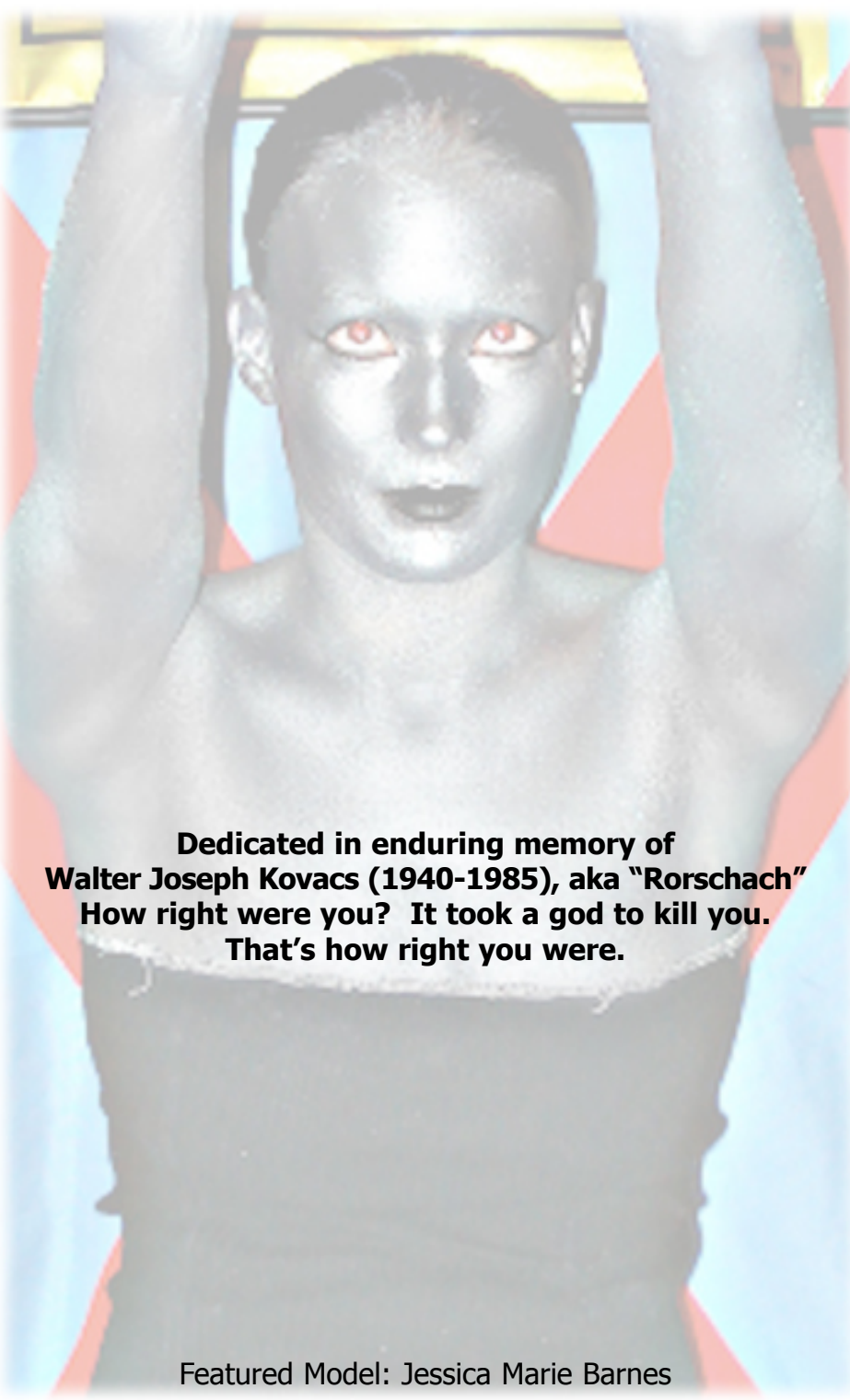


The Tribes Joshua Drove Out of the Land

by
CEE



scars

A photograph of a person with white body paint and red eyes, standing with arms raised against a blue and red background. The person is wearing a black top. The background consists of a blue wall with red diagonal stripes. The person's arms are raised above their head, and they are looking directly at the camera.

