

The background of the entire page is a photograph of the interior of a large, ornate cathedral. The view is from the nave looking down the central aisle towards the altar. The ceiling is a massive dome with intricate frescoes and architectural details. The altar is highly decorated with a large cross, candles, and floral arrangements. Two large, ornate pipe organs are visible on either side of the altar. The floor is made of large, light-colored stone tiles.

THE HOLY SEE OF CEE

CEE

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To the blurry waters my mind rose from,
 in my earliest memory of infancy.
To the long, straight, still water I laid down by,
 in my Future, in my dream.

Maybe for just a moment, there, I was imagining a
slightly better world.

—Ted Levine as Dr. Robert Banger, from the final (and
unaired) episode of *Wonderland* (2000; ABC)

FISHERMAN

Piece of pie be with you, nonfriends. It is I, the creature obsessed with himSelf and Death, in that order. Why the first one, well, you'd have to know me—believe it or don't, I'm more fun than Mardi Gras on three Red Bulls. Why the second, is a longer bit. It has to do with a place in Time that is no longer, the one which now Is, another that's coming a lot sooner than I'd like (yet still trumps Chevalier's bullshit, re: old age) and with where I'll be the moment after that. You probably think you know the answer to that last, but you think you know a lot of things. Eat your pie. If I valued the opinions of others, I'd scarcely have become a hermit. Or a poet. There's no money in either one. Just a lot of quiet mindplay, wide as a Gene Autry croon.

Thus, given that mindplay, I see myself in living minutes of an electraglide Past, anticipating everything up ahead, thinking the world's not what it was, but it's pretty okay, and I just have to treat Life like a cakewalk, because in this country, essentially, it is. And then, I step in the frosting. Lose my lifescrypt. I stand there. And Farrah and beach sand and all the soft colors, fade away.

Cue Here. A Now increasingly inhospitable. Reality as I was taught and knew, rewritten. No cornerstone, no center and no base. I'm in the basement, typing. Farrah's smiling from "that poster", as she has for over 30 years. No time has passed. All Time has passed. My Life has been made for me. I live in a stone womb.

On deck, there's a moment in Time. I don't know specifically, which one. But, though I've not lived healthfully, I know my body and I read its very detailed reports. I've had scares already. In 2003, I woke from a dream, wherein I was given my month and year of Death. Depending on who and what you are, non-friend, you mayn't buy into the latter, but in perhaps a "Dana Scully" sense. I prattle that selfsame pragmatism at my inner demons, but minus my consent, The End is on its way. And, I'm not the type to sip an appletini and trade aphorisms. You can have that wrinklesheet stuff. I haven't liked Life. I don't like it, now. But I'm goddammed, if I wanta move beyond it.

There *is* something beyond it, you know. Even if you're a member of the "die and rot" crowd...which, if you're right, big deal, but if anyone else is right, Pascal and I are gonna have one helluva good laugh. Point is, discarding Death as finality—which, is a single viewpoint in the pantheon, pardon the pun—every other alternative, though what madly diverse hope offered, is daunting. Too big a thing, anyway, as Jackie Gleason told Morley Safer, to be able to hustle your way out of.

Know this, as seconds tick: New Life isn't what dwarfs Self. Only Self ending, does. *Mmyeah! See, Cagney?! Where's your appletini, Now?*

CEE on course over the Pacific with Amelia Earhart, July 2nd, 1937

HOLY SEE IN ODOACER

THE PAPER SACK OF ROME

Diodes
WILL die
You do realize that, don't you?
Be as Anonymous as you like
All the identity theft you can
Pimpernel,
Encryption WILL find its own
Crypt,
All the trashit in the Hazardous Waste
Recycling centers
Dialup the future, Game Boy
Playtext your bro
The—World—Is—Now—
No, it isn't
The East Orient Asia
Is laughing at you
Your double click is a KANSAS hit
Cadmium dies
WILL
Just like a tree

