



# FURTHERMORE

~~We knew we had been had; the wound was cauterized but the real malignancy wasn't treated, already deadly deep, terminal. Cured and now pejoratively incurable with each deliberate stop, leaving the hospital had. Psychiatrists didn't help; they were awkward somehow, aware of that stigma that had cast them unprepared into the twentieth century, and would look at the scar tissue clinging around my wrist as if to get a picture of the internal damage. Scar is their kind of word. I had never before been interested in weapons or people who test the feel of a pistol or the weight balance of a sap. But the psychiatrists seemed to gently palm-bounce my stories with the same accommodating respect, and at home that night I went to the attic for an old hunting knife. When I clasped its wooden handle there was no revelation. I jostled an ash-tray with the blade to no discernible end and I see-sawed the tool, trying to tick an uncultivated instinct, no visceral felicity, no awe, no sense of admission appeared. Exactly as if I had resorted to psychiatric treatment was popular melodrama and nothing more. Though the same sort of melodrama prompted me to lashank hair to my belt with a sharp stinging remnant.~~

~~Let's all show our scars in a secret language. Talk it all out. Not the goddamned appendix. It's already long gone and back to holy dustbin. That ice-cream trip with the appendix, that fact of having been clubbed and not the concussion. That fact of having been shot and not the wound. Here we've barely begun and so many problems arise. Moreover I doubt we've begun at all. Talk it all out. Is honesty interesting? Isn't in fact that precious scar more important than the accident because it chalks pain past away? A collectible? Talk what out? Is it necessary to bully our thoughts anymore with worries of language fetish or self-serving neuroses?; or haven't we ever really done it?~~

~~This isn't honest; this is honest. Big fucking deal. Right? Black and white, Heaven and Hell, a billion between each. This moment. Next moment. We all know! Hallelujah! Talk it out. No righteous fifteen-bucks-an-hour-shit-shoveler is going to get me to talk about my mental scars. I don't have any! Liar! I got a million of 'em, categorized by current events, ethnic groups, audience type, and sex. So that little guy over in the corner never says anything about himself; what's he hiding? What does he do? What has he done? Why does he come here if he won't talk with us? Talk it all out. Come on. ALL of it; the juicy, fishy, wonderfully painful secrets. Jesus, who wants to hear another dress-dramatic story? Dead end writing. I'll stop here. The confusion either becomes comfortable or boring to those who wish for a ripe old age. It is obviously difficult for me to arrive at that right kind of format where in what we pretend is character development develops. The camera angles work up symbolic bric-a-brac, delicate problems are handled sensitively, and the guy with the knife leaves a tell-tale clue. You won't catch me kicking television. But with words then selves, each a unit of coherence. I enjoy their single personalities and separate stories; this tinkering beyond that is my alchemist's shooting gallery. That fact of having shot and maybe wounding.~~

**space angel**

1/10/01 — 3/08

~~on the porch~~

~~throw them away  
they no longer provide  
what is needed~~

~~pain is sufficient~~

~~on the porch  
in summer  
with bottles of wine  
we talk  
until there is nothing left  
to talk  
of lost loves~~