**Dedicated in enduring memory of
Walter Joseph Kovacs (1940-1985), aka "Rorschach"
How right were you? It took a god to kill you.
That's how right you were.**

Featured Model: Jessica Marie Barnes



“Qué pasan a los hombres olvidados?”
 (“What happens to the lost ones?”)

—as incorrectly translated from Neruda,
from the made-for-TV movie,
Right of Way (1983;
Schaefer/Karpf Productions)

Buzz, Shock

“There is no known state of human beingness, which is the “correct” form.”

An anarchist-friend made that statement, in 1989. Two decades later, I used it as the first lines of a poem I was fortunate enough to publish. It represents the kind of thinking to which most of the anal retentive would react badly. It represents something those more relaxed, would nod to. Avidly. With fervor. Dashboard dogs. You know the sort. You might be the sort. The kind of sweet and soulful person, who doesn't kill bugs, mice, spiders or snakes and whose initial reaction to any theological remark, is the too-high-pitched, “Oh, I believe in God!”

I daresay you'd shake hands with our opening line...until it killed bugs, mice, spiders and snakes in front of you, freaking like a savage all the while (see the scene in *The Crush*, where she powderizes the fresh fish), then spun their head, Linda Blair, in your face, for not worshipping their particular deity. At that point, the word “inappropriate” might get used, but I'd lay odds you'd have already anted to 9-1-1, “Hello, I'd like to report...” At which point, you've admitted by actions, you're a liar. Pants ablaze.

You read me. You're not prepared to clamp the rat cage over another's face for being different...unless, of course, they're a dangerous nutcase. But, see, the opening statement, includes Them. It includes Koresh, Dahmer, Gacey, Hitler, Lecter, Juliette Lewis in *Natural Born Killers*, Vlad the Impaler, Joseph McCarthy, the guy who took a shot at Teddy Roosevelt and the Marquis de Sade. It includes every mode. Every twist. *If nothing is 'the correct form', then, it's anything goes.* And I think, on a sand planet called The Dawn of Civilization, ‘anything’ did.

I worship a hairy thunderer who backed The Children of Israel. And, I believe that, when they got to The Promised Land and it was already subdivided, The God of Love told Israel to kill all the barbaric bastards, lay 'em waste, put 'em to the sword. Know why? The tribes already there, were babykilling wingnuts, grunting, mud puddle-farting crazoids. Creatures of shelter, food and warmth, nothing more. Karen Black, at the end of the “Devil Doll” segment. Whole tribes composed of Koresh, Dahmer, Gacey, Hitler, Lecter, blahblahblah. YHWH didn't cott' to that. He ordered Joshua, Israel's leader at that time (Charlton Heston having gone off into a mountain, to write about his own death), to mow 'em down, scorched Earth.

And Joshua, not nearly the hardass Charlton Heston had been, didn't wipe everyone. Not all the blood drinkers. Not every hate screamer. Not the last of those who bit their own toenails. These went on, lived, and...yes, some of their number were women. Hundreds of years later, you had the same problem. And this time, it was allowed to remain, unchecked.

Then, in 1895, a pinched sort of thinker named Sigmund Freud, began publishing a series of beautiful novels, spun utterly of whole cloth, which in turn would cloak the descendents of the animalistic tribes, the savages, those of rank mind and dubious choices, the unacceptable and yes, inappropriate. The tribes, now intermarried throughout the Earth, were the haunters of Society's edges...a Society that told everyone, increasingly, "There is no 'normal'!", then found a way, a napkin-based way to kill Koresh, kill Dahmer, kill Ga—well. You know.

This chapbook is about mental illness. I'm unsure there is any. Some of you will laugh aloud at these poems. Let it be this act, which betrays you.

