upon You.

The already realized Self, is hated now more than ever, but a helpful bug has been created in this country, that being the outlawing of any real, smoking HATE. No magistrate would comprehend such an application of that Law, but Individual Selves are the squeakiest of wheels, and that’d be some bad press, so, careful with that axe, Eugene. Selves are instead downplayed, made “infantile” for saying with basic, open honesty, that we will not be told. As with the entire gamut of modern social politics, semantics wars are a beginner’s trick from Freshman Logic, ala “the linking rings”. *Wow!* I’m impressed! So, no Greek House would have you?

I've told you, Truth is not Truth in an era, so I'm stuck with honesty. *I won't be told*, only in that, and frankly, Who Are You? What are your credentials? As for a personal framework, if anOther's dispute with the construct or abstract or fine tuning of my walk through this world is not either legal or financial, then, Fuck Them. If I'm not in debt to you and you can't lay handcuffs on me, then, why am I being forced to experience you, be it from pulpit, podium, talk show or textbook. If you're so far gone, you're selling The Solution courtesy of You and other Others, because blahblah propaganda, blahblah spin, blahblah debating techniques, blah a reconstitution of dusty old You Musts, blah Mommy say behave, blahblah, b'blahblah *ass*...then, hire yourself a talented artist, as you belong, profile, in a Leninist poster, i.e. the noble hero *cum* That-Looks-Stupid.

Those who think Man quantifiable, are blind to The Artist painting a portrait inclusive of themselves. The obedient never have to self-inventory. Why would they? They're "obedient", remember? They bought in from the git'. It's a general elitism. A social ponzi scheme. It scoots some, all the way to hospice care.

Nonfriends, for you, I leave in my wake, a poignant safety poster: **There is no 'I', in 'Team'...but your middle finger, supplies a nice one.**

CEE, crossing Silver Bridge on US 35, W.Va./OH border, Dec. 15th, 1967

7 = I Like My Own Likes

Somewhere, Father Coughlin is Weeping

You know
'Cause a' the 'bankers' part
Of what he...yelled about,
Went to FaceKook, one day
I'd been individually deleting every sponsor
Uniformly selecting, "This Offends Me"
Whether it did or not
And, I'd Reload the page, uuuhhhh
Here's a whole new list a' Sponsors
I did this, I think, five times
Finally, I found the Setting page where
(I thought) all of 'em were listed
And, I started off,
Music in my head, some Chuck Jones 'toon
Where they used it to accentuate Industry
I must've deleted by finding Offensive
4 figures worth a' sponsors
And, like in a Norse myth,
The goblet held more mead than ever;
I used to snipe at any social bitch,
"The State Always Wins!", and
It does, but the Q now becomes,
"What Is 'The State?'"
Father Charles Edward Coughlin
Is in Heaven, crying his eyes out
Nicholas Biddle, our first banking titan
Is laughing his ass off, in Hell

It's because you like baths and feeling comfortable

Two reasons, two arguments
Twain motive for Unfriending for
Who and What one stands behind
A pair of reasons, exactly two
The Bronze medalist is still outside the stadium
And all other reasons, ten or twenty ago
Would have been weave-pullin' on Springer,
Only two, behind ice cold malt
Of insincere, polite, "Please Don't" email
The rant on your thread, out of nowhere
The "how dare you", then, when
Responded to as by Christ or Gandhi
"Friends" Total is one less, within the hour,
Two powderkegs, side by side
One and some beans makes Two:
Gay as 1,000,000% Equal, and
The current resident of 1600 Pennsylvania Ave.
This would take too long, but
Either Civil War,
If you're gonna ignite it, ignite it!
Zero Accountability, is bullshit
Any infant, can shit their pants
Ripping seams and resewing social reality
Costs Something
All FaceStink takes
Is an opinion and a computer

OH!! OKAY, ENTITY!!

Tough Texas barmaid rant
At FaceCrap, as if it was staffed
Staffed by people, is what that means
Staffed the way you see telephone operators
In pre-LBJ movies
Like everyone sits around
Watching screens in a boiler room
There's food delivery at some point,
Someone gets shorted their pickle 'n chips
But, otherwise they sit there, watching
Making arbitrary decisions
Like the friend who felt we should
Follow all rules he liked in a game he liked
But None of those he didn't
IOW, rules, Laws, God's opinion
They're just jumping off points, y'see,
And our roomful of Donna Reeds
Kaffeeklatsch about that rude girl, the
Tough Texas barmaid who keeps posting
What she shouldn't
"BAD!!" (slap wrist, DELETE...or, whatever)
The barmaid thinks FaceFuck
Is human at fore Fully
Not, just that certain
X and Y words tripped embedded protocol
Or someone the barmaid trusts, is demonic
And likes fucking with her

Until the next person exists

It's just exactly what the last person said
Until the next person posts
I agree
I made a statement I'll amend
Until it only has the word 'and' in it
I'm here to Tell You All What!
Then, retract it
Not fightin', feudin' ner fussin'
I just am very definite
'Until I make
{ANYONE IN THE WHOLE WORLD}
Mad,
Don't mean nuthin'
Don't mean Not Everything
I'm here, and it's all good but what's not
It's okay what you say, okay, okay what you say
Meanin' nuthin', it's, please, let's just
I Like
And
I Like
Bulls in china shops need friends, too
Maybe shoes one day, when it rains
I'm sure you're right, I'll really believe it
It's what Fozzie said when the crowd
Threw vegetables
Please
I'm trying so hard

What's wrong with this Lie from The Pit?