THE PLASTIC BAG OF ROME

Another story I never wrote,
'Bout a guy who has eBay shit
Delivered to his house, every day
USPS, UPS, FedEx, the smallfry,
Delivery people throughout each business day
Even a special courier, maybe, near dusk
He opens all the packages and I describe the treasures
Unique things and one-of-a-kinds
And the rare and the HTF
Obscure, cool things
Antique things
From hidey-holes at home and abroad,
The story's climax being
He destroys them all, every night
Burns them in his fireplace or
Smashes them to pieces
Doing so with grim purpose
Eradicating objects, making them never seen again
Having bought them in fact to destroy them
Simply so others may not have them,
Though I Love the protagonist,
I can't ever write the tale
It's helpless, to think about
If I really tried to be that destroyer,
I'm just too lazy
I know I'd never stick with it

dEEDLE-dUMPLIN' CASTLE piECE

And, WHY
Is the social contract now
Toilet paper?

Marketing genius
Watch kids, young, old
Playing a game, for example
(Actually WATCH them, too
Don't just rote-rationalize goopy Love)
Some Freud-deep, disfuncned somewhere,
D'you know how *much* they *Love*
The *game*
Especially if they own it?
D'you know how *cool* those *gamepieces*
Are?
And most every friend is a bit of a nut,
Wouldn't you rather be with accessories?
You can find a new friend, just call anyone that on
Facefake,
Humans are clearly interchangeable
They're disposable
Even if you signed something agreeing not to say that
At work
Serious
Why respect or Love? For what purpose?
Flesh sucks limited ass
Wouldn't you rather be the top hat?

CLARA FLORENCE MADONNA
BARTON NIGHTINGALE WHORE NURSE

It's easy to be so compassionate
When the men are dying and bleeding
When for that minute of vulnerability
They know what they want and it isn't
Just one thing
It's another thing
To live
To say to William Wallace, "Get screwed,
I'd rather have my Life!"
In this moment of lack of mortal surety,
The men don't want
Just one thing
Which, is where you're wrong
They want exactly that
They're just too hurt and harmed
To follow through
They're figuring, if you're
Being so compassionate, you're easy

THE VINYL SACK OF ROME

Elder man enters cutrate grocery store
Quietly distributing
Leaving
A veritable stack of bags
To save those who have no choice but to
Shop there,
Having to pay 4 cents for paper for the local
Landfill,
He silently spreads them about
At the sacking station
He then lingers to shop there, himself
Touched deeply by his gesture, as we
Simultaneously
Leave
I compliment him
He looks at me like I threw up

THE MANMADE FIBER BAG OF ROME

They're tearing down Tim Reilly's bar
They're replacing Rod Serling with a New kind of
Macabre,
They're cutting up *Night Gallery* into
Popcorn shorts
They're making TV into a small laptop screen
They're making everything seen and heard
Into Robin Williams' hoary old joke, re:
Evelyn Woods Speed Reading
#Buohp#!!
They're remaking Life
Making it longer
Longer and shorter at the same time

BESSECH LEECH (HOLDING BACK DEATH W/a PRAYER)

And if I say,
“Jesus!” as an exaltation
If I say,
“Jesus!” as an epithet
If I say a thousand things
In a thousand dialects
Saying prayers from everything from
The Navajo to ECKANKAR,
If I say I’m happy, say I’m sad
Say I don’t want to live or can’t live or
(Moppet-sized tear) *“What’s the use of living?”*
If I hump really good or
Don’t feel loved
My Life might’ve sucked, it may suck, now
I may well be dancing at all of my joys
Every possibility from Baz Luhrmann’s “Sunscreen” bit
Human Everything, pick your facet
You know what I’m gonna find?
Freedom
Only, it’ll have a skull face, a black cowl,
Carry a scythe and
My head or chest or lungs will explode
Right before my Fear finds that Freedom

As the line goes, Friend-O, “You can’t stop what’s comin’”
What’s comin’, is Horror Untold
Riding you to liberation

