



The Shepherd's Journals

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Published: 2009

Categorie(s):

Tag(s): drew andrews album leaf diary horror psychedelic postmodern "san diego" spirituality fiction journal memoir God dark novella mysticism "creative commons" apocalyptic poetry philosophy occult

by Drew Andrews

"Oh God said to Abraham, "Kill me a son"
Abe says, "Man, you must be puttin' me on"
God say, "No." Abe say, "What?"
God say, "You can do what you want Abe, but
The next time you see me comin' you better run"
Well Abe says, "Where do you want this killin' done?"
-Prophet Abraham and God in Bob Dylan's *Highway 61 Revisited*

Part 1

Walk Streets

Walk Walk

Three weeks, every day, God tells me to walk these streets - I look around everywhere and find no sign. Not a fucking one but street preachers jagging how they got saved two blocks down. Hammers on concrete. Drilled skeleton skyscrapers. Beeping dump trucks in reverse. Prettiest cell phones, children in tow of business mom, business dad. The Rolling Stones in a boom box. Car one passing, car two passing, car three. The trumpeted sounds of police officers now on scene. The hey mister at my leg. The hey there from the whores. So many airplanes, so many helicopters, metro cabs, so many street cars, nothing. God said go, I know it, I'm the best one for it, but there's nothing here. Still.

There has to be something else come on come on come on

Annie and Miles

The couple across the hall are in the worst of it. They can't hear it, I hear it all. Their voices walking on top of another, I'm sure of it, I can hear it. They can't see what beautiful things are outside. Right outside the window. Right now journal, there's a young girl walking in the middle of the street. The black tar open highway, balancing the dividing yellow street line, playing hopscotch. She has pigtails and I think a lollipop. Anyway, they can't see it, I've been staring out of this window for an hour. She dances and turns and weaves throughout the traffic and cars with the freedom of the newly redeemed. She knows where to find God and she is walking into the storm, into it's black eye anger, waving her arms, she calms it, she calms me. She brings my heart to ease while across the hall - I want to throw myself through their door, broken, into their arms. Lead them to the window, point out and say, "Look... eternity." Only I can see her, and she dances on, wild soul

... A few hours since I last wrote, journal...

the lover is walking out to the street (he has to have seen the pigtail girl) It looks like He passes her, now realizes the error of his ways so the lover enters into intense petition with the heavens longing to once again be held by his beloved I am like that beloved, wait by the phone trapped and despairing everyone wants the best for you always I always feel

Fuck Caution

Dear journal,

I try to tell Marley that caution is overrated. Temperance is not a quality of God at all. God is passion and God is reckless wildness. Everybody here on Earth fears, nobody says yes. They fight. Stall at the moment ordained. They throw slurs and they toss bombs. Everybody fears one another. Everybody fears me, I love everyone. I lose.

Caution is overrated - it needs to be written. I don't understand why people lock themselves up in their own chains, all the while lamenting over chains binding others. Throwing stones and scattering rationalities. Drivel.

I can't believe in caution like it's some holy thing. If God walks with me and he talks with me, then God does. God says to go in there and find her. A drug, a drink. Maybe a night of drug and drink. What's wrong with that journal? Regardless of inebriating myself or braving sobriety, I still wake up and the day feels broken. Regardless of risky actions or resting potentials.

I am taking some mescaline soon on recommendation. It's being delivered soon by the Doctor. I leave town, and I really need to meet with you God, so go before me and I'll see you there, my Thunder, my Hush. We'll walk about on the clouds.

We'll walk about on clouds, we'll walk about in white fields. We'll walk about on the whitest of plains and city sidewalks.

Marquees

I don't like to go out on the weekends and party like everybody else does, but I do like to walk around downtown and watch them. People, with their glassy eyes, always look brighter and more full of hope under the marquees. Last night, away from my girlfriend Marley's, into the late hours I remained, watching them, silent, observing. Lifting drunks from the gutters, trying to feed the endless hungry. Playing games with the lines on the cements. Skipping every other section of the sidewalk. Electronics pounded through doors and I felt alive as I walked past and prayed... I pray, journal. Most people think that's childish but I do, and God wraps me in protection and love. They don't understand, atheists and the wretched, of how boundless the grace of God really is. Do you believe in God's love? Sometimes it's even hard for me, but I do, and continue on. I touch the sick to kiss them. Enough about all that though, I wouldn't want pride to bring my fall. Even if I am the best of the prophets, I wouldn't let pride get me.

Don't Hurt the Pope

Don't hurt the Pope Don't hurt the Pope Don't hurt the Pope Don't hurt the Pope Don't hurt the Pope Don't hurt the Pope

There was no beer in the cooler this morning and I couldn't tell you where it went. It's just gone. Don't know who stayed here last night. Don't care who stayed here, my things are in order, my life is still going on, these things happen, but the beer is gone.

Undying journal, sadness this morning and not joy pervades me. Upstairs in 5-C is some pounding stereo that is not soothing for me. Tears are in my eyes this morning. Tears are in my eyes.

No beers. No coffee. No food. No teddy bears. Here I am, young and infinite, tears in eyes. A cigarette would be nice.

Another dream last night journal, this one so close to the secret I strive to uncover. I was in a city, some East Coast waterfront city, with lots of quite old churchy folk settling down for it all. In the middle of this, some young buck wild fucky-like kids start to make there quiet way through the scenarios and streets. They were on to me. I could not understand why, but I kept running and blending in with the crowd wherever I could to melt in and dissolve.

Then, coming onto the docks, a ferry boat arrived, began to unload auto after auto. Lastly, a lightly guarded rig pulled out and a crowd began to gather around it. I followed and watched the back flap open wide to see what was inside the truck.

And what the hell, it was Pope John Paul II.

He was being wheeled out, ever so slowly, by a sentry-type guard who looked more like a circus worker than bodyguard. The crowd gasped in amazement and silence befell everyone. *Il Papa* was a frail man, he held his head in his hand, and he did not want to be bothered. All the while he was murmuring silently to himself or to God or I don't know. They lowered the rig as the crowds stood there and watched. I began to fear the violent youth around with this gentle figure so loosely guarded.

My heart was racing and I ran up to the Pope. I pushed through the crowd, I knelt down in front of him, I kissed him and I wept. I wrapped my arms around him, but instead of him embracing me, he sat there, head in hands, silently blah blah blah to himself. I held him closer, but he slipped out of my arms and fell onto the ground. What have I done?, I thought. I ran away before the guards could catch me.

And there I was again, in the crowds, in the transience, in the maelstrom, the violent youth all around, pointing at me, whispering. I was sweating and ducked into an alley. I hid out. Finally, I managed to get to the other side of the alley, where there were the crowds again, only this time they were smiling and walking together, families and community members, all dressed up and off to this big cathedral church.

I don't like churches.

I don't like them at all, journal.

But in this my dream, I decided to go into the church and see what the big fuss was about.

The sound of singing filled my ears as I entered. Pews were filled with people singing and smiling. The cathedral smelled of person and age. I looked left and saw him, *Il Papa*, sitting there on stage, on a throne, holding his head in his hands and mumbling still. I began to cry and said, "Forgive me, forgive me!" and ran up to him, embraced him so terribly hard, like a vice around a mouse, I wept and wept. His face grimaced in pain and he crumpled to the ground in a huddle. I stopped crying, filled with horror. What have I done?, I screamed inside. I grabbed the throne to steady myself, feeling faint, and the crowd stared at me blankly in disbelief. I started to think, 'Such a place of belief for such disbelief', but then realized what I had done and stumbled slowly and defeated out of the church.

Two blocks down, shuffling the dust, the violent beat-up fucky-type of youth came upon me, just one of them. He smiled at me in the alley I had found myself in, by the trash dumpsters, and pulled his knife on me. I let it all out. I flew upon him before he had his way with me, grabbing his knife, plunging it in his chest, and out, and in and blood was all over everywhere, his heart was exposed and I was making a mess of it, and he was gurgling and blank and horrorstruck. I got into him really good and then startled myself awake.

I don't want to hurt the Pope. I don't want to hurt him at all.

Blacked Out

Why am I so afraid of my past journal? So much fear that I have blackouts, waking up like just an hour ago crumpled in bathroom doorway, fingers in knots and hand busted. And when I return, I remember even less of the past. I am afraid of the blackouts. Why do they happen?

I fear the dark waste land called the Unconscious, the murders and the whores I have seen. The place where some say God seats enthroned in quiet and in solitude, deep in my soul. With pimps I wander in those places, pining for numbered women.

I fear it. I do not want to go anywhere close to the dark night, I cannot approach the bareness of thought. Many along the way of God speak of this journey into void as a necessity for advancement in God. The way of negation or something. But journal, life is already too hard. Sometimes it is so hard and I don't want to go to the depths. No need to be Orpheus, I am already on my path, opening my heart to this world. I am not running away, I'm just not running to fire.

But still, I guess I know I have been called to this and I must pursue. Jesus went to the desert, Osiris was ripped asunder and thrown into underworld. I must make it through. For my brothers, my sisters, lovers of the world, the journey must be made and begin this moment, no better than any other. And in the darkness all these thoughts and torments will be vanquished, I will kill them all. Killing giants like a new and perfect David.

This, my sole destiny.

The Good Doctor

'What you need is to get your ass fucked.'

It's over with Marley now, and that's what the Good Doctor told me to do today. I trust him. He lives on Seventh Ave. Everybody is always around there and sometimes I feel like things are okay over there and I have a family. People laugh there, people cry, sometimes people scream. I have woken up in alleys sometimes after laughing there with everyone, but that's different, I already told you that. The Good Doc helps me to see. From time to time, he shows me glorious visions. He gives me comfort and I like the pills and whatever he has. It's very nice.

So he says, "Look man, you're over here right, and you're needing something, right, you know, everyone has a fix. What you need, you need to go out and get your ass laid, man. That's you man, that's the way God comes to you, like cosmic incarnation. Go on."

That was in the morning. I went out then looking for a lover. But at noon, I still had found nobody, and had been kicked by one beauty who didn't want anything with fucking. I was alone. I returned to his house. And the Good Doctor, in his wisdom, set me down in front of the TV., patted my back, and gave me his pills. I smiled and cartoons went around me and the world opened up. I must have blacked out. I am so afraid of the blackouts. I woke up from the blackout in an alley again like sometimes happens at the Good Doctor's.

I feel bad cause I must have just walk out of there and pass out in the alley. I don't know.

Marley

There's always someone you fall in love with at least once in your life that you have absolutely no good reason to fall in love with. They're stupid, they talk too much, they think they know everything. But you smile and chuckle to yourself and goddamn you've never seen anything so cute and then BANNING trapped.

That was my story with Marley. We met at some party, I was four whiskey sodas in, and when I asked her for her name and she said it, I coughed the most painful billow of smoke out of my lungs, passed the bong, and said, "Like Bob." Pioneer ganja smoker. Unattested prophet of these last days. Fuck, whatever.

Anyway, she took a few hits of her own, I took some more, suppose we had conversation, went upstairs and fucked like animals - like panthers do, like alley cats at the summer's end. Millions of nights out together, calling in sick to work, endless film upon film, *etc.* We are over, but for awhile I thought it was all cute, the whole mindless extrovert, drinking herself dumb night after night after night (every fucking night journal every

So then it seemed like we were in love, and it was the happiest time in my life. Everyone looked at me new. Friends eventually just gave up giving me shit or trying to 'get it'. Everyone. Everything. At my hands.

But then she got really bored, probably cause she lost lots of an attention span (fuck that - never had one) from too many chemicals, or whatever, she left me, I woke up and she had left the door open and I hate to leave the door open and I forgot how much I hate that and then I suddenly remembered what I liked and what I hated and everything and then I never called her ever again. Now she lives in Houston where cowboys make some glorious fucking last stand to show that they're still important for America.

So then I never fell in love again, journal, because I forgot that in those moments when you're in love, you're ten miles from the ground, gardens uproot themselves from the ground and encircle you in mid-air, roses, marigolds, and violets wrap themselves around you, threaten you, laugh at you, scorn, utter contempt, no sentiment, no appeal, and you are in the eye of it all, safe and in a very maternal place, where though the whole world around abides in total chaos, you alone are dumb and lost in a quiet and eternal light.

Don't fall in love, journal. It is okay for a time but one day the world falls right on you. Crushes you, suffocates all things. Even Atlas fears this.

Boy+Girl Girl+Boy Boy+Girl Girl+Boy
Boy+Girlgirlgirlgirlgirlblahblahlahblh

My Perfect Other

I've always wanted a perfect other. Someone whom I could awake in the morning with kisses and rose petals raining down across a smile, a girl who would come by at early hours and get me up out of my hidden and warm tomb of blankets, touch my hair to tell me to not fear the world but speak my voice with no restraint and clear as vanity mirrors, the one, the other, who would smoke on porch steps with coffee or wine or gin or just water would be fine even, somebody who could throw me into the sea and call out my name and laugh and cry out as I cut the great sea in Egypt, splitting the fucker wide, to walk the city nimbly and surely and floating like spirits in Underworld - my Penelope, my Aphrodite, my salvation. I have dreamt it always... . but I have been sent other dreams. Blood-washed visions and nightmares, journal - signs, tiny signposts to shut it out and remind me that I have a lonely road. I want to have another piece of myself, from out of my side, but maybe I really can make it alone warning all the world without another... . Another. Not just me. That sounds really nice. But if it happens... .I just never see anyone worthy. Not like I spend a whole lot of time searching for somebody, but I would like it really a lot.

