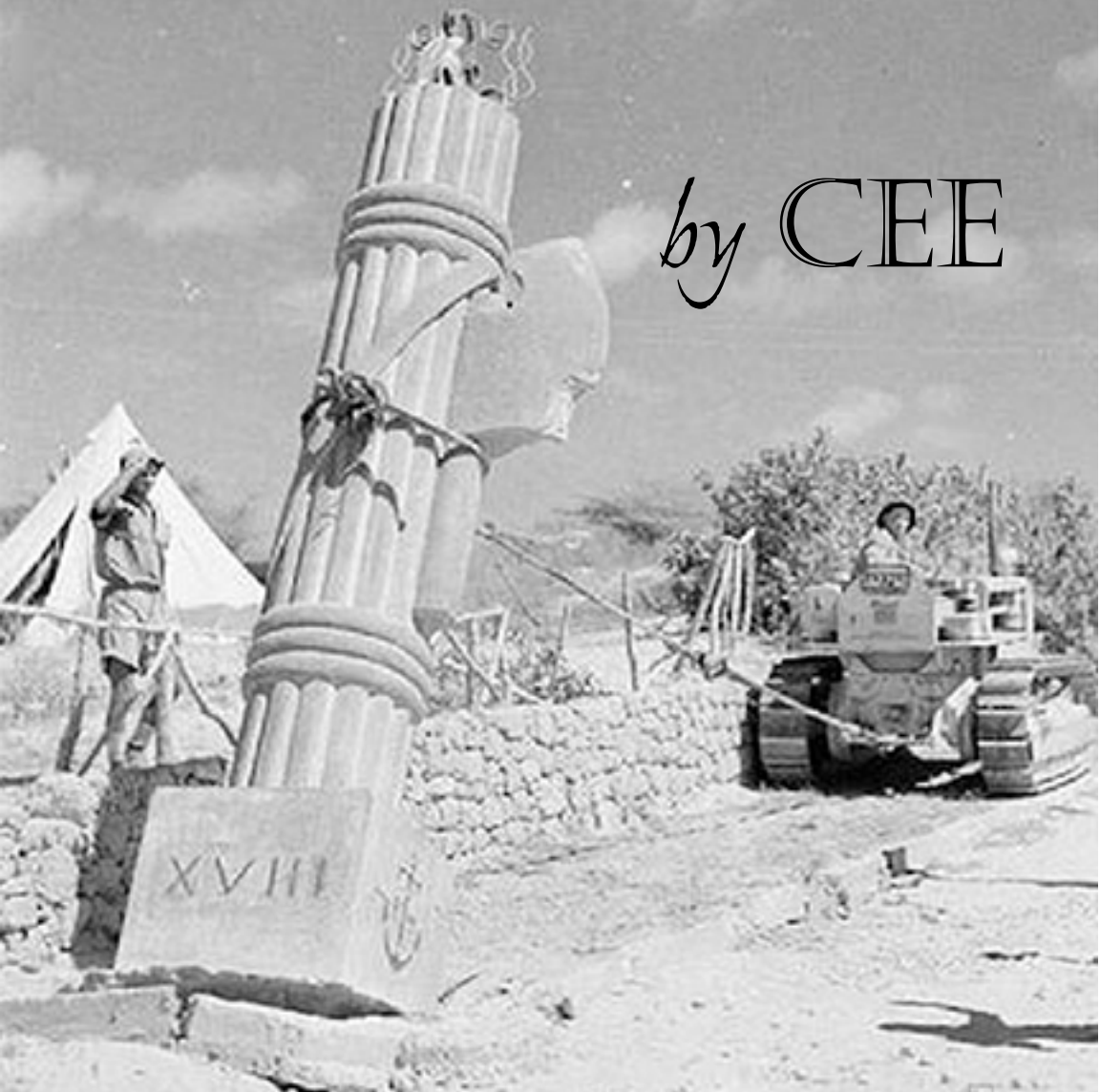


Hammer- Chained

by CEE



scarsuo!e3!qnd

To Dan Aykroyd's heroic and noble soliloquy, in the role of Sgt. Frank Tree, ironically buried within Steven Spielberg's *1941*, possibly the most puerile comedy ever made (no shit, I'm amazed Carolla, Kimmel and Pauly Shore weren't in it)

There was to be no place for him in this new world. He knew this, and it troubled him... There were only three roads to the future. Death, imprisonment or ridicule. There is no place in the world for a tame desperado; a gunman without guns is a clown.

