

REