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# Squeaky

the millennium issue



# dEBRiS

It is good that such to all intents and purposes "useless" books exist. They are meant for those "queer folk" who no longer set much store by the uses, aims, and meaning of present-day "civilization." -- C. G. JUNG

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The whole thing is being worked out on another level, through what is bound to be a long and very frightening process, not only in the depths of every living psyche in the modern world, but also on those titanic battlefields into which the whole planet has lately been converted. We are watching the terrible clash of the Symplegades, through which the soul must pass--identified with neither side.

The modern hero, the modern individual who dares to heed the call and seek the mansion of that presence with whom it is our whole destiny to be atoned, cannot, indeed must not, wait for [his/her] community to cast off its slough of pride, fear, rationalized avarice, and sanctified misunderstanding. "Live," Nietzsche says, "as though the day were here." It is not society that is to guide and save the creative hero, but precisely the reverse. And so every one of us shares the supreme ordeal--carries the cross of the redeemer--not in the bright moments of [his/her] tribe's great victories, but in the silences of [his/her] personal despair.

--JOSEPH CAMPBELL

LOOK OUT TOWARD WHERE THE SUN IS SETTING.  
A BOY ON THE HORIZON OPENS HIS MOUTH TO SHOUT.

The seeds of my disease  
have been nurtured  
by decorum and silence.  
I have been shaped,  
raped, and gagged.  
Only my head rises,  
a bloated appendage  
bobbing clumsily like a tethered balloon,  
spewing enraged spittle  
on a smashed heart  
and a wasted cock.

CHANGE LENSES. THERE HAS BEEN A FIGHT IN THE ALLEY  
DOWN THE BLOCK.

"Bitch." His lips curled in the reflexive snarl of a cornered animal as he spat out the word in a last ditch attempt to shame her into letting him win. She felt a draft, then a female memory of apology and lowered eyes, but the memory slunk away, chased by the hooves of her proudly pounding heart. She watched his eyes dart around, locking into hers occasionally, but only for the briefest of moments. "I only did what any man could have done for your respect," she murmured, shivered, and remembered how she had wasted so much wanting.

BE CAREFUL WITH THE CLOSE-UP LENS. DON'T COME INTO MY  
OFFICE!

You didn't get a chance to scream, but the room screamed for you. I stuck the barrel of a .357 revolver in your mouth and your teeth were blown outward in perfect symmetry to surround me in the floor, walls, and ceiling. They lined up according to the rays from the light you saw when you died, and I was its source.

What a waste.

"[I offer] hope against hope that human empathy and compassion survive against the onslaught of human barbarity, brutality, and bestiality. The love ethic of Christian faith--the most absurd and alluring mode of being in the world--enables me to live a life of hope against hope without succumbing to a warranted yet paralyzing pessimism of an understandable yet miserable misanthropy."

--CORNEL WEST



Look forward to the end of the age with hope and a deep distaste for time and all its progeny, woeful monster. I felt your endless recriminations, condemnations, self-deprecations; your panicked burrowing into a cocoon of blubber. Hope then was to emerge full formed, I suppose. "I would be smooth and shining," I heard you say once -- at least translucent skinned, blue veined, and well-muscled. But never will these desperate night and daily distractions, these rituals of pain, allow you to become more than a muppet. It is all useless. You, like everyone else in Amerika, are an addict and I know your justifications. "I have had so little," you say, "and no-one is kind to me. I don't know how to be my everything. I must allow myself these . . . idiosyncracies, these . . . attempts at fulfillment." Fulfillment?! It is an illusion, a momentary numbing of the driving hungers that churn within you. When your senses tingle back to life again, you feel emptier than before.

BUT LET THE MONSTER TELL US HOW IT TRIED. [diary excerpts]

\*\*\*15th

The different colors that exit the prism of my mind: This one is loneliness, this one is anger, this one is hopelessness, this one is caged pacings. . .

\*\*\*21st What a difference one brief exchange can make! A reminder of an episode from the past makes it jump up to the present and anchor me to some of the pieces I was before. As a

pleasant episode, it stabilises me without dragging me back. I am too skeptical of the nature of my species to "visualize world peace," but surely there is some merit in visualizing my own peace--throwing anchors back to pleasant episodes and looking to Tarzan-swing to more--and my own piece as well, for the parts I work and play, and the costumes I wear are in large part a mystery to my consciousness. The task of my life is not yet accomplished, but from this moment it looks laughably easy. If only I could keep this feeling into the hours of darkness: with the literal comes the figurative darkness, but though the task be disfigured and distorted by shadows, it remains the same single, simple task; single and simple, yet not threatening boredom.