They finally put in
“I Just Don't Like It”
And you get those options
To Unfriend or to reveal yourself
Or to Block the mutha outright
Option #2, may as well be a scary
80's screenplay,
Options #1 and 3 don't work, either
You're not interested in raising the bar
You just want the assface
Slapped down
And, you are Right, Amen
But, it's like the old “phone call from Mom”
Gonna get me out of another “I don't wanta!”
Except this case, it's a swimming unit in PE
Taught by the Swimming Coach
Not understanding I don't wish to
LEARN in the first place
In some personal trainer-type setting,
I merely wish to be excused
That's flagging and reporting, right there,
You can Know, Omni, “Hello!” all you like,
Best you'll get in nod
Is the text version of the long-dead
Operator voice, “We're sorry...”
I could accept that, but, sometimes
ShitBook allows only Communication
This, I find restrictive and mean.

(her password is “Soul_Ties”)

Stories I've heard
 Some, witnessed
 Husbands who, from work
 Call every time they cop a squirt
 Wives, visiting known family
 Phoned every hour on the hour
 Hubbies who, as THEIR ONLY FACEFRIEND
 Have listed the bride they apparently trust
 About as far as they could
 Shoot Kate Moss from a crossbow,
 Whyfor ya tuh do That?
 Oh, well, the online horror stories, yeah
 But...that's spread out over the whole, ent—
 Yeah, all right, it's mostly in the West...
Ohh! You don't *know* that many people it—
 Well, the dudes could've tried being nicer t—
 Yeah, I know
 Some of them lose out, too...
 But...it's kind of a kind of surveillance!
 You can't approach Love, wi—
 Yeah Yes
 Yes, I've read Ben Franklin, too
 Wuh...but, what if you didn't ever
 Try, to find out or even know, and so
 Never did? What's the worst that cou—
 Oh, all *right*, I get *that*, okay, yeah
 Oh, really? No kidding? Omigod
 Well...Yeah, but, the Other dude
 Would have to pay That child support!

Where Books of Face Fail, or MHO has Always Been a Fact

Cybercommunity, as all Community
Has People in it
People every shade of angry, crazy
Every intimidation, selfdelusion
Every available “but can’t you see...?”
FaceUgly, is like a multiplicative
New England Town Hall Meeting
The point of it, a coming together
Of every genome of a creature who cannot
Merge
So, if, when conjuring the aforementioned
New England Town Hall Meeting
When picturing it at monkey screams-worst,
Thou art able to say,
“Hey! That’s just Life!”,
Hey, then, goodbye, Fuck You and
Vaya con Dios
Yes, non, I know that
If one permits reality of Other,
You’re always gonna have a cacophony
Have discord, contention, fraud, agendaism,
Immorality, amorality and HATE
Have a human snake pit

Good luck, good luck with that

6 = The Wisdom of Laotian stamps, ca. 1953

Simply Irreversible

Okay, so the female is genuinely interested
 By Me, that's a predator
 If interested and playing it 1950's, though
 I'm likely never to see her,
 If not interested at all,
 That, I'll see
 And hear
 Like a car alarm that sounds if you even
 Kneel near the bumper to tie your shoe
 HATE
 A code word for lack of interest
 Is loud, and electraglide of appearance
 But, let's say I walk up to the right one,
 At what point is it all right
 For the female to be other than as
 Receptor?
 Don't I want to be wanted?

Back in The Day
 I fought with anarchist friends
 Re: Robert Palmer music videos
 Re: His "girls"
 I found my friends roundly fucked
 Roundly fucked in the head
 I suppose you can deduce
 Our respective positions

A Little Windsor McKay Action

Never, but If Ever you have a waking dream
If Indians emerge from cupboards
Or at least the cheapshit, promo
“These Will NEVER Be Valuable!” spoons
Packing up to head down’ th’ crick
To elope with that ungrateful dish bitch,
If creatures reminiscent of *Little Nemo*
Or the various inventions of Captain Nemo
Or Nemo
Swirl about, to Nightwish’s “Nemo”,
If the eidolon Lovecraft wrote that
Goofball series of letters, about it
Wandering free
Wanders free,
If snakes with flutes and Russian gremlins
Play that crap jam from *The Jungle Book*
To a Don King PPV of Good vs. Evil,
You know what?
Get up, go sit in the other room
Stare into the middle distance
Pick an insoluble regret
And feel sad, ‘til Sleep reclaims,
All that crap is crap, anyway
It’s pizza
I’d never care about it
I’d care way more, if Joe Hill turned up
Him, I’d put six bullets into
And not because I thought he was a prowler