The nightmares are so terrible. They really are getting out of control, seek help, I am being punished for my sins and desires. I should not desire a woman now. I should not lust after skin. God, I shouldn't even entertain these temptings. I'm sorry. I'm sad but I am sorry I do.

Fuck this place

fuckd up So fucked up now for *ya* journal

What happened today - today I went down to the boardwalk on the pier to get a drink. I thought maybe a bit of the *olé* fermented juice might put a smile into me, thought maybe I might be reconciled to myself once again, but again, again, again I was wrong.

It started with me on the bar stool with a wide assorted array of alcoholic tinctures, good *olé* tonics of gods, my system already loaded up on some chemical that I can't recall now, I do like the medicines so, journal, I do like those medicines. And they were in me, alive, and I was drinking.

There was a mirror in front of me, some portal into another universe, and a twisted and sick dimension of my own existence my twisted and criminal face all over the walls, I was, I became, afraid. I thought, "They will discover me. They will find me out," and I also thought, "All this is not at all here, it is an illusion, the doors of my mind are the only barriers holding me back from breaking it all."

The bartender, some Dionysian distributor of gay gay antics, looks at me, smiles, with his teeth growing by the moment, fangs growing out to the floor, I wanted to scream but didn't scream oh i was afraid.

Then something in my circuits ignited, that divine spark the Hasids talk about, where the flesh and the spirit collide like two plates of the Earth shifting, the great fires of the planet's belly vomited up into mountains, into the seas, and in that place journal that I am afraid to ever really, really confront, I suddenly threw myself off the barstools (oh the voices of all the peoples) and ran in some stumbling manner straight at the illusionary door, and jumped head first, head first arms out through the veil... ..only it didn't work, my faith was low, I crumbled to the floor, some ape giant bully fucker threw me out and said something stupid, sounding like some army officer, so I flipped him the big bird and said, Hey fuck you private sir officer sir!! and the door shut on me.

My head is still swimming from it, I still can't see so straight, and where is God in those times when my faith is so great I ask you you fucking dumb book WHY don't you answer me *why Don"*T *you fucking answer me!!!!!!*

A Little Girl in a Traffic Enforcer's Uniform

Journal,

Hungover, recovering. Dreamt last night, pretty much as follows:

I was walking on a hill in the night. It was quiet and no one was around. I looked around me and surveyed the place, and began to dance about on the hill. I was dancing all kinds of ways, cracking myself up.

Then a child came to me. She was in a traffic enforcer's costume. She said, "You can't be here dancing like that," and I stared at her. I opened my mouth to speak and rebuke the child for ruining my evening, but my mouth suddenly was glued shut and no words would pass. I groaned mutedly, I grabbed my mouth, I pulled at the mass of skin which once had been open and free, I fell to my knees, I was waiting for God to open my mouth in front of many witnesses and magistrates, but nothing happened, I was alone, and the child, emotionless, stared at my writhing figure, and again told me, "You can't be here dancing like that," turned and walked off, and I stumbled up after her, she was gone, I ran.

I ran through the night, clutching my face and horrified. My foot caught the ground and I fell onto my face, tearing, it, ripping it, splitting my mouth til it was wide open, only now there were no words, but millions of tiny dark creatures - rats, moths, flies, grubs - that began spilling and bursting their way out of my mouth. I lifted my hands up on high, silently screaming, spraying the filthy creatures everywhere, when from the skies above a great cloud of locusts and fireflies and all forms of winged creatures and fallen angels were hurled into my fragile body, flying into my ears, my nose, through my eyes, I was screaming from pain, I didn't know if I would survive it, and I felt like I would explode and suddenly, not from the skies, and not from the ground, but from inside of my heart, a great body of water that had been held back burst forth, and sent everything into a million directions, filled the whole Earth, and I could feel my body belonging to the sea, to the vastness, not to the finiteness of the human, not to the trappings of self, but into the depths of the waters.

There were sharks. I was not afraid. There was Atlantis. I comforted her. There were troubled souls lost from the Titanic, from lost reconnaissance submarine missions, the victims of crashing planes, the lonely souls who can't be held down by bridges and cliffs, a little child in a traffic enforcer's uniform, floating. I spoke to all of them, and whispered soft lulls in there terrified ears, the muted tones of Heaven for the thirsty.

When I woke up from the dream, I drank another fifth of whiskey again. But I can't seem to shake this feeling I have, like I'm being called, as if God is sending me out. Calling my name across the Earth. Shaking the fucked Earth for it's judgment.

One from Two

I am ready for another. Ready and prepared. The other day, I think God spoke to me about it. I saw it in the glean of a cigarette wrapper. God spoke to me this way - believe me journal, it happened, and God said that it will be soon. If I kept really looking I would find her. It felt like a battle then, between the heavens and the hells, where I was being offered up, and gifted, like it meant a lot that this was happening, and I felt afraid, honored and scared for what may come of it all. I don't know where I will see her, but I thought first I would go downtown and into the heart of where my heart is - that's probably where I'll find my heart. I know that she'll be there. So I should just go then - I'm even thinking of getting up really early even to catch her. Maybe in the new promise of morning we will find each other, while dew still rests over the Earth and no one stands in the way of our becoming. Maybe in the evening when the Earth hides and lets the universe take over the night, we dance then. But I will look all day and find her and not stop 'til I see her.

**God open my eyes.
With your mouth kiss my eyes.
Light up my eyes in the night.
They are worn and they are sleepy.
I am tired and in need of a hope.
There will be two and not one. Make us one from two.**

Part 2

Visions/Distractions

I've Met the One!

THIS HAS NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE

journal

It's true

I met a woman today journal. I think I'm in love!! *I'm sure I've found the one!!*

I don't know how to describe my feelings. This is something different, like holding back a great joy with the arms of a great fear - I don't know, it's confusing, that today, I find her - the love of my life. Seeing her, I foresaw all the grandeur and life of a future in each other. Is that weird? I don't believe in that so much, but this time... ..I don't know I feel so strongly

She was walking down First Ave in a white dress and radiant, she skipped every few steps to herself, oblivious to other mortals in distance. Her black hair crashed down against her dress, like a dark priestess, beautiful, full of potions and vials, silent as an opera house in late hour. Who is she? I have to know, journal I have to know, I must know. I don't even know her name.

I can only think of her, I cannot even walk the streets for God. I'm staying in tonight. Journal, if you can, send her into my dreaming to speak with me.

Amen

God Sends Me A Dream

Dearest Journal,

To get through these last lost days since I've written (still don't know what to do about her, don't even know her name), I went to the Doctor - I'm not sure what the Good Doctor gave me this time, but it put me in a really spiritual place where God taught me many things. God gave me a vision, a holy vision of God. I need to formally write it down in detail so that I don't forget even one thing that God would say to me or show me... ..

It began yesterday in the afternoon, lying on the floor of the Good Doctor, the breeze softly blowing from the fan in the living room window. Below the window, the city was bustling and alive. The sounds of footsteps mingled in with the crying of infants, clicking of high heels with innocent 'hello's'. The Good Doctor, he was gone, and I felt a change coming over me. The walls vanished, the lights shifted around in circles, I heard myself laughing from a million miles away... .then I knew it had happened, God had come to me, God was here. Like the lady saints, like Julian and Teresa and Hildegard, like Saint John and Madame Weil and the Buddha and others, I was having my vision now, I was in ecstasy, laughing and having God pick me up and throw me around like a kid into vast expanses.

This went on for what seemed like a forever time, God ravishing my soul in love. Then, it felt like God was setting me down onto the ground from on high and I was lying down like a baby in a slumber. I suddenly awoke, and found myself standing before a very large family, my own family. They were tired and diseased. They were sickly and coughing and the children at the mothers sides were dirty and fallow. I looked out at them, and the men looked back at me with bent backs and heavy shoulders. I felt compelled to speak so I said, "I'll fix it. I can fix it."

No one moved a muscle, and I turned around and walked away from them towards a long row of mountains and hills. I believed inside that if I kept going on and on towards the mountains, I would find the help my family needed, healing and refreshing for the thirsty and poor.

Many nights passed and I didn't stop. I walked on. There was cold, there were wolves, there were the shadows of thieves. There were dead ends and there were new paths I made, and I kept walking, bruised and with exhaustion. I did not sleep. No food.

I had seen it on the path - the mountain. Behind it the bright face of God awaited, where I would find the healing the family longed after. I danced when I saw the obscured image of God and I cursed the mountain. I promised myself that I would conquer the mountain. Then I rested.

In the dark that night, late in the quiet hour, my body being rested, I got up and walked on from where I was sleeping. I walked on and not long after came to a very deep river, a river with such strong currents that I could not cross it alone. In the river, beasts and sharks and obscured creatures broke the surface of the waters. The rushing of waters against the shores cried out like the wailing of faithful wailers. I was terrified.

I walked along the shore, nearly falling in, climbing through dark forest, mists, vine, clutching on to the trees for some stronghold against the hungry shoreline. Ahead of me, I saw a light. When I was close enough, I discovered a lantern attached to the side of a house. I was suddenly very tired, and realized that I was very afraid, and wanted to go in the house and just sleep, but then a voice came from beside me. I turned to the side, and to my surprise, I was suddenly pressing up against an enormous ancient man covered in shroud, faceless and holding a lantern of his own.

"You cannot go to sleep yet," he said.

"I am so fucking tired though I need to," I answered.

The man in the shroud replied immediately, "No."

"I will sleep."

He grabbed my collar, knocked me to the ground and began to drag me through the dark woods towards the river. Above, egrets cried and I could hear the dark beasts breathing their raspy dying breaths as they broke the surface of the waters. I cried out into the woods, but no one was there, the man dragging me over the rocks towards the river with a physical force I could not fathom him summoning.

We reached the shore line and he threw me against a tree. Choking me, pressing his forehead against mine, he said, "Never leave me nor forsake me."

And suddenly his face appeared, only it wasn't his face, but the faces of the sick family over his own face, slowly transforming into one another, crying. He threw me down again, turned his back to me and faced the mighty dark river. He raised his lantern, and as he did, an empty boat drifted towards the shore. He climbed in, and I knew inside that I should also.

We set out across the waters. All around us, terrible noises lurked in the air. A dull roar arose from beneath us, clicking metallic chatterings of teeth, the humming of wasps, the distant sounds of a flood from upstream, they filled the black void.

I wondered if God was here and wondered how I had gotten myself into this. By this time in the vision, I had forgotten how I had even gotten to this place, I only remembered the sick faces and kept on. I began to hate God and I was alone.

The old man was not afraid of the sounds though he kept very quiet and still at the helm of the tiny boat. His body shook a little from time to time as if he were crying, but he did not say a word.

After what seemed like days in the dark forest, crossing this river, we struck the shore. The old man did not get out. I stepped out of the boat onto the dark shore and turned to thank the old man. He was weeping and would not utter a word. I looked forward and walked on, hearing the sobbing of the old man, but when I turned again, the boat was drifting alone in the vast river. The old man was gone, and I walked on. Not long after leaving the dark forest I came upon the Mountain. I awoke.

My Philosophy

What is my philosophy journal? Do you really want to hear things like that?

If so then I'll tell you

I believe in a reincarnation - not that kind of come back like a tree kind or flower or ant shit I believe that you come back and pay for what you owed or collect that which you lost

And you meet other partners too and embrace them and struggle through who and when and what

And the times you have are only mirrors of that which already once was/what will be. I was once a magician I'm sure of it and a seer and still hold those seeds inside though I burn them to lay concrete

I believe that what you do comes back to you and that's kind of the same as what I already said up there but you can forgive me journal - I believe, like karma, is that that's how it will be. And you send out lovers and you hope they come back.. And you fuck up and you hope it doesn't come back. That is what we all do. Karma works best for people during times when they are feeling in need of the hope or are drunk on pleasant hours

I believe that everybody has a good and bad that are the same thing like two sides of a coin, or swords, or I can't remember really, but I believe that good and bad are not that far from each other. They are a Napoleon and Cleopatra that seek to kill each other while they slide into sheets.