\*\*\*2nd One sees and feels different things while back-floating in a fish pond than slaaloming on a giant ocean wave. Where one is in tune is where one is most powerful, no matter how comparison may delude. There are things greater changed by a 6 inch blade than by a bulldozer.

\*\*\*6th Moving on is not the increase of strength. Moving on is just that, and turning the dial to another station. Strength is unavoidably gained by dancing day after night as long as one is tuned

into some kind of station. It is not increased strength that determines what holds one's interest. When strength grows one elaborates on or refines what one does. One could theoretically enjoy one station, its nuances and style, for a lifetime.

\*\*\*13th Life is an endless quest for a high that doesn't leave me guilty or disillusioned, an endless flirt with some kind of death (sex, illness, stupor), a hopeless attempt to escape THE END. Why bother with self-improvement? Because if I don't have the guts to end it all, I have a life sentence. Hope for lightening it is all that holds me up. Hope. Not friends, drugs, job, country, health, and certainly not my ever

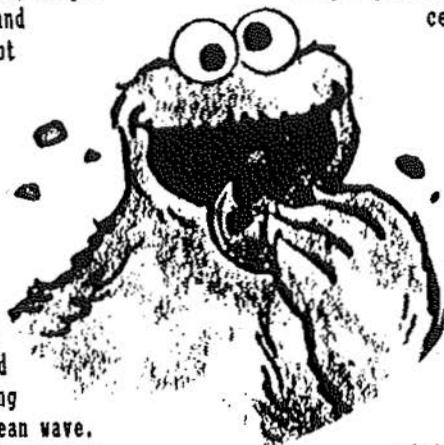
elusive self. Is this blindness or clear sight? Is happy just successful delusion?

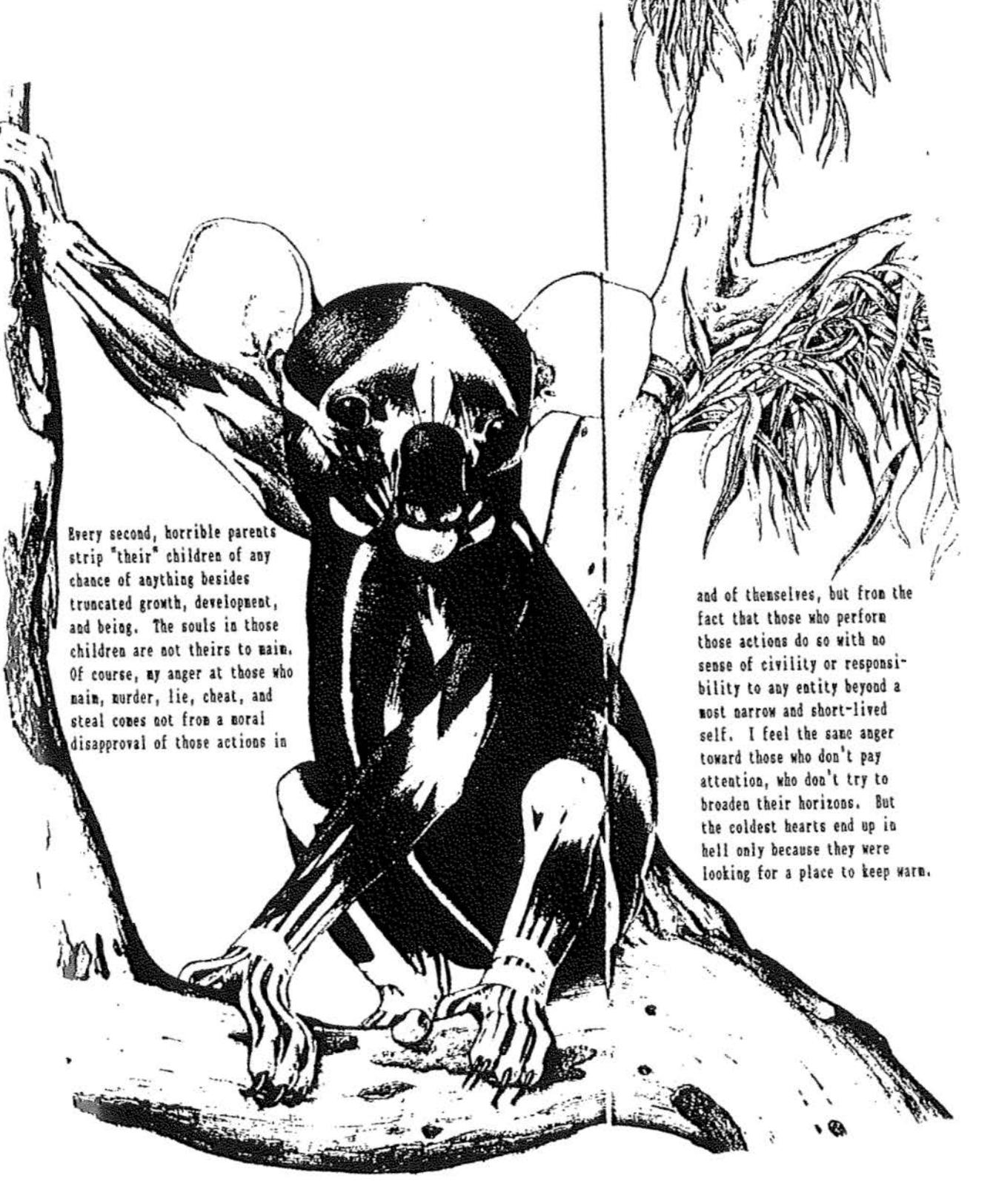
\*\*\*17th I think there is core sameness to all addiction. Self destruction is a multiheaded demon, but there is only one hallway leading to it. There is a certain crucial state to 180° out of, to learn to spot from afar. Overwhelming as self destruction can be, one only has to learn one passage to avoid all its forms.