SMIRK: “Rather a Giggle” (Vol. I, No. 1)

Inspired by open, free, crass mores of
 Ancient grimoire called *National Lampoon*,
 Young writer sets sights on aping style
 With his own, homespun satire mag
 Each single copy made as cheaply
 As being 20 going on 8 provides for;
 In the “foto” section, here we see
 A weeping Buddhist monk
 Standing next to statue of ol’ Sidd,
 Minus head due to militia of the minute
 Popping caps
 Young writer, badly captions
 Mourning monk lamenting,
 “Oh, Buddha! The soldiers shot off your head!
 Those godless swine!”
 And headless stone replies to monk,
 “‘Godless’? How can that be?
 When they shot off my head,
 Their guns were going,
 #BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA#!”
 Such vaudeville all in all, a better aftertaste
 Than young writer ghosting a column
 “By” a friend’s sister
 Making her out devotee of ECKANKAR
 And making her brainless as sin
 The former, isn’t humorous
 The latter, wasn’t humorous to *him*
 As attitudes of Other act as vacuum
 To suck all the fun out of living

“GoGO, Gadget Compassion!”

Our basement as low rent Xanadu
 Self-professed “picker”
 With more money than God, strolls
 Daddy Warbucks at a yard sale
 Solo patter, babbleshit rationalizations
 So to gird loins with
 “I Am Righteous, I Cheat No One”
 Fair enough after all,
 There’s home, hearth and stock options
 To think about...and to count, every night
 This county, after all, voted for Nixon
 3 times
 Dude didn’t owe me a sponge soaked in hyssop,
 Mountains of expensive better days loot
 Not no it isn’t exactly
 “D’you have the rare, OOP, HTF
 Limited Edition European release to only
 29 toys stores in Austria, X-Ray, Spring Action,
 BlueRed half-scale, *spinning*
 Inspector Gadget
 With the slightly differently crooked nose?”
 A minute later, staring, Hungry Jerk,
 At prop replica pic of Nixon
 His mouth holds much saliva,
 Speaking to his own, damned Self,
 “*That’d be real good, to have the original.*”

We had 6 bucks in the bank
 Dude didn’t owe me a sponge soaked in hyssop

Hell, I heard stories, during the Ford Years

I'm sure they'll throw up roadblocks
For a man who forgets he lives in a country
Drenched in love juices of media
Where no one but depictions or recordings
Are allowed to have genitalia,
But, mindful of that, and the fact of locals
Still freaked by black cats,
Who get "Black Hole Sun" SFX at *South Park*
Or have confused the word "phlegm"
With the word "jism"
So that they practically shit
When you reference the frog in your throat,
Or stand ten feet away until handed something,
Then back to ten feet away, again
Who very probably still think
You can get AIDS from off a dinner plate
And who act this, think this, boycott, live
And guard against it all with Cold War
Soviet trick of Alexander Graham Bell,
Well, I have a "Boy Scouts" suggestion:
Kids can now prefer any in-theory snuggle
Which leaves registered, only gay scouts and
Heteros secretly beaten by Code Blue parents,
Leaders, though, still have to be Mr. Buzzcut
My suggestion? Buzz, 86 the snipe hunt
Just leave each tent a sack a' Mac
And head into town for some shooters
What happens, is what happens, anyway
The instant your sleeping pills kick in

Chockablock Earth

Consider interior of the Pyramids
Or inside ancient Angkor
Separated from the tour group
In an Irish castle
Lingering in the study at Mount Vernon
Sitting on the tomb of Cecil John Rhodes
Looking out upon
'The View of The World'
Hard for a narcissist to differentiate
When eventually,
Everyone takes up space as inert
Instead of Self's precious Time,
Easy to understand the adult child
Who leaves streamers, balloons, a letter
At Mommy's mausoleum wall
But
Those people, back in school?
The uncreative friendlies
Who always wrote rote shit like,
"I was here, but now I'm gone,
I've left my name to carry on"
Those people?
Those people were obtuse enough
To eat their own feet

5 = Pinkie Understands

Sir Thomas Lawrence Painted Her, You Know (Deathbed Scene, as described)

Sarah Goodin Barrett Moulton screamed.
The scream was God Almighty's.
Robert and Eliza answered,
Covering bleeding ears, holding their heads,
Howling, writhing from open agonies of Infinity.
duMat jolted awake, jerked ground to standing
Before fainting again from trauma
Windows not already broken, shattered.
Wagon wheels shattered.
The Fenwick School's foundation cracked.
Outlier buildings began to cave.
Brass containers, exploded.
Milk cans, exploded.
All family and servants
Even duMat in reddest 'mares of dreams,
Screamed along with God.
Utter horror at End of Days.
The dark pink star, vengeful,
Was killing everything as it died.
But, the dark pink star, still finite,
Had nothing left to give, and It knew this.
The screaming stopped.
A snowflake dropped, wet, into Hell.

“How would you know that?” asked the art teacher.
Smiling at this world full of zip code directories,
I repeated, “A snowflake dropped, wet, into Hell.”

Sacrificing Pinky Lee, Nude, on an Altar

It's been said young people are, Today
Loath to judge
Which began years ago
As a kind of Christian escapism
A kinder, gentler shirking of responsibility
No more biblically sound than
The Epistle of Ignatius to Polycarp, but,
For once, The World copied The Church
And young people, Now, Today
Aren't real big on condemnation
Past any near point, they don't give a shit
But, it's a really bored, low range of emotion
Don't-Give-a-Shit,
They are, to use a David Spade malaprop,
"Dullened"
For this, for a second, let us Thank God,
As that's an essential failsafe
Their own kids won't have
These, Today, just stare back, Dust Bowl
Theirs, Tomorrow?
Combine two classic cartoon images:
Group picks up fall guy, throwing him
FAST over the cliff,
And the one with the dancing flea circus
At the end of the parade,
That's genocide, fifteen years from Now
Logs of Old wood and Emotionless wood
Carried gleeful to precipice, Hi-ho,
"Eh-Eh ehehehhh, eh-eh ehehehhh...!"

Dirge for the Independent Grocer's Movement (Houghton Lake, Michigan)

Nine items in the condiment section,
Near hardening bread and picnic gear
It's all ...relish...
Hamburg' relish
Hot dog relish
Very specific, snooty Dill, opposed to Sweet
Ketchup relish
Catsup relish
And a mustard relish...made, by, uh...
Oh, of course it is
They own all mustard on the planet,
No rush on the shelves
That's all as I see, that's ever been here
There're myriad, non-name-brands
(a kind of food-based pixie magic
existing far away from cities)
Aisles in the place, bright darkness
Unweepable tile of ground-in grime,
Hopeless since Koufax retired,
There're wooden checkstands, no conveyor
Where wooden, smokesmelling 21-year old
Hopeless in ground-in, pastel uniform
With receipt, hands me her number,
Not even knowing my name,
She says come by after six, alone
She'll do her Bangkok best and then,
If I decide I like being her savior
Next morning, we can leave

Pupil the Parrot, the Imprudent Student

Everyone in the class
Was complaining about
How impossible the taught lesson was to
Understand
But, then, an epiphany was offered by
Blackboard-wiped-clean-of-green-chalk Eyes,
Who comes and goes,
“Uh! Don’t try to understand it,
Just Memorize It!”
And, this “Polly wan’ an ‘A!’” bullshit
Would be the ultimate learning skill
If “memorizing it”, actually
KEPT IT IN YOUR BRAIN
Because, yes, you would, you’d have a few
A handful
Screaming, melting down, holding skulls
Who Couldn’t NOT Think About
The square root of 48
Girls bleeding out in tubs, unable to live
Alongside teachings of Sigmund Freud
Boys encountering Ashley Montague, then
Two nights later, blowing their brains out,
But, it’s either That
Or the mouthbreathing version
Of every squalling brat the protection of
Staterun Family Service Agencies, created

Quality only, nonfriends...Never Quantity

Pinkie House is an Historic House (Scots!)

G'yu'ne Pinkie House, duhr anc'een't cloon
 Gargarn Domayann 'farien Musselbrrrrguhguh,
 Set yon, t'grooond air Battle o' Pinkie Cleugh
 Brazzookaszresserrrrr, leughundbrbrbr
 BrrreedDookumbanggs maejuisse moorrrrrrr
 Now,

Who takes up the cross for the Scottish person
 Who would have Me dead?

Who does the Simon of Cyrene 440-relay
 For Their burden? Uh? Uh? Hugh Fink? Who?
 Manifesto: That any/all/every offended person
 Who Is Not Me

Is an idiot,

As reference, I cite a favorite teacher:

His essay Q on WW2

Had a real enough swastika over it, as

The symbol itself had synthesis to do

With the damned Q

But, instead of making with necessary

Rhetoric, one kid kneejerk marked it up

Writing beside it,

“I Find This Offensive”

Fave and I made fun of that, comedy team

I, mocking line, but 9 times more simpleton

He, Amen-ing, “Whoopteeshit!”

It's say nothing or say everything, Uncle Future

You wanta fight for a Gray Blob Earth, wha hae!

Welcome tae yer gory bed,

Or tae victorie

4 = “Barker’s Box” (It’s Your Gamble)

#DINGding#! Wow! A \$1000.00 Memory!