~~until there is nothing left  
to talk  
of lost loves~~

~~(now our love is lost)~~

~~pain is sufficient~~

~~on the porch  
in summer  
with bottles of wine  
we become  
(sp. party)~~

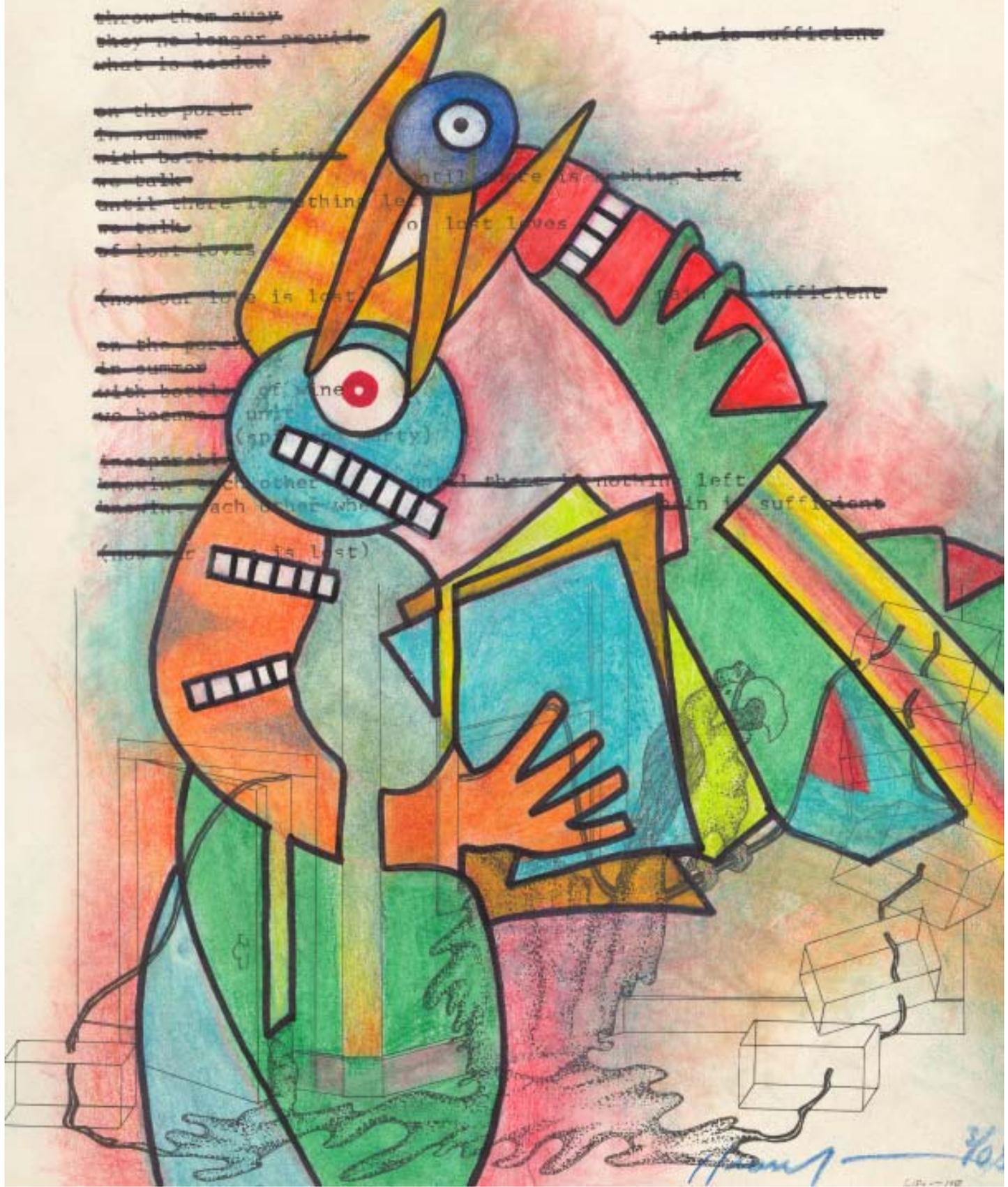
~~of wine  
we become  
(sp. party)~~

~~knowing each other  
describing each other who~~

~~and there is nothing left~~

~~pain is sufficient~~

~~(now our love is lost)~~



*[Handwritten signature]* 10/01  
 L.S. - 198



~~the touch~~  
~~her takes~~  
~~lips to smile~~  
~~the muscles~~  
~~covering~~  
~~Shouts of love~~  
~~of blood~~  
~~and words~~  
~~of hearts~~  
~~protracted murmurings~~  
~~the jag leap~~  
~~to tongue in spasms~~  
~~of blood and muscle~~  
~~of words~~  
~~her takes~~  
~~flap~~  
~~in a gaggle of reduct ions~~  
~~to blood and muscle~~  
~~of words~~  
~~of words~~

II  
(mouth twitches/stretches, as a yawn  
there, opens soundless & empty, till  
the diaphragm flutters, ~~shivers~~  
with ~~highly~~ singing gulls)