THE CROWN ROYAL GEEK'S DICE BAG OF ROME

Interesting, the competitive spirit
Of tabletop pastimes with friends
Interesting, noting
Yet Again
Our gulf divide
The Otherstain fight, argue, are rude, insult
Resenting—usually—by gossip—their competitors
Yet rarely lashing out, physically
And almost always invite, again
Self tries to avoid the fights and rudeness and crap
Fails
And only doesn't murder the Otherstain
Not for fear of prison,
But because I, too, resent, gossip, yet invite them, again
...usually
I don't Want to
But I Will
Gamers are hard to find
Most every other guy is at Hooter's

THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE, IF IT HAD WORKED OUT

'Can't write this poem, right now
Goin' fishin', this weekend
Up the southern tip a' Lake Michigan
It's really beautiful up there
At the southern tip, all the forest
Lotsa trees, can't tellya how many
Lotta shade, you need that, nowadays
I hear the perch are really jumpin', this year
There's no limit, there, you know
Place is a fisherman's Paradise, more damned fish
Up to God's Country,
Gets a little lonesome, though, 'you don't bring a friend
Awful dark, at night, 'cept the stars
Hafta head over to Terre Haute, 'you need people
Bringin' my 30-Aught-6
'Case-a bears
Hope I don't hafta use it
Really pretty country, but black flies, *boy!*

I'll write this when I get back
State a' the Union is on, Monday eve
'Can't miss that
It's exciting
God Bless Our Leaders
I'm so glad we can always trust 'em

HOLY SEE IN TWIN TOWERS

BUILDING THE TOWER OF BABEL

She used to insult me
In French
I'll bet you never knew even
Telling someone to
“put a paper bag over their head”
In French
Sounds so sexy, you could gargle with it
So, when YHWH confused the languages
Of All the peoples of All the Earth
One has to assume that
With All knowledge of All eternity
Him knew that
Sweet nothings of sardonic abuse
Snooty hatred with a Masters and Johnson flair,
Would split down the middle
Philes and Phobes
Of every race and color, kind and creed
So, yeah, agreed, Judeo-Christo is warlike
But, it cuts equally across the board, of
All the world, of
Fleshumans who haven't a choice but to be
On par with one another, but have every choice
Not to murder
You Do have every choice Not to murder
I didn't murder her, for example
I started seeing someone else

BUILDING THE TOWER OF BABEL

The Bible according to my mother
Using Babel to explain
Other languages
That there are people
Who quite naturally don't live on our block
Who are very different from us
And not only can't WE understand THEM
THEY can't understand US
I'd never heard of such a disease
People who couldn't understand English
How foolish!
Oh, no!, says mother
If you said to THEM
(banal pleasantry)
THEY would hear you saying
(sfx noise with mouth, face scrunched up as though
having a seizure)
Mother stood foursquare, all her Life
Foursquare, for The Party of Roosevelt
I could Not
Not after that
If just by very beingness, I would be perceived
As a whopping, mindless freak
By unintelligible people Not on our block,
Then, there must be something wrong with THEM
Because, guilt *must* be assigned
And, I can't believe it's me

BUILDING AN ALTAR TO BAAL

Broken brain
But are you crazy?
Crazy like Gacey?
Or are you affecting it?
Just an asshole?
Just an asshole who's hurt inside?
Just some person who's tired of Life,
But Smith & Wesson costs money?
Your eyes are like that guy on Dr. Drew
More animal than human
Or even a sewn stuffed bear gone bad,
But how much of it is goddammed energy drinks
How much of it is you think you're Olivier
How much of it is No One's Home, intellectually
And how much is batshit crazy?
And at that point, you're screwing with my head
Which is why I act so cynical
Toward you

HIppY-HOESiE-HWinkIE poppy-pope

If world leaders and clergy
Moved like Huckleberry Hound
If, like Yogi or Bugs, Muttly or Fudd
They could do cool, anatomically impossible shit
Like sneak away on extended, footlong tiptoe
I think more people would listen
To ideology, theology
More voters, more converts,
Lucas and Spielberg
Destroyed a lot more than Hollywood
By making fireworks with the morality plays
Sucked out of 'em
They destroyed government, destroyed The Church
A woman of action or a man of God
Opens their mouth, we hate them or play
Foghat in our heads
But, surreal, impossible visuals, complete
With ricochet jettings and tinketytinks?
Well!
Now, you're someone!
Please
Tell me how to live