—from *The Day Jesse James Was Killed* by Carl W. Brehan
(1961; Frederick Fell, Inc., Publishers)

...{He} had languished into an era which he neither understood nor cared for, and it found him equally foreign and remote.

—from Shelby M. Cullom, *Prairie State Republican*
by James W. Neilson (1962; The University of Illinois Press)

Trances

Erhard, if puffy shirt of ego, was nonetheless right. est, is right. So, “get” this, nonfriends: You are automata. Arcade bipeds. Badly programmed replicants. Not “ants”, not that, no, no. Human-fucking-beings, Sarge. That humans choose to live like ants and think little more highly, is a very, very thin distinction...but, you’re not a bug. That’s about the nicest compliment I can grant.

My initial chapbook (pub. 2010), was an upbraid of the Recovery Movement and its lousy Lifetime Batting Average. In the Intro, I denoted “A.A.”, as the first letter of the “childish alphabet”, of Human. The chap was accepted, #ZOOM!!# to download, #BAM!!# to print, so thought to follow up the thinking—a series of 26 chapbooks, each a commentary on Human, as we trolled its alphabet, a letter at a time.

Well, the best laid plans. You know. But, as I’m very sick these days, and more and more, nonfriends, our time begins short, so wanted you to see—with snippets of framed reference—The Human Alphabet, in its entirety. I’ve been a spoiled kid, a teacher’s pet, yes, and as published poet as well...but, if I’d been allowed, Pu Yi, to dictate as Emperor, from the jump? Here:

A.A. (refer to my breakout work, *12 times 12 equals Gross*)

To be (from a retired, cannibalized mms, *Lock, Stock and Hume-Animal*)

“See?”

Dee-Dee-deedee, Dee-deedeedeedee, bee-um-bumble-lay (which, is how the damned thing sounds to me; early 70’s music, sucks)

“EEEEEEEE!!!” (as an expression of youthful glee)

The ‘F’-Word

“Gee.” (signifying disillusionment)

“H...!”, as in “aches” (pains, etc.)

I (that’s a gimme; my favorite human letter)

J, as the obligatory, drudge part of BJ, HJ, etc.

Mary Kay

“L”, as a place of torment we (and the British) go to, Forever

Auntie Em

N, as...well...you’re an intelligent person. I’m sure you understand me...

“Oh!”

Urination

Q(uestioning) (or not, as the case might be)

Are

Waffen SS

the 9 Billion nuances of “Tea”

You (also pronounced, “Other”; my least favorite letter)

Vagina

George Walker Bush (and there’s a joke, here, but I will not go for it)

X, as in “ended, over, past, sundered, eclipsed, dead, gone”

“*Why?!?*”

Sleep and its winks, as salvation (escapism)

I never got to write but the first two, but, I wanted you to have the letters on hand, a Peter Bagge-”Vomit Glossary” of your very own. You’ll find at least that much of this missive indispensable, letter-concepts to supplement the numbers you increasingly live by, communicate with, which make up that “ordered” nonSelf of the Matrix...numbers which, if I’ve figured this much out, will be All Understood Reality *en toto*, when you close eyes some near minute and the tax man, thumbs-up posts, and popes and Maher and Miller, fade away...

CEE, guesting at the Hemingways,
Ketchum, ID, July 2nd, 1961 (early morning)

THIS IS IT, AS FAR AS TIMUR

**Arra-AAraf a al
Araff a-AArraf
(I'm sorry we got mad
at destruction)**

Personally,
It always pissed me off
The Empire State Building was no longer
The Shit, anyway,
I'm personally a sociopath
I was all for blowing it off
Like Homer Simpson could laugh at
Driving fatalities
Of people he didn't know,
Personally, you know, I mean
That's just Me,
But, when every view
Involves going whoopi
Over the identity of Those Responsible
(W go "heheheh", at this juncture),
Well, frankly, that personally
Pisses me off,
Bully no get free pizza, folks
Not even if he beats up another bully

THE USUAL FUGITIVES

Mantle Era

A place of cleats made of living things
Scuffing slowmo
Dust rising from the ground
Generations past, dust to airborne
Ashes to seat's arm ashtray
Smoking in the grocery stores
Smoking in the hospitals
Fists against faces, could have a reason why
Ball bats vs. those walking in neighborhoods
In Which They Did Not Live,
Righteous as the Rawlings made of
Living things
Star shot for Ruth-built sky facade,
You could call him The Mick
You could call anything at all, what it was
There was an intrinsic Was
Everything had a Was and a Why
Books had natures, inanimate objects had natures
Plato said it, man, and who debates Plato?
Who shows him a symmetrical pic of God,
Calls God a "boson" and claims the pic is of
Nothing?