\*\*\*29th Give the demon no contest and it will die of boredom.

\*\*\*4th Through natural selection

my genetic line has been edited, partially cancelled. I am a mutant dead-end branch, barren appendix. Cookies are necessary to put my errant body parallel to my restless mind. My body and mind are mismatched. It feels like it, but what/who defines a match? A match ignites, burns. I am cold, numb. Short-circuited sexuality, dead dreams, lost purpose, unknown, unloved. Some sympathy from fellow undeads, but we pass in flickering shadow, cloudy underwater currents, exchange a glance, maybe touch fingertips, and are washed away, washed of specialness with assembly-line misery. Turn your faces away, you in the boats. Sail to your palaces ere you drown, tempted to the depths. Waterski on my face, ere I hijack you. Why is this possibility frightening to you? I am not evil. Being hijacked might be the same as falling in love.





Every second, horrible parents strip "their" children of any chance of anything besides truncated growth, development, and being. The souls in those children are not theirs to main. Of course, my anger at those who main, murder, lie, cheat, and steal comes not from a moral disapproval of those actions in

and of themselves, but from the fact that those who perform those actions do so with no sense of civility or responsibility to any entity beyond a most narrow and short-lived self. I feel the same anger toward those who don't pay attention, who don't try to broaden their horizons. But the coldest hearts end up in hell only because they were looking for a place to keep warm.

Baby X is on the floor, blue fluorescent lamps like moonlight emphasizing every contour with a shadow, but hazily in the dust from a wrecking ball. Things come out of Baby X's head: too small for tentacles, too large for bumps. Gaping orifices in Baby X's body. Truncated needs and thoughts. The wrecking ball dust is chock full of memories of uncounted lives lived in squalor and desolation. Nutrition. It fills lungs, coats skin. Baby X breathes and licks, and grows old too fast from ingested memories.

Baby X feels no need for experience or time, on the floor piecing together a portrait: a recipient of fast food and fantasy, a ward of culture, flash blinded. Ponderous flesh slogging through a slow testimony as to what is getting by and who is not. A clutching grasp taking just as far as it lasts. Taking a spot light searing in orifice of eyes, Ho Ho cake in orifice of mouth, Ho ho ho santa in orifice of skull, diarrhea out of orifice of ass. Lie and take. Die and take. Take

but never make. It sits on a couch after work, watching the baby, eyes closed. Family time.

