

(Random selections and footnotes from *Society, Suspicious*)

THE BASIC CON¹

by Lew Welch

(August 16, 1926-May 1971?)

Those who can't find anything to live for,
always invent something to die for.
Then they want the rest of us to,
die for it, too.



ketchup on the wall, a broken porcelain plate.
another childish tantrum from the bald, obese, sissy-king
eating his tater tots, and Oscar Meyer wiener, from the white house kids' menu, drawing
on the children's menu coloring book.

tv on, Barr comes on. (Barr, man, you are one hilarious mofo...we go way back, man
(Imf!)).

"uhm, ah, uhm, ah yeah...we, ah..." he begins not stuttering or mind zigging like the
common folk, nah, he's just revving up the brain-machine readying to get to steamrolling smart,
"we have found no evidence of fraud. I told him it was bullshit" added he, going ivy-league street
language.

wham!
ketchup on the wall, a broken porcelain plate.
runs a finger along the ketchup-drenched wall,
rubs it on his cheeks like war paint.
I ain't fucking going nowhere,
he says into the mirror.

how bad could it get?
This is what we get
when beauty loses.
Art subdued by apathy,
art reduced to reality tv.
how bad could it get? you asked,
"held my nose, but, at least
it's not Andrew Dice Clay...or O.J."
how bad could it get?

¹ Interestingly, Huey Lewis was this Beat poet's stepson. Also, Lewis played harmonica for Thin Lizzy. And why don't we know this poem by heart? Wish Welch had Twitter, man...And yeah, I listened to Lewis' *Sports* album the other night and wanted to do some aerobics, drink some milk, get to bed early, and go to church the next morning. But I saw him at the Kabuki up in San Francisco one night in 1987 and I think it was one of the best shows ever. I think it was Huey Lewis. *They* told me it was him.

This is U.S. Pointing the Finger at You

“We must,” said self-called cult experts, “treat with compassion, those led down the rabbit hole.”
“Conspiracies are a sign of *our* dysfunction.” concluded they, pointing at U.S., missing the mark,
oblivious to human nature, gifting the grifting, obvious perps, MyPillows to lay their greasy
toupee’d brains on, as we get drained cleaning up their messes, told to give comfort to logic
ignorant traitors and aid to violent, validation seeking children wearing dad jeans with
daddy issues, Trump drunk brains and rage disorders creating chaos with liar division.
Daddy put you in your place, beat the esteem out of you, never loved you.
But, if I just prove myself to THIS BIG MAN, said YOU to YOU as YOU
worshipped on in the pyramid scheming Amway Americans,
keeping you pyramid schemed, making New Daddy proud.
Treating your kind kindly gave us gaslight burns.
Seeing through your eyes, a blindness.
Walking in your shoes, a fungus.
Listening to you, an infection.
Reading your lit, an illiteracy.
You jumped down that hole,
with your narcissistic soul
hoping to destroy U.S.
with your ignorance
and rancid conceit.
Time for a shovel,
time for cement.
No more hole,
no more
you.

America, looking in the mirror seeing Rambo or Gibson in *Braveheart* staring back, when the
truth is you’re middle-aged, gray-haired, or bald-headed, goatee sporting, Hitler worshipping,
opioid addicted, trailer park philosophers in dad jeans. And, as for your men...

America with a broken hip, mad, middle-aged, late-aged,
crazy, frightened, childish, road-raging, middle-fingering,
eyes all bugged out like comedic meth heads in a *YouTube* video.
Get off my lawn, America is yelling.
He’s armed, she’s armed, you’re armed, we’re all armed.
America prepared itself for this war. Lied itself right into it.
Vegas calls it a toss-up...Home field critical in this battle



FROM:

Story of Inmate 10617

(An insurrectionist sentenced to six days in jail, two months of probation.)

He's MAGA.

He's QAnon.

He's CPA.

He's Radicalized.

Day 1

Where's my pardon? He thinks within two minutes of his arrest.

Shit, Trump plays 100th-dimensional chess. He's playing coy. Man will take care of us. He's a loyal man who will take care of all who fought for him. And we fought our asses off. I took a dump in the rotunda!

Hang Mike Pence! Hang Mike Pence!

Shit on me? I shit on you!



Flight or fight.

You fight,
they flight.

Always living on this side <
of that stabbing equation.

Priding yourself the thug.

Prouding yourself a victim.

Following the Master's orders.

You thought this story would end differently,
with you as the golden boy; your loyalty rewarded.