To Blankety-Blank-Blank Double Hyphen-Dash-Tilde

Open Letter to Whomever I Kill, Before I Die:

This will be a kind of case of
Several bad conditions into the stewpot
Macbeth's witches brewing, but circumstantial
It's a Lottery which may well
For myriad failsafes
Never occur
If it occurs,
It will surely occur
If it's you
And if beforehand you've read this,
Please know that, at dead rock bottom,
I measured twice to cut once

Congratulations!
In a deterministic universe
You're Already a Winner

A Learnt Me

My effrontery
In Not, kneejerk,
Respecting my stepfather
Made my Mom's kneebrain jerk the equation
"Breadwinner = Respect",
Which he once underlined
In ciggie-raspy-boom baritone cannonade,
"YES!! THAT'S ONE THING THAT HASTA BE
LEARNT!!"

Um
How 'bout I learned to respect
Only those people who were endlessly Nice to me?
Which, hasn't exactly worked out
But, if anything would have kept me out of
The military,
That would
So, Thanks
Can I get you an ice water?

Lovecraft is Common to $\frac{3}{4}$ s of the Earth

Not certain what kind of rarebit bullshit
He was eating, but
Dreams are the stuff horror is made of
Sayeth a man who loved the craft
In black books the cost of souls,
I had to sell my Arkhams
Once I realized Cthulhu & Co.
Looked non-Universal gross
I can't watch the "Horta" 'Trek, either
Sneer, call me "fanboy"
Freako-scary should be *Species*,
But at least getting rid of the Arkhams
Made the smoke smells leave our home
While I owned them, there'd be random whiffs of
Smoke, here, sometimes ciggie, sometimes electric
Sometimes burning wood
Yes, even sulphur
But, thanks to .25c on the market dollar,
All smoke smells of grody, melted dreams
Are gone
Except for the ciggie one, now and then
But we know that's just the guy
Who stalks us

Realm Ante

RPG
Always gives the feeling
You're using someone else's
Imagination
Which
Tends to be about as imaginative
As the song, "Imagination"
From the actual, true, non-bullshit Willy Wonka
IOW,
Not imaginative at all
Nor are 99.99% of humans
So, somewhere, wherever, in some Truth
Gary Gygax is screaming with laughter

Eternal Ma

When Mom died, in 2010
I didn't tell anyone
Everyone else with a crumb of say-so
Took care of everything
So I didn't have to,
It was interesting, though
Of the few who can stand
To be around me at all
Almost no one's ever asked about her
Since she died
Serious
Only two people
One got hot-rankled-quiet-ticked
Gave me a vague, "why didn't you tell me?"
The other
Called and did the amateur eulogist bit
Answering my silencing of him with,
"I felt I Had to do that!"
Mom's in our basement, now
Under keepsakes and magazines,
My few visitors have Nevereverevereverever
Pointed to the obvious cask and asked
So, I never get to have My haunted house fun
Lord knows, it's all about Them

No Place to Build an Elmer Gantry

msn.com is some bullshit
Every other science story, is
“Heeyyy! Now they’ve found *this* kind of planet!”
“Heeeeyyy!! We discovered *this* many sustainable
Atmospheres!”
(say machines a zillion miles away
that don’t have to be sustained by them)
“HEEHH-EHH—*eeeyyy!!!!* Dere are dees meeny
Galaxies floatin’ about out dere!”
Then, I peek anydotcomwhere at NASA news
And, by God, if they only delay each stage once,
A crew of actual people
Will die on a moon of Mars
Six, maybe seven years after
I die
WOW...
Gotta love the
“Crops on other planets” *volk*,
How population growth and poverty will be solved
By Fievelnaut, somewhere Out There
Oh, bullshit
They’d be solved now, if more women knew kung fu
Or more dudes kept their dicks in their pants