I believe in God though don't always know how or why but I believe in a personal kind too not just a fuck distant white one or force or a feel I believe that maybe God comes to me in the nights and still sings to me when I pick up a pen and speak to you. I feel it like an old record you listen to as a child and still you stop and remember always, every time, every time, you hear the words - it is a faded love that is renewed at every song. I hear the song every day and love God though I don't know why and sleep rarely

I believe that nobody cares anymore about what goes on inside them and they only want drinking and old stories - they want cursing out of windows and cabbies blaring their horns, a drag queen and a pusher in an alley, a blind man curled up on an old Toshiba box, a cop on an intercom - or whatever outside can distract them long enough for them to avoid asking real questions like who am I and why. Or asking about life

behind things, behind the eyes of the plastic and secretly breathing, the alive, expanding and forgiving all that went wrong, all that we terribly rushed into and underthought, places we've been that we left trails of violence upon, cities and temples we knew with no solace, forgiving the turning of hearts and the tongue of deceit and the thoughts of the pauper, oh we are undone by the glory inside when we are awake. But when we sleep all is lost and the hollow lands around offer no comfort and no truth nor wisdom and so then retreat inside and throw off your idols and only do right. Like this:

We claw at the walls of our captors
We restrain our desires
We fulfill our desires
We see things
Oh we have it worse than all
People don't believe us
They don't trust us so they stone us
Ask for more understanding
They push us out alone
Without a home
Without a wife
Without a purpose
Other than seeing
All to do is see
And whatever's left
Are drugs to kill the seeing

I Have To

I'm going for it. Everyday I get closer to speaking to her. I have imagined what I would say so many times. I've plotted and charted it out but have not spoken one soft word. I think maybe I should bring her flowers. She seems like the girl who likes carnations. I could wake her and shower her in flower petals kiss her forehead as she laughed. I could hold her hand discreetly so others might not see or circle around her in front of all so that everyone would know how she is the One, the only one. I could write her a poem maybe, and read it to her, and try to not to let my voice quiver , but instead carry on in confidence. If I did that she would know. But I don't even know yet what to say. I only follow her and wait for the right words. I don't follow her much journal, just a little. I'm too busy with God's work but sometimes I follow her and catch her smell.

On the Beach

Dear Journal,

We went to the beach one day when I was about six or seven years old, it was one of those days where the sun was just right, water warm, and the smell of burning wood and hamburger kept you coming back from wrestling in sand. A bunch of my playmates were there, and they wanted to go for a swim. I forgot to bring a swimsuit, so I said I couldn't. They told me to jump in anyways with my clothes on, I did, and we all laughed at the spontaneity and hilarity of it. I decided that I could do better than them all, that I could swim farther than them all. So I tried, but the farther out I went, the heavier my clothes became, I was slowly sinking into the deep parts, tugged by riptides and afraid. I tried to call out for help, but no one was paying attention, my plan to beat them all was foolish anyway apparently, and I sank down. I realized that I could be free of the sinking if I lost my clothing and swam naked, like two fishes tied together loosed, like a rabbit across fields, I would be free. I fought against the clothes, gasping for air, until I was finally free. I came up for air. No one was around, I was so far out. I kept going, diving down and twirling and letting out bubbles and beholding all the beauties of the ocean with my two young eyes. I embraced the deep blue womb. I forgot about all others. I thought to myself that I would never go back. A lifeboat found me, but I was so ecstatic and unafraid, that the lifeguard looked at me, and at his partner, and in bewilderment said, "Son, your family needs you back," and I was taken ashore, naked, on a yellow life raft.

Nothing has changed. The clothes are my dogmas, and the great womb is the great lion heart of God.

Being Someone Else

I wonder what it would be like to be someone else. To be in their body and see through their eyes and feel through their feelings. To be normal. To be free of burden, light.

Today, I found myself waking early, shaking a druggy head, heading out into the heart of the city. It was a day when there were street markets everywhere, and flowers in heat with the breeze, I twirled my wrists in the wind and two-stepped together my clumsy two feet. People tossed fish, peddlers pushed their wares on the oncomers, singers with guitars copped an old Dylan tune, there were many wonderful sights, many wonders. I took a bit of a pill the Good Doc had prescribed, swallowed, walked walked on.

All I cared to know today journal is what it feels like to be somebody else. I've tried all my life to no avail to achieve it, I reach forward, lose myself, whore out my true self to only once enter into an all-consuming absorption into another - a footstep in a trap, a hand caught in a blender, a knife in a light socket - a sudden violent end.

A girl, an artist, plays chess with her lover. They fight. She motions to him like he is an idiot. Why do you care about that?, she asks. It's always been like this. What has it always been like? How can it change? What holds her back from a true exposure of herself. Now she smiles at him. Why? What memory unfolds of her lover? Does she have another lover to make her smile like that in this moment?

Two fat white-trash women sit and read the paper. What do they care about the paper? They stop and talk about what they would do if they lived in Hollywood, who they would fuck, who they would definitely not be seen with, what hairstyle they would wear when when when when... ... etc. Why do they care about Hollywood and why is flight to dream the only hope they have?

A business man with the look and cutting sheen. He ignores the market and walks through dialing his cell phone while he crosses the street and looks behind him. Why is he late? Who abused him as a child? Why didn't he become the prom king? Why

I want to be the chameleon. The shapeless sea. A ghost dancing through a ballroom. Bacteria. A parasite sucker fish. The sperm and the egg as one.

What Smoke?

It happened tonight Let it be written in the annals of drug stories it happened I had it... . the biggest high of my life. I was watching the TV. and Mrs. president was on at Good doc's, and I took a hit of off some Peruvian vine in the pipe and it felt huge in my lungs when i exhaled i knew it was the biggest hit i had ever taken I coughed a lot then opened my eyes real wide and said, "SHit. I'm not really ready for this, I know it." and braced myself. that was over an hour ago, I have been watching the clock I am so gone whoa. time goes kind of long when you're here *ya* know seems like forever, and still, now, I am a tremor a ghost a phantom in the world somehow I escaped the world I told myself I couldn't escape it but I did it and it's the kind of place where the Marlboro Man comes along and pulls off a match in your face, burns it bright in a flash, and lights a big big a big cigarillo, the thin white ones, and smiles with it in his mouth's corner, waving his hand across the expanse of Heaven to me the new arrival and says, "there it is you fucker," kicks me a solid one in the ass and opens the gates for the singing to begin. Only, that doesn't really sound too much of the kind of place I would like to be, some heaven like that, where old movie actors like *Cary Grant* and *John Wayne* are stinking with grins and chuckling' about how purty it all is to themselves. but I'm in that place an hour now, my body has already shaken for twenty minutes, I have been writing this for more than 20 too and I can't do the math real fast like this horrible and kind of great at the same time cause it's like standing right in Death's face with the bird///

I stood up today on top of the apartment complex roof, and I shouted, "Wake up oh sleeper!!!" I felt the primal anxiety of bearing myself, a fool, in front of others, a holy fool in front of the judges. And they came to their windows, the tribunal council, the keepers of the law. They have no legs, their stomachs growl at them for more meat, they have masks for faces and paint for smiles. I see through it, their sick fashion wiles. I tear it to pieces, to bits, for it's temporal vanity. It passes into nothing.

The police were below and they yelled up to me, but I ran off and came here. Trying to clear my head now journal. So much rejection so far.

Friends

It's good to have nice friends. Friends, friends, friends are the only thing to have really. I should have learned this years and years back, that it's good to have the company of others, when these times are so lonely. Four days ago journal (it's been that long, yes, I was detained briefly, but never fear that now journal) we went out walking the city, the Good Doctor and I. First, we stopped by his house, I always go by there anyway, we mixed substances, off off we went.

Lately, my mind is encountering glorious God-soaked ideas. As we walked the other day, it was so nice to share my thoughts with him, what I had seen. About the evils of the strong, and the plights of the innocent and about the sacredness of the city buildings, my head was so expanded and the Good Doctor stared and listened. Sometimes he would just laugh and laugh, but he's a good friend, maybe the chemicals made him laugh. Anyway, we went on and on, in the Christmastime city, in the white-stringed lighted Bethlehem, me and him, telling him of my calling and of all that I had to do. He kept saying, Wow man, heavy shit, wow and I was so happy to see him moved at my passions!! I feel so empty and alone lately and today I felt filled and vibrant, saying yes to our moment. In fact, this vibrance filled me so much, that as we walked on and on the medicines began to take a hold of me and raise me up to new heights. I felt my body pulsate and move and the Good Doctor watched me. *I knew it was happening*. It was my transfiguration, I knew it, my true essence was being revealed to the world. I was doing it, I was becoming actualized, a new shepherd to lead the lost ones. My body began to shoot out rays of light, filling the night, I was a ball of pure fire, pure like the angels, only higher than them, and suddenly I turned around to watch the world vanish into some barren and grandiose Armageddon, beautiful sounds rushing through my body. A children's choir appeared out of nowhere. They were singing. There were beautiful boys and girls, my children, they were praising, they were lifting up the wonderful words, "Oh come all ye faithful... ..come to Bethlehem... ..," and I knew it!! That here, in this moment, I was being born, being transformed, that here really was Bethlehem (I was so overjoyed, I had been waiting for this moment for forever!!) and I was the baby Jesus born not in a manger but out of the great womb of the city, and I stood there letting the choir's voice take me, cover me, and I realized that much more was at stake in the end, much more was at hand than my sacrifices, and

then from these innocents I noticed a new song emerging, and the angels and heavenly hosts came and began to enter into eternal harmony, and a hidden angel, stammering and poor, stepped forward, the angel Gabriel, the very angel who appeared to incite the blessed, holy, and sanctified virgin Mary, and he began to speak words to me that no one should hear, not even you journal, or else face certain death. The company of angels then began to flap their wings with merriment at the words spoken to me, and suddenly this was no longer an angelic troupe before me, but a full orchestra in evening dress, and a little captain dancing about with birds flying up and out from a little hat he extended to me, and the birds became little bursts of fireworks, which became giant bursts of the ocean in her majesty and began to pulse in and out like a raging storm in heaven, and I was walking then along some kaleidoscope Hollywood Boulevard with all the sidewalk stars bursting forth from under my toes in radiant light above, to the high high heavens, the Good Doctor screaming at me in silence so strangely, and the skyscrapers above my heads were swinging like trees, I was electric and expanding in a concrete grove, taking on my new body and my enlightening, and the skyscrapers spun off into nothingness, in actuality I saw them, there were multitude upon multitude of unexplored, unseen galaxies, waiting for me. Then my own silence came.

The policemen woke me up in the middle of the street after years and years. A very large crowd had gathered. They were whispering to each other. They had seen it!! I knew that now they too understood the great mystery! I could not stop from smiling from laughing from shouting out, breaking free of the officer's grasps, rushing to the crowd proclaiming, "Now now that the time is now, open your eyes, see the beautiful things God brings to us I am here to be the very second coming prophesied years... ."

The crowd parted like a Red Sea, grabbing their children and shirking away, and I fell into the divide as the officers struck me across the head. The Pharisees will never understand. But I do not fear, my time has come.

Can I Reconcile My Love?

Her. I think of her always now. An unstoppable desire. Also thinking about the old bodhisattvas, those old bastards, those old holyish fools. I cannot shake them. They appear to me. They stare and in their silence I don't know, I just don't know journal, but... I don't know. They call to me and I know that much, wailing from ancient cemented tombs, from catacombs. Alive they would walk around. They were holy walkers, venturing out into the vast bleak plains of desert and sun. They had reached their enlightenment and I know that vision, I know that myself, they come to me now and in their midst I feel the shame.

Someone to talk to about this someone to talk to about this

They reached the all-compassion. They embraced all and went where no others whispered of. They loved - can't I love? Is it okay to love her? Can we stand together? When they came upon oasis, when they stumbled into the green heaven in desert, many killed themselves. They would not settle for any earthly beauty. They had already achieved all the divination they could possess. Do I love her, my prize, is she my earthly beauty? Can I give the love all up? Can I continue on my path since the sight of her?

I hold the knife and I don't know. I am in love. And I fear if I should ever be. I can never be allowed to love.

God or Another

Journal - Do I follow her or do I follow God? I feel that I must make a choice. It is not fair that I should have to choose this. Not fair being alone. Alone. It is not right that I should be alone. I cannot be by myself.

I will take her then and journey, together, toward my completion. She will support my call. There is no other way under these stars. This alone.

I must talk with her. I've been waiting, now I must tell her all the wonderful adventures that will become of us, I know it. How do I tell her? Softly, journal, softly. I will hold her softly and she will know it without a word between.

She Said YES!!!

I was so afraid to even ask her, I walked up to her and told her how I had seen her many times before, how she was glorious as the braids of Hera, how Penelope found her resurrection in those blue eyes, how the poppy and the daffodil were only chaff rolled away in her currents... .. And she first looked very afraid. I always rush these things, I always fuck it up. Still she listened, and her walls like Jericho fell - the reverberations of that breached barrier echoed across my dying lands. I smiled and in that smile I felt her gaze brighten and my eyes, they too brightened. I was forgiven. I was absolved and it all began again. Does she love God? I don't know... ..I haven't talked to her about God and about my calling, but I know she will believe, I know she will see my glories waiting to be revealed and we will marry and paint over these dirt monuments of past letdowns. Can't stop thinking about her... ..so *happy!!!! Overjoyed!!!! Joy!!* A long time since I have penned those letters together. We then exchanged numbers and she said, "You're definitely unique... I want to find out more about you. Tomorrow then?"

And I almost jumped, but restrained my puppy body, and said, Yes, I'll call you tonight. I talked to her all night, it's like four in the morning now, no clocks though, so I'm just guessing. We've begun. Forgiven and released.

Phone Calls

Journal, I talked to her on the phone all night again. I can't stop thinking of her. She fills everything, she fills everything. I can't wait to even hold her hand again and whisper my love, profess I guess I should say my love for her and tell her that it's okay and that we can have a nice life with God together. We can share stories and kisses by candles and we can dream for the future. But I guess I should take it slow and not scare her, people can get afraid of me and my calling. Real slow, real slow. I will love her over stretched time as if she were a rose and I was a drop of water hanging off her lips fighting against the impedance of gravity.