Head patted, chest medal pinned.

There's only one star in this orbit,
and it's not you.

"What you're seeing, hearing, and reading
is not what's happening"
says your leader.

And this is you.

Or a part of you.

The mess left behind.

The psychology of victory.
Some rewriting of history.

It's you and it's me.
going full conspiracy.

& They light the candle, put you right under its flame
making you part of the team, naming you captain.

But it's always darkest beneath the candle's fire.

They know this,
as they persist,
plying you with the liquor of deceit.

They want to:	Make a Mockery of your patriotic lust
They want to:	Make a Treachery of your political trust
They want to:	Make you Guilty for <i>their</i> democratic destruction
Executed with:	A Strategic, Savage, Filthy, Corrupt Construction

Hang you out wet on the clothesline
as the rain turns to
hurricane

removing themselves to higher ground
as you remain in the eye of their storm
for the promised lifeboat to rescue you.

FOOTNOTE NUMBER TWO:

Other contributors to this dream could be (in no particular order): hookers, beer, tequila, mescal, bourbon, cocaine, Milk of Magnesia - M of M and Everclear soaked M&M's - enema, donkey meat tacos (unbeknownst to the Senator), Chihuahua meat fajitas (*ibid*), beer bong, bong, beer pong, cherry in butt relay racing from ice block to ice block, Neo-Nazi propaganda films and naked leg wrestling, blood drinking to show loyalty with people he met at bar earlier in the evening, stomach punching each other to show how tough they are, also with the bar folk now "friends" and the ground out cigarettes he smoked from that sand thingy out front since liberals banned smoking inside when his "friends" kicked him out of the bar stomach first with enough force that he left a vest skid mark on the pavement. And also, the cab driver, at some point during the drive to the motel put him in the trunk taking the long way home as he blasted out not only that song, but other songs from Supertramp. Also: Ozzy, Phil Collins, Black Keys, White Stripes, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Aretha Franklin, Prince, Prine, and of course, the Doors! So it was indeed, the long way home. I think they call it a form of maltreatment, unless you like listening to the above-mentioned musicians and their albums at full-blast and very muddled, while spinning around in a clothes dryer at full speed fixed to its hottest setting.

Our life raft is getting smaller
Our lifespan even smaller
but -
you've done your part
pledged your
one-way allegiance
subservient to
the obvious
absurdity
of it all.
Still hopeful.
Still innocent.
They collectively
bargained
for you,
without you,
against you,
calling the
tradeoff
freedom



***FROM:
Mongolia, With No Love***

More offensive than the request was her confident certitude that I would be in on her schemes executing her whims without a second or first thought and that we would form a bond. A bond similar to the one she formed with Griffin who treated her as if she was Amy Coney Barret. He doted on her like she was his daughter. But this guy had his own thing going. He was mindless. He had trouble forming full sentences which is unpropitious for a lawyer. He used Siri like it was his own personal assistant.

“Siri, what are interrogatories?”

At one meeting another lawyer tried to lighten the mood by wearing a set of Billy Bob novelty teeth. His humor succeeded. Everyone laughed. Typical law firm low comedy. The next day Griffin came to the office without his front dentures in an attempt to keep that joke moving. That didn't get any laughs. There was concern. People were embarrassed for him. People were embarrassed about their employment.

“Siri, what's a trial?”



I grabbed a beer and followed Griffin. He walked around with a huge goofy smile high-fiving people, pointing at them, fist bumping, and using words like “Brother,” “Friend” and “Dude.”

Griffin is a Rand Paul look alike. Most people here mistake him for Paul; Griffin never denies it signing: “Fuck Fauci! Love, Rand” atop the MAGA hats of two autograph-wanting folks. It was all drunken, radicalized chaos. All wearing MAGA and Q hats. MAGA wear, Q wear, togas, Speedos. It was like a rally/circus/orgy/fair/sideshow/thing. There was a bare-knuckle boxing pit. Snake charmers. Men in Q gear on stilts. There was a baby elephant just wondering around getting messy.

“Here’s what you have to see. This is wild.”

We were in front of a gym specializing in core exercises, formerly a Toys R’ Us, called *Pontius’ Pilates*. There were three large crosses with hand straps at the sides and several other standard issue core improvement machines.