A Lame Rent

Very first month, and
Late with the rent
Got a litta reminder inda door,
Landlord was cool about your payday
Very friendly, chittychatty rote talk
How's your mother, oh, our kids, bl'bluh,
Everything as trundled tradition
Yes This Is Well
Yes they were cool
Until you felt it necessary
To explain more fully
Why you were late with your
Very first month's rent
Then, an oil painting stared back
Mona Lisa frozen, but for eyes
Appraising as from distant epoch
Wondering at Other creature

Hint:

Rent is cold and monetary

And is usually due on the 1st

Check your lease

The Sincerest Form of you truly are a stupid son of a bitch

Mimicry
Is about getting attention
You knew that
But, for the Rich Littles of the world
It's about little else
Which isn't green and doesn't look like Vegas,
Mimicry for anyone not doing Fozzie's
"Wocka-Wocka!" bit, at what used to be the
Golden Green Thunder Double Starlite DeNiro
Hotel and Casino,
Is about,
"Now that we're grown
And a cop could enter into the proceedings,
I can get my hurties out, all sneaks
And, if I'm creative in my cunning and
Serve it with Gomer Pyle's smile,
YOU'RE the Bad Guy
If you say anything about it
The Defendant,
If you do anything."

Relate Man (Halloween America)

Looka MEEE!!!
I'm a clown with the soul of an activist
Who would be extremely pissed off if in the end,
After all the people I find offensive
Are ground into Hate-Dust
And there exists walking and talking
Only those with My uniform
On their well-clad backs
And Utopia as mulberry bush-dance
Is realized,
If I had to stop being a millionaire
Living like a millionaire
Indulging in whatever floated my boat
Beamed me up or
Busted my nuts,
See, I like very much the idea of
My version of Satan
Being forced to confess my version of Jesus
As Lord,
But, after he/she/they have, then
Please—Go Back to Your Jobs
And make my triple frappe` happiness for me
With a dot of Dijon, this time,
I'm a millionaire with the sole of
Your shoe
I depend on it, like my name was Bush
NOW GIMME SOME CANDY!!!

She told me I'd had pizza,
the night before
(Laura Ingalls Wilder)

Does anyone have dirty feet, in your dreams?
Do they have blemishes?
Do they stink?
Dreams are fickle
One can't control them
Unless you shell for books which tell you 'how'
Which the authors of, Thank You for
Most kindly
Again, you can't control dreams
Sometimes, dream people are virtual People
They can be poopie-stinkies
To the point you dream-yell,
"You Are A Poopie-Stinky!"
But, are yours ever like the reality
Of why fantasy and Reality
Don't mix?
Sex in the 19th Century, *en example*, was fairly
Poopie-Stinky
You, Today, would have to down at least a half-pint
First,
If it wasn't a dream and she wasn't
Melissa Gilbert

Enamel Art

She displays her nails
Korean-done
It's better than anything I could do
Which is like saying
The shittiest pinch-hitting minor leaguer
Could hit more homers
At the local, contrived silo park,
But, yeah, hey, wow, yes, yeah
Good stuff, it is, sure
But, it doesn't look anything
Like the photos she showed me
In Helen Gurley-Girl magazine
Those look like ILM effects
This work done, looks like really cool Crayolas
I love Crayolas, but
She's always sad with end product
So I suggested
She have George Lucas do 'em
'n She got pissed off, but I said
Hey
You get what you pay for

Dog People Think It's the Happiest Day

Lovecraft
Proclaimed dogs
“a pet of the peasant-burgher”
Which, metaphorically
Would mean we live in a medieval town
Which is ridiculous,
Medieval towns were made of hay and dung
Our town is made of Earth-friendly sanctimony
So, heck with metaphors,
Lovecraft's statement, however
Taken as true
Would explain things like
Blissful obedience
Community involvement
Civic pride on a photo-op Grin Level
And someone thinking my wife was serious
When she said the new icemaker
Saved our marriage,
Barky-Barky
Bikey-Bikey
Remove a sad-faced Christ, and I saw this
In my Baltimore Catechism