HOLDING FORTH WITH SHACK-A-SPEAR

*“If you wish to vent your spleen on Shakespeare,
You surely may
But not as a Humanities assignment.
I want another paper.”*

We didn't get along so well
I'd always—previously—felt sorry for you,
You died over 30 years ago
And I believe spiritual things people now find
Offensive
But scoffer or believer, none would accept
A person who's not satisfied
Another died and went to Hell
A person who wishes to descend to depths
Walk through semipermeable dark of Tartarus
Into inner torture chambers of silence
Amid unheard soulsh shrieks and the image of
Ripping breath,
Finding you, in your misery and slime and hopelessness
And slap the shit out of you,
I was in my own Hell, Senior Year, Mr. _____,
You did the same thing to me
Elephants and beagles, Mr. _____,
Elephants and beagles
Eternity is an Is, Mr. _____,
I'm stuck there, too

aspirin COMMERCIAL, OR...

BaahBaahBaah
Sheep voice, echolalia, droning moanings
He's been here for hours
THE THING THAT WOULDN'T LEAVE
And that joke will be hilarious
As soon as he does
We know it will be soon
His face by now is one big ooze, from our cats
But, still, soldiering on
BaahBaahBaah
Self-involved gibberish, old man piss
Today is his birthday
He is 50
We are the only ones who cared
He judges our gifts, judges our home
Open dismissals, as though we don't exist
Bombing on with all the things inside him
No one's ever cared to share
BaahBaahBaah
He doesn't want to go home to silence and
Be alone
He doesn't, can't understand that
He is the reason why

NEW BOOSTER PACKS ARE IN AT THE STORE

...and the stereo-marketing image
In your mind
Is of the little kid
Little *boy*, let's be realistic, here
Excitedly tearing in
The boy in the stereo-image
Is either a blonde, blue-eyed, Wheaties Aryan
Replete with ball cap, jeans and
Blowing bubble gum,
Or he's a swarthy, barefoot Mediterranean
With big teeth and bigger shorts
Tearing in, outside the store
Tear in, the Aryan: "Wow. Cool."
Tear in, the Mediterranean: (pleased shriek)
The stereo...marketing...image

The reality is fifteen people
Fifteen overaged *boys*
Exactly one with a (bored) girlfriend
Forced by a silent, irritated clerk
To wait until an exact minute of time
Lining up, grade school march to the bathroom
And accept the limited # of packs allotted, per geek
Because stereo-marketing says,
"Underprint. You'll Make a Killing."

BUILDING A COWARD'S CONFIDENCE IN BAIL

If you don't know
I won't catch you on the phone
You won't call
Oh, I know
*"I'll make sure you won't have the chance
To catch me"*
There is no such thing
As that kind of surety, in an absolute sense
Theoretically, even if you fly to Japan
Maybe I could fly to Japan, too
Just by chance, it could happen
Yes, it could happen
Intimidation works
The intelligent person knows this,
The cops cannot protect you
The society cannot protect you
The structure cannot protect you
Only You can protect You
(very Sam Peckinpugh-ish, I realize, but, still)

LOOK AT THE OLD MAN DIE

He's wastin' away
Lookidim go!
His Rollerboogie world is dead and
He's skatin' after it
Hans Brinker for dead particles
Just dyin' away, lickety, after the feathered hair
And disco bands
As fast as his DNA can race
OMG!! Lookidim Die!!
If he named Ham Jordan, you'd think it was a
Creep sex line,
If he hummed Steely Dan, you'd think it was a
Creep sex comeon
Everything from him, old him, is Creep Sex,
Because he's old and dying
We don't want to look at him
We want to either Love Justin Bieber
Or Hate Justin Bieber
Then, later, we only wanta hate JB,
Because he won't be young, anymore