“Check this out,” Griffin said climbing up on one of the crosses. He put his hands in the leather straps hanging there like Jesus Christ in Dockers. “This burns! Fastest way to get abs. Seriously. I mean, look at Jesus. He had washboard abs. Damn, I’m feeling a deep burn in my abs and core! Help me down. I gotta get back to my station.” I helped him down. He patted me on the back with his goofy grin, tilted his head as if confused, shrugged his shoulders, and took off in a dead sprint.



I walked back to the bar to watch the dance contest and hoped there was a doctor in the house. The Dancing With the Stars consisted of Big Doug, The Alibi Guy – a company providing alibi services to people who need one, for any reason, from spouse cheating to murder, maybe?, winks Guy The Alibi Guy in his commercials at the camera when the question comes up; each commercial featuring Big Doug playing an international spy who always finds himself needing an alibi because of his way with the ladies – and a 300-pound insurance defense lawyer whose sole claim to any fame was playing offensive line at some Big 8 Conference school thirty years earlier. He was dancing to Queensryche’s ten-minute-long “Suite Sister Mary” clutching his chest and throat area and reaching for his inhaler. He was “busting a move,” allegedly, as I heard the sound of one of his bones, somewhere in his body, crack. The offensive lineman, obese, dressed in bright canary yellow pants and an even brighter green button-down open to nearly the waist kept coming to my table drinking my drink nearly passed out on the verge of a heart attack. “Jesus, they’re trying to kill my ass.” He said before grabbing my drink the first time. “Shit, I haven’t worked this hard” he wheezed, “since the El Paso/John Hancock/Subrogation Lien Deniers/Insurers of The Great Southwest/Sun Bowl. Fuck. Price of stardom.” He said the next time draining what was left of my drink making sure to name all bowl sponsors like an extra-mile going employee. The smell from the dance floor was overbearing. Lardy, middle-aged men

with poor or lazy personal hygiene wearing sweat-soiled polyester. I'd rather be sniffing my burning trophies or walk behind the shitting elephant. So I left the bar and walked the mall.



It's not like I'm opposed to a twosome or threesome or foursome or any exponent of that sexual equation, in this case, now a sevensome, it's just that I don't see myself naked having sex with my hairy toothless boss, his two toothless women, Gan Genghis who might chomp my nuts off, an obese, former never was, sitcom tv actor, and my QAnon mind numb former girlfriend gimping around like a polio victim, so yeah, I said no. As my mind ran that scene through my head, watching this group, I heard a man say, "Shoot, ain't enough beer in Milwaukee make me put my dick in that." To his friend, referring to Hillary Clinton, but I took it at as a sign of some sort.



Pawns on the checkerboard
where the rules were never defined
where the facts are always refined
by false heroes we created;
loving blindly the lies,
the false hope, they initiated.
You live on the side of the worshipper
You take what they give &
 you live
 with,
the damage they leave behind.
Shattered, fragile glass souls
sweeping up their mess
with confused brooms,
yet still willing.
Waiting for more orders
to create disorder,
gaslighting the
pilot light
of truth.
Making the prophet a for-profit.
The prophecy, an absurdity,
the prophet buffoonery.
But God damn what a profit!

He was always testing us. One day he came to the office with a six-pack of Mountain Dew and a jar of pickles. He sat down in the middle of the floor and ate every pickle in the jar while drinking the soda one after the next. When he was done, two minutes later, he stood up, slammed his feet down on two cans, one for each foot, and walked away wearing Mountain Dew cans for shoes. Clack, clack, clack, he walked away. Another time he opened up a file cabinet drawer like he was looking for a document and stood right there in a catatonic state not moving for eight hours. When five o'clock came, he clapped his hands together and said, "Man, I was swamped today. Sorry if I was rude. I'm going to get some chicken."

One of the most impressive things I have ever seen. Incredible discipline and focus.

I'm a ringleader.

A rally leader,

dig,

just like Trump.

I'm the master of mass Provocation.

Providing an aggressive Invocation.

I know the power of Incitement.

Making violence of Excitement.

I researched you.

I picked you.

I traveled the country,

the world,

to know you.

In all times,

because of you,

and for you,

there will be

a Barnum

a Bailey

a huckster

a false prophet

a fascist

a con man.

You are without individual character or powers of judgment.

You have a moral and intellectual emptiness.

You are my hand-plucked demographic.

The sheep.

Your narcissism, my narcissism.

Your grandiose idea of yourself.
Your paranoid thoughts.
Your individual conceit.
Your need for false uniqueness
Your self-absorbed conspiracy beliefs.