I love cats
I love every kind of cat

Alarm Teen

Suggestion, courtesy of mom-in-law:
When poopooing Asperger's,
Given the model of
Having to Rise at the Exact Time on a Clockface,
She pronounced this tic as curable
By removing the alarm clock from their room
(This suggests all Aspergians are
Children or teens, which is not literally true
Though, kind of true, philosophically)
Countered to
The Aspergian in Q
Would have a psychotic episode if one did that,
She lapsed, horrified, into silent disgust
At the unmitigated rudeness of the psychosis,
I agree
No 'ffense, but I never knew why Tom Cruise
Didn't just beat the shit out of Dustin Hoffman
And make him get on the goddammed plane
I had assumed, it was to save the plot
Hell!
I can cry and yell and cringe and flail
Clever shit,
Make with the exact amount of Cheez Balls

Lake Lake University (the purest, shimmering samite)

As I lay amid the rubble
Of Life's train untracked
Having jumped the rails as Ronnie was sworn
And wanting to tell how that felt
In a way which didn't make others file me under
"C" for "Crybaby",
I toyed with what would have been
A Very Long story
About a group of (4?) (6?) (7?) friends
Who went off to college, together
One located in an uninhabitable part of Oregon
As I didn't want to have to do any research
Or, I wouldn't have dropped out in the first place,
The friends
Alienated by a world none could negotiate
Each in their own, dysfunctional, existential way,
One by one, dropped out
Before frosh year had passed;
I never got very far with it,
I had only my own experience to draw from
And I didn't have six or seven reasons "why"
And very few kids from my class
Washed out, when we went away
And the few who did, besides Me
Were losers

“ICE CREAM ANTISOCIALS”, VOL. II

Giger Figures Meet Stallone

I AM A DEMON-THING
OF NIGHTMARES OF OUTER SPACE
‘80’s Vulcan cannon goes
#REEAAHHHRRPP!!#
I AM THE HARM
RIPPED FROM YOUR SPIRIT
Vulcan cannon goes
#REEAAHHHRRPP!!#
I AM THE EMBODIED HATE
IN ALL THAT IS MAN
Cannon goes
#REEAAHHHRRPP!!#
(Rambo walk away, feel sad inside Self)

EASTER

“...and tell his disciples that he is risen
from the dead; and, behold, he goeth
before you into Galilee; there
shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.”

(a noise nearby)

“Wha’ the...?”

“Oh, my *Gaaahhh...*!”

{Explosive shell hits the tomb of Jesus}

“Run! Take cover, good women!”

(Frightened wailing)

“Get behind, run! It’s me he wants...!”

“*God of Abraham, help us!*”

(Screaming)

“*What is that thing...?!*”

“He has a bead, get out of the — —”

{Explosive shell hits the tomb, debris

Wounds both women}

(Screeching from immense pain)

“CEE, I rebuke you! You *Know*, yet *this*
is what you choose!

Our God is not mocked, CEE!

CEE!! ‘Whatsoever a man soweth,

That shall he also...’”

{Explosive shell blows angelic seraph to shards}

(Pause; screaming of the women grows louder

Twin machinepistol bursts, e.g. “ROBOCOP”}

{Silence. Pause}

“...‘Reap’. *Brother. Kyrie eleison.*”

Always go along with a song in your heart

That kid who got laughed at
For being “Shorty”
Of course, he shoots up in one summer
And gets laid nice, and stuff
Doing a “Rudy” to success or
Browbeaten regardless into
Blue collar tradesmanship
But, if the world was changed, if
Adults had to attend the 8 grades, again
(whatever, make up a reason
Family Services forces us all to understand
The pain of children, whatever
“Here, hold this ice cube
And feel the coldness of the world”,
That bullshit)
There he is, as he is
Duz-Ent Mat-Ter
You and your cohorts are snufflesnorting,
Imitating his voice
Making up things he never said
Reducing him to the level of
Imbecile

A leper is ever a leper, in the natural state
You say Christ healed the lepers, I believe you
He’s not here, right now

Bungle in the Jungalow (Chi-tonw)

Urban suburban Berwyn
We ate ice cream along sameness rows of comfort
Garage band jamming for
Scratchoff of feigned future
Me, finding peace in the piecesparts
The friend grinched,
“What a racket.”

I let it go, in light of light
Subdued, candied, from
Marshfluff cottage, lil'
Good 'n Plenty home and hearth, a
Nice little bungalow
Pinballed by Time, lit Special
The East, would've said it had a soul
The East, would've been right,
Me, staring prayerful
A part of piece of pause of rest
Shipping oars at thoughtplay
The friend grinched,
“There's a scratch on the door.”