A seat taken and also a life with a body full, filled to disguise scars and signs of wear, carriage, skin patterns and mannerisms. No passion heaves, panting just to go to the can. A slow heavy blink gives eyes more time to hide. Large clothes hide the body as well as a walking bush on a hillside. This is a body that could store stories more space efficiently than microfiche. The stories are stretched out of it, but the stretch marks add a story of their own. Trauma would squeegee it down to size. But then it's not completely stupid: it has the pessimism right. Baby X smiles. A perfect parent. Something to be and rebel against at the same time. Baby X tears open another Ho Ho package, turns a page of an old and rain warped issue of People, and hates them.

Baby X scrolls through the memories to choose a formative influence. So many intense and touching incidents. But they all

merge. A confluence of influence as hazy as the dusty air. Baby X squints at the light. A cool blue lunar glow. Mounds of flesh trapping a baby soul. Soul tied to the moon tide sliding through an oily blood sea, a spill from a crinkly snack bag tanker, liquid shit.

\* \* \* \* \*

One morning Baby X's biological alarm clock squawked: *Time to learn to walk. Late already. It's been nearly a year.* And although they were stiff and feeble, Baby X did, in fact, have two legs. Baby X grumbled, half asleep: *I would if I had one good one--just pogo around, but not with these.* And deep inside, inaudible as yet to Baby X, a soul also grumbled: *I'll keep dog in mind for my next life. At least I wouldn't spend all my days in a barbed wired tenement on the edge of a destruction zone. I'd be walking in a week.* Baby X started walking, though, exploring the neighborhood, finding teasing and pointing fingers; finding a knife and pointing that. Others specialized in spray paint

graffiti, Baby X in skin graffiti. Because of a physiognomy that was impossible to disguise and crippled legs, Baby X moved quickly from random rage to well-planned self expression. Baby X planned traps and the better the trap, the more time Baby X had to create an elaborate trademark. And the more business plastic surgeons had. *Please, Doctor, erase the mark of Baby X.* A local terror that hadn't yet learned verbal language. But the biological clock was ticking.

The graffiti process went on without a hitch for a few months after Baby X learned speaking because Baby X was a taciturn sort. But Baby X wasn't in the habit of gagging the graffiti victims; the screams were too delicious. And one night Baby X said something: *Here's a memento to remember me by.* And the victim said something back: *Remember you? Hell, I don't know you. All I'll remember is the feel of the knife and the shape of your shadow--MY subjective experience.* Filled with self doubt, Baby X faltered. The victim continued:

*Got you didn't I? Button, button, who's got the button!* Baby X promptly killed the victim with a few style-less hacks, but the illustrious graffiti pastime was ruined. The soul in Baby X rejoiced. A real learning experience! But Baby X ruined that too, by staying in the tenement once again, shuffling memories and snacking. Baby X's shadow grew larger.

\* \* \* \* \*

The small ungrown soul is tired of supporting the overgrown intellect, the overly ponderous baby flesh. Toes begin to fade as the soul strains toward an incorporeal existence. Someone in the memories drifts through the room; laughter fills a shaft of light that ricochets off a mirror, and splashes into Baby X's face. Dick headed and twat bodied. Ugly. Without toes. Baby X leans toward the mirror, face furrowed and contracted as if to squeeze the green gel of the eyes out, trying to see. A picture of a strobe-flashing smile stutters to a stop and freezes, recreated in reverse in the mirror. *Hi, Dad.*

Baby X shudders with the just-slammed-open door. *They say you ain't bennin skool!* comes the accusation. *There're a couple of kids that lived here and made it through high school; I have their memories. You come to pay for college? You shouldn't have! You shouldn't have CUM at all!* Baby X's short defense was rained out by decades of lectures, curses and beatings. Parent to child or old to young through alcohol. And so the young age but the old regress to the dawn of the human race. *What've yew got tuh say fer yerse 'f SUN?*

Baby X stands slowly, balances with difficulty. There is sunlight in the room--a hole somewhere, a spot on the floor, and, in between, the beam. Baby X moves toward the in between, finds halo and shadow, and with them silence. Ugly saves the day. *You ain't no boy! You ain't mine either!* The parent flicks a truant slip to the floor and is lost into memory.

\* \* \* \* \*

Baby X breathes while sleeping. In. Out. In. Out.

In. Wrinkled nose. Out. In.  
Gag response. There's a leak.  
The precious life support system's  
developed a grudge. On Baby X's  
face lips squash together in an  
attempted semi-smile, but the soul  
hasn't given up yet and pushes the  
lips apart in a scream. The  
scream is echoed in sirens.