You were all hand-plucked long ago.

We are one.
Where we go one,
we go all.

We are one.

Where we go one, we go all.

Let's create ourselves a fucking diversion, shall we?

Like hunting Communists & being the head of the FBI
and Vietnam and Make America Great and QAnon.

Let's do that so we might hide our deviant ways.

Yeah, let's do that.

Follow *my* words,
conspiracy researchers,
follow *my* words.



FROM:

Mitch in a Box (A Frog Noir Story)

He was a white man, nearly albino, approximately twenty-eight years old, with dwarfish features, a grotesque humpback, an annoying, high-pitched voice, and wearing a *Chicano Power* t-shirt...

Yeah, he thought, Mitch McConnell is a problem. *A big fucking problem.*



Mitch did all the digging. Six feet long, four feet deep, and four feet wide. Mitch knew somewhere in his mind that this was too much hole but was distracted because the frog just watched him and told him what to do. When Mitch asked why he isn't helping, the frog said, "My limbs and hands are not equipped for such matters. Keep that dirt close to the hole, Mitch."

The frog had learned along the way to be a half frog when it suited certain needs and a half man when other needs needed to be suited.



He grabbed his suitcase, moved swiftly through the woods, and when he got to the dried-out, steep culvert he got down on all fours, dug down, and then lunged up to where the highway out of town was.

He stuck his almost fully formed human thumb out and thought of the town as he breathed in, "Jesus Christ. If a smelly foot could fart..."

A man driving a new, baby blue 1977 Ford Fairlane convertible stops in front of the frog, sits up on the top of the driver's seat, and turns to look at him.

"Hey, there, where you headed?"

"D.C.," the frog said without hesitation. "Washington, D.C."

"I'm headed that way, friend. Hop in!"



Toothless, *Deliverance* extras in overalls
sitting on a bridge preying on miracles
We hear your banjos,
the hillbilly banjos of treason,
the hillbilly banjos of MAGA,
the hillbilly banjos of QAnon,
the hillbilly banjos of nationalism and slavery,
the hillbilly banjos of poverty, disease & death.
Wearing the uniform, waiting to conform, pretending it freedom.
Signed up, boarding the train of cracker bondage thinking it liberty.
Replica goosestep thought, carbon copies, proclaiming individuality.
Slaves to the lies told by spoiled halfwits who use you
like test rats in some dumpster laboratory behind an Applebee's.
Greedy, bored dishwashers on smoke break playing dice with your life.
That's what happens when you destroy reality and objective truth.

FOOTNOTE NUMBER FOUR:

Court documents indicate Bannon started this domestic war. He would spring up out of nowhere around the house with a broom handle surprising her, poking her in the small of her back. Both hurting her kidneys and vertebrae. And a third thing: her feelings. He popped pimples on her side of the mirror and convinced her *she* was doing it. Gaslighting her. Yes, irony of ironies, she is, the woman in this story, a dermatologist. Court filings also show Bannon showered only once a month, at most, and lived in a small submarine he ordered online and put together in his garage reading porn magazines, never showering, eating nothing but nachos. On weekends, he would fill the sub with nachos covered in hot, thick Velveeta, get in and not leave the sub until he had eaten his way out.



From:

I'm Antifa

(Or am I Antifa? Or are we Antifa? Or is there an Antifa?)

He wasted my time, her time, and everyone's time, except his time. It was all his time, his timing. He was obvious with his flirtations and oblivious to me and my disgust at him. His was an evident first step towards statutory rape. The beginnings of a grooming. The pre-groom. He had a mustache. I mean, how could he not have a mustache? His hair was recently permed. I mean, how could he not have permed hair? The fumes off his dome were toxic and noxious. I smelled in deeply, inhaled his hair fumes, and held my breath in, eyes closed, hoping to vomit on his back.



But here's the thing about social media. It's a drug. And narcissists will not be denied. They will be hands-on-knees in the thickest of shag carpet looking for just one tiny little rock. She put her account back up a week later.

Soon, I would again be her rock of crack shagging her in her own bed with her on hands and knees. But until then, I enjoyed learning about her pain and surgeries and her problem with pain medications after our lovemaking. But she went on like a trooper. Hiding her misery with inspirational quotes such as this by Oscar Wilde: "We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at stars." Perfect. Down but not completely out. And I'll admit her knowledge of Wilde, along with her deep, in-your-face, right-wing, QAnon/MAGA-inspired fanaticism for fascism, is a real loin lifter.