So a rose for her then.

Cities Have Hearts, Too

The city is like the lover, and the lover is just like the city - that's what I told her today. It makes sense, though it takes a awhile to put together.

Over the months, the years, the lifetimes journal that I have walked the streets, nothing seems more obvious to me than this. Both - lovers/cities - are full of hope, angelic, unrestrained, boundless, overfed with chocolates, poetry, story, song, and virginal they await for another to come and open them. But, they are also whores, they can betray you, and suffocate all with pillows still warm from making love. She did not understand this last thought, and raised an eyebrow and looked afraid. I smiled. "How can you think that? That's the most terrible thing I've ever heard anybody say," she said. Ahh hell, I thought. But she is still young and I explained it to her.

I told her how hearts are tricksters and how they see red lights and they see babies in carriages and how they get hungry, how they cry at an old photo, or an old film, or how they get lost in dressing rooms and look at mirrors and wonder what others would think, how they fall down several flights of stairs at a time, how they regret and sigh over the one who moved from them, how they light up when they are filled up in the night, how they breathe and cough from cigarettes, how they could dream it if they could sleep, how they are wrapped in too many obligations and fear the breaking of another of their own kind, and also how they devour their own kind like cannibals - hearts are like cannibals, I said, and in some parts of the world, you get stronger by eating your own kind or the heart.

And cities and lovers have hearts too, I said.

Week One

A week together - we are discovering now the perfection waited for. I made love to her today for the first time journal, her and I, flowing into each other, the river to the ocean, the freshwater to the salt sea. It was just how I imagined it, it was always meant to be. It was a clear afternoon, the sound of automobiles coming through the windows, the smell of skin on skin, the tastes, the tastes. Beautiful, it was as if I lifted her up through clouds, and she, in turn, raised me up, twirling my hair, staring through me, inside me, seeing me for all the hidden glory that awaits. Her body was a labyrinth of possibility, and I seized chance. I began my journey to find that holy of holies, where the priests go, where the veil is slowly torn from top to bottom and the world, with wide and afraid eyes, finds it's awaited feast. Our bodies were not bodies - but conduits for our hearts to become one heart. She grabbed me, kissing my mouth and leading me into the bridal chambers, her my lover, to the place where my lover sleeps. We laughed, we spun around, knocking over chairs - and stumbling over each other we came to that clear paradise found only in the four letters called hope. I cannot believe it still journal, I am spinning and thought ceases, we see each other again tomorrow.

No more to say. She has always been the Other, the missing piece to an edict born in fire.

Zodiac Signs

She taught me an easy way to remember the Zodiac today journal:

The fire that dances. The shade of the rock. The stirring of winds. The lake at the sun's setting. The flame that consumes. The shaking of the Earth. The quiet before the storm. Waters that flow over the lands. The lava flowing underneath. The mountains from dust. The rain that heals. The depths of the sea. January 15

The Shepherd

She calls me the Shepherd. Kind of funny, really. Today she said:

"You should stop caring about things so much. You're like a priest sometimes, like a pastor or a shepherd, that's more like it really, a shepherd out all night trying to make certain even that one little stupid bastard lamb doesn't run off and hurt it's leg. Give me a break. Who needs all that? I'm gonna call you the goddamn Shepherd. Stop it. "

That's how I remember it. She broke my heart at first, saying such terrible things journal, but I think now that she is right. I think now that I work too hard for others and that all of my waking hours I hurt for the souls around me. I want to touch them... ..I should stop wanting that. There are other things I need to do. I can't live my life pandering after God all the time, I have to do things too. I have my own things I like without God.

Be with me journal, we are taking a big step, hiding from God and going it alone. Away from the world of prophets for good, at home in her splendor. I will no longer go to the city to speak. How can I?

God's Name

I have heard that some people don't even call God a name at all, they don't even spell *god* because that's unholy and I think that's a terrible lie and full of shit, but some people believe that.

Dear journal, I have never written down the name of my beloved to you. She has never been revealed to you, I have veiled her. Protected her, always. I refuse to share her name, her holiness, as well, is also great. Should I ever reveal her name, I should be stricken dead.

Only if she falls so far from grace as to abandon all hope of my love, would I tell you. But it's not important to know. I call her nicknames, she keeps calling me the Shepherd. I think I like The Shepherd better than my own name.

Clay Figures/Chopin

Chopin is so wonderful you say. I didn't know you even knew him. What else do you pretend not to know? Do you hide from me your love for God? You must, because I see it, quiet as lambs and sleeping. But just now, this moment while you sleep, I lie here confessing it all while your hair falls across my old pillows, your breath steady against the sheet. Lone dancers, we drain out into little canals and rise up like tiny mountains. Rise to the air. Rise to stars. Where I confess that you are more beautiful than all God's works.

And where us, clay figures, crushed up and tossed into each other's dirt, are reborn and glassy eyed, smiled on, no longer pictures but mirrors.

More Dreams

Dear journal,

Dreams Dreams I'm poisoned by them.

My last dream took place somewhere in the South - hot, lush, swampy overgrown with voodoo and bizarre. A few of us, I don't know who, probably the kids from the Doctor's, we were all of us running around on what seemed to be an ancient burial ground, maybe Indian, only it wasn't a burial ground - it seemed as if someone had taken a plantation and lifted it up from the foundations until all that was left was the skeleton of home huddled against open field. We took turns exploring the desolate place. We played in the Jacuzzi where that used to be. We tumbled about in the graveyard of what once was a master bedroom. We danced about with spring flowers in the heat surrounded by swamp and the sound of croaking insects, pushing each other down. We began to laugh and all of us couldn't stop - but then I felt something different. It was a dark presence and I began to slow my laughter. I looked over my shoulder and a man was standing there about 40 feet from us - he was clad in a jet black suit, balding, his back to us. Someone asked in fear who it was. I didn't know. We moved slowly to the vacant Jacuzzi, holding each other. We were filled with fear. The man stood there with his back to us and I called to him and he still just stood there. After a time, he turned and began to stumble over to us. No one moved. His face was hidden in his chest but his head was clearly bald. He came over to us and stopped, with his back again to us again, 3 feet away. My friends were shaking and making terrible fear sounds and whining and whimpering and somebody threw up and then somebody saw that and began sobbing more and for some reason I felt like I had to touch him and I reached out to his back while I was screaming and sobbing and afraid and I almost touched him I almost had him I wanted him to turn around.

Then, my love woke me up as I was in a cold sweat. She calmed me and I went back to sleep slowly. God is coming for me journal.. I'm sure of it. But I love her as she lies next to me. Pray for me journal I cannot now.

A Lily In A Bowl

You fell around my hand like prayer beads, spilling your hair, you fell down my arm and slithered to the bed.

Aphrodite, I'm sorry, trying to catch you failed.

Perhaps I should have been there first as you poured from the sea, like this moment, falling over me, crashing against eager shores.

I have tried to capture soft lips, cage them and kill them, and hear them sing praise, and a lily floating in a bowl of water, is the monk's only way, to understand.

Full of December

Full of December
Full of cinnamon
You shake out little notions
Your tongue to kiss and kill
Collides through my barriers
Guards that have left for their wives
I am unmanned and defenseless
Invite you in for the spoils
Full of Spring
Full of daffodils
Full of setting suns

Picnic Day

Picnic day with my love. I brought out all the stops for today, not like the last trip, lost in hills. This time we reached for tangibility, the accessible, the familiar Drifting of wind under our clothing, at our mouths. We stumbled into an Eden today, creation mumbled Bleak lullaby. Scattered whirligigs with sessile heather. Leaves of fall in careless choreographic.

I removed hair from your eyes and gave my first butterfly kiss. I only wish that once the world could see.

Softness

It is a softness between us journal, soft and slow. We whisper to each other, fall into a deep trance together where only our souls dare to speak. Her black hair is wild, and when she wants to cut it I beg her not to. She laughs and everybody around turns, the kind of laughter that gives a man hope. I have hope now. For so long I thought I was mad or lost or confused, but I see God in her, a reflection so deep that she denies it, but I see it, she can't ignore it much longer.

Her Transfiguration

Her breasts and hands
Warmly transfigured
Blood on her hands
Milk on her breasts
She was mother to me
She bent over me
With her ivy and lily and daisy face
And her chocolate and kisses and lullaby mouth
I reached in to tear out my heart to give her a piece of me to her
to her

And I cried tears like the Thames at the flooding hour
I danced on white washed tombs and ate up her nectarine skin
Swallowed the blood of her veins
Sweet blood of her citrus and sugar skin
The candy of her dying eyes

No More Worrying

Journal,

Her and I continually discovering each other and abandoning the cruel fetters of 'past'. She must think I'm a strange one, constantly mumbling on and on about things of the spirit, divine ideas and conversations with God. When I speak to her of these things, her eyes go away, she disappears, she cares not for these things. Usually, this bothers me about other people, a fury rises in me, but calming me is her gaze - a fragile recognition, a secret gnosis of love and intimacy. She strokes my hair and all of the worrying about my calling ceases into the ether. I worry so much!! With her I can see true things, her pale alabaster skin a sheet of silk where beauty herself sleeps beneath. I can't believe it journal, I have been so far from home.

Tomorrow we go to Los Angeles to get away for a week. I'll write more when I return.

Back from L.A.

Back from L.A... Los Angeles is really full of people. We just got back and I'm so exhausted. It was a great time journal, sharing cotton candy on the beaches and feeding birds, hitting the clubs and doing a fair share of assorted drugs (cocktails that could rival the Good Doc's!), out 'til four, making love 'til sun broke the day.

THIS IS THE BEST TIME OF MY LIFE

I still can't believe it. I was so nervous before of even talking to her, afraid of rejection, and now all that is gone, all the old ways, all the old fears, the compulsions, the wrecking wasteland of a wrathful God - I am here now with her, my universal queen. It was her now I see, she came to me in dreams, she embraced me, she ravished me, she is divine Mother. Now there is no need for theological jigsaws, only dancing. Yesterday she said, "You can be so mysterious sometimes," and she knew!! She saw!!

If I could draw a picture of her on your pages dear journal I would, but lines drawn by mortal hand could never capture her soft majesty.

Bodily Wedding Supper of the Lamb

Bodily wedding supper of Lamb, black clothed,
fragile you balance yourself on sidewalks, invite in the poorest.
I see your waiting feast, knowledge of those Merlots, sourdoughs -
compound formulas.

Like a star collapsing, you hold me in endless orbit.

Trying to escape, I crash back down into your gravity, the tired old
shepherd at prayer.

Tired of watching and waiting and calling I touch your face your
goblets

drink from them

and absolved

I have Communion

broken

White Dresses

When you lay beneath my thoughts I am enlightened - a solace un-
found by years of crusade. Salt and ocean, shadow and ember, take me
in before the parting, before goodbyes press in. Under your hand I keep
silent, move at your move, turn with your turning. Secret hour, hush,
moon skims water, sun stretches at mid day. At the moment, I take in
you and I and our loving. There is no distance.

We, two witnesses of the end, inhabit all things - indents and river-
beds, antiquity and progresses, fortress, hurricane, electrical currency.

Swept to sea
Lost in vast empty spaces
Cumulus in azure sky
Smothered in sod

We are better off than most. It is neither of import nor is in our wis-
dom to suggest why. Only, I remember this once - you swept deliber-
ately across hating blacktop in white dresses and I loved you

Part 3
A Storm/In the Belly

Don't Understand

**DON'T DO THINGS LIKE THAT LOVE YOU HURT ME WHEN
YOU DO**

I don't get it
Do you Journal
Maybe you understand
Why she hurt me
Why she punched me
Why she kicked me down on the ground
I have only been good and offered myself like cherry blossoms
I have only been full of wonder, a pool overflowing on her
A lily in a bowl
A lily in a bowl
she threw me out for the night. Tomorrow it will be fine. Yes. Fine.

Can you help me journal

It seems like lately my love has been shying away from me. I don't get it. Maybe I am crushing her or too close, though becoming closer would be the final alchemy necessary for our union, maybe a baby even is how we should stay together. I tried to mention this to her but I don't think she was so happy about that. She's not home a lot when I come by and she hasn't called for days and last time she said she wanted 'a breather'.

What is a breather? Sounds to me like some stupid fucking self-help shit somebody fed to her to numb her to the real pulse of the world. I've told her over and over again how we need to be closer, not farther, that the time for something brilliant is at hand. She doesn't believe it and says I should stop talking crazy, but what the fuck does she know. *Maybe she is just like them like A fucking Rat / / /*

I saw her again at the store today I followed her but only for an hour journal. Something is wrong. Something feels awful and wrong. She is getting so distant, those eyes distant at my old words are now distant at my new words and at my own eyes. She sighs, her eyes wander at the passerby men, I try so hard to make her laugh. She only lifts her shoulders and half grins. What's wrong? Why is she so far off? I can't figure it out.

She is hanging around without me, doesn't want me to come over, she has a new friend named Tom. Who is he anyway? Why is he so fucking important? He sounds like an idiot... ..I don't know. I'm trying my best.