CEE beginning West with The
Donner Party, May 12th, 1846

Rejected Mental Deductions

Kisses to Sylvia (with All my Love, of which there is none)

You couldn't stand the heat
You didn't get out of the kitchen
Life gives choices of A, B or C
Which
Most people say,
"A, B or C are the only choices,
So
You better pick one"
You said, "No,
There's D,
Death"
Suicide is a viable alternative
Final
Viable
Good for you

Castration takes away our eyes

Reached out, shyly
You whapped 'em off
You tried maturity, later
I made of you Greer's eunuch
You then spent billions of time
Of two human lives
Building an empyre for the funeral
Of my balls
Here Then Are my words
One soul, let us burn
In a Hell of the church of our choice
Our fire, or
Yours, anyway
You've left me no other option
I've already reached out, shyly

A CHERRY SNUB

This is dedicated to a friend
Who lived alone, his whole, adult life
And just died of congestive heart failure
In his 50's
After an entire existence
Of waiting for a stewardess to drop through his ceiling
Who could pass the exacting standards
Of the 3422 requirements he had for a mate...

(A-Hehm!):

O lonely, lonely, loneliest man
What in Hell did you expect?
Here's Lies An Idiot

Now! Who's hungry?

I Am the Subject, or S*

Sit, if you like

Stand there
Hold forth
To alter my thinking

If no frame of Me
You DO NOT Know
If frame of Me
You haven't learned,
Or you wouldn't have the frame

Punk Flutter

Crewcut boy
In cell of back yard
Tortured afright
Runs screaming from the butterfly
Convinced it is a bee
Sociopath from birth

Clothespin (the pinch kind)

The clothespin hurt my finger
Every time
Tried pinching it over and again, ongoing
UnPavlov, obsessed
Learning to Hate
That dark disgustingness of pain inflicted
Finding all sickness and anger in the hurt
thus
Hating human beings
In actual practice
Human beings as found, are clothespins
The pinch kind

Face of Darkness

It is there
IS there
It is, too
Choose to ignore
For if you do not
You'll talk to it
Defy it, bond with it
It becometh as elementary school hate-friend
Real
Real enough
Then, they come for you

Silence of the chocolate bunnies

I eat the eyes first,
According to a book I can't seem to find
This proclivity makes me a hatchet-wielding psychotic
I'm okay with that, but still
Wish I could find the book
I'd like some hints on how to avoid prosecution
And OJ's currently indisposed

Supposed pain

Shoot the realtor

That same whack job in the
Choir robe and the Jamiroquai hat
Is dumping her dog's waste on our lawn, again
No, don't remind me
We could get in trouble, this keeps happening
No, not tonight
I'll scoop it up
We'll suit up
Tomorrow, after dark
Huh? Where this time? I dunno
Maybe her hope chest
Or her garbage disposal
No, we can't do the chimney, again
I almost fell, last time,
Are you nuts?
"Suspect us"?
If you want to argue we're avenging a crime
With a crime, fine
"Suspect us"?
She walks around the neighborhood
And all over town
In a choir robe and a Jamiroquai hat
That sound like Miss Marple to you?

"Suspect us"?

Nazi Staple

Have you ever stapled your thumb?
God-da Bless-sa! Do it hurt!
Mesh of metal mama and flesh bystander
Hopefully, there ain't much-cha blood
Have you ever stapled your forehead?
Why not?
You'll put a cold glass to your forehead
On a dog day in July
Glass didn't meant fer flesh, neither
But you'll do it
You'll do that...because, why?
"Because it feels good" (you hippie)
But, if I cut you with that glass,
Wouldn't you rather have the staple?
Have you ever stapled your ears together?
Well, you ought to
Anyone bases Truth
On what makes them FEEL GOOD
Has a will, but doesn't have a mind
I'll take that brain a-yorn,
And get a double blessing
God-da Bless-sa!
I love to think
All day long,
Have you ever thought about
Doing it with a girl?