He and his crewcut, short-squat, former Marine, boss, Harold Sharman, have their regular Friday bull session where they shoot the shit doing lines of coke off his desk. I'm sure that is illegal even in a law office. I sat there playing innocent, looking job eager, yet thinking how much I wanted to slowly destroy the lives of these two men. They snorted coke and talked shit like I was one of them. A sign on his wall read: "Christianity Is The Only Religion." There were several photos of him smiling crazy wearing one of those wild-ass orange hunting vests in post-kill orgasm. He had killed deer, a lion, birds, a zebra, panthers, and some other horned beasts I could not name. He was looking at me like I was wild game to be put down. I purposefully looked at him smiling like I was an innocent idiot.

Doe-eyed, I guess you could say.

"Snort this up. We've got about thirty minutes between us today to bill sixteen hours and get on to the wine tasting and ball game."

He then looked at me as an afterthought.

“Hey, Private Schmuckatelli,” he said using a pejorative term from the Marine Corps, “get over here and lick the residue off my desk.”

I just stared at him like I didn’t speak a word of English.

“Do I need to break this down Barney style, boy?”

I kept looking at him and put my feet up on the chair hugging my knees to my chest like I was some antsy teenager.

“Jesus, you’re fucking old for an intern. Where the fuck did you clerk?”

“7-11!” I responded with a yell, beaming.



But I wasn’t going to just sit there watching him and the others dance like fools to A-Ha and Rick Astley and Duran Duran and the Bangles without some sort of participation. I found the tripod of an audio-visual machine, probably for some dumb-ass PowerPoint presentations, against a wall. I took the legs off, ripped the electric cord right off the machine, and fashioned a couple of crude leg braces. I put them inside my pants to hide what the braces really were but the pants camouflage made it appear as if I had MS or some other serious affliction precipitating my need for metal legs. I stood up and tested my new legs. They were sturdy. Immediately after my inspection, the DJ played “Footloose” by Kenny Loggins. While not a fan of rock music, I knew this song. I knew its rhythm and odd chord structure would be perfect for my condition, so I gimped on out to the dance floor providing this group of people with some of the best entertainment they could possibly have imagined. I spun around and jumped up and down as best I could, falling several times but picking myself up just as fast. Suburban white folk always love a gimp who pulls himself up by his audio-visual machine leg straps. I tried to lift a woman above my head but failed miserably. I got her about chest high when my balance gave and we both crashed to the floor. I hoisted myself up to a standing position. She was pretty angry until she saw that I was wearing leg braces. Phil saw this and walked briskly my way. He was angry too, so I limped fast away from him towards the biggest wine display at the tasting and deliberately fell as hard as I could, leading with my forearm and all that force, on their display knocking it over along with their wine supply.

Phil picked me up roughly to my feet.

“Sorry,” he said to the man running the stand, “This guy is retarded and has severe problems with his legs. That’s why he has the braces. He didn’t mean anything by it.” He put me down on the ground and was walking away from me in disgust. The man manning the ruined wine display was upset about his wine, but he was more upset at Phil’s behavior.

I can play a victim. I can act. Especially when I have a few allies.

“Pick me up, Mr. Phil, please,” I said, or slobbered to him, on the floor with my arms up towards him. “I don’t like it here. I’m afraid and my legs hurt me. Take me back to the hospital.”

He started to walk away from me. Two people helped me up. One of the guys who helped me said, “Phil, c’mon, man, it was an accident. Help your friend out.”

He fucking started dragging me across the floor by the back of my shirt. I started to bawl like a three-year-old. His friends were looking at him with some real disgust. Like this is the real

Phil. The politician who drags cripples across a recreation center basketball court disguised as Napa Valley. He wised up like every good politician does. Checked the way the wind was blowing.

“Get on.” He said.

I climbed on his back and held tightly to his neck pretty much close to choking him out. Teach him to never embarrass me again. I made him carry me over to the football game. They do an alumni walk each home game. The field is about a quarter mile from the wine tasting. I talked loudly the entire time acting like an imbecile.

“Phil! Look at the trees. Bush (choke Phil hard). Bush, (choke Phil hard) bush (choke Phil hard), bush (choke Phil hard). Rock, rock. Truck! Vroom! Pretty bird. Sing pretty bird. I gotta pee! Too late!” Shit like that.



*A Forgotten American Bar Proverb**

Whatever you think you thought about me,
thought you think about me,
think you think of me.