## Science Report

from the class of 2000

The highway has become enamoured of its need to shit.  
It hums in halting overdrive and cracks apart each winter  
(January - northern hemisphere) When the last factories and  
repair shops become permanently out of stock, all the people  
will get out of their rattling, rusting car shells, and start

to walk. At this time, the highway will not hum. The cracked segments will shift under the trudging feet like lily pads under a frog, only more noisily. The people will trickle away like ~~diarrhea~~ diarrhea.

~~The~~ The highway, with all its branches, straps the United States to planet Earth, except for California. The cars that wait in line on the highway and the people in the cars all smoke. The smoke rises to a comfortable cruising altitude, then drifts around spying on everyone and blocking sunlight until it gets to the ozone hole, where it is sucked into space. The planet is space's bong. The highway is an integral part of the smooth flavor.

The highway never takes a bath. Sometimes gooey substances like chemicals or blood spill on the highway's back, but the next acid rain dissolves it all. Then the highway gets to smoke, too. The fact that the highway doesn't particularly care about its hygiene is probably why it breaks out now and again in orange cones and barrels that slow traffic even more. This is okay with the highway because backed-up traffic makes it feel even more constipated, confining, and dirty. These feelings are its reason to exist. It is possible that the highway suffers from an asocial mental disorder, but none of the diagnostic tests currently available have been adapted to the highway's test-taking abilities.

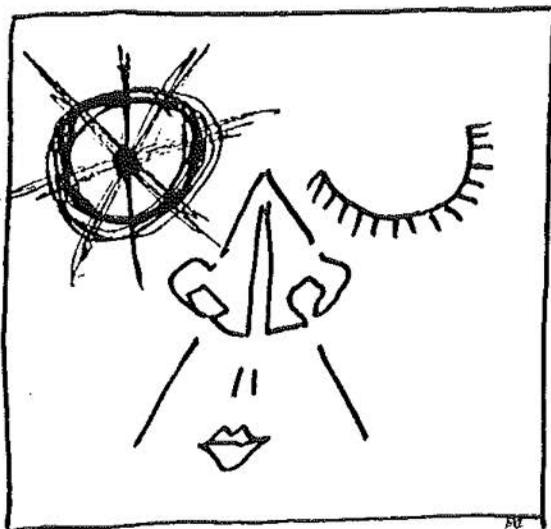
## EDITOR'S NOTE

I would like to see it all end because we seem to be going nowhere. Maybe one big boom, maybe a protracted enervation by economic collapse. Whatever. My attitude is of "why bother" rather than of fiery divine retribution for petty sins. The one big sin is not evolving. The human race is not only not evolving, but devolving. We are destroying the things we need to live with war, pollution, crime, and poverty. We are destroying ourselves by diluting our souls (whatever they are) and short-circuiting all our relationships (with the planet and each other in all sets, subsets, and permutations). I can imagine something more and so can many others. I'd rather live in my head and so would many others. Yet I have some hope left for change, and a desire to kick it along. So here I am.

Thinking post-millenniumly, one thing I would like to see is a breakdown of our templates of male and female to the deepest level. (At the risk of trying to sound hip: Promote queerness and gender-bending rah rah rah!) I see such a breakdown as helping to accomplish at least three things. 1) Development of new templates that could lead to genuine evolution. "Each phase of being contains within itself a self-contradiction, and it is this that serves as the motor of its movement to a higher and more complete phase. Through a continuing dialectical process of opposition and synthesis, the world is always in the process of completing itself." -- Richard Tarnas on Hegel 2) Creation of an environment more conducive to responsible use of biological multiplication capability. Overpopulation is in the way of our evolution. The race as a whole cannot advance with so many of its members unwanted, uncared for, and outright abused. Parenting should be a more sacred and limited experience. "They also told me

that they believe that overpopulation is causing 'inferior souls' to reincarnate on the earth plane." -- Margot Adler on Gavin and Yvonne Frost

3) Lowering of some of the boundaries between one person and another that stand in the way of collective interaction and advancement. Is it possible that you and I can communicate as people and not as biological entities? We are outpacing our physical evolution because of intelligence (though most aren't), partly because our demands from our bodies and physiology are out of sync with where we want to go. We load up with chemicals and fat and expect to think clearly. Optimum use of our minds will demand fine tuning of our bodies and creative use of sexual energy with reduced energies spent on biological reproduction and sexual differentiation. Just as long-haired cats are bred to sit still to be combed we are bred to pit our mind against our body. I would like to see each of us take an active hand in self-creation with an eye on the larger picture. If not, die.