The only footage which exists of the
 Gene Fullmer vs. Florentino Fernandez
 Middleweight Championship fight
 Fought in Ogden, Utah on August 15th, 1961
 Is silent, but in color
 Cold War color, as in
 “This ain’t some ballroom MGM
 Bursting on silver popcorn screen,
 More like it was made by Ted Turner’s daddy”;
 The fight in Municipal Stadium
 Takes place, seen on screen, it seems
 In a valley beneath some mountains
 At sunset
 At opening bell, it’s lit balmy day,
 By even the 13th,
 Only spotlight of squared circle, visible
 And the referee is nine feet tall, and
 Looks like The Giant from *Twin Peaks*,
 But point made here, is the crowd
 The locals, mostly, who fade from our view
 Phasing out of crappy colorization
 And back to 1961
 Thence to go home
 To 1961 Utah homes
 1961 Utah lives
 To Spacetime, 1961
 Seen now as buttugly, dead, cold and slave
 Unless you jack off to Jack Kennedy

#DINGDINGDING#!! OMG!! A \$5000.00 One!!

Cow Palace-isco, March 3rd, 1972

Ev ll Nev ll

As seen from behind

Misses a jump

(what else is new?

how 'bout dem Lakers?)

And he and his cycle—

Which, for some reason,

This disaster probably boosted sales

Giving you an idea of America

Then AND Now—

The cycle and Ev ll

slllllllLoooooOOEEwwW

WhhhhHHeeeeeeHHZZZ

#BAAM!!!#

Into a San Francisco Cow Palace

Pillar support...the giant, concrete...

Holds-the-Cow-Palace-up thing

(you didn't want

Victor Mature as Samson near it,

let's leave it there)

And der cycle so many young crazoids

Would buy, that very fiscal year

Rebounds, Looney Tunes, off camera

Hurrying light speed, out of sight

Possibly, to get the hell away from Ev ll

It probably didn't like being abused

#EEHHHHHhhhhh#!! (you greedy fucker)

So, what, then, is Loss?

I sleep in the bough of a back yard tree
Mourning family home no longer standing
I am only 17, but
EEHHHHHHHH!!
My wife is a serpent, has spent us dead
Though I come from a loving, monied family
EHHHHHHHHHH!!
I had to have eye surgery, but it was successf—
EHH!! EHHH!! EHHHHHHH!!
Mom died, but though I feel true peace in my—
EEHHHHHHEHEEEHHHHEEHHH!!
It's over...you know Hillary'll get it
(I sympathize, but) EEHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

*So, okay, then, smart guy
What's Loss?*

All right...see the clock? It's running, right?
Time moves Only Forward
There is No Way to stop this
And as such, Others shrug shoulders
And will not brook your discomfort
Accepting the Reality of Solutionlessness
Is Loss it is loss of Identity
Bowing, yet again, to tribe,
Conga-lining off to oblivion

Before we cut to commercial, Do you have a joke to tell Bob?

CEE: Sure, um...okay...uhm...
What's the difference
Between Hitler and
Loving someone?

(canned laughter, scattered applause)

BARKER (as plastic): Ah, well, now,
I don't know, CEE,
What *is* the difference between
Hitler and loving someone?

CEE: You mean, there really *is* a difference?

3 = I Heart Blank

Semadar, 1949

Angela Lansbury as Philistine maiden
 This
 This She, is legitimate FantasyReality
 For “legitimate” and “real” and “person”
 Human walking-down-the-street, as seen
 Can only be unreal'd so far
 “Actual person”, is hard to STUFFIT
 So, a perfectly perfected imperfect person
 Milk skin (it's out there)
 Ringlets and folds of mane (to each...)
 And you're clung together (happens every day)
 Passion perhaps only seeking
 Perhaps only safety hunters
 Need grasping ocean's splinters
 (thiscanstillbepassionisthatwhat'sinyou)
 It's okay...easy, now...we're safe and
 OH GOD IS THAT GOOD
 And you wrap up in the milk and fragrance
 Fade Out Fade In
 Angela Lansbury, as in *Murder, She Wrote*
 Sits eight feet away, in sparse, spartan room
 Facing you, eyes accusing
 “In another second, we won't be safe”
I Know
Life Itself is Philistine
It's breaths on this sorry ball
Of which, the oxygen fragrance
Kills

Delilah, 1949

Hedy Lamarr as a Philistine maiden
 Of somewhat more playful, doubtful
 Virtue
 Adream but fully awake, fully sated
 You as pair bond, stare at ceiling
 Unlooking, she still seems to face you
 Spinning jennies of iris light
 Shining face of possibility,
 You know there is no other moment
 All a 'becoming' to Here
 All absorption, in Being Here
 All as 'can', proceeding from Here
 Both, wish only this, continuous breath
"If God is all-powerful, all we ask is This"
 Standard man, you expected quip
 And, her bones kick your muscle, and
 You both laugh sighs at the Dream Ceiling
 Fade Out Fade In
 You're helping her sit
 Her eyesight's failing, and badly
 The pair of you stay alone, see no one
 All-but-blind jennies, foggy in naked betrayal,
 "But...we asked God!"
Yes, we did
Over and over, in supplication
With every promise and with sacrifice
He said 'NO'
That is the reality of God
He usually says 'NO'