HOLY SEE IN WEAVERS

IF I HAD A CROZIER

Charles Kuralt wrapped up his story
Shook the hand of the Bishop of Spokane
The wealthy man of power
Who lived as a pauper, alone
The CBS newsvan honked, the crew waved,
They turned the corner
And were gone
And the Bishop of Spokane went back
To mighty portals of unbridled Power
Harming
Gorging
Seething, with who he really was

Do I believe that?
No, I don't
I believe the Bishop tended his ratty garden
Lived poor for days and weeks more
Offering object lesson of sacrifice
Showing piggish people about giving
And I believe that more than one colleague
Wrote the Cardinal-Protector in Rome,
And I believe that one day, the ratty garden
Had no gardener
And Diocese peoples were told a lot of bull
About the untimely death of a man not dead
But who would never, ever be heard from, again
A special offering was taken, in his name

MIYAGI BLOCK ASSHOLE MAN

We removed your lips' starring role, Brosius
We don't wanna hear it
It's fine for you to guzzle and belch
You can SEEM like a stereo racist
But your words aren't acceptable
Because they aren't appropriate
Because they aren't positive
And we can't have that, no
You used a word
We'll simply overdub
Like bulletin boards wiping leagues of accounts
Everydayandeverydayandeveryday
It is our belief, indeed
This Thing We Believe,
That if your voice—or the rude words from it—
Is silenced, no matter how hard you try
You won't try
And Hate will end and go away
This Thing We Believe,
That silence stops the angry screaming
Eventually
It has to
Or we have to scream, too
And we're so tired of screaming
Fatty, big scoop of Earth, red hot-flavored
SCREAM SCREAM SCREAM SCREAM

IF I HAD A STEEPLE

The hamlets of New England
Should shove it up their ass
Here's my white church!
My leghorn pullet church
Here's my faith based on nothing less
Than a place no one's prayed in for real
Since President Warren Harding
Pointed fearfully to the corner and gasped,
"Wh-whoooo arre Theeaaayy?!"
Ghost churches, not even swept
They do sweep the walks out front
One guy does
As the tourists roll by
Phonecams lifted, holy hands
Middle class bullshit conversation
That sounds like tongues,
The white New England empty churches
Well, not empty
Huge stereo systems, inside
Blasting Christmas services on 78 shellac
Dead old singing
From just before
"They" came for Warren Gamaliel Harding

WHY, I OUGHTTA...!

He hauled off and
Didn't hit his child
It was an act, a game
The haul off, her duck
Silliness, a private joke
Wellformed, relaxed spiritualities
At home in their skins and lives

They smiled and looked around

And all the department store looked back
Unblinking, on guard Stepford things
Thinking about phone calls
To those with authority
Partially popped kernels of people
Who only ever understood
Graduate school family service concepts
From the standpoint of sex, violence and
Shamed, scarlet citizens made to freeze in
The stocks

LEAVE UM ALONE, *LEAVE* UM ALONE!

Seeing the dorky boy picked on
By Lou Ferrigno in the football jersey
Seeing the dork seeing
Explanations would only bring pain
Seeing a Mutual of Omaha show
Beside my high school's patio:
*"As Jim wrestles with the giant anaconda,
It's time for a word
About Mutual of Omaha's
Jehovah Witness insurance..."*
The dork, deer-dork in Dan Dierdorf's scorchlights,
Blurts, "*What...?! I'm sorry!*"...
...and the giant alphaconda leaves him alone,
Bought with the insurance of an apology
Meant only as talisman
Not truly "meant" meant
I watch, slurping tea with Marlin Perkins
As the dork suffers scorn from all his dorky friends,
Apparently, he was filth
For having used a non-masculine talisman
And he was, I've said it, scorned, and
His friends, his They, turned away their gaze....