Dream of a Flood

We tried to hang out again today, journal. These are such confusing times. My dreams lately are out of my understanding. I dreamt of a great flood again. God is trying to tell me something and I don't know what.

It was sunny and rainy, sunny then drizzly and I needed a cigarette. I felt that I had never been so desperate and crazed.

The streets were a mess, full of horns and pedestrians, banging into each other, tailgating the coming of some great event.

Sun and rain, the sky dimming, the sky brightening, nothing felt good. I hopped out of her car, the girl of my dreams inside my dream, I stepped into the Ganges, the flowing traffic, and ran through the drizzle into an almost deserted 7-11.

"American Spirits, the yellow pack, please," I muttered.

The woman studied me. "Everyone wants smokes today," she said. Her eyes were hollow. "You'll have to wait," and she went to the back to find some.

Cigarettes help with the bloodstream, I heard somebody whisper and a radio with static was playing behind me somewhere.

The woman arrived with an open pack of Marlboros and said, "Here, have one of mine," giving me a Marlboro and walking to the back again.

I hate Marlboros but I lit it up and ran out of the store.

Out of the store, into the gridlock of machines, like stumbling into a great symphony at crescendo, like running around a corner into the middle of a parade, I fell onto my face. She, my love, an expressionless statue, was parked in the middle of the standstill, waving her fist from her car like a dictator, honking her horn and irritated at all the hoopla.

She did not believe in the possibility of a great flood.

But I did.

So I ran.

I saw no rainbow.

I ran more.

I found a green valley, with lush open fields, calming slopes rising gently into hills for children to run and tumble down, a place where young lovers deflower themselves among spring lilies, a place where poets and songwriters find solace and inspiration. To my left was a castle, weathered and gray, ready to withstand any onslaught made against it. I thought that I might find a hiding place against the great flood in this castle. But every angle of the moss-covered fort was barricaded and

unmovable. When finally I found a hole to climb into, it was too small to fit me.

I ran.

The sun and the rain and the sky. It was getting sunnier. Everything was brighter. The hour was coming, but it was getting brighter.

I ran back to where the people were. I saw a man carrying a raft. It did not seem very wise to me at that moment. The radios grew louder and louder. People were cracking open Budweisers. I was not as cheery as everyone else. I was frowning. I was feeling scared. People were talking to me and I could not join in with them.

"These times are not celebrating times!," I screamed over it all.

And then the monstrous sky, as if in response, washed out overhead in a black sea of storm clouds, so black that the world was silenced and cried out in agony.

Everybody ran.

Many waters fell down upon the Earth.

The sky opened and a great bronze angel with six wings fell down, swift and motionless, like a statue from Heaven. A great beast with a hundred heads fell down, swift and motionless, like a broken piece of sky.

I tried swimming but it was pointless.

Another Flood Dream/Bunker Ten

Dear Journal, another dream about a great flood just woke me up. I am so afraid. What have I done to deserve this? I fear that I have lost her and that I have lost forsaken God. I have to tell you all of the dream journal so you can know what I am seeing. It all took place in a bunker in a field that was called Bunker Ten. It was fucking cold in Bunker Ten. Rats scurried, blind creatures stumbled in the dim structure, and the sound of my breathing was an angelic delay against the walls.

"I suppose I suppose I this I suppose this I will suppose will will do do will do do will do..." I spoke aloud. Echo echo echo. It was making me sick. Like dreams that make me sick, I wanted to throw up.

I was hiding out there in Bunker Ten, not remembering exactly how I got there. My head ached. Somehow I crawled into the vacuous cold womb, and I realized then that these were my last remaining hours in preparation for the great flood coming.

I recalled myself wandering through bonfires and festivals earlier that day, religious conversions and prayer vigils, suicidal pacts, public divulgence of booze and nicotine, medicines freely distributed, no children in the streets. I knew that many speculated that God would not send a flood to end the citizens of Earth. They always say, "He will send locusts and scrolls and frogs and fires and two witnesses and His head will be brighter than the sun when He comes with thunder and tribes. Then the world will end. Not by waters."

Dreaming, I foresaw it all. I can't remember exactly how I first learned about the great flood, whether it was by those journeys one has while in a trance, or those types ones has while awake, called visitings, where God or Mary, saint or shaman, guru, ancestor, *etc.* appears to warn you about the state of your life or some kind of bad event that is coming or something like that. I can't recall, but I knew it was coming, and I was afraid, but I believed it in my heart journal, that I could survive. I always survive.

Bunker Ten was my salvation and shelter. I tried every other bunker out there in the middle of nowhere, in the groves, in trees, in spring bloom, far away from citylights and trains and celebration. And out of all the shelters in the compound, only Bunker Ten appeared able to withstand and hold firm. I was going to make it.

Inside of me, a rush of vomit, not so precisely aimed, shot its way up my throat, out of my stinking rot, and spilled hot across the black soot

ground. Now I have filled this room with my own stink, I suddenly thought. Pride filled me. I laughed like a tiny God. Was this how big God would end us, too? The great bodily waste, the great flood? Swirling and with no landing in the vomit of Olympus?

One imagines these vulgarities towards the end of all things, somebody whispered.

I stood up and walked around the dark shelter of the bunker. I was waiting here in the barricade of Bunker Ten, I was trapped. It was solid and I knew its walls would not be crushed by the first onslaught of the great flood. I was ready, I would make it. A hole in the roof would send the waters pouring down into the middle of the room, slowly filling the complex, whereupon I thought I would float out of there, through the roof slowly, with a brand new yellow safety raft. I would survive, and the world would perish in vainglory. I was a tiny Noah.

I laid down - but a terrible pressure moved against the atmosphere. Head splitting, blood and bone tightening behind my eyes, disarming silence. I heard the lulling patter of rain begin gently on the ceiling. For what seemed like an hour, loving and giving rain blanketed Bunker Ten. No crushing waters. "So this is it, is it?" I laughed aloud. "Not with a bang but a whisper?" It was so still and so calm lying there. I listened closely for a dull roar, distant frequencies, for thunders and quaking of Earth - nothing. A great expansive plateau of nothingness. Numbing existence. I fought against the hush, and screamed out into Bunker Ten, I hated the whale's belly, voice buckling the walls and flying back at me like menacing trumps of angels.

Desperately I ran under the roof's opening and cried out above to the fucking high waters, fist thunderous and mighty.

"Come down if you think..." I started to say, but before I could finish, a rushing tome of waters crashed through the sky, through the opening of Bunker Ten, God's vomit, tossing me like a tiny doll straight across the room, breaking my bones against concrete slab, not all my bones broken, but enough.

Vision. Breath. Laughter. They abandoned me.

But then journal, the sight of this great display, this God-sent waterfall! My ancestors swam up and down the heavenly stream from roof to ground, slowly filling the vast space of Bunker Ten! My mother spun around in a sexy white dress, a mermaid fairy of ancient splendor! My father was here also, strong in the waters, diving down, swimming up out of Bunker Ten into the great flood, the great gulper of Earth. My father then motioned to me and mouthed, "Come on", and I tried to

move, but my bones were crushed, I couldn't lift my arm, and I was in such terrible agony of body, of spirit. Luckily, the yellow raft came to me and I grabbed her rope as we were suddenly rushed through the roof.

Underwater. Suffocating. I wanted to wake up and God wouldn't let me. The terrible pain. One side of my body, crushed. The other side, flailing and holding to the raft. The raft and I were being propelled so fast out of Bunker Ten, a hundred million miles and hour, me and the raft. As we shot upwards, I glanced around. Cars floated and whirled, homes and jetsam rushed right past me, thousands of women and men were frozen, vacant, and starry, trees uprooted and suspending themselves in the rapture of the flood, weeping. My lover was there, dead and drifting.

50 feet below the surface, I let go of my yellow raft, and the raft made its way up without me. I couldn't float any longer, the terrible brokenness overcame me. Bubbles surrounded, little clouds, little friends, little helpers touching me, the tiny god. My father was gone then, my mother and ancestors were gone. Giant sharks, not locusts or frogs or scrolls, invaded the sacred space of the waters.

They encircled me.

Ah hell, I thought.

Before they could begin their feeding on me, the greedy Pharisees, I looked below me, hundreds of miles below me, and beheld the triumphant remains of a stone city. I had been carried very far to see this. Then an awakening began in me. I saw that the stone city never dies. It always is. It always remains. Atlantis. A great fervor for life, for the city, came over me. With all the remnant strength in my form, I raised my arms parallel with the ground (or, rather, one uncrushed arm) and, suspended over the stone city, high and exalted, I wept, the tiny god, I weep like a tiny Jesus. How I love this stone city, I thought. From far off, a giant beast came into appearance. It's massive jaws opened and drew me in and I was swallowed into a dark and rotted tomb. That was all. I had to tell you.

Tom

It's over. It's over it's over it's over.
I found her with another man fucking another man.
He was supposed to be just a friend. She looked at me and looked
away when I walked in.

I beat in his fucking face.

I believed.

I believed in our love. I found her.

I believed.

No more.

**What have I done to you God what have I done now I betrayed you
for a whore**

All I feel is nothing. God

God

you were my lover you were my delight she

she betrayed me I ran to her away from you

forgive me please please forgive please forgive love me

I am so sorry

I can't even cry please I'm sorry

Tom Tom Tom Tom

I believed

I

The days go by in this dark room. I can only think of her and that fuck.
God are you there
Speak to me
Even in hell come down to me
You rescued me and I turned my back at your word. I am a bad son.
I failed. I failed so bad, so bad so bad.
It's better to not even be born. Then I wouldn't be here feeling nothing.
We spent so many hours together
I have to stop talking about her. I must forget about her. But I can't. I
only think of the sun and fields with her.
the refrigerator hums it is more alive than me

II

a car crash happened outside the window today and I couldn't even get up I just laid here and waited for the good doctor to come who can't make it better but fuck it something has to be good

better to have not loved and not lost better to have never given and not received

III/The Wasteland

I stare out my window at a seared wasteland of buildings. Long before this, I once loved the view. Long before this, I believed.

A line of ants. Marching to the dead. I march with them in funeral procession. My thumb presses hard on them, and it bursts their little ant bodies. Snapping my fingers without a sound, their dead carcasses fly off into some corner of my room.

I am not a little ant, I am so much more than that.

When you and I went to Disneyland, yea for that happy land, the smell at the roller coaster made us remember our childhood, and we called it "The Disneyland Smell" for obvious reasons. Now, I smell the smell everywhere, and I cannot stop thinking of you.

Help me to stop thinking of you.

In a dream, I walked out, looking for the one whom my soul loves. The one whom my soul loves. I cannot speak that line ever again.

The one whom my soul loves - I'll try. I asked you how your new love was. I didn't fucking care. I live in the whale insides. I live in the catacomb badlands of stop lights and intersections. I can't imagine anymore what it was like to be at Disneyland or happy places or ice cream cones or home-made volcanoes, or scratching at the fleas fond of biting your legs, I was fond of that too, I vaguely see those things now but dimly, through looking glasses. Broken kaleidoscope vision. Night eyes.

We were so found in those getaways, it seemed eternal, and I would walk to the harbor of the bay and smoke while you sat by a fire inside the cabin, I lifted up my hands and danced in front of the moon and didn't ever tell you, and now the same murdering moon laughs at my course, and those waters are far. I promised much and you promised and we both promised. Both of us.

Both of us. I have not heard that sentence for a while.

I always wanted to pray with you but you never would. Now I don't pray anymore either. We are even.

God bless the both of us. God bless the wasteland. God bless the tunnels and the naturally selected rats and the strong who survive because the weak like me don't deserve to have a comfort cause we steal from the strong out of our cunning and dishonesty. Once, I said that, and you said, Don't be hard on yourself. You later would say fuck yourself. Do you know the difference between those two statements? You did say both of them.

I've begun to write on the walls. The whale insides, I scratch them with pens, I want to be thrown up out of this shit. With the shit, thrown up, onto the dry land, into the heart of the wasteland. I could make a home there. With you I could make one.

No. Not that. You don't want that.

It was cold today, and I wrapped a pink blanket around me and I hate pink but you had left it here. It smelled of Disneyland and I wept uncontrollably.

God. You. I fucked you both. Now alone, alone, no one else but me your white phone on the nightstand off the hook tonight pick it up

IV

abide in the waiting place

I thought that maybe this time might be different. Now I see I only got out for a bit to catch a touch of sun before another lifetime spent in my own prison of self, prison of loathing, dark fucking stench tunnels that ebb and flow deeper and deeper into the core of the Earth, into the fiery eye of it. I would like that secret fire now, but I cannot even have that. There is only the ache and the numb and hum of quiet against black fog landscapes. I wander about with a lantern like a man from my dreams, only I don't seek out myself, I only seek for a lost one a lost sheep, because what I always know is that always I can find her. With her broken leg from falling into thorn, I carry her across my shoulders.

But I am in the waiting place and she is off riding another man

I am in the place of fallen kings from valiant battles The land where heroes gnash teeth over the beast who stole their purposes and quests I am one of those counted among them I am of the many who lay on their sides I am one of the many who are pierced by Roman guards with swords I am one of millions who daily drinks a bitter cup one of ten millions upon ten millions who shakes our heads in the morning with sighs and who breathe heavily as if the world were atop Mount Everest, no, we are in Marianna's Trench, 6.86 miles below everything, that's the state of it all the mode of operation the oeuvre.