Whatever you thought you think of what I say
or thought of what I think and say
and,

Whatever I think I thought about you,
think I think about you,
think I will think of you,
or think of what you say when you think
or think and say while thinking and saying
we'll still be drinking,
together,
come closing time.
You and your
stupid face, bro

*Proverb always ends with the *proverbially*, high-five, sometimes, one in which both parties knowingly “miss” at the apex of said high-five, where hilarity ensues. No matter, really, who does it or where it is done. It always works! It’s an interesting “American” thing. An “American” thing that is foreign amongst other cultures around the world, even though, the Americans doing this “American” thing do it together even if they are “of” different cultures. Rare, stupid, perhaps, but interesting. Oh, and another thing to note. I have witnessed said high fiving done amongst those with “different” “enemy” clothing as well.

FOOTNOTE NUMBER FIVE:

Peter Navarro went, or rather was able to attend online, from his dining room table computer, as recipient of the *James Dickey, Deliverance Scholarship for Psychologically Affected By Hitler Youth*. He was fifty-six years old when he graduated from this online school. Hilariously, he would sit in front of his computer listening to the *taped* courses and had *so* many questions. He would hold his hand up, sitting in front of the computer, patiently, for hours at a time until he got frustrated, smashing the computer against the wall. His scholarship money paid for a new computer...seven times. He called Geek Squad and told the rep the “hell” he had been going through. He was put on hold so that the call could be put on speaker phone throughout the *entire* company. The employees were asked to video their facial reactions to the conversation on their phones with the winner being posted on YouTube (and of course a \$10 gift certificate!).

The conversation went this way:

“You say your computer didn’t have a camera?”

“God I hope not, I play with my junk all day. School is cock suck, pure ball licking.”

“So no camera? And you say the classes were taped not live?”

“Are you getting wise with me dick lick?”

“No, sir, I would never be wise, just getting to the bottom of it is all. If you don’t mind let me take control of your computer to see what’s going on.”

“You better not be Deep State, asshole.”

“No sir, went to Penn State.”

The rep turns his computer camera on as he now has control of the machine. There is nothing wrong with the computer.

“We need to do a data dump. Go to your garage sir and open up your laptop, and well, do you have a bucket or a big trash can?”

“I have a Home Depot bucket.”

“Go on and grab that.”

“Hold the pin on your god damn diaper, geek. I’m looking.”

The computer is on now so all employees can see what Navarro’s doing. The bucket is somewhere in the garage. Navarro, angry and frustrated as always, throws a rake, a broom, cans, kicks them out of the way. He has a Bill Romanowski poster on one wall; a Farrah Fawcett poster on another. He finds a bucket, grabbing it in his rage.

“Ok sir, what you need to do is pull your pants down and take a dump in the bucket to get rid of some data. I know, I know, technology can sometimes be primitive.”

He pulls his pants down and squats. He looks around, waiting for his data to be dumped. He catches on as he can hear the rep laughing. He stands up, pants at his ankles and tries to grab the laptop. He stumbles, almost falling and then adjusts himself. He is screaming at the rep, face red.

“I’m coming down there to kill your ass, you little geek!”

“Thank you for your time sir, I will be sending out an online survey if you would be so kind to fill it out for me. Again, my name is Matt and...”

A womb police, a sex strike force, a Christian enforcement army, national prayer, national anthem every morning, every evening, on every block, played through government-controlled loudspeakers.

You will be so proud of yourself, America.

You've done your part for the new America.

Now get on back to the factory, America.

Are my documents in order, should the authorities ask?

Will we be able to cross state lines without papers?

Checkpoints in the Mississippi night?

Like that would ever happen again or ever.

Depending on what you believe, the truth or the new history.

I want to go to Oklahoma but live in a Blue State. Is it safe?

Y'all gonna go Putin on our asses and treat us Griner?

Dust to dust, kicking up a cyclone of hate in between.

Ashes to ashes, burning it all down beginning to end.

Truth, facts, reality are beneath you, because you know better.

I want to go to a Blue State. Will they turn my child into a heroin addict?

FOOTNOTE NUMBER SEVEN:

The names have been redacted. I micro-dosed them daily with LSD for nearly two years. One is a familiar name in America still making decisions and doing so poorly. The other lives with relatives on a farm planting vegetables and mumbling to himself, having flashbacks, sitting on his porch each evening pondering which side of the house the sun will set.

I created an entire religion, a cult.