You know, I learned
I wouldn't give you an "I'm sorry"
If you shot me a hot lead enema

IF I HAD A VESPER

To say a prayer
For the human race
Is to ask your local government
For a wind turbine
In every back yard
As opposed to a handful of funky
'Lectric cars
Only your local government
Gets to use;
In other words,
To say a prayer for the human race
Is wind
Spoken to blank faces
Housing a Christian wall of fear
To say it, is to be truthful
To that which will lie to you
For you, at bare dirt floor, are human
You just don't comprehend
The Big Picture

MINIATURE WAR IN THE BACKGROUND

Did the troops ever come home?
I don't know, myself
I don't have cable, anymore
In fact, I So don't have cable,
I'm uncertain, if the cable guy Did come and
Hooked it back up,
That GW wouldn't still be President,
Misunderestimating everyone and
Dancing a Rose Garden two-step;
But, *did* they ever come home?
Or, is that a complex Q, now?
A muddied issue unable to wipe its own feet
I don't believe anyone who ever said they
"Supported" them, supported them
Other than in a
Everyone-was-a-Red-Sox-fan-for-awhile-after-2004 way,
I keep thinking about all the Meg Ryans
And the boys who are nothing like
My Dad and his Greatest friends
Suffering inside a pregnant Q
While less and less, does anyone "support"
Or even Q

MOM, SOCIAL JUSTICE AND THE THREE SILLIES

A story, from some primer
Some generic, “Our school district
Couldn’t afford the McGuffey’s”
Depression-era primer,
Fella finds three men
Not the Stooges, but you KNOW they were
Three men cowering, crying
Underneath a suspended hammer
(I assume it was larger than a carpenter’s claw)
Fella asks why they’re crying
They bawl about how the hammer
Might fall and kill them...
The denouement changed
As Mom and I aged
When I was older,
Fella told the men
How ludicrous, to worry
Over something which might never happen,
BUT
When I was little,
Fella told the men
To simply move out from under it...
I’d never tell you I believe in a Welfare State
Never
Not out loud

BONUS PAPER TRAX:
TWO (2) POEMS ABOUT
MORTALITY, USING
E.E. CUMMINGS AS A
JUMPING-OFF POINT

‡ULIPS

1978

At mall, with friend
As we leave the record store
I see a Rolling Stones album
It's gaudy and has that nauseating
'Stones logo,
I think,
"That was a 60's band! They're still around?"
Flash Forward
Eighty-God-zillion 80's programs, stories
About 60's rockers turning 50
That, and monologue humor about Keith Richards
Saying 'NO' to drugs
I shake my head and
Flash Forward
Rockers when they're 60, rockers in rockers
Geriatric hippies,
I think,
"This is stupid! Is this bad craziness ever gonna end?"
And a deep, cold something says,
*"Yep...about half-a-flash
Before You do."*
And I went and put on Kim Carnes
And cried out my Bette Davis eyes.

CHIMNEYS

I apologize, honey
I just couldn't live there
That old area of town
Exclusive neighborhood of Old
Where the houses have all remained
Maintained
And the median's manicured
And the city is bound in manacles
To keep old streetlamps up
Dark red brick streets
The curbs are even shaped
More like when I was a kid
The grass has that same consistency
But, you know, I'm Not a kid
Much as that hurts
We should have househunted in the Summer
People walking pretty doggies
Waving, lemonade, from wide wooden porches
The "fine" of it, that sunshine *feeling* of "fine"
Instead, in Winter, I saw Death, saw Hell
A 1946 or '56 or '66 or so
Rotted away into darkness
I want this world to be what it was
I know it can't be
You showed me a popped pod, a dead chrysalis
Those towering, hollow bastions
Frightened me
They were The Wild Things of Sendak
Ready to kill Max

UNDISNONADABANTI-HIDDEN TRACK

LOVE BETWEEN MAH BROTHERS AND MAH SISTERS (aW-WALL, ALL OVER #HIS LAND)

Wowww...

Heh!

Oh, *wohw*, Heh!

Heheh

Yeah

Yeah, it's

That's, yeah, it's wha-, heh-ha!

You know what's better, though?

Nick Cage being a vampire

That picture?