I am one of them I am one of the statues of Egyptian sun deities a memory sought to be tossed out with old cabbages a hieroglyph on a wall long unintelligible, and

V

Suckers. All us suckers. Falling for sweet words and glances, for the brush of hands on necks, for the promise of the maiden and the prince who redeems. We cower at those altars, and beg there, hoping for, again, a renewing, a cleanse, a wash. But for us in hope, there is no light. I am misguided and, left in cold storm fronts, outside her house, outside her door. She sat there on her porch with him, and cross-legged, facing one another, deep into eyes I looked deeply in, found in gentle exhales discovered inches from noses, quelled by heart tremors

I can see her house from here. Lights on and curtains drawn slightly, shadows against the ceilings, and...

Candlelight. Candlelight. Candles and roses. Incense.

Here I am, here am I. Here we are us suckers, I wonder what she's doing in there. It hurts so bad to even think of it, she shut me out I can't stand it any longer is there any one to talk to besides you mute journal I scrape against your page

No there is not. Nobody cares. God sure fucking don't. I don't care or maybe I care the whole world inside out and that's problem one, problem two is that no one will listen and how much longer can that go on for. They hear but then destroy and constantly hunt for their own posture and status in this city of tombs. Moving on like Pharisees, like Sadducees, they continue on with nobody out of Samaria for miles and miles.

Candlelight. Her candelabras. They were never for anyone but me. Not once ever before were they for anyone, only me, only for our nights, thigh on waist, when we pressed into each other with our fingernails, and my own love covered us both and we pulled our hair out because that was our inspiration and that was the child we bore.

I gave you seven candles.

VI

I'm the owl stare at your window
I have nothing
I have a hand emptied of sand
I carry around my heart in a salesman's suitcase that nobody opens
I hold onto my little gods like rafts against floods
I consume all that lives and spit out the bones upon the onlookers
I urinate on all the ants that climb up my legs
I fish in the deep parts of the sea with air conditioners and
engines and with antennas and will take down moby fucking dick once
and for all
I wish that there were words to even possibly utter my loss
I hope for a time when all will be okay
Will it be okay
Will it be okay at all ever again I have no idea if it ever will
I wonder if saying all this now is a good or bad thing for me right
now

Will I fall into some Jung-like trap and become a martyr again for the
millionth times 5 time or will I find some release by vomiting out shit
everywhere that I can't deal with any other way Does anybody care
about this or did they all see it coming and now stand by and say oh
well, well fuck them then I don't care about them

They obviously don't understand

I don't

I don't know

I haven't showered in days or years something

I smell like a wino whine all the time and cry and I hate to cry and I
don't know why maybe because that's what pussies do and I shouldn't
because of that but how horrible is that if it's true

I am the 'put nails in me and pull my beard and spit on me' type of
guy

I let it happen

I always let people fuck me

I let them rape me then try to apologize later

It's not possible to be free of my hurt nothing will stop it even now I
don't feel a goddamn single bit better writing empty alone vagrant
smelling of waste

Like I am right now

Waste

Trash a dumpster a landfill

My whole world is a landfill

I make my home with plastic bags and cat litter and takeout boxes

I fucking make my home with that evil I once ran from

I still don't feel better

Forget it fuck you journal

Part 4
Walk Streets II/Find Yourself

Strength

A little I am regaining my strength. I can feel it. It is so hard to move at all. But I looked out the window today and there was broken glass below. A shard of it gleamed in my eye. It reminded me of God winking at me. I knew that the change must come. I knew that I have to go on. I have to tell them all. The old teachings and voices slowly return to me. They ring in my ears like tiny chimes and prayer bells, calling me to supper and the singing. The fire grows, hurting, regrouping. She... ..I cannot think of her any longer. I am sorry God for what I have done by leaving you to follow her. I go now and walk like the old monks in deserts and return to that path ordained before time for me. It has been a long road away but with one step back... ..return to me. Return to me and let them all return, let all the angels, let all the spirits surround me and raise me up with their... .

I feel it inside. My head is filling with those words and desires.

My heart is bursting
ecstasy joy rapture

Strawberries

Strawberries kill the time. Bite them and there is nothing better.
For a moment all can wash away.

And then you're back again. I wish I always had strawberries. I'm not sure what seized me, but today in the park, I stood up on a bench and began to call people out. The gift of prophecy was placed on me, but I can't remember all of it. I remember standing up, and the wind seizing me into the heavens, lifting me, and it was like my voice was pulled out from inside of me, like a timid songbird, and suddenly the air was filled up with my angry words against them for what they have done. Why have they done this? Why have they refused me? I come to them with open arms and they tear my body to pieces, they devour me like sharks, like circus clowns in the waters. With love, I journey on, despised and scorned and afflicted and my people reject me. I sometimes am so weary that I cannot raise my head, I cannot speak. But today, the Spirit in the wind overflowed me and a mighty judgment was rained down. They walked on. They laughed. They threw things at me. I called them out. I spat on them. Then I ran away. I became a bad child and I feared and I fled. I could not take it. I cried. I cried so much that I fell asleep. I found these strawberries and God has been calming me. I am misunderstood and they can't see the bright flower I treasure within me. What do they fucking know anyway

5:30 AM

Dear Journal, This is the most frightening time of day for me. The time of day when the night is overtaken by the sun, 5:30 a.m., when the world wakes to some type of war, to some type of fallout, to some foreign coup in some foreign capital in some foreign country on Earth - this time, when all is not well with the world. Everywhere - cars, cars, cars. I want to rebuke them, to tell them, "No! Go home, it's too early! Go and be lovers, mothers and fathers," but it is no use, this world has already taken them, this machine already runs on its own inhumanity. I walk the streets, coughing a tiny cloud every three or five steps, time stabbing me like knives in the back of my head. Razors and slick injections. Intravenous interstellar nothingness. The great clock of the gods ticking it's giant lull in my frame, waiting for a place for cheap coffee like every other anonymous, like America. This time is not a time for thoughts of great vision and laughter, not a time to plan for birthdays, for rites of passage, for weddings or for funerals- it is a time when scientists plan their exploits of the heavens, when Wall Street cries out in its breached labor pains, when Presidents and Popes and the Kennedy's' get together in locked hallways for games of chess with myself and yourself and us all. Not a time for prophets shouting over the din of it all, but a time for crucifying those who whisper a single word. A time to plunder children from their mothers, a time to hijack saints under trees waiting for their enlightening.

A time for soldiers to awaken, to grab their guns and aim them at the young; a time to kill, a time to grow numb. A time when Congressman and assassins are the same, when drive-thrus replace church bells, when there is no rest - only the hum of humanity buzzing in her factories of bombs, Teflon, and the latest and greatest gas, such a gas. A time when babies awake with hunger for a mother who has just gone. Journal, you do not understand these things. I do not understand them. Only I see them, and as I walk this strip for the tenth time, maybe the thirtieth, who the hell knows, I wrap my eyes around buildings, press them against windows, open them so wide until they bleed from the oxygen, that my heart is overwhelmed, I, a shepherd, there is so much love for you, *cruel world*, come into my arms and fall into my embrace, I will gather you like hens, i will save you from iniquities, i will take up my fate and kiss its mouth, i will i will not leave you never leave you or forsake you chosen ones beloved ones all the world i have come for you and can you hear

me ye dying land Nineveh mercy for you in a dry and waterless place oh
say can you see oh say does that good morning world good morning ye
of the outposts ye of the fortress throw down your weapons and sur-
render dance like lovers and drown your sorrows start up calypso and
make me up a Manhattan

Must Begin Again

I haven't eaten in days.

My body cannot stomach it.

There are so many things to ponder in this life and I am full to the brim with my choices.

Death, it seems, my one companion, evades me in this hour, in the kitchen, staring at food long gone sour from too many days exposed.

I am so sour like these old eggs.

I am sour and pungent.

Words are regrets and visions of collapsed buildings.

Journal, when I was young, there was so much innocence in the world. Underneath every bush was a treasure to uproot, every animal and being my friend, hours then were like minutes now and golden dust settled nightly on my eyes as I slept. I would awake to the smell of family, to the coppery taste of curiosity. With bright eyes I looked hard at living and took in so many uncountable ecstasies, raptures in God, before the fall, before the robbing of youth, the price of peers and allies.

Wars did not matter, peace and mercy were my battalions. I was captain of rescue missions into deep lost seekers to recover what was real, pure, what was sharing in eternity's longed after wealth.

Journal, in this hour God is with me. We have been at each other for over an hour debating over this life. Debating over existence. And I have been winning for once. But now, my ears are deafened by the hum of God's wings around me, I scream into this awful sound which drowns every other sound, this silence, though in the next room prostitutes and eager men mingle with each other's bodies, and I want to slam the wall and further disrupt them, or at least ask for help, shaking off this awful fuck awful world on my shoulders which I die for, whom I break my back over for another mile, slapped and maligned, scorned torn in half over altars sprinkled upon twisted crying faces sent to my own and not taken by my own I am afflicted

I am afflicted

Please God stop it The Loudness Goodness The cripple

in whom shall I fear

in whom shall I FeaR

In whom shall I fear

God is Under the Overpass

I like sitting under the freeways at night in overpasses, with the junkies, I like the lights as they go over like strobe lights. *The* drivers never see the beauty they create - how the sky flashes into fits of brilliance and just as fast, retreats to nothing. Trees light up, ghosts with reaching arms, I *will embrace them and find my* reward. God do you love me or do you hate me? I can't figure that part out. Why has it been so hard, sharing your prophecies to slabs of stone, closed hearts, cold castles? I don't understand - is it possible to hear the voice of *god wrong*? The prostitutes hear better than me the junkies are closer to you than me. Journal, come to my rescue and show bright over me what these histories have hidden from mine eyes. The clearing of fields deep in lost time. I have to get back to her and back to the angel. If it means my fall then let it be if it means my demise, let me face the trial, if death, I ready my spirit for flight.

Alleyways

Alleyways are the corridors to heaven, reading the cracks in the sidewalk I discovered it and now I only walk in the alleyways. I can't stand anymore to walk on the main streets, afraid of the trucks or buses.

It's stupid, I know journal. I of anyone should not fear these things, but now my destiny is not secure with God, my name crossed off holy books, off ethereal tablets. I must prove myself now more than ever before, penance, penance for my abandoning, my walking away. This world, still they plot against me, the more I stand there and see them they look at me with disguised looks of longing, hiding true intention and beckoning. Only, like the Sirens of old, I know about them journal, I read and read stories journal and I am not a fool for believing, the Sirens call you in suck you into them with broken wings and then nursed back to health they bite off your tiny head with their sick jaws. I have done it before. I have nursed them all back to help and they turned and bit me. They threw me out. They called me apostate and I cried and cried.

But here at least in the alleyways, I find my true purpose, the sun opening my eyes to see this new understanding of my purpose in the alleys. How could I have been so blind before? I still think of her. Sometimes it seems endless, like I am banished to walk these steel forests and cement plains for the rest of my tired days, withering away, fallow, opening my arms to shut doors. I throw my head into the walls journal, always, today I did it again. I was in so much pain, but I had to do it. Now I have a bruise and a bump so big on my forehead.

It's like trying, trying, trying to do good, to be a hero like in the movies, and everybody just laughs at me. Laughs at my ideals, little clouds of mocking in front of me. At some point even crying has become a chore, a great effort, the well has long run dry. I fucked it up. I fucked it all up. I denied my calling, I ran after her. No wonder journal that I do these things to myself, violence against myself. I stood before the tribunals of heaven and the angels with trumpets in glory and said, "No. I deny you." I will forever feel the sting of that choice. I chose her and not the divine. I became like a mortal and shunned my own immortality.

God abandoned me, now I beg for return, just one chance. Do I love her? Do I really love her? All day, all night she follows me into dream, *sachets* in her white gown over my body and I am born again and baptized with fire. I talk journal, I talk and I talk about her, the Other, I

know it, the One. And I never do a thing, I know. Now I have the divine against me, the heavens aligned against me. Forsaken. I know why.

I must have her. At all costs, she will know my love. And we will walk down these chosen alleys together into the throne room weeping god will embrace us so Proud of me bringing me Robes and feasts my bride and me.

Newspaper Clippings

Best of worst of all the times. In the paper today, God left me another message. So many terrible fucked up things are happening, God is showing me. The end of all things, it is happening.

In Germany this week, a ferris wheel, filled with children and housewives and teachers and loved ones all crashed down to the ground and over 80 people died altogether. I am afraid of ferris wheels.

Off the coast here, ten parasailors were tangled up in the middle of performing stunts. 8 died.

I can't remember where, but somewhere else, a winding roller coaster derailed and sent one man flying to his death onto the sand next to the sea. I saw pictures of this one.

Everything is falling from the sky. God said that it would all fall from the sky. it would rain down, furious Delta oblivion, covering all and revealing the terrible mercy of God. Well journal, more than ever I am sure of my calling and sure of my prize. Surer than sure. Unshakeable. The time for my voice to arise and fill the heavens, echoed by trumps of angels and endless light. We will stay together journal, you and I, until those final moments.