Oak Lawn, 1976

(When the World was New)

There was a long woodland path
Which led from past the roundball court
Surrounded as tunnel, in most weather
It'd spit me out, 50 yards from East Peoria
I walked it, many times
More often, I repaired to a hideaway
Cut out, large, off left, by teens
I used it as my changing room
And would disrobe and wander woods
And openly as well, on path
...we, each, have a single breath, as free...
I would peer, sprite, down to cars on US 150
Explore deep into deepening Spring green
Sometimes, even nearing civilization
Mindful to stay, safe, in my Walden of Me;
One time, afar off, I spied an older boy
A teen, on course down the path
Superman, I was fast to garbed Clark Kent
If the teen saw (I've always known he did)
With respect, he did not betray it,
He took me to the place the olders sat
The place of ritual, of "getting high"
I had lapsed into owl-like polite
Wanting for him to be gone
Desiring nothing of idiot ingestion, no
Idiot, Other-based I Am,
I wanted to be alone in what was by then
Burgeoning, Thick Spring Green
Breathe, as free yet safe, never known about
But for some motorist, when next gassing up
Shaking head, telling attendant about
The damndest thing

2 = Ironclad Truth

Monitor

It's moronic, to consider
 Some post-9/11, post-Anonymous notion of
 "finding"
 All the switchbutt, "looka ME!!" types,
 The *Sø* No Life's
 Who "work" as online monitors
 (No receiv-ee BitCoin, at least,
 No workee real job, buttholes
 Otherwise my wife and I "work" as
 Sleepfarmers)
 Like your local Town Council
 These, even more so
 Believe They Have The Right,
 But, unlike your local Council,
 The monitors are Nowhere,
 As fucking-frustrating as when I bought
 Frank Zappa's album with "Valley Girl",
 Then, after fun had faded, here came,
 "I COME FROM *NOOOOWHAAAIIRRR...!!*"
 Online forumboardchat SS, are like that
 A bummer-dilemma that hurts, root canal
 Knowing they'll never be, All of Them,
 Found
 But, never say "never", James Bond
 And, for my part, hear me, for
 If not Never,
 I dibs 3rd shift in the ElectroShock Room

Virginia

I was new to state, county, city and school
I knew No One
People said you were an Olympic swimmer,
Not “Listen, *she* has ability!”
Or, “I bet she coobee a’lympic swimmer!”
Or, “She’s real good; didja know she competes?”
Or, “Okay, in the fantasy, she’s in
The Olympic village, and in her swimsuit, and...”
NO *You actually competed in an Olympiad*
I idolized you,
In a very Oedipal sense, let’s not get worshipping
In the wrong direction
You were strong, confident, capable, stately
Walking pimply halls but feet from me,
A celebrity, goddammit,
Hobnobbing with media
For all I knew, screwing Albanians,
Shave maybe four seconds off, and
You’re being interviewed by Cosell,
What kid wouldn’t want That for a Mom?
I’ve never forgotten you,
Still think you’re amazing, in memory
In a very Oedipal sense, of course
So, don’t get panicked
I mean, yes, I’d’ve taken the other perks, too
Especially at that age
But, I’d’ve known how sick I was, climbing in
So, it all ramifies
So, don’t get panicked

1 = I am a dead man

Herbert & Bubbles

Somewhere in these United States
An attic not an attic exists,
It's really more a glorified crawlspace
'tween ceiling and roof
And, things exist in this crawlspace,
Unused by however many living there
For years onto decades onto Lives,
These are things unwanted, left behind
Pushed to furthest, farthest darkness
Abandoned by some one
It's doubtful these things are forgotten
It's doubtful they don't still exist,
One container, among its treasures,
Holds two stuffed funny animals
Both mice, meese, mice
One male, one female
They are to scale, both the size of what
A dreaming young girl would have
Upon her bed, even Today
I would imagine that, in grandest irony
The mice couple, are kept together
As when a mother sincerely loves a babe,
Yet abandons and leaves it, foundling
As to their current state of decay, I'd
Rather not consider, but
I wanted you to know a few things:

The boy mouse, is named, “Herbert”
The girl mouse, is named, “Bubbles”
And, they’re married, man
‘Cause they love each other very much
That’s why they’ve been together,
All of their days
No matter how dark, how unwanted
Herbert and Bubbles are together
They love each other very much

Anyway
I just wanted you to know that

Post-CEE Track

Why Do Anything?

I don't know

I don't have an answer for you...

Thus, in his end, the Poet-sirrah closes with prose...

This, from the CEE novella, *The Two*:

“Und...there was Walther.

“I did not see him drink too much, but perhaps once or twice. Excess, so celebrated by you in the West, was abhorrent to him. Ernst’s manners at table, disgusted him...I recall they came to blows, once. His only vice, was to hide in the background, as Heinz preached Party doctrine, and to mock as though he was Heinz as a puppet, including a puppet face that was genius! And Heinz never knew, though we always fell down laughing.