~~her takes~~  
~~the touch~~  
~~of air~~  
~~follows~~  
~~the touch~~  
~~her takes~~

~~Non-Resistant Delivery~~  
~~9/2/70~~



1/1/71 3/08

~~that day, every Krishna born again Rajwesh Maharaj Moonite Christian that had  
 attempted to push his or her spiritual mania upon me. Every bleated eye that  
 had gazed goofily into mine while pushing a pamphlet started out of the fire in  
 an attempt to burn. Suddenly, I heard a roar and looked through the woods to  
 my right. There, only twenty feet away, was a bunch of bikers loaded on wine  
 and reds, roaring their bikes, and, no doubt, in a mood for mayhem. What a  
 it was a bold, bleeding sight. I glanced warily about for an escape route in  
 case they decided to cause themselves at my expense. Off to my right I could  
 see their headlights dancing but with the further pain in the front. What a  
 marvelous, infant, courageous statement. I took it as a dare, a  
 challenge if you will, to tempt fate and roll the dice. I had always  
 felt that most of these mortal idiots had lost their marbles, gotten their  
 god flesh, and lost their minds. That was a bold idea at the time, and in  
 my own defense, I was in fact, I discovered how sophisticated~~

~~their mind-boggling techniques. But anyway, I decided to put it  
 shoving the dice. I rolled  
 to a beautiful star studied and  
 said, "Hey, if there's a god, he  
 somewhere else for that matter,  
 yourself. Blast away and give  
 signal. Do your worst and let  
 I wanted for several years to  
 and nothing. No blind  
 an ounce of spirit, no  
 head, not even one  
 beyond. Great relief  
 and walked off the  
 Christian, because your church  
 just the things  
 master  
 dancing and laughing."~~

~~ON JUDAS CHRISTIAN~~

~~Remember, you can't bleach you  
 remember, your color  
 across-week luster  
 also  
 remember this:  
 How many devils  
 how many devils  
 how many devils  
 fill the brains, feet  
 what old cool  
 for good!  
 Remember, Jesus  
 windows and windows  
 do this  
 what's the  
 cold  
 of his head  
 starting  
 what's the  
 does getting~~

~~Poster Trust 4/02~~

~~IMPOSSIBILITY IF, THE UNRESOLVING ISSUE, 255  
 NUMBER COMEDY ENTIONS 225 WITH FIVE NO. #4, HO  
 CONTRIBUTORS: DAVE BURR, JOHN BENNETT, KATHLEEN DUNN, DAN LIPP, SCOTT  
 HENNER, INK, MICHELLE WARDON, DR. BURT DR. ID, DR. ID, DR. ID, KENNETH RAINBOW,  
 TONY, & IAN SAUCERMAN whose delightful collage just wouldn't print  
 justification enough for inclusion. & REYNOLD whose piece didn't  
 prove enough, which is to say it's not yet torn around as I write this.  
 SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR NEXT ISSUE PLEASE RELEASING WITH THE  
 ENCOURAGED. UPON  
 AUGUST 13, 1982  
 DISCARDS; SERIOUS STUFF; ANIMALS; MARCH 12.~~



1/10/02 — 3/08



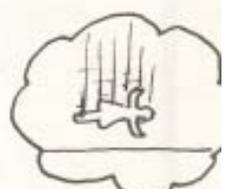








HE'S GOT THE  
PLE WORLD IN H  
HE LITTLE BITT  
DU AND ME, BRO  
ND ME, SISTER  
HANDS, HE'S GO  
THE WHOLE W  
P... U... & MAY



THE FALL FROM GRACE . . .

Now, in some Mysterious Way, the faithful  
[redacted] the spirit. Foolish trusting, or what,  
[redacted] the glory. He is . . . Hmmm . . . about  
[redacted] Baptist [redacted] School in Somerset [redacted] lucky  
[redacted] got up before [redacted] and [redacted] [redacted] GOT T  
[redacted] IN HIS HAND [redacted] did [redacted] [redacted] out  
[redacted] influen [redacted] . . . [redacted] Do [redacted] er, [redacted]  
er, INEX [redacted] so no [redacted] SO M [redacted] ERING [redacted] GLORY.