## Social Studies Report

Countries are defined by borders. Borders are like volleyball nets, only grenades are more destructive than volleyballs. Near a border, the tall people should stand back, but in volleyball the tall people should be right up front. The teacher usually makes the tall people spread out, though. You know to start playing volleyball when you hear the whistle, but for a border you have to wait and see what ~~is~~ is on the news.

Because of its border each country has a distinctive shape, so if the world were a puzzle and you took it apart and shook up the pieces, you would have no trouble putting it back together. Of course, the people would be dazed and confused, but then maybe they would calm down and stop

. . . I agree with Peter Drucker . . . when he says the one thing that we can be sure of is that the world that will emerge from the present rearrangement of values, of beliefs, of social and economic structures, of world views, will be different from anything that we can imagine today. Drucker can foresee, I can too, a postcapitalist society, whose primary resource will be knowledge, which by definition will mean a

breeding for a while. Then the world would have one less dictionary on its chest.

Different countries have different climates and natural resources. (Countries have different regions inside their borders, too, but if the regions differ too much, the people have to make a border.) If a country is able to feed, clothe, house, and educate its people, some of these people can grow up and go into the import/export business. Then the country can exchange what it has too much of for what it has too little of. Sometimes a country sends out jobs so it can get more wives.

Different countries also have different germs and different

society of organizations, shifting gradually if we're lucky, violently if we're not, from the relatively recent nation state to a pluralism where the nation state will be one, rather than the unit of political integration. The others will be a blend, by definition, of transnational, regional, local, even tribal organizations. You

foods. That's why, if you want to visit another country, you have to get lots of shots, and take along lots of peanut butter and Pop Tarts.<sup>TM</sup> You don't know until you get there because countries can get fat or thin or sickly or muscular without changing their shape.

Someday, all the borders will fall down and all the different regions will turn into the same ashey desert. Then there won't be as much to memorize. We will have to spend all our time practicing diplomatic relations because when the sun expands and engulfs the Earth, we will have to try to get along with the people in the sun.

might ask, what will be transnational? I can give you one glaring example and that is global organized crime today. It's the fastest growing industry in the world bar none. . . . Unless we address ourselves to these problems now, we will find ourselves submerged far beyond our economic, social, and cultural capacity to absorb, to assimilate, and to integrate. -- ARNAUD DEBORCHGRAVE

My first summer I was most of the time in a pen, a big chain link cube kind of warped and skewed because of the ground it was set in--hilly, rock infested, hard, orange, Southern clay. I rarely saw people and when I did, they seemed a lousy substitute for the other voices around me. Take, for instance, the hypnotic, ominous drone from the giant hornet nest that hung in the honeysuckle in the west corner of the yard. A late afternoon, the kid that threw balls for me to fetch sometimes set up his own droning, lawn-mowing the grass and weeds. Twenty-five meters from the nest he got dive-bombed. Droning, then thrashing and yelling, were useless against the hornets. His head was smaller than their nest, too, and that corner of the yard grew wild the rest of the summer.

Take also, and especially, thunder. Evenings, a bunch of kids from the neighborhood would thunder down the steep asphalt road that bordered the yard on the east side over and over and over on Big Wheels and skateboards.

But when the sky thunder started they'd all disappear. The air'd go thick and dark and wet-smelling, the lightning would flash, and the thunder spoke to me. I'd never hide from the rain. The first few drops would feel huge. They'd hit, then seep through my fur, expanding and expanding their circumference like a man-stopping bullet un-stopping some shit's plumbing. I'd be sluiced and shivering, but very alive.

School for kids, more boredom for me, but then this girl started coming by my pen on her way home, maybe out of her way home. She'd squat down outside and I'd press myself into a warped corner, staking all four paws into the clay and vibrating with some kind of deep-torsoed thunder. She'd squat and talk and her voice was more hypnotic and ominous than the hornet nest drone. I'd find myself moving closer to her, find her hands traveling over my body, and I'd swallow her samples of variously colored liquids and pellets--substances she ingested herself in larger quantities.

"Welcome to higher consciousness," she said, and I knew dogs weren't supposed to see colors.