“Walther listened calmly to the speeches; he seemed more to like reading them in the paper. Was always respectful of women. When we marched into Poland, a blond Pole girl came up to Walther and gave to him a loaf of marble rye. He humbly handed her his toilet kit, then stood tall as the Kommandant screamed at him, later.

“Walther did not speak out of turn, he did not glory in himself, I often saw him lost in thought, and I even saw him pray. But...when you looked into his eyes, you saw nothing. Not the blind fervence of Heinz, not the foolishness of Ernst, not Joachim’s quiet resolve. Not even my impudence. No. You saw nothing in Walther’s eyes, for there was nothing there to see.”

“Siggy pulled long and deep on the disappearing smoke, then mouthed a cloud, which he looked through to Mappy, grim.

“What was there, but for Walther to become a guard at Dachau?”

...so, I don't know

I don't have an answer for you

Two

Well, that's it, from here. Sure enough, I was right: we didn't become friends. That's fine. I told you that, from the beginning. You could call it a self-fulfilling prophecy, but if you do, you haven't absorbed jackshit, from reading me. A patented home psychoanalysis for every hiccup of behavior is a part of the software Others install on one another. It's a kind of "Help" you click on, or a troubleshooting guide, a concordance for your personal brain Bible. Except, like Help or troubleshooting or a concordance, what you're looking for, is rarely there. It's merely handy, to throw reaction and aphorisms like popcorn, when dealing with That Outside The Self...and, see? Once again, the things I tell you aren't so very different from what Others will admit to. Most of them. Doors shut and bolted. Cell, turned off. And they'll whisper it, as though the Gestapo was in the very walls. Some will look at you with hurt, say the word "please", in a drama that used to touch the soul, back when people had them. For there does exist a reason why you must sing the company song, sign the petition, mow your lawn, call down, "up" and trash, "litter", take your meds and finish your sandwich, we don't believe in wasting food/they're starving in China. The reason isn't deprivation of status, not contempt of your fellows, not the reality of being unloved. This reason ends bullseye in Self, but like the music, goes down and around, from sine to cosine and off on tangents. Here it is, said well, supplied us by William B. Davis as the Cigarette Smoking Man, from the 2nd Season of *The X-Files*:

If people were to know of the things I know, it would all fall apart."

Or, as CEE has written: "*If I have the right idea, Progress stops tomorrow, and the sewers back up.*"

Or, as CEE has written: "*After all, if my life has no meaning, Theirs' don't, either, most of the planet is wrong, and Chaos reigns. So, we must have our comforting little givens, mustn't we?*"

That's the bit. That's the "illusion" the current black of glove refer to, the "mind control" if you wanta go that far (and not shower and prefer Picard). It has nothing to do with the individual and everything to do with the herd. If Society is a machine, that's its guts. That's the Ant Community I saw, in my kindergarten doorway. And, it is why I've been forever alone, as I am only ever Me. I have no preordained 'place' in this world. The herd, largely ignorant, has done Zero for me; I certainly don't owe them a god-damned thing. I refuse, point blank, to participate in a world of middling convictions. Though I am not nor can dimly perceive the addictive personality, I join hands with those pre-12 Step, on one, vital tenet: It's Eden or Nothing. As the Web has long since destroyed my magical gift of selfdelusion, the Answer to the Riddle of No Answer is, hence and therefore, "Nothing." The reason is Man, himself. This is intrinsic, it is essence, and essential change is impossible. Which, is why compromise is capitulation. Oooo, the goodies we could get into from there!...but...I've gotta go. 'Gotta be at the River Styx in another heartbeat. Please try and remember the things I've written. It'll give me something to hope on, in a place where there's no hope at all.

No one ever looks into the mirror and speaks a total truth. I say this as Diogenes. You may mint it as finest silver ingots, nonfriends: **There Is No Honest Man**. If one ever turns up, I'll be certain to crack hobnails and give the salute. My theory, is that every pure morality, is totalitarian in nature. I'm all for suffering, as long as I get to watch Others suffer. I didn't always feel this way.