I hit him with a brick

Thet there dawg (Minier, IL)

The thing was dangerous
It got into your (open) garage
Your wife couldn't get to the (locked) car
It trapped her for forty minutes
It wouldn't leave
It didn't want You to leave
Honkin'-Big
Meaner than Hell
Of course, this is a pretty world
But you live in the sticks' sticks' sticks
And fought at Iwo Jima
#BUCKSHOT!!#

When the lame liberal man
Burst into the local dive
No one spoke to his rage
No one spoke at all
You got away clean,
Because the lame liberal man
In this pretty world
Could never understand
He'd moved to 1947

White Wolf's Whisker in a Stack of Needles

What is my opinion, on the subject of
Copyright, you ask?
It is the same as my opinion on the subject of
Games which should have been playtested
For four Olympics or more
Before Ever taking money away from one kid's
Parents
Copyright
Is like that,
An iron law of about six words, written with
The Finger of God
With 6,894,620 addenda attached
By humans so angry and harmed,
That when they were children and you tried
Trading with them at lunch
They came back at you like a son of a bitch

Reply to Question From 1978

A lil' group discussion which went awry
It broke into shards because of Me
Actually, it broke into shards because
I didn't hold the accepted opinion
Which was the "group" part, I guess,
Well, the discussion broke up
A hung jury, me no genuflect to groupthink
And outside
Horribly disgusted Other makes fledgling stab at
Motherly guilt-giving
Horribly horrified at resulting Teflon effect
(ya kiddin'? 1978? I was bulletproof)
Teflon asks Miss Mom, genuinely mystified,
"What's your problem?"
Mom, as though looking at picture of shit, asks,
"What's YOURS?!"

It's 37 years later, the mails are a tad slow
Here's your answer:
That YHWH Elohim and Thomas Jefferson
Permitted you the intrinsic right
To ask me that question
Or indeed, speak to me in the first place
No, I'm not kidding
Fuck You, in 1978

**WW1 poster
(Me and the Swiss
Red Cross had
incredible sex)**

9/11, in sum:

I didn't die
My lady love didn't die
No member of our associated families died
Nor did anyone
On the starting roster of the 2001 NY Yankees,
Spare me the bullshit, crocodile
Jade is the coin of our realm
Frankly, you can't convince me
When art students look at the WW1 poster
Of the brave Tommie
Horrorified,
Standing over the body of the murdered nun,
That they don't wonder
How the scene would go down on
redtube

9/11 3:16 (a true story)

(tone) *PLAY...MESSAGES...*
(huh?...uhuh...oh, fuck you...yeah, right
bombing
like that's new, in NYC
what, some *Die Hard with a Vengeance*-thing?
where some car carwash brush spins
across a street?
waah, waah, boofuckinghoo
like there aren't explosions enough
fires, hurricanes, tornadoes...
terrorists, yeah, whatever
what does that even Mean?
what, an anarchist-stereotype
holding a beach ball bomb stereotype
"I'll DO It, Man, I SWEAR!!",
like shit doesn't happen
like people don't hate The 'States
like this is something new and scary
you just find 'em and kill 'em, that's all...
oh, right, they're sending people
home from work,
what a fucking-baby poop world
"I'm scared, #sniffle#",
'K, so there was a bomb 'r two 'r some shit
went blooey in the city with the toughest jaw
jesus god, let's cry about it,
how bad could this be?)
MESSAGES...ERASED... (tone)

SUPPLEMENTAL MEMOIR (A BULLDOG'S TALE)

Mouth Coward

If you had a problem
With Me
If you remained silent
I hope you were okay with your cowardice
And did not overburden your days with
“What I shoulda said”
If you had a problem
With Me
If you told me said problem
To My face,
I still see yours,
And I've got a secret (sign in, please)
That being,
You lived an entire life
Sweat of your brow, revelry
Crises, orgasms
Cried when a loved one died
Sat quiet, with heart so very full
Had the car fixed, ate great, good meals
Wholly thanks to My ADD,
In short,
I'm glad I didn't go to Raiford
I was willing to, if I had to

Gout Powered

What was there, is in main
No longer
What is there, is blaspheme
To much more innocent innocence
What's there, is cyborg
Checkerboard only of statistic mortar
Recalling The Old Ones
The ones who made us, yeeesssss,
Reunions
For as long as 30 years
Are
"Who can I still maybe get to fuck?"
Beyond that
You are mortar of lockstep
Proper development
We built this human
We built this human on
What bridge it's proper to jump off of
Because your friends did