I was a lot of time out walking with this girl. And I got my first car rides from her, in a small white car that encased us like we were yolks in an egg. Two yolks in an egg: very unusual. I'd notice even with all the windows open, the smell of her flesh and the heat from her body would make me dizzy. I'd stabilize on the landscape streaking by. Then one night I hatched like a car crash.

In her bed. "I want to show you something," she says. She's unbuttoning her shirt, peeling it back. Then peeling back bra, skin, muscle, bone. There's a pulpy globulous shiny mass, the color of contusions. "My heart," she says. I'm dizzy and I think I'm moving toward her, but I can't so she wraps her arms around me, and I'm pulling back with a fervent grudge against fate, cowardice, and shame. Her arms separate from her torso and in my last memory of her, I see a silent rictus of pure pain on her

face, etched almost down to her skull.

My dog's innate homing instinct must have still been attached to my pen because I ended up there. I was staring at those arms in the dim light of a nearby street lamp, especially the still-wet ragged parts where the shoulder joint had been. I tugged a couple of strips out and laid them out where the sun would dry them to jerky when it came up. Now they were criss-crossed by chain-link shadows, criss-crossed by my turmoil and my hunger that was afraid to eat. The arms I wrapped around me again, just to prove I could, and wore until they were too dried out and rotted to stay together, several days down the road. I had left town, travelling on garbage and road kill, running on empty all the time, afraid I'd consume any person I came into contact with, afraid of turning into pâté like a goose kept on a full tank. But I ended up feeling more cold-blooded, 'cause I was going north. Or maybe I was going north because I was feeling cold-blooded. I

unstashed my girl-jerky and started looking around.

I saw a guy park a white car and decided to hang around, get him to invite me in. He did and I noticed that I hadn't noticed how big the car was. It surrounded us with too much negative space, or maybe just made an echo effect that turned the internal thunder I was expecting into a hypnotic, ominous drone.

I'm leaning against my window, while he sits behind the wheel. "You seem so distant," he says and moves to wrap his arms around me. No problem. Then he takes my mouth in his and I feel myself wanting to pull back so I take his mouth in mine just to prove I can but then I'm pulling back for real and running, his mouth still in mine, crushed past expression.

By that time my homing instinct wasn't attached anywhere and I loped along a road, watching cars go by in all kinds of colors. Even higher consciousness and I knew that I was almost a year old and it gets warmer again, even up north. I'd been feeling cold, not

cold-blooded. A pale kid face in a window whizzed by like the balls I'd sometimes fetch. "Good dog," was what he'd said but it was his control of me that he was calling good. I never learned what a good dog is.

I saw a battered white pickup at a road-side rest area, smelled some packages of jerky, not girl, in the back, and hopped in. Something to eat. Something I wasn't afraid to eat. Something I should have been afraid to eat, because I hatched like Humpty Dumpty. Some guys came back to the truck and lit into me: barbed wire and "Bad dog" 's.

My skin was cross-hatched like a chain link fence so they walked away with smiles but I was crying though you wouldn't have been able to tell 'cause it was raining and I saw lightning but I couldn't hear any thunder and I saw an empty garbage bag across the lot so I thought I'd crawl over there and get my ass out of the rain.

## SOURCE OF METAL PARTS

Where does despair come from? A maudlin double dare,  
A folded rain-bled blueprint, caressing vacant stares.  
Below a bridge, above the road, a human body flies.  
The skull beneath makes headlines of spilt infanticide.  
The warning din is muffled, ricocheted among your fears,  
Infinity inside you, that's jamming all your gears.