Congratulations.—CEE, 1/31/14

scarsuo!te9!iqnd

Stay in Formation

CEE

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Books: Hope Chest in the Attic, the Window, Class Cover Before Striking (Woman), Autumn Reason, Content Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide to Feminism, Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blitters, etc., Ovens, Exare Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, the Best Lady's Editorials (regular and 2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life of Cefi Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Slip, Sing Your Life, the Beauty and the Destruction, c&d v1 #7.5 (Writing to Honor & Church, author edition), Blister & Burn (the Kuypers edition), SRM, c&d #17.5 Distinguished Writing editor edition, Living in Class, Silent Screens, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 38 v1, v2 & v3, *Ready, Literature for the Sunday and Else (v1, v2 & part 1)*, a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet 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Falling Into Place, Wake Up and Smell the Flowers, Unknown, Looking Beyond, Forever Bound, See the World Burn, Exploding on the Scene, America the Last, Moving the Earth, Catch Fire in the Treetops, Wisdom in Broken Hands, Autumn Again, Up to Smoke, Symbols Manifest, No Return, Grounded, Perfectly Imperfect, Wrapping It Up, I Pull the Strings, a Link in the Chain, Shot out of a Cannon, am i really extant, Solgar & Sowards, Slats & Marrow, Blister & Burn, Blase & Repeat, Service & Thrive, (lost) Worn & Frayed, Fortune & Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing to Honor & Church, Distinguished Writing, Braking Silence, Disliking the Myrtiline, the Book of Scars, We the Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing of your Dirty Little Secrets, Thought Remains, Charred Remains, Rip & Creation, Building the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Layering the Groundwork, Weathered, etc., Ink in my Blood, (bound) (4 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in Your Heart the Astrograph's Teardrops of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anois Nic: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), *Duckard Under / Charlie Newman*, 12 Times 12 Equals Gross, a Marble Bone Peauine Parades with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Night and Day and Chicago Poems, Lighten Up, Not Far From Here, Wobbling, You Have Finally Won, Avenue C Suburban Rhythms, Deans Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, The Pill in a man's best Friend, Angel's Syllable is Good Boss of Devil's Spine, Poems and Stories From the Blue Collar Book of the Dead, Cat People, Death of an Angel, Ghost, Solstice: A Carmichael's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping From a Tree, the 4-0 Window, Open Wounds, Annie Jubin, Interscience, Gunther, Cats, Screem Gweed Island, When the World was Black and White, a Petal Under Pavement, The Holy Sea of CEE, Book 15 "Thanked to Volcanoes, Lost in the Edge, I Was Charles Bronson's Secret Hostage, Erasable Bond, Royal Dana's Death Scene 'tis of Them, Understood, Akashic Shotgun, Chompague - Hot Water, How a Bullshit Behaves, the Thing in the Lounge at WagonWheel (I Came in Awkward), Postcards from Kille, the Five Steps of Madest

Compact Discs: *Man's Favorite View* the demo tapes, *Kuypers the Inad (MP3 Inclusive)*, *Woods and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* Something is Swallowing, *The Second Axing* Live in Alaska, *Pattis & Kuypers* Live at Cefi Aloha, *Painless* Orchestra Rough Mixes, *Kuypers Seeing Things Differently*, *SD/SD* 10th 10th, *Kuypers Change Rearrange*, *Order From Chaos* the Entropy Project, *Kuypers Six One One*, *Kuypers Stop*, *Kuypers Masterful Performances mp3 CD*, *Kuypers Death Comes in Threes*, *Kuypers Changing Gears*, *Kuypers Dreams*, *Kuypers How Do I Get There?*, *Kuypers Content-Culture-Control*, *the DMI Art Connection* the DMI Art Connection, *Kuypers Questions in a World Without Answers*, *Kuypers WIZARD Radio* (2 CD set), *Man's Favorite View* and *The Second Axing* These trails, *associated artist* *Sing Theory*, *Oh* (audio CD), *Life In The Gals* (3 CD set), *the DMI Art Connection* *Indian Flax*, *the DMI Art Connection* *Blaise*, *Depressive or Something*, *Classic Radio* *Classic Radio Week #1*, *Classic Radio* *Classic Radio Week #2*, *Classic Radio* *Classic Radio Week #3*, *Classic Radio* *Classic Radio Week #4*, *Classic Radio* *Classic Radio Week #5*, *Classic Radio* *the Classic Collection* *Collection #01-05* (5 CD set), *London CD* (2 CD set), *Classic Elements* (2 CD set), *Class in Motion* (6 CD set), *SD/SD* *Something to a Hilt* (EP), *PR4*, *Two for the Price of One* (EP), *KIKI*, *Joko and Keyhole*, *Kuypers/He Backed Into/Paul Baker/He Joke* *Power* *Five* *Fiction* (4 CD set), *production* *the Evolution of Performance Art* (13 CD set), *Kuypers Live* (14 CD set), *the DMI Art Connection* *the Things They Did to You* (2 CD set), *Kuypers Seeing a Psychiatrist* (3 CD set), *Kuypers St. Paul's* (3 CD set), *Kuypers the 2009 Poetry Gems Show* (3 CD set), *Kuypers and the Hitman of South Africa* *Burn Through Me* (2 CD set), *Kuypers' 40*, *Kuypers Sexism and Other Stories*, *Kuypers the Stories of Women* (amazon.com release), *Kuypers "Dobro Vecer"* (4 CD set) *Kuypers "I'mmm"* (4 CD set), *Kuypers "Laiting it All Out"*, *Kuypers "What We Need to Live"* (CD single), *Kuypers "Made Any Difference"* (CD single), *Kuypers/Hardwick "Across the Pond"* (3 CD set).