

STATES OF AMERICA,  
THE STATE OF US:

DEAR RESIDENT,

“Concerning The Dystopian Convention We’re All Witnessing”...

I see lately they’re busing in Wild Boys ( & girls n neologisms )  
from William S. Burroughs THE PLACE OF DEAD ROADS...

with the aim of occupying Mickey D’s and storming the  
Rockefeller Center Christmas Tree in celebration of Freedom Rapists...

because, apparently— Social Incoherence Warriors have a lot more in common  
with the Kristallnacht enthusiasts of 1938 than we’d

previously suspected... and sad to say, trash pick up  
may be interrupted for the foreseeable future...

and just remember, Public Health Note #11,000-4xyz...  
even N-95 face masking is no protection against brain addling word viruses...

in too many sad instances

(1)

THE STATE OF THE STATE  
OF OUR STATE, TOMORROW—  
THE STATE OF—

“AUTO-BIO-BANDED... “

... it wus in the time o moody-ludes  
... when we wuz boozy-lescent  
... and debauched heart-ed  
... wile a junta-noia fear-ship roiled o'er the lan'  
... re-number, dust ya? Re-caw?... caw-caw-caw... ?  
... n all the BOLD-NAME farmers wuz't a-comin'  
a bumpercrop o -pre-imagined emoti-ticious  
flictions  
... yaw, yawl! n man-dustry wus plum loon-dusky n warbrain-ized  
rat  
    downe to its corporate-tiodio pessi-raving  
... witch uz howl wee cum on tar tha — particuleer  
claustro- form-ance  
... wee fine our selks in— now?--- /  
... or nowl?  
purty sure wez useta spall it nowl— ? in the 21st century  
... What page is this?  
... wall  
... ah am sure there's a bridge from them to here  
...  
... ?  
...  
... Shat! It's the same place  
Just different street signs...

(2)

AND STILL, POSSIBLY, THE GREATEST POEM  
EVER WRITTEN, ( AND SERIOUSLY THINKING OF  
STARTING A RELIGION BASED ON IT— BUT WHAT?  
— WOULD WE, SHOULD WE, CALL IT... ? )

N TOAD-DAY  
IS SMARTIES DAY...

Wait! Wait!  
Uhhhh... ribbit,  
Sed Toad  
N Walter sed,  
Which come furs'dt?  
The chicken or tha h'egg?  
N Silm sex'd,  
Well, do not furgit tha Holy Ghust!---  
Is it in tha egg, I wander? To make it  
Tasttee so God... ?  
N then Morgana spit in tha pot bellied stove  
N slammed tha "damned hot door" shett n sed,  
If yus r talk-un ani-mule sacrifice—  
Like the crucifixion o squirrels n such,  
Fer i have seen sum poor times, Buds—  
Then I vote fur  
FREUD CHICKEN—  
" From error to error one discovers the en-tired trooth!"  
... For howl els'ka?  
... Es we ta utterstan' it/ h'at/ h'all?---  
"Tha Cannibalism n all that there junk?... "  
... FOR THEY WERE ALL O THAM—  
"Allsco\$"  
Economists at Harvard... Toad,  
Walter, Slim, Morgana, and than...  
Sense h'ut WUS a gettin' late...  
N thay WUS hug-gree...

{stanza continues next page... }

(3)

{stanza continues... }

Vary, vary hug-gree...  
N Betty Liu, their other one, was't a slllleoin' "daid-ask-a-der-nob "  
On the cot rat thar—  
They stunned her wit a tax book  
Just poleaxed 'er  
N than they started a pulkin' 'er "lamb-frum-limb "  
A lookin' fer her wish bone...  
For thay just knew— "titted all "sel-ka-rect"  
N cum out... "find as Oedipus " ... down thar  
At the complex/ next dor to tha market... "  
Fer she WUS their Murder, uh,  
Muther.  
"Aw, wait! Wait!  
Uhhhhh... ribbit... "  
Sed Toad, a gnawin' on a fingerbone...  
"H'it WUS gist now  
Mother's Day...  
Huh, "  
Sed Toad— a pick-en his teet' ---  
"Market cor-rection... "

(4)

FROM THE LITTLE RECTANGULAR BLUE BOOK OF BOB, TOO,  
EXCERPT # 9: “ THE BOOKS OF CONFIDENCE ARE NEVER  
ENDED... “ :

CONFIDENCE

I was just thinking about  
when the Cardiff Giant  
uncovered Satanic Daycare Abuse  
in Ms. magazine, 1993  
at Roswell, N. M.  
July, 1947  
and then Barney and Betty Hill  
were abducted right out of their  
recovered memory dreaming  
by Man Bats from the Moon  
as written up by physics professor Alan Sokol  
in his paper, “Transgressing the Boundaries:  
Towards a Transformative Hermeneutics  
Of Quantum Gravity” : a remote facilitated communication “,  
And I feel confident  
you were thinking the very same thing,  
AM I right?---  
Or, so I was told  
by the spirit rapping  
of all the aborted babies of 1965....  
“N we got a right to our opinions  
and to live in our own remote dreams

{ stanza continues on next page... }

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{stanza continues... }

like any other recovered memory,  
now— don't we, Babies? “ ,  
say the aborted Babies  
amongst themselves,  
“O,  
how I wish  
you had lived  
or merely existed “ ,  
they tell each other,  
“even the once'st! “

(6)

THE STATE OF THE STATES OF OUR STATES—  
THE STATE OF:

THE SCHOOL OF THE AMERICAS has come home to roost at last  
and, now, welcome, Welcome to the Star Magazine-National Inquirer-  
Reader's Digest-Fox News-Old Timey Coup & Confederate Revival, vs. ,  
the Born In the Wrong Body-Recovered Memory- "White Devils"-  
Take Back the Night-PoMo CRiT Theory resistance.  
And everybody hates the Enlightenment, seems like...  
And nobody trusts the scientific method—  
Not When Compared WITH— FEEL-INGS!...  
(Which are infallible and "all there is"--- like the Pope!--- N 2-ply,  
2 for 1 this week! )...

And this boat is going down  
down- down-  
do-ooo-wn.

Sink it!-Sink it! everybody seems to say. Or,  
at least the everybodies that get all the attention...  
"We have Nothing In Common!" they scream.  
"Be afraid!-Be very afraid-Cry! Cry! Why don'tcha?  
Just cry-cry-cry!... into your lonely pillows all day-all everlasting night... "

And the money boys are sitting in their Lifeboats,  
wearing their Sweet Life lifejackets— and  
they're feeling just fine. They're not worried.--- No.  
They're not worried. MUCH. (Accidents DO happen... )  
And they'll kill you, just to prove it.--- They're not worried.---  
"No problem "... "Don't sweat it "... "We're killing it! "...

{stanza break poem continues on next page... }

Stanza break, poem continues... )

All you gotta do, you wanna know?, all you gotta do— is wait your turn.  
— So, wait your turn, they say, we'll kill you, too.---

You still waiting?

(8)