



The greatest bialy (not puffy, cracker crisp edges) heaped with the greatest egg salad (not yellow mud, a tenuous clinging of ingredients crumbling like a substance neither dust nor sand--nor clay nor rock)

pizz brothers

Discover the "us" in "them"

whenever I got the shit beat out of me as a kid I responded by dragging myself to a record store and purchasing a blues album from one of the bins of "cut outs" or albums with a little niche sliced in one corner. My head pounded as I pondered the options; Lowell Fulson, Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Willie Dixon. The air conditioning was my bandage.

with the right fingers you could climb any wall--get the right fingers

Get her something like a candlestick but not a candlestick

4

TIMELINES OF OUR LIVES:

am passing historic home after midnight on my way home from home and I see there is a broken window on the first floor and hero that I am I leap through it and find a man with a sledgehammer inside who cries "I'm just a poet making a revision! Don't shoot!" Of course I don't shoot. I don't carry a gun. Wound never. Believe in gun control and tell him this and he calms right down and picks up a flash light and shows me the hole in the wall and I look in and see what he's after--the time capsule buried there a year ago, containing literary works by local writers, he says, including his poem that has "flaws." "What flaws?" I ask. He won't say, other than to hint "Important little ones." At which point the caretaker asleep in the basement woke up and ran up and gave the poet and I a choice--either we repair the wall immediately or appear in a court of justice. And when the poet cried: "I'll pay any price to repair my poem!"

That's what's broken! My poem! Not the wall!" when he had gotten that much out I hit him over the head with an antique lamp and assured the caretaker I would fix the wall and did.

recieve permission to do 1/2 thing each day before nine

aseeqp Snipeedrg

sgge pun usitod tnuu

BRIDE AND GROOM MASSACRE ALL GUESTS TO ASSURE THEIR FUTURE WELL-BEING

develop allergy to mint

develop allergy to lemons

"You should have called ahead to warn us you were going to try to break the world record for most blintzes eaten in an hour."

one potato, two potato

horrible hostable

sidewalks ended halfway
through the city

Kurtz cuts my hair
in his hut in the
jungle, telling me
~~that~~ becoming a barber
was the best thing
that every happened
to him. "used to be

hardly anyone ever
found me down here.
It got lonely, and I
felt like I was losing
my mind at times. But
now I've got a steady
stream of clients,
all of them friendly."

On Lake Fuck you houseboaters give each
other the finger, and fish for insults.
stripped of the
only plane
of existence
they knew,
and trusted,
no option
remained but
that of existing
apart from any
plane of existence,
if that was possible,
and it seemed to be.

It's not the heat that gets you, but the cupidity.

I visit the bedside of the woman
recovering from wounds she received
because she is nice. I bring her
beer and black eyed susans. This
is allowed because I started this
hospital for all the strangers I
have collected from the grinding
pot of America. In the next room
is the poor poet who is obsessed
with changing a line in the poem
of his that is forever buried in
the wall of an historic house--
or as good as forever buried,
the capsule won't be removed for
a century, until long after he
is dead and no longer able to
correct typos. The hospital is
one hundred stories and crowded
past the galls so I can't stay
long with the nice woman, but
she understands, being like me
she too would want to spend at
least tenseconds witheach of
the 5,000 patients teach day.

"How are you doing?" I ask.
Aand she says what she always
saysand what I never get tired
of hearing, she says: 'I'm trying
hard not to recover, because if
I recovered, I'd be mean.' Ah.

scarched / served

Discover there is, and isn't, a heaven.

does it, goes away

Deacon Jawns agrees.

WORLD FULL OF FUCK
COULD USE TO GET SOME NICE
WOLRD FULL OF FUCK
COULD USE TO GET SOME NICE
WOLSD FULL OF FUBK
COULD USE TO GET SOME NICE
WOLRD FILL OF FUCK
COULD USE TO GET SOME NICE
WORL FUL OF FUCK

"This place
is rude,
brutal and
unfair. So
why do I
love it
so much?"

Treat minor injury to rouble

As I sometimes do in this vast hospital that I run,
I introduce patients who I think would like each other,
in this case a woman gravely damaged by her niceness
and a poet who dreams of making a small revision to
a poem of his that has, sadly, already entered posterity
in a flawed form. I in my hospital have built a special
room for patients to meet each other and wheel both of
these sweethearts into it and watch the magic happen--
both very shy at first, but in no time at all exchanging
these lines, voices gentle and interested and patient.

tuba, bleating to death

woke up in a trash can

dingy dignity

WOMAN STUNG BY PURSE MADE OUT OF A JELLYFIS

POET: I

NICE WOMAN: YOU

POET: I have what might be called an elephant on my
back right now, and it's hard to focus on much--
but I must say you have the nicest eyes and the
nicest smile I have seen since my imaginings of
the way the Brownings looked at each other at
the breakfast table.

NICE WOMAN: You're too kind of course, but I'm glad
you are able to ignore the gaping wounds
that my nice ness has earned me, and also
the fact that I am, well, like yourself
somewhat preoccupied with other issues,
and truly wondering if I will be able to
ever leave this place and reenter a world
that seems to be fueled by four letter words
and other forces that are not nice, and ever

POET: Ungrateful? Is that the world you are searching for?

NICE WOMAN: Exactly. Not that I expect anyone to be all
that grateful for what I in particular have to
offer--but it seems to be--or seems to be--
that one little splash of water onto a shore--
that second of ~~frgh~~ and foam and movement
is tailored like lace to fit that little bit
inside of us that can be content, if we let it.

POET: You are nit just nice, you are rigal.

BKUP 1923

BKUP 1967

"Okay, you have our reservation, now one more thing:
please remain the same restaurant until we arrive."

BKUP 1956

Loose string beans

rotest

sons, songs

so naturally I must pay."

any in my

"I ou married the wrong man,

I jump onto the back of a motorized wheelchair
that is passing by, and feel lesscrippled

suffored, suffured, suffreered

BKUP 1978

19 20 21 22 23 24 25

Man in FUTURE LAWYER T-shirt handles my case.