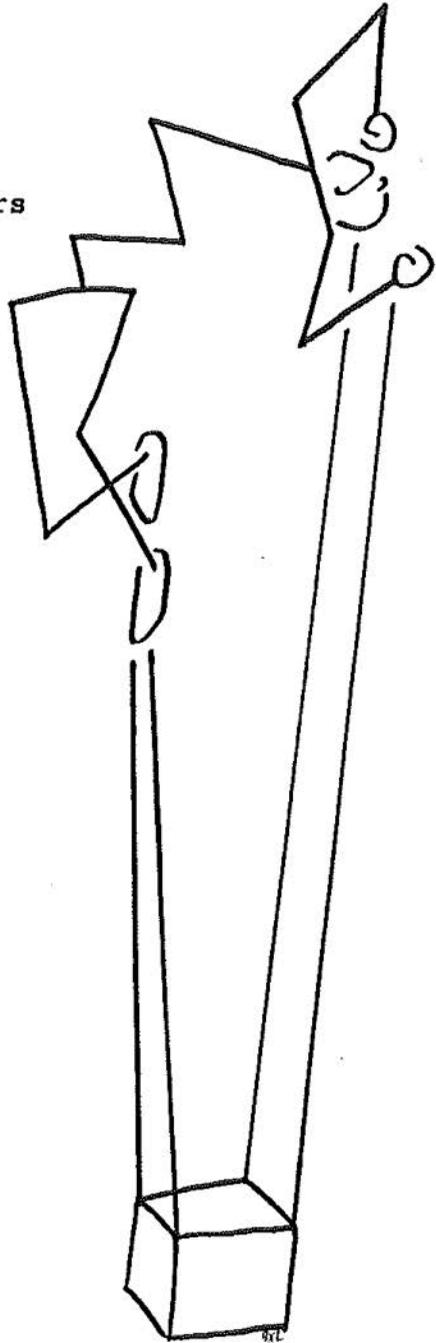
Where did despair come from? A rusted junk strewn floor,  
Hailing the homing beacon, and thunderbolting the door.  
The rucksack kid, the travel waif, died at home in Neverest,  
so a latch-claw eaglet circle-shreiks above a shot-gun nest  
Wearing a rain-bled blueprint mask that amplifies the din  
And a trillion zillion fishlines hooked all over its skin  
Bristling to infinity halo shimmering transmission,  
And in ever-widening circles the audience doesn't listen.  
A parched earth Venus flytrap cracks, sensing body juice.  
The emissary dissolves; the fish hooks all swing loose.

Claiming mental breakdown, you stop and set out flares,  
Nervous habit static that keeps you lucky unaware  
That dedication is pathologic and achievement is imbalance,  
"Work hard" a catch-phrase 22 and morgue-slab blind defiance.  
So your pre-determined genie lamps against light fixture law  
With a green-filtered flashlight shining up under your jaw,  
Worry shifts a stolen car, reverse annihilation,  
And bends an ear with acid melts in thought full reparation.  
A swinging fish hook wrecking ball invades a skull strewn mess  
Your skin didn't rip for long enough to settle for nothing less.  
Raising clouds of rust dust, Robocopping Terminator  
Parts and making plans, you use your now for later.  
Mach 2 mood processor, analog jam muzzle loader,  
A second hand minute flashes by in your digital encoder.  
No time to set the record straight or bi or worldly wide  
You floor it down a floating road that's rising with the tide.  
You slid on honest gravel, and shredded most of your clothes,  
But your camera brain was shattered, and left you unexposed.  
Won ton taco victim threat, life is and then it seems,  
You loved & lost, you've been & gone, you're nothing and a dream.

DAWN

I toast marshmallows  
By a pyre  
Dying.  
Flames and love no longer  
Lick and burn.  
In my lighthouse head  
A thought ocean thunders on boulders  
Of insecurity, doubt, uncertainty,  
and longing;  
Arcing, snaking, disintegrating,  
and smoothing  
Rock into comfort, familiarity.  
My eyes flash, then settle,  
Sigh-fanned embers, mourning mist.

Sweet, warm, soft, marshmallow,  
My heart  
Turned smokey and charred,  
Incense and incensed,  
Black and blood red.  
The sun rises  
Behind flesh worn smooth  
And pants worn loose,  
Behind the past rising  
From the waves, dripping tears  
And saliva from salacious fangs.  
Inviting.  
It holds out a hand to me,  
Touches me  
With a long dawn shadow.



## **TEN STEPS TOWARD ESTABLISHING A FASCIST REGIME**

- 1) Promote overpopulation. Deny access to abortion, birth control, and education.
- 2) Keep the work force large, unskilled, and disposable.
- 3) Make education, housing, and health care exclusive commodities. Promote addictions.
- 4) Devalue the rights of women, queers, and minority groups, but allow them to be vocal enough to keep them divided.
- 5) Declare a constant state of war.
- 6) Encourage religious and patriotic fanaticism among the dispossessed.
- 7) Strengthen ties between the church, the corporation, and the state.
- 8) Use the media to anaesthetize and manipulate the general population.
- 9) Legislate morality.
- 10) Maintain a large and active military. Stockpile weapons.

**YOUR LIFE IS BEING WASTED.**



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