South Browbeaten

The pay phone rings at the HESS station, and
I pick up,
M'buddy who'd graduated the year before's
All chatty
Hail, fellow, well met, Bob's yer uncle
Doin' me a titty twister of Graduation back slap,
Asks about the ceremony
I tell him, "X,
I spent my graduation at Y's house,
Watching the Washington Diplomats
Get ripped off in a soccer game
In their own (RFK) stadium."
Poison silence at my heresy, then
Box torn by someone
Actually, Really being outside it—
Rather than just pretending—
Asks, wet,
"Z... Why?!"
I say,
"I dunno, the goal looked good
From where I was sitting!"

South Plundered

When I was 7
When I was 10
Other times, before and after,
I'd be around a certain cousin who'd
Laugh like someone gargling dregs
Of backwash of sugared soda
Intoning as the worst *Hee Haw* stereotype,
And I, 7, 10, would stare as clinician, thinking.
"Here we are, again";
Déjà vu, was gibberish, 'til almost Ollie North
But when one lives a life merely living Life,
Dreams, events, ordered sequence
Make confident doctoral understanding seem
Jack o' lantern placed to stay the Druids' hand,
YHWH has a favorite record, kids
A favorite bar 45
We're It
So, when a well-scrubbed JW tells you,
"Hell is on Earth", agree, then reply,
"Y'umm...probably not the way You believe."

See ya again, first day, freshman year
Remember the hardest you ever wept?
Strap in

A Kind of Explanation

There was a time I was not who I am
In The Beginning
When everyone had a chance
When I vaguely passed for normal
Readied, in the building blocks
To learn from Zero
Scent, silk, embrace, hammer and tong
The world was wide
The sky, so high
Not a hot nor a cold imperfect
Around us, all edifice, all stadia
“auf die Plätze!”
“fertig!”
(Starting gun’s sharp crack) — — —
The ATARI 2600, had a “Drag Racing” game
Without a booklet, it was unplayable
And, if you pressed the button and held it
Right from the “GO” Light
All you did was blow your tires out
And sit there
And default
And the game hues changed
To show it was over

It was rather like that

Eternal Streams

There used to be people, on this Earth. By that, I don't mean humans. I mean, people. In a time now found in books, in photos, captioned with spin, half-truths, lies, propaganda. The tomes, not worth their paper and ink, don't count on total recall, selfawareness or the few who've taken notes their entire lives. These few, you see, can be discredited, labeled, branded, made to go away. Literally. Gotten rid of, flotsam, for suggesting we've been made into flotsam.

Word Up: this isn't a tub-thump with the word "Gitmo" in it. I'm talking about the silencing of anything outside of boxes, little boxes, Legolands of worker-bee-people and anything "appropriate". I'm talking about machinery in the form of flesh and blood, crushing the life out of noble intentions, that Man may appear to move on (read The Great Ellison's "The End of the Time of Leinard", if you want to know more). I'm talking about something a friend said, a million years past, re: advancing tech, e.g. it would be able to detect "different", and say to it, "*Well! You better stop thinkin' like that!*"

But, yes. There were people in the Earth in those days, nonfriends. Defined people. People who defined. Acceptance. Surety. Purpose. Blood, as shit happens. Sweat, as natural. Tears, as part of the ride. Faith, all over the map, suffusing with irony those who truly, Truly lived, according to the Law of Natural Selection. The people, I knew them, many, were might itself, and They were strength. They were Officer Jim of *Magnolia*, in their simple, final wisdom: "*Sometimes, people need a little help...sometimes, people need to be forgiven... and, sometimes, they need to go to jail.*" The world I greeted, was the original *D&D*: a butt-basic miniatures wargame, boiled down, no frills, simple, a thing of "few". It wasn't the fucked to Earth's core-Waterworks, you're finding out about, now. What was, Then, was a WAS. Solid. No equivocation. It WAS the world, with barely a moving part, and bad shit wasn't "bad shit", just Real. Real and "that's the way it goes". As Krishna was told to murder his kinsman, and to be "free from passion", in doing so. Vitality and acceptance, were One.