Nazi Panda Flautist

Come look at ME!!
I fly a mindjet
I have a beard
I sit in gas stations
Smelling the good, toilet smells
Making faces in the mirror at myself
I live in a paper box outside Publix Market
(where shopping is a pressure)
Because Ronnell Raygun was a real ‘Murrican
And, he say
He say,
“Proclaim liberty
And defecate in old coffee cans
Cuz, buster
There actually Is an American Dream”
And, I’ll be in it, someday
That dream
That’s the dream, where I’m at the zoo
Playing pretties, tewting my phlewght
For all the Chinese bears
A music so (So...)
A music you can never hear
Cuz you’re not in my head
I have no hope, nor hope of having hope
Come Look At Meeeeeee!!
Come face the music

Still Wanted by the Prairie du Rocher Police

The cannonade competition was cool over!
Until I fired
I shot the blockade house
(18th Century French)
Into kindling
I thought we got to choose our target
And pick our type of ammo
(I favor phosphorescent high explosive)
The judge said otherwise
To which, I replied,
“So, in other words,
Freedom is not available for those with ADD?”
He said, “Huh?”, and
I said “Huh?”

Sitting by my burned-out trailer

Friend walks up
“GOD-DAMN!! *How’d That happen?!*”
I did it
“*Whuuuuut? Why?*”
Remember last Sunday?
After the *Axis & Allies* game?
I showed you my idea
For a new A&A weapon?
The hydroplane, a plane able
To land in a sea zone?
And, you picked my idea apart?
Or, thought you did?
But, because I didn’t answer you right away,
You laughed?
Which got everyone else to laugh?
I’ve had enough random humiliation
I burned down my home, with the A&A game
Inside
Losing all I have and am
So you can never play it, again
“*HeheHuh! But, I can just buy my own copy!*”

Moral: That Is What “Human” Is

Genuine pain

Cancellation shaves your cheek

if you cut
help may arrive
or not
but that's only arm cuts
leg, if you live on the coast
face cuts?
well, that's Actual mutilation
you're crazy
charges

A Mentally Ill Friend Explains Why He Renewed a Magazine Subscription Sixteen Years Ahead

Well

You know

You know, when you have

Two to the one-third

With the three and the two-thirds

Of the one of the one of the

One-third plus one,

With the three-thirds of three of the

Thirds three, there's three-thirds

'Cause it's a threethreethreethreethree-thirds

With the three and the two and the

One?

But, it's okay

'Cause I've got ground beef

Race Zyzy

So lost
Cold, the humanesque
What did John Lydon say?
Ache of passion of pathos
A grindstone, I can't
They say it's insanity
Chronic suicidal
All the rodent-sheep, they're
No amount of screaming, I
hatehatehate
Please, I must
A drop on my tongue
Something, some worth
Merryworth
In a five-and-dime arcade planet mote
Chrissakes
Fuck you, buckarini
I lied to the phone company
I lied very well
My name is the last in the white pages
I do have worth
I do

Cousin Lindsay

You're gaily proud
Proudly gay
Proud being good wanting to be bad
But, you're not bad, it's bad to say
What's good is bad
But, yes, yeah, you're so proud of a bad
Which ain't isn't
Bad
A good bad, sumpin to be proud of
Only solely because it's bad
Which it ain't, it's good, good
da goodgood
You gaily say...

That's more or less an exact quote,
Except you threw in more "good"s and "bad"s
And said it in six seconds
With, "Yeah, Uh-*Huh!*" at the end

Effexor
You can never go wrong with Effexor

Rhomboid Ramble

My soul has acquired so high a price
Only God can meet it
My soul
As if someone said,
“I have a precious diamond right here, *see it??*”
And they wrap gauze around it
And they happen to be a sleight-of-hand artist
So, I don’t know if it is gone?
Purely, theoretically, it can’t be
Thus, when Life as found says, “Choose”,
What does It mean?
What is there to choose, but one facet
Of the precious diamond
Camera of Self viewing All, unable
Humanfinite unable
Rendering ALLness general
and vague and nebulous
As you glare your smile at me

“How was he, tonight?”
“Very sick. Seriously nuts. He needs a doctor.”