Me just Trout Fishing

(in a barrel)

in America.

Catch and keep.

Lazy, bored aquarium

fish gone wild.

You are all mine.

Now let's get to the truth,

shall we?

The real truths.

I am Q.



FROM:

Cherry Bombs in the Toilet, Pulled Fire Alarms, Peeing on the Playground and Other Shenanigans From Those Who Are Not and Will Not Ever Be On A Congressional Committee, Part 1

“Me neither, man, I don’t pay attention to politics and that Boebert Greene thing was weird. Don’t they have anything better to do? Is that what they do? If that’s what politics is about count me out.”

“Dude, I’m having trouble talking. The flour is hardening on my face.”

“Mine too, man, we should walk around like this for a few days to see what folks do and say to us.”

“I’m down with that.”

“We could pretend we were born this way, maybe panhandle for money. Money for the flour children. That’s us, ‘The Flour Children’ too peaceful to ‘Stop the Steal.’ Flour Power!”

The bus pulls up. As they board, the driver looks at them with a curiosity. He’s been driving the midnight line long enough to know that most people, by a large margin, are more weird than crazy. He’s a black man looking close to retirement. He looks at Ray and Tommy.

“Damn,” he says, “You white people are always looking to get whiter, ain’t you? You people got any rules about running around in white face?” He sees the truth of their souls, just a couple of kids having fun, trying to get by.

They both laugh smiling as wide as their beer and flour-caked faces allow causing the driver to laugh with them.

“I’m not sure,” Ray says, “Those white people have all kinds of rules nobody can figure out. Then when you do, they just change ‘em.”



Remain shackled.
No skin off my nose.
Able only to handle life
280 Twitter characters at a time.
Or your picture book Facebook.
Get your truth there.
Yeah, get it there

I asked the guy: “How do you think Morrison would be living if he was still living? Working over at a law firm or living on two different Hollywood lawns writing poetry and painting murals on the siding and lawn and porch and driveway and tree trunks and garage doors and windows and roofs?” Dude just looked at me like I was nuts. I mean, Maya Angelou said...when someone tells you who they are ...So the story in the *Times* made me out to be crazy because I said I was *Jim Morrison!* Nothing else, I mean nothing else, about me was weird, according to the article, except that I had claimed to be me! (lmf!). Can you believe that shit?

Why deny the occasional trouble
When the paradise is eventual?
When the false of it all is consensual?
 The taste of the now,
 the taste of the sensual.

Get what you can
Full steam ahead
Have what you get
Same old dream
So a suggestion:
Beg, crawl, steal, feel...
Nah, man, we still here
Out here, in America.
Forgiving

FOOTNOTE NUMBER TWENTY-THREE

Dalton’s aversion to technology came naturally and early. In first grade he was introduced to the Etch a Sketch. He drew a hand giving the viewer the middle finger. He pushed his little chair away from his little desk, said “fuck all ya’ll” and never went back to school. His family moved to a commune in central Oregon where he was given a set of encyclopedias and a small TV for learning, both of which he still owns. His family survived financially by volunteering Dalton for drug trials. Every trial from acne medication to Zoonotic diseases and infections.



FROM:

We've Got a Lot of Killers. What, You Think Our Country's So Innocent? (A Novella of Insurrection (on the White House instead of the Capitol, oops, but totally easy mistake), Innocence, Idiocy, and Forgiveness?)

He sat on the floor in the near pitch-black room with a smile on his face. He stared into space mumbling incoherently. On the walls were several QAnon posters and photographs of QAnon events like concert advertisements. There were posters of Jim Jones as well. His refrigerator was filled with pitchers of Kool-Aid; grape; cherry, etc.

There was nothing else in the apartment.

There was no small talk.

"I'm Detective Dalton and I am here to get information about the murders of several women from you. I know you have the information but have been told you have a communication disorder. Now, me and you are going to listen to some Blue Oyster Cult and talk. Just real nice, just real friendly. Some BOC, some you and me, some TLC, some honesty and some set us free. You dig, my brother?"

The man just smiles at him sitting on the floor.

He talks in gibberish putting together a few thoughts in English.

Not many thoughts and nothing trustworthy.

Sadly, Dalton thinks, it's not surprising to hear stories like these in the streets of San Francisco.

And obviously, Dalton, a world-class detective, has some follow-up questions to these bizarre sets of clues.