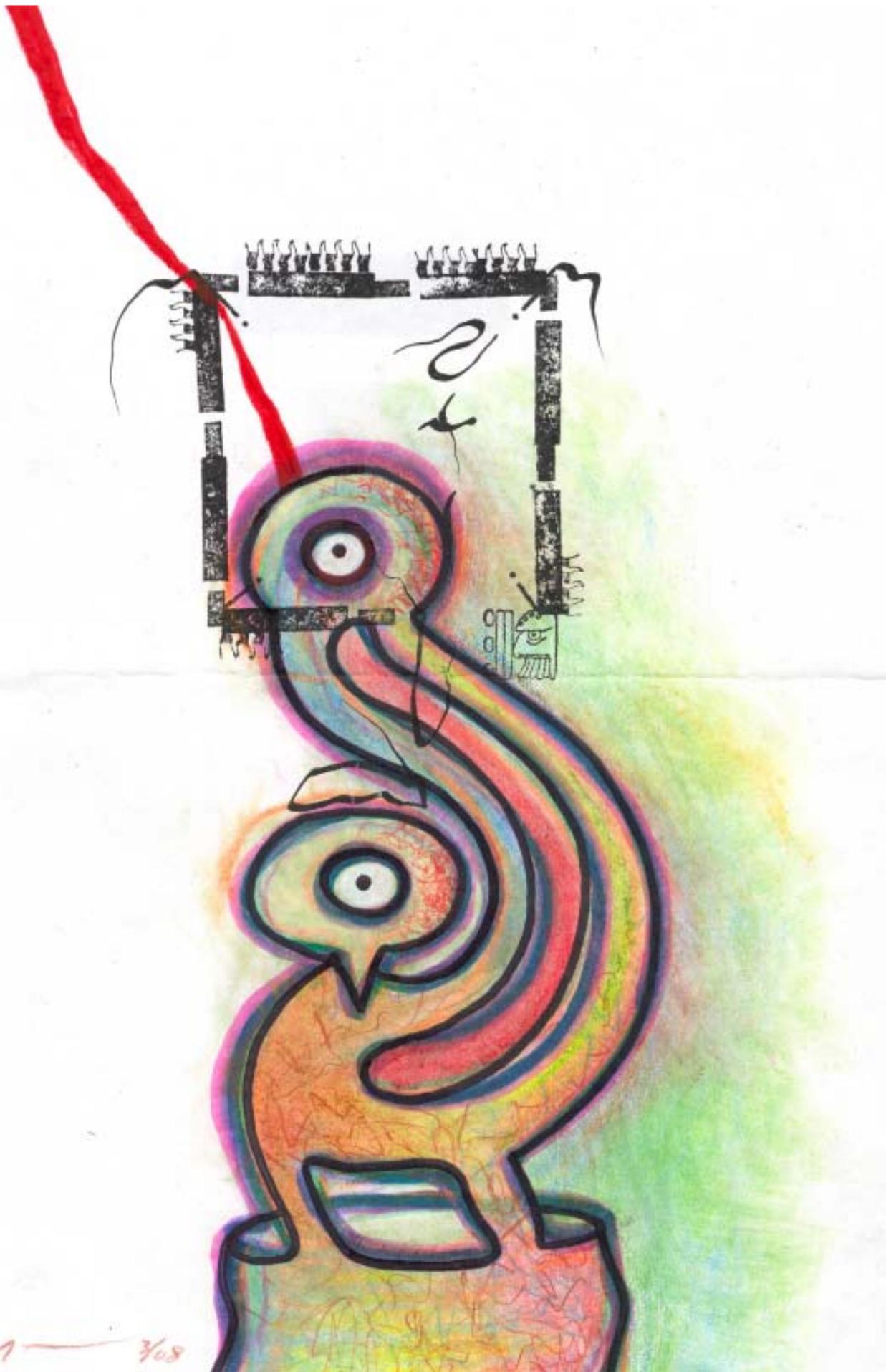












Hanna — 3/08