Pages and pages of “ambulance”

Writing it because he was crazy
Writing it because he was young
Young-crazy, that too-known type of warp,
Writing a googol-ga-trillion of a word that
Made him happy
Paper sedative
Calmed the immature heebiez,
Because he knew Help would arrive
I hope it did, truly
For his sake
I had my own life to live

The Big Duck Opines: Celebrate Recovery

Addiction is addiction is addiction
Really, Gertrude Beer Stein?
Y'know what happens if I put
A red ball
and a red Frisbee
and a red wristwatch band
and a red, tiny, tin toy Camaro
and a red shoe
and a bottle of Red Dye No. 2
and a clipping of really red, red hair
in the same room together?
Assuming cognizance, cognizance is only,
“Hey, we’re all red. Redness is our nature.
It is our nature, to be red.”
These items, like living, human items
Are otherwise, Alone
Mies van der Rohe office space-Alone,
If the whole point is to introduce a Savior
After Amway premise and a tap dance,
Scrap your cash cows
Go pre-Bill W.,
“On your knees, or Get Out!”
You may not get 13% outta the deal
You won’t get a whole lot less

Joe loves B.F. Skinner (Joe Mama)

His mom said, yard work, pronto
He didn't want to
But, well ya know
Bread buttered on, etc.
So, he's out there, slinging some tool
Singing old Negro spirituals
For soul purpose of embarrassing her
Making her mad
So she'd learn
An act that said,
"I hate you for this
Don't do it again";
I tried that, in the 80's, with a boardgaming bud
Who had a laugh that sounded like
Everyone else was dirt
I used to laugh his same laugh, 5 times crazier
Right into his face,
Whenever he laughed that laugh
Ten minutes later, five minutes later, two
He'd laugh the laugh, again

“The Psychotic and Society”

Charles Whitman, on the cover of *TIME*
Blurry old 1966 blurred prior in photo when new
Next to Chuckles, some...thing
Says inside the mag, “his dog”
Outside, on the cover, Whitman
Sitting Outside all of Us,
There’s a method to the blur
I stare and stare
I don’t see any “dog”
I see a creature, all right, but ancient thing
The thing—by God—is looking back
Groucho-bemused, decades past
Factory-cheap Jesus follow-eyes
Knowing I see, seeing Me seeing It
I can never successfully tell of this
Therefore, I tell in this way:
My friend, watching COPS, as they arrested a
Babbling conspiracy nut, said,
“Okay, the guy’s crazy, sure, but
Is he crazy because he ‘knows’?”

There’s a tower in every town, Chuckles
Mount of a congregation
Of a particular, personal North
Things are here
Epochs ago

Me pain (for Cream Antisocials)

atomic batteries to narcissism

King of the neighborhood for two whole weeks
We had the only color TV
I had the lock on BATMAN
Dad, psycho about the two-nights-in-row noise
Rescinded his agreement
There wasn't a "friend" left in sight
They'd migrated, lemming, to another neighborhood,
Another kid's more compliant domicile
Hurt as Actual soulstab
What foolish children, thought I, at
5
This wasn't about BATMAN
They were at My house
Didn't they get that?

I Mean, What is the Point?