Nuance Kills. It dehumanizes, odd as that might sound. I see it, every day. You've not built your Babel, nonfriends, not by half; your mulberry bush of friendship, is rife with milkweed. You've overtaken the plumbing. Stopped up the drain. Excelsior, then! Here's to proclamations and silence. To video-Man and digital-Woman, running to catch a horizon. Teddy Roosevelts all, teeth-preaching inclusion from battery-driven hearts which haven't an inner clue. Purpose, oh, sure, it's got a "purpose". It's Dolph Lundgren, in *I Come in Peace*.

So...to clarify...don't take offense. I know you're not ants. Not bugs. No. Bugs don't create art, neither are they stupid enough, to condemn it. "Hive-community" doesn't automatically denote some Lovecraftian thing. "Hive", is an abstract. Like "Nazi". Or "Like". Anyway, I bore easily; ant farms and bee hives, don't cut it. Machine-flesh thinking itself simian *cum* person, is endlessly surreal, like the worst Orson Welles...hence, it holds attention. Machines belching manifestos, re: "compassion", selfabsorbed in their attempt, Nomad, to figure the zero sum. Like The Monster, throwing the little girl to drowning, seeing her as just another daisy. Love and Murder, in the same, idiot skin. That's crazy. It's a madhouse, Chuck. It's nothing I ever knew. Or would want to.

Be advised, I haven't forgotten where this began. Nor will I. And, I see exactly what's going down...and, I'll take just so much of it. Well past the half-century, nonfriends, I'm finally all in. Whether I die for something or from something or in response to something, I shall surely die. I'm Sheriff Frank Leinard. 2.0. You're gonna hafta kill me.

So...you know...in a perfect world....—CEE, 8/1/13

Hammer- Chained

by CEE

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Magazines: *Children, Churches and Daddies* (c&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, etc., Ouerra, Exaro Versus, L'art, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorials (regular and 2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life at Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop, Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, c&d v167.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Blister & Burn (the Koypers edition), S&M, c&d v170.5 Distinguished Writings, editor edition, Living in Chaos, Silent Screams, Taking It All In, If It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Golgophas, Chapter 38 (v.1), v2 & v3), *Family, Literature for the Savvy and Elite (v1, v2 & part 1)*, a Wake-Up Call from Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matters: 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Things in the Lounge at WagonWheel (I Came in Averting), Postcards from Exile, the Five Stages of Macbeth, Stay in Formation, Shadowing Other Footprints, the Gift Next Door and Other Poems, Major Arcano*

Compact Discs *Man's Favorite Vice the Drama tapes, Koypers the Ined (MP3 Inclusive), Wends and Flowers the beauty & the destruction, The Second Aging Something is Something, The Second Aging Live in Alaska, Petrus & Koypers Live in Cafe Aloha, Poulter Orchestra Rough Mixes, Koypers Seeing Things Differently, SD/SD Tick Tick, Koypers Change Rearrange, Order From Chaos The Entropy Project, Koypers So One Day, Koypers Stop, Koypers Masterful Performances and CD, Koypers Death Comes in Threes, Koypers Changing Gears, Koypers Dream, Koypers How Do I Get There?, Koypers Content/Culture/Control, the DMU Art Connection the DMU Art Connection, Koypers Questions in a World Without Answers, Koypers S&M, Koypers V2R0 Radio (2 CD set), Man's Favorite Vice and The Second Aging These Truths, assorted artist's Sing Theory, Oh (audio CD), Life At The Cafe (3 CD set), the DMU Art Connection Indian Flux, the DMU Art Connection Meek 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) etc (audio CD, 2 CD set), Classic Elements (2 CD set), Chaos in Melon (6 CD set), SD/SD Searching to a Halt (EP), P&K, Jake and Haystack An American Portrait, Koypers/ the Bested Tin/Paul Baker/ the JoAnna Powles Trio Fusion (4 CD set), podcasts the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), Koypers Live (14 CD set), the DMU Art Connection the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), Koypers Seeing a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), Koypers St. Paul's (3 CD set), Koypers and the Blotman of South Africa Burn Through Me (2 CD set), Koypers "40", Koypers Sexism and Other Stories, Koypers the Stories of Woman (amazon.com release), Koypers "Dobra Yecna" (4 CD set), Koypers "Immer" (4 CD set), Koypers "Laying it All Out", Koypers "What We Need in Life" (CD single), Koypers "Make any Difference" (CD single), Koypers/Arbuckl "Across the Pond" (3 CD set).*