Hydra

Hydra is against me tonight. Jerusalem devours me with lights tonight. But it seems, journal, that nothing can stop me. I fly to the highest heaven. I am found there. I descend to the greatest depths. I am found there. I am found in all things. But nobody sees this. (what do they know my child - scratched out) They talk in circles and go to lunches and have wives and they shoot guns. Waving flags for a country which died so long ago. In this moment, I am on a hill, dear journal, overlooking the brilliant cityscape. Jerusalem who killed her prophets. Breathing in the cars. Breathing the ambulances. Crying with those who lose tonight. Dying with the dying for their last night on Earth. The city does not want me here. They want to shoot me. The men want to lynch me. You can take the boys out of America, but you can't take America out of the boys. The good *olé boys*. The fucks. I need to say it. I have to. I need to tell them all - soon. (very small distinct handwriting) You ask me why? Why, journal? You ask me why? Because (God told me) (scratched out) God. It is the (holiest of holies) holy of holies (scratched out) And from the angels in my heart, my heart full of harmonies (scratched out) From the Lost Tribes. Forgotten tribes of Americans. The lost tribes of the Americas - whom I love. *They* are my people, and I tell it to you, my prize, for love, though I swore I would not tell it to you. They are my one tribe. The lost tribes from the Americas. From Califia. I should not say these things.

Mystery

September 9 "I can't get no satisfaction." - The Rolling Stones

Dear Journal, What interests me the most about the human condition is the eternal interplay of these two forces: potentiality and non-potentiality. The limitless, boundless, reckless road of finding one's self, losing one's self, suffering, triumph, *etc.*

The limitless potentiality of daisy.

Inside, outside.

Since the dawning of some time I can't remember, we exist in a constant ebb and flow with the elements around us, symbols which meaning is fixated upon, and the gusto to either say, "Fuck it," or "Save it."

Tensions in the human person, found in every great story, every grand glorious hoopla of a fairy tale, points to this dichotomy. On the one hand, the possibility of overcoming what few ever truly overcome, on the other, the force that strives to quell the individual from the culminating of his/her destiny/being. Black/white, yes/no, these collisions are where we live, in the apex of some great euphoria, and in the crucible of some raw tragedy which steals the lives of it's most redemptive players.

Give me liberty, give me death.

Try and try and try.

No satisfaction. Rock and roll - tension. Between 'supposedly beautiful' and the desire to stand against what the masses call beautiful and the internal metaphysical realization of *I am beautiful*. Rock and roll is deconstruction. It is the proclamation, "Fuck you, order." Popular music, at least if you're an American like I was, is the opposite, "Save me, order."

"Fuck you."

"Save me."

The absolute distance from one end of God to the other is as small as a needle flying toward heaven.

Because God is so close to God that they are forever separate and together. But not inside of me where all things converge, sacred heart, sacred heart a *mi, mi amour*. It is in paradox we live and move and have our being. Paradox is Your name.

Mysteries. Mysteries. But I have resolved all of this, I am happy to report.

Quite possibly the first in my race - that of humankind - to radically alter my history from that familiar of my ancestors.

And for this, I know I am called by God, stamped by God's imprint, and washed in God's holiness found in dark corners, half-lit cigarettes, impenetrable cold of night, unfounded ideals of the young, the center of a stone - here is where God and I are one. A place where I no longer have my own name, save amen. Amen - name. Name - amen. Guess my name, guess what it is, guess it like Rumpelstiltskin and receive your due reward ye mighty. You will never find me 'til I find you,_____. (name scratched out beyond recognition) (sketches of battles and weddings and images of upside down animals)

I made a vow journal. The first time, when she destroyed me, she the other half of me, I vowed that I would continue on. Endless times ago I vowed this. I vowed to enter into that dark hell and retrieve her. I set out to encounter all those along the way who would guide me. I have thought about nothing else. I have been so good. God has been good to me and has guided me down the inferno. She is down here still and I have been searching for so long. When twisted faces speak to me, I touch them and turn them to gold. When I hunger, the creatures gather their fruits for me to find nourishment.

I will set them free. Help me journal. I have no one else to speak to. Sometimes the loneliness

Part 5
Central Teachings

TEACHING NUMBER 3

These are the words of the hidden angel:

"This is what will be of the world to come. Heed my voice. For in the wings of this time, hidden in dark corners and hallways, lies a new life awaiting its consummation, its fulfillment. This new life will not have names or words, no great voice will speak for it, no grand narrative will emerge to provide humankind with the answers we so desperately long for. This new life will rise from ancient ashes with fire, with the earth, with waters, with sky. It will raise questions to answers you are so certain of, will destroy the lives of saints and sages, the artisan, the scientist, the publican. And after the end of 'mind' as you know it, of 'soul' as you know it, will arise a great 'post-spirituality' - where there is no division between sacred and non-sacred and no clear language for the integration of the multi-faceted complexities we players juggle and gamble with. There will be a peace - not a peace bent on world conquest, but a peace that grows from the center of the Earth into the hearts of man, woman and child. Old paradigms will be rent, new paradigms will be in a continual state of dying, of being born and of maturing in the place where it stands. Temples and churches will be void of place, homes and taverns and the wide outdoors will become places of worship. Worship will no longer be known under any other name than the dance of living which we entertain. Paradox will no longer frighten the young or the old, rituals will emerge with this new life which will not be called ritual. Mystics of the ages will come back from the dead to teach us, bodily or non-bodily. The culmination of humankind will be sealed by the wedding of both God and ignition, the angel and the postman, Heaven and Los Angeles, hell, the violent, sacred text, the daily paper.

Every tongue will speak a common language, every heart will beat in unison. Utopian ideals will no longer have place, their memory will be forgotten. Only a waking up in the morning, kisses and conversation, education and walks on streets, looking to the sky for clouds and finding myriad strands of neon light. Mother and father and child will long forget the violence of language and will shout from rooftops instead beautiful sounds and paint over skyscrapers with beautiful color. And God will walk in the midst of it all and laugh softly with tears that, yes, should always be cried."

A CENTRAL/CRUCIAL TEACHING DO NOT IGNORE

Birds are not the same as bees and trees are not the exact same as skyscrapers. Only a little bit if you look into their souls. If you see it, then maybe. It is hard to breathe under the fallout but, a few may be able to actually live beyond most others and they will begin again. This is the secret truth of Noah and his wife and his children and their wives and children and one day it will be that way again. Coming to a conclusion about a thing is almost the same as a daydream. A daydream is the same as an infinite tearing of one's thoughts. A thought is the flash of intuition that can grow into the whole unconscious. I know what it can become. I love the little flowers that grow on the sides of freeways, they are so blue and orange and real compared to plastic things. But plastic things are more real because they will outlive all of us. You should learn to recycle because of this. You shouldn't break into people's houses. If a time comes where you have to fight, then walk up the hill like Jesus and don't even think of your fists or rage. Because it's not worth it. In the end, you only contribute to a greater problem of our time which is the desperate need for an interior life. Who needs an exterior life or a house? No one does and if we lived in a country where everything was equal that would happen. Don't sell cheap goods in the temple of God, bad will come and then the stoplights will go haywire and the power would die for blocks and nobody can handle that. The last time that happened on the East Coast a giant population surge occurred nine months later, people didn't know what to do so they fucked because the tely was off. I think that's kind of beautiful. Perhaps it is unwise to tell the whole truth the whole time. But if you don't, maybe you might get hurt and nobody wants that, because me, I'm tired of getting hurt, and God wants none of us to hurt anymore and God speaks to me now through my mind through Urim and Thummim dying to my ego nature and I was afraid and people thought I was insane and the light of God was the only thing protecting me and there is nothing left of me only the whispered violin song which never comes to end

TEACHING NUMBER 4

What was and is and will come will all fall to the sea. All dross, clothing of kings, whispers of children, all pendants flown high above the citadel, all will fall, all crushed. The great renewing of Earth will come. Crumbled houses, shattered drywall, scattered fire trucks, onlookers, passerbys, washed in the great renewing. You cannot stop it.

This is the word given to me. This is the beginning of the end and a new world will come an angel said to me. I didn't believe it, but now I do, it's really serious. He took me over the cities in flight, like a Superman, and we watched as skyscrapers turned to dust. We watched the women of the Earth pillaged by devils. We watched the men of Earth beaten for their cruelties. And I wept, and I was given a flask, and I drank from it and my stomach was sour. I threw it up everywhere over the cities for hours and I was becoming a plague inflicted upon the citizens from my mouth. This is the meaning of bunker ten, my vision, where I threw up everywhere. Now it was fulfilled, I knew it would be, I knew that it had to be journal. Now it was coming to be as had been planned out before foundations of Earth.

I opened my eyes and my stomach was calm. We were standing in a dark underground. They were everywhere - the sallow children. That is what the angel called them and I said, Okay. Ring-eyed and starved, they sucked the Earth, toothless, longing for nourishment but finding none, looking for Death, but he had split the scene ages past. I asked what the hell these children were doing, and the angel said, They are the ones called prophets who fell who faltered who gave in who stumbled who tripped over a cornerstone who bled for no need of bloodshed who cried who fell for women who stumbled with Jezebel who were wild at the river and who knew the soft bodies of women of the town who conjured sins of fathers who poured out wine on the gilded idol

I wept again because this was my fate I saw and he said, Not yet, you have another chance, it's alright. I wasn't so sure of that, but he gave me a wafer, and said, Here, take it, I ate it, and I fell down to the floor, through the floor, a million miles a second, through the Earth, through one end and out another, in a coma, I was thrown for ages and ages closer closer to paradise nirvana elysian fields where the stag and the raven and the golden sheep and the crones with laurel wreaths abide. I awoke to a soft sound, a hum, a gentle feedback from a speaker layered one on another, a choir of weeping joyous sexless person lulled,

instruments unspeakable, never seen, called to me. I was lifted up beyond my power, floating

Suddenly the heavens were stilled and great winged creatures with seven heads circled around me, I was sucked in a whirlwind, oh I was afraid. Let all all all understand that *this* is the passing away of times. In the whirlwind a hand came through and pulled me out of it, I was joyous, but then screamed when I saw the face of her whose hand had pulled me. It was the One. She smiled at me winked laughed and blew kisses. I screamed in horror, I struggled and clawed and she was so much bigger. I collapsed in exhaustion after a battle that lasted a thousand days and then she opened her mouth and swallowed me whole.

This is the first part of the vision of the teachings. If you don't listen and hear, the angels who hold open skies will be enraged and cry out and we will all be really fucked then

TEACHING 13

All things will come to light.
Angels don't cry in heaven.
If the eye sighs, the ears bleed.
Lower down through the roof when you can't stand.
The belly is the same as the city.
The kiss of God is a lover's tongue.
The end of it all is a war of many old nations.
The blood is the drunken man's battle.
A tiny barcode called 666.
The island of Patmos is lovely in the Fall.
The cave of Apocalypse is best seen with a warm blanket and a nightlight.
Two witnesses can see more than a single one could.

TEACHING NUMBER 9

I SEE IT ALL

Gargoyles and tramlines. A parade of automotives. Tourists and cannibals and Americans. Wheels in rotation. Universes in flux. Miles of signs, infinity of sirens. Everyone watching me. Smile for the camera. A fundamental understanding of how the human body works. Landscapes of industrial design. Paranoia and the fear that comes. Language and fortune-telling. Hiroshima. Bubonic plague. Frustrated need to say something universal. Not one thing to say of import. Lucrative financial cutbacks. Via Dolorosa. Airplanes frozen in terminals. Lions tigers bears. A sunny day over town. Entrepreneurial endeavors. Give me one more chance. Saliva and nicotine. Rushed afternoon. The hum of this time lived in. A moving picture on a large viewing screen. An apple half-eaten on a subway train. A violin weathered and torn. Liars. What to do? What exactly do you mean. Fat cat. Red cat. Bad cat. Mad cat. Space devoid of form. Apophatism. Kataphatism. Electrical power surge. Cities hooked on. The cold of clothing that clings to the skin. Tenements full of narcotics agents. Warehouses full of marigolds. A moment of peace on the brink of the flood. Arms open wide over the Seine. Progress marching. America my country. The basin of the Grand Canyon. Forward mobility. A blinking light bulb in aisle 9.

TEACHING 11

The pulse of all things - 103 b.p.m. Ministry of Defense. Scene of the crime. Shiny new coat. Iran. Bangladesh. A place in the spotlight. A stand at the Alamo. Corridors and echoes. Fist waving at the storm. Blue sedans. Paramount Pictures. Skyscrapers laying down for slumber. Laughter from the belly. Cannot sleep in the womb. Motorcade. Fat cells. Barbados. Money-matters. Consumer advocacy. Pitch black night. Commerce-oriented dream sequences. Stop smoking. Don't say anything. Take me back. Glassy-eyed and numb, squirrely and dumb. Sunrise, rolling over. Savior. Angels in gray suits. Crossing over a steel bridge. Mountaintops and miles of pipeline. Third degree burns. A reflection in the puddle. Interstate 5. *Pics*. Windows and lost alibis. Jump! Swim! Run! Love! An ironing board. Cowgirls. Semi-automatics. Ants. City hall. Coughing up a lung. Never going back. Sigh. Footsteps. Ambulances on 3rd. What's the commotion? Please don't feed the birds. Do not litter. Vote Democrat. Vote Republican. Cocaine at 9 a.m. I'm so late. Watch your step. Steady income. The Great War. The price of youth. Trappings of fame. Helicopter flight. Dreadlocks. Kids on traffic patrol. Storm's coming in. Let's move inside. Under penalty of law. Do you have the time? I wish I had the time. Time is of the essence. Time's up.