Sociopath
You would think it would mean
websterish
I shun Society
It, dung beetle to my wedding cake
Truetootrue, yesohyes
But
There's You
I accept *You*
We're here, in wedded cake-y bliss
Except when You don't behave
Whereupon
Why do you exist?
You must exist to a point
What is the point?
You must be one,
Or the psycho is correct

Bear Hugger (Electronics 101, 1986)

A friend tells of a new PUNCHOUT
A PUNCHOUT as “Super”
Tells of great big thick Humongous
First opponent
“Beer Kegger”
Because no one else takes notes
With their mind,
I find it, play it, have a good time,
Tell Friend-O when I see him,
“Beer Kegger”? It was Bear Hugger!”
He laughs, validates his human Free Parking
And passes it off,
Those of us fundamentally unhappy
Those of us from birth who Hate Life
May be identified, thus:
Ask what time it is, and it’s 7:24?
We Won’t say, “about 25 after 7”

I builded my own pyramid (Maslow can blow me)

I didn't want a bicycle
Even at the age
When one had to have one
In order to keep buttsniff
With Biff, Skip, Muffy & Tad,
I tooled about on the world's largest trike
(we then, called tricycles, "trikes")
I now call angry women, "shrikes")
I didn't like bikes, never truly appreciated
The uselessness of the mode
This passage, goosestep by goosestep, of
Learn the LP
Now, here's an 8-track
Very good, cassettes are for the big kids
Grow up, do the CD
Downloads are proper, Mr. Emotionally Immature
Plant, Pet, Child
The first, I let die
The second, I returned within 48 hours
The third, I avoided having altogether
As Stateville Prison ain't The Vineyard, homes
I Am Me
I don't want a bicycle chain

I use the social treaty as a coaster

No, I know didn't turn your daughter down
Last time
It doesn't mean I'm a good person
Sure, I was kind!
I like Girl Scout Cookies!
But I don't need some organic bullshit
Sun-catcher
To me,
Now, you're crossing the line

EARTH

(perfectly willing to sit on top of the bomb, to make it go off)

The idea behind “green”
Is that
No matter what hatred we feel
(Illegal or otherwise, and use what word you wish)
Hatred toward fellow persons,
This is still not then a gift card toward
Trashing the spaceship,
IOW, evil, awful, hatefilled
(again, substitute whatever doesn't
make you personally go peepee)
Others as shitting-pants-in-rage individuals,
Any harms, any scars They give Us
Does not equal torching our Home

Sorry, Pythagoras
To me, it does, towit,
Ironboot Laplace 1A:
If all Humanity suffers,
Those I hate therefore suffer.
Priorities
Eat my cheeseburger wrapper

Br-Braumbraum

You're the shittiest postal carrier
God ever blew breath into
And, yes, I reported you
And reported you and reported you
But, thanks to the inherent
"Den of thieves" quality of Corncob, USA,
The USPS
Pretty much staffed by "C"-students whom
I and my Honor friends snickered at
At C-Lunch,
By nonaction says you're on a pass
So I gave up reporting you,
But months on end, have passed
And you keep mangling our mail
And hurling it to the porch
Or popping it through the slot
Like you're shooting it off to Hell
Again, it's been manymany months,
I would ask what your problem is
But I totally get it, I'm cool
There are people whom, still
I'm stabbing, feral, to death
On sundrenched, blacktopped driveways
For daring to insult Our person
In 1978

The Second Day I Turn 18

And I look at my aging nothing
And I imagine it all a dream
And I wake up, passed out, in the restroom
And I see myself in the mirror, young
And vital again, fresh
And new
And I Rebel Yell-it
And run around like a madman, rejoicing
And the Dean of Boys corrals me
And I try to tell him
And he forces discipline, anyway
And because I was whackers even then,
I kill him
And get put in the lollipop factory
And don't get a college degree

And this is, as they say, is the moral:
Second chances do not exist
For, if you had one
It would only be everyone else's
First chance
But, you got a damned extra cookie
And they'd hate you for it

One-Track Mind Track: Evening of My Years Meditation

Why I Will Never Murder Patton Oswalt

I carry around in my head
Fibber McGee's closet of slings, arrows
His shouting down a heckler, on Album #2
Polishing off his nummy roast heckler
With some "The New PC Intellectia" line
Smirk bomb, an "I'm OBVIOUSLY SUPERIOR",
"you're gonna miss everything cool, and die angry!"