He learns from this man that the suspect in question lives in a big white house with peppermint flavored walls somewhere near a large biodome. He is ruled by an obese orange baboon on the Animal Channel called Baboo from the planet Xlar.

When they got to BOC's *Cultosaurus Erectus* album it became clear to Dalton that he is speaking in fluent Hungarian Pig Latin, very fluent in Hungarian, yet not as fluent in Pig, but close enough. Dalton, having learned Hungarian the summer of his hunger strike and the reel-to-reel tape machine recording everything would make understanding who this killer is quite easy. All he needs to do is play it on the reel-to-reel backwards and piece together the information as Wilets told him he would need to do.

Before leaving, Dalton goes across the hall and, uncharacteristically for him, bangs on the door becoming a tough guy cop. The man who tried to steal the turntable opens the door slightly as Dalton kicks it and enters the apartment. The man had stolen everything in the other guy's apartment, including his TV.

And the TV is huge! It covers an entire wall. How the hell did that psycho get a TV like that? When the hell did they start making TVs like that? Where the hell have I been? Jesus, what else has been invented since 1987?



The same week Miller heard Trombone Shorty, he also heard Edward Van Halen play “Eruption.” So he bought a trombone and Van Halen’s first album instead of a Trombone Shorty album, or electric guitar. He severely damaged his lips, teeth, facial bones, right elbow and tongue trying to play “Eruption” on said trombone.



These two men are a team. A unit. They rub off on one another like two bone-dry sticks. Two bone-dry sticks that ignite a fire; a fire that starts in the combustible weeds up in the suburban night hills, then moves quick-like to more mature things like bushes and shrubs, graduating to the trees and down the hillside to the mini-mansions below causing citizen evacuations to a cot-lined recreation center gym as the pissed-off suburban folk – who before this hated government and protested taxes loudly – now ask “where is my government?”



They park the 1964 AMC Rambler right in front of the hotel. They take their dirty clothes off placing them on the hood and trunk and roof of the car to air clean. They get into their pajamas on the sidewalk as tourists stop and stare. Both men act as if they are back on Stinson Beach together with nothing around but the waves, the moon, the stars and the sweet Stinson breeze. It’s not yet 5:30 PM.

“It was not, I repeat, not a good move to get our eyebrows shaved and half our heads shaved. It was stupid. Look at my tattoo. Really? I mean, I wouldn’t mind getting laid, but an advertisement?”

“Yes, stupid is the word and I’m certain it was all your idea, Lil Wil.”

“Thanks!”

“No, not thanks! Not thanks at all! It’s your move.”

They continued to play Go through the evening and morning. They watched Godard’s *Alphaville* off the Rambler dashboard. This is the only Godard film Lil Wil understands.

“Tomorrow, I am Lemmy Caution!” Lil Wil exclaims, wanting to be known as the hero of the film.

“No, I get to be! I was the one with the film! I’m Lemmy.”

They cannot come to a conclusion verbally so they wrestle for it. They wrestle for hours. There is some tickling. Some nose pinching. Some stomach fat grabs. No one wins. Just some real beautiful innocence in front of the Trump.

Feeling better, maybe cured, T-Dalt watches Lil Wil doing deep knee bends and standing toe touch exercises wearing nothing but the World B. Free Cleveland Cavaliers jersey he wears

as a nightie on warm evenings. T-Dalt smiles at his friend wishing the jersey was longer and wishing he would shave his back, his front, his sides, etc.



“Ok, I’m going to talk for a while and then not talk, ok? I just want to start off by saying that you shouldn’t blame yourself for the stupid insurrection. It was our first time. Let it go. Let er go. Next time will be a breeze. I have something for you. Before we left I could tell you were upset. You were practicing your penmanship on the beach with your stick. You were practicing your double Ts and Ls and such. I heard some music up the hill and it sounded good. Real good. I went to check it out. I got down on my hands and knees for secrecy and crawled up the road. Got about a mile up and thought what in the hell am I doing? Why am I on my hands and knees on a paved road with cars passing me and people spitting and honking at me? I mean why? So I stood up like a man and walked upright like a real man the rest of the way. I met a nice guy named Yim or Jim or something. I told him about you and how you were trying to solve some murders. I told him about your psychological conditions. I told him about your inner pain. I put forth your soul to this man. *Your soul!* He made us an 8-track tape of his album called *The Waterfall*. This should soothe your soul.”

The music indeed soothed the soul. They listened to it over and over. It was curative, therapeutic, pure. It made the world feel good again. Safe.