Yeah, 'cause, see, yeah, you can't PROVE it's

Not true

I can Prove the title up there, isn't true

HITLER YOUTH

I recall a New Age-y nonfriend of mine saying once that “people will believe something when they’re *ready* to believe it”. Confrontational by nature, my first thought upon hearing that, was “*Oh! So, in other words, as soon as I’m willing to stop being a moron and see it your divine, ego-driven way, I will have arrived, huh?!?*” What this reaction demonstrates, is Not that I’m an asshole. I am...but rather, it’s the ultimate object lesson in showing, again, the holy rite of Choice. I accept what I accept and that’s what I accept, Popeye, the Sailor Man! Mom nailed it, again: “*You can’t change anyone’s mind, unless They Want It Changed.*” We buy what we buy. The buffet choices are all ours. You didn’t speak the world into being, nonfriend, but you recreate it every damned day. Reality in the personal, is estian. The universe is therefore estian, for there exists only personal reality.

That, then, takes cares of my ziggig instead of zagging as Carter became Reagan became Bush became Microsoft. As well, it takes care of “all things new are become as dead as Kurt Cobain”, for Time is provably, dimension. As with wearing out shoe leather passing through the other 3, this 4th measure wears out our frame. As for The Present, again, “what is, is”. Here we are, and so and so and so and so. This leaves The Reaper and what wagon one falls into, cut wheat. We’re *All* gonna be Cobain, nonfriend, we just won’t all have dimtwit devotees spazzing over us. Taking Time as 4th dimension and est once more in hand, then, okay, fine! #CROAK# And the winner is...?

Belief and conviction and being a stubborn ass, are now useless. The scythe has fallen. est still applies, it cannot help but apply, but what “Is” are we speaking of, that your “is” may work within? To punctuate, I’ll give you a really loose paraphrase on Bertrand Russell: “*Either everyone’s guess, re: After Death, is WRONG...or someone’s right.*”

...and, rather than shove my pie platter of buffet choices at you, I’ll end it there. One thing I’ve found about you humans—press any point on any subject at all, every one of you turns into some sweaty terrorist on 24, who won’t give Jack Bauer the door code. Me, I can only point out that we all do exactly as we like in this Life, that this fact makes every self but Self a fly in the ointment and that whatever you find after your brakes fail, the thief pulls his gun or your chest pain gets 80 times worse for a second, I’m pretty sure you aren’t going to be able to fight it off with the “Nuh-UHHH!?” of the playground.

I admit, I’m still kind of holding out for Time being a Mobius strip, that we live our known lives infinitely over, as *K-Pax* detailed so well. I imagine said theory is childish and stupid, but if it isn’t, nonfriend, remember: You Read It Here, Every Time.—CEE, 2/29/12

THE HOLY SEE OF CEE

CEE

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Magazines: *Children, Churches and Daddies* (e&d magazine), founded June 1993; *Down in the Dirt*, conceived 1994, founded 2000

Books: *Hope Chest in the Attic*, *The Window*, *Close Cover Before Striking*, (Woman.), *Autumn Reason*, *Contents Under Pressure*, *The Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism)*, *Changing Gears*, *the Key to Believing*, *Domestic Blisters*, *Et., Ouvre*, *Exaro Verses*, *L'arte*, *The Other Side*, *The Boss Lady's Editrials* (regular and 2005 Expanded Edition), *Duality*, *Seeing Things Differently*, *Change/Rearrange*, *Death Comes in Threes*, *Moving Performances*, *Six Eleven*, *Life of Cafe Aloha*, *Creams*, *Rough Mixes*, *The Entropy Project*, *The Other Side* (2006 Edition), *Strep*, *Sing Your Life*, *The Beauty and the Destruction*, e&d v1&7.5 (*Writing to Honour & Cherish*, author's edition), *Blisters & Burns* (the Kuypers edition), *S&M*, e&d v170.5 (*Distinguished Writings author edition*), *Living in Chaos*, *Silent Screams*, *Taking It All In*, *It All Comes Down*, *Riding to the Surface*, *Saboteurs*, *Chapter 28* (v1), v2 & v3), *Family*, *Interviews for the Godly and 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