*Welllll...*we either die angry or piddle
But, what's "everything cool"?
Oh
Yeah
All the stuff I've found dirty, offensive
Blasphemous, sick, disgusting, upsetting
And in a better, 1984-type State with rad trains,
Jail-able
All the things I rejected from GO
Because I Big Bang-Don't-Want-Them

I used to be a fan
I now hate the smarmy fucker
But, I'd never grab a Greyhound his way
Info Age, amateur gets one, lone freebie
My hand to God
It ain't gonna be him

Thank You, Doc

I've mentioned many times, I'm old pals with a couple of anarchists. I am not one, myself. In the Long Ago, we got together semiregularly, to "debate the mysteries of the universe". They were quick to identify and define my thinking. They were quicker, to condemn or (attempt to) correct it.

One night, I was bombing on about something, and one of them called me a "determinist". If you missed out in school on what that is, it's someone who sees the world as Vonnegut's Tralfamadorians, i.e. everything happens the way it happens, 'cause that's how it's supposed to happen. "*The moment is structured that way.*" My friend thought to draw me up short with the label, but I couldn't deny it to be The Way In Which I See Things.

So, fine. I'm a determinist. I'm a determinist, because it's correct. It's correct because, in a universe programmed for Infinity, your free will, mixed with the free will of Others and that of The Programmer Himself, isn't as free as you think it is. Infinite cause and effect, eventually results in the predetermination of every leaf fallen. So, when I personally think on how small I am within the "All", that's how I define it. I assure you, it's a much cozier blanket, than that clutched by those who think upon Chaos more purely...and it's much more logical, than the words of those who speak in feelgood generalities.

Upshot? I am exactly who and what I am, what I was from energy-rich foam or fire of divine mind. No amount of rending the garment, changes I-intrinsic. Not mine, not yours. It's why there is no mental illness, why human beingness, no matter how horrid or illegal as verb, is never "wrong". Why secondary behavior is as contrived for some, as the exploits of an action hero. "Human", comes down to numbers, mathematics, when you get to its motherboards. I learned a long time ago, staring at a parabola on a blackboard, one can't argue with math. This is no doubt why I was created as one who dreams—dreamers, those unsoft at least, fight. It's probably a trait held over from Canaanland, a gene of fire and gas. Some number in the mix unsettled in its place, no matter the inability to change. One disgruntled digit.

I told someone in 1987, “No book, or series of books, can truly define Man.” She disagreed, of course—strongly—and now, what with the WWW, I think I’ve finally been contradicted. I guess. Either the Internet is the totality of Man, or Man is defined by a single word. However, this particular, bloodied warrior of mind, is fading out, nonfriends. And, wipe that smirk. These updates are no cry of “wolf”. My Molly Hatchet album cover-days, are on countdown. I leave it to your brave newness, its requisite speed and zeal, to uncover better conclusions. Perhaps through beginning proof construction, with the Hammurabic Code.

In my terms, then, Joshua had to do what he did...or, what he didn't. Those perverted, hairtrigger mouthbreathers, had to live. As did bits of their numbers, from that day ‘til Now. And, Freud? He had to get his head around their existence, which succeeded only in screwing up so many others. And, their genes are meant to be spread amongst us, today, in exact portions and without mistake. For my part, I had no choice but to tell you this, because I had every choice, making in all, one. And, here you are reading, just like you're supposed to. What you do next, nonfriend, you'll just do. You just will. Do it.

My mother-in-law refers to me as “a tortured genius”. I'll take it for granted, you by now understand Why.—CEE, 10/2/11

CEE

I am a sociopath. I was not always a sociopath. But, then, I met You, and it quickly went bad, and after eleventy-twelve, fifty quillion, overly-eight, twiddly-two years of a life inside a half-asleep world full of You, I am, now, a sociopath. And, now, the world is saying I can't even be allowed to be what You—the world of the Other—made me.

I think you know, how this ends.

—CEE's Gravatar Profile statement,
through wordpress.com