TEACHING 12

Bundled up. Skin diseases permeate. Intravenous using. Teresa Avila. Wearing nothing, bearing nothing. Middle finger, prick the finger. God save the Queen. Drip drop bathrooms. Fluorescent lights. Cameras and coughs. Pointing fingers, prick the fingers. Drug reps employees. Changing health coverages. Signing away. Kissing the kids. The whipping boy. The piss ant. Malintent. Insignia. America my country the film. Kid cry. Bully. Idiomatic. Robotic. Waving her flag high. Sitcom rehashed. Lead overdose. Swallow. Pinching. Itched. Mourned. Find out inside. Breastfed. Viruses. Bacterial meningitis. Overture one mid crescendo. Canons off. Tin cans. Won't sting at all. Won't even feel it. This might sting though. Hurts me more than you. Scoliosis. Coughing and camera clicks. White violets go black as midnight. Two minutes left. Empty coffins. Awaiting gods of wrath. Fashionable sources declining. Willows weeping willows. Tools to use.

don't ignore this

Between the motor and the walls they have spoken. With reserve and calm black as hell in blood. The lines in their eyes tell me where the Garden really began, here in this city, it's a secret they kept down. Not sure yet who - show me this. The corresponding cracks in the sidewalk are better than constellations for astrology because they are more honest and pure - not so much liars like stars can be. When I speak to them, they don't even speak to me anymore. Plastic pieces in space. Reflectors. The teaching has to go on. They won't stop it.

Tell me a story and tell me how it can be. Tell me about women in white dresses again. If we tell each other stories then that's when saints show up like specters. I want to be like them. It could happen soon. And then I won't have my same physical body, but instead a new one made of wind.

Everything that you put out once in the world comes back at least 8 or 9 or 20 times in return and if you do well than well will return. Or bad if bad comes out of you.

There is nothing but one light inside. A Zippo flaming up, boom boom. Dust devils. High migration of crow. Poultry quarantine Indoors. In a room. The room where we find each other pure as a fist in snow.

Ravens

The ravens eat the coyote flesh because they are stronger than the coyote is. The coyote is the hunted of the car and the raven is stronger than the car. When you drive by them they fly away, into the ether or into little raven family caves but they always come back and finish off the coyote. I am stronger than the coyote and will beat him and I will break the fucking bird. The dinosaur is a kind of bird and they lived longer than I did and longer ago then I could even imagine. They walked this land before there were any progress - before the telephone, before wire, before the pyramid, before Gaza, before tanks of oil, before tanks of war, before Babylon Easter Isle, drug, house, knife, tower, dam, Concorde jet, quarry, highway 70, before the poet and the king and the whore. But the dinosaur imploded scattered everywhere filled heaven with white bone claw teeth eye brain scales and with everything so so so fast soon we join the dinosaur and will be ancient like them and water will freeze over wonderful now and wonderful to be

TEACHING NUMBER 2

Meaning is in the words.

Meaning is in the cigars.

Meaning is in the turbo engines.

Meaning is in the building of airstrips.

Meaning is in the pulse of waters.

Meaning is in the coming of cargo.

Meaning is in the bombs exploding.

Meaning is in the transmission of fluids.

Meaning is in the correct temperature of the body.

Meaning is in the humming.

Meaning is in the why don't you get off my back.

Meaning is in the propellers.

Meaning is in the takeoff.

Meaning is in the means.

Meaning is in the end of the means.

Meaning is in the whole span of time.

Meaning is in the hightowers.

Meaning is in the Neothilic period.

Meaning is in the motion pictures.

Meaning is in the comforts of bed and book.

Meaning is in the speed of words typed per minute.

Meaning is in the Elysian fields.

Meaning is in the American flag.

Meaning is in the crumbling of regime.

Meaning is in the cymbals and dancing.

Meaning is in the song and the bride.

Meaning is in the turntable.

Meaning is in the great Noeic flood.

Meaning is in the Meaning is in the Meaning is in the Meaning is in
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TEACHING 6

Crosser of dead rivers Charon

Do not pay him he is a thief a liar

Charon you fucker

How many times have I escaped you

Two of us lovers running

Not enough Enough take a swing your best shot

Lenin Augustine Goliath

Come on Constantine I've got your number killing you killing me
killing you

untitled

MY SERVANT IS READY FOR MY WORD WRITE MY WORD

For love my shepherd my child

TEACHING 7

You ask me who I am and under what authority do I speak these words? It is similar to the emptiness that penetrates the mind. It is an awareness of pure light that does not associate itself with the rooms or things or the time. It is boundless and massless, substanceless something that resides within itself. It is himself and herself in an incarnation that can never be fully known or seen. I know it will cause confusion when you see me. But do not draw always all the mergings. You may ask why is he here? Why does he masquerade? Why his eyes and ears are no more different than mine? Why does without any definition that can identify it with anything else but the being of the emptiness where of intelligence and he feel pain, grief, trembling in the heart as all others who are alive and bound in the senses' chains? Do not be confused. Know that as the man he realizes his sacrifice. He sacrifices himself in suffering and pain for the sake of the humanity. He is above sages and all superior men. All must sacrifice themselves as man life after life before they can be one with Him. There with ultimate fullness. Invariable, without end and beginning, containing the future in the past it is a world about which it is difficult to form clear understandings and concepts. It is very difficult to comprehend because knowledge depends on something that it contradicts, opposes and annihilates before matter and mind exist as nonexistence or existence in oneness in this whole. I am a wanderer who has risen from this, as a whole, without form, awareness that extends within and outside the myriads of things. I have risen from the unaffected and motionless world as a stranger to myself. Assuming form in the world I am the incarnation of the being who has it becomes knowledge of things. Cause, causality, hear and breathe know me as the ultimate man, the mirror in which all human beings may see any conclusion about me because I am beyond all conclusions and judgments of the human minds. The man, whom you see, who speaks about the unspeakable, end, beginning, nothing, something, the attributes and essences of beings, man, God. Everywhere pervading but nowhere scattering the light or projecting itself on objects, it is the void preserving the structure of the universe in emptiness. Rests all souls, it is the formless sea of the void that all relationships of the cosmos uphold - nature's hidden marvels, the rivers and streams where the motions assimilate the myriads of ways, appearances and disappearances, eternity and ephemeral evidence of transformations and change that depend on each other and strive to go across, things seen with the clarity of the lights and things far beyond, all sorts of

tranquility and turmoils of the assumed void beyond time and space. I am beyond and within the boundaries that define the qualities of matter and the domain in complete harmony with itself consciousness though he is neither substance, consciousness or thought. I am the true man who has sprung from the depth of the mystery that no one will ever understand. Do not think of me as the man who is framed in flesh and blood. Though I stand in physical form I am a perplexing phenomena, a miracle that you need to understand. Though you see me in body I am empty, infinite and one with the great ocean. I have come here to reveal to you the endlessness of the being, the ultimate knowledge about the emptiness from which I come and to which I shall return. Although I see, carrying humanness who disguises himself with all human characteristics, beyond his mask he is the deep ocean

Part 6

Ninevah

Time to Claim What Is Mine

Dear Journal, I haven't even looked at the time. Some terrible time. Last night, I saw her again. The Other. The Other who will restore great things with me. The other Witness. Driving, driving through town, I was lit up and feeling in a cartoon and smoking Camels and crying out the windows into the dying city. Driving mad. Driving myself mad. I've seen her so many times, I've seen her in my childhood, in my dreams, she is here now in her heels and authority. On the street corners, yelling at the passers by, wild summer arms flailing in the night, denouncing other sins, telling others to fuck off, to love, to watch themselves. Our eyes connected. Kindnesses were exchanged. Metaphysics were frozen and tossed aside. No this is not a crush, a mad mad mad obsession, no this is not one of those journal, not a childlike infatuation, two playground kids, boys girls, looking up her skirt and giggling, showing each other our privates... .. no, this is adult, mature, complete and sealed by a decree prophesied two thousands of years ago. She's not so much a devil in disguise as she is an angel in stalkings. She's mine.

A Quiet Life

Dear Journal,

You might think I'm crazy, but I've been thinking about something a lot lately. Something lasting. Something so real. I've been thinking about having kids. I think I would be a good dad. I think I'd be the best one. I would take them, my kids, throw them up into the air, their laughing faces, they would spin around the Park with me and I would buy them ice cream cones every Sunday. I would take them to bright colored clowns and get balloons for them shaped like dogs, like Gumby, I hate Gumby though, fuck that, more like Mickey Mouse or something - anyway, I would be the best.

I've been thinking about it ever since I followed her home again, last night, to where she lives. It would be such a great house for our kids. We could have it all journal, I know we could have the best life, an electric bedspread. She doesn't even look at me on the streets anymore, but that will change, she's away, smoking that cigarette, shaking those mother hips, straightening hairpins, tugging stalkings... ..she's the Other, she's a dream, I want to tell her about the children, I've got to tell her about our children.

Tomorrow.

For You

(my last poem I will write for you - my best poem)

I can still shower you wet with French kisses. Fall hard down as Niagara. Like a hero scale towers at misty dawn. Pollinate you rose, paper rice wings unstoppable. Grant me a new covenant, the old laws are voided. I am lax in the enforcing. Wear your sex con vive, free as scarves. Tie me and whisper my own name. The Eros in your voice will unarm me. The Eros in your eyes will disrobe me.

I have seen the looking glass. On the other side I stood and shattered the wretched world. I faltered, drank from blue pools of your eyes, amidst the rendezvous, silent in the bush, Mercury was up to it again, beating our mouths with a magic wand, trickery - between the conception and the parting there is much to devour.

There are a thousand ways to say goodbye, so instead I'll say *vive lé amour*. I am under the accusation of false and failed prophets - in a world of distractions, perhaps it is permissible. Or perhaps they put me on trial for those events which came in the night, stealing childlikeness. I am no longer able to distinguish. I am unfit and I am an open door.

How It Was

DEARESTSWEETESTJOURNAL This is all the autobiography I will give you, it is important you know. When I was three, at a friend's house, we found a baby bird in its broken shell. It was prematurely hatched. We rushed it to the house where an older sibling suggested we put it in the microwave to warm it back to life. That didn't work like that. My parents were in love, and they weren't in love. My house was brown and I missed seeing Sesame Street. Had no TV. at my house. I missed out on everything when I missed out on that. When I was five, I nearly drowned in a neighbor's pool. I was trying to open the drain at the pool's bottom. When I was two I first saw God. I have never gotten along very well with religious types. Not the churchy gathering type. I have only always known the crushing of loneliness and empathy. The Shining has forever left an imprint in my memory, and my favorite album is The Rolling Stones Exile on Main Street. There is no fucking better album than that one. I don't really care what people think about my opinions, though I'm always watching what the fuck I might say so I don't give it all away. I have thousands of garments to change into. I change into them. I change into them everyday. I do it for God.

And I believe in God's great calling upon my life. These next days to come will be my greatest days. They will reveal the greatest truths and I will finally be free to love her forever. I'm not sure about the afterlife and who is there and how you get to where you're going but God is breathing words to me about this and it makes so much sense now. I used to collect bugs and pin them up on boards. I poured salt on snails. Once, I fell off the playground bars doing tricks to impress the girls. I bled everywhere and was very embarrassed and still have a scar on my face from that and women don't look at me *still* because now I have this ridiculous scar and I'm still showing off because women don't notice me Christ. I am definitely not white trash and have never been that. My horoscope has great things in store for me, but astrology is bullshit I think, 'don't look to stars but to God who makes them' is how I really feel about it after all this time. Nobody listens to me. I'm languishing away while a fire burns, waiting, waiting, calming myself, calming myself for the beauty that is about to occur, so soon, I can taste her, so beautiful, so beautiful, I can hardly stand it. Who knows what might happen. Journal, lastly, you should know of anyone, that I have always just wanted to be soft to God's voice. Soften my voice God. Soften me.

Checklist

ITEMS TO BRING/WHAT TO HAVE:

- Tape
- 50 feet/rope
- Screwdriver
- Crowbar
- The poem for her
- Black shoes and my nice clothes
- Flowers, carnations she likes
- Breath mints
- Mask
- Ring
- Make sure she knows how much you love her don't hide it
I love you Mary. I love you. Love you.

I LOVE YOU

I see the wonderful crowd below
Pale and beautiful in the siren light
Let me join them

...

Written by Drew Andrews

Drew is a musician, writer, bartender and troublemaker living in San Diego, CA. He performs and tours frequently with his own solo music, with his band Via Satellite, and with Sub Pop Records act, The Album Leaf. He was born Feb. 19, 1979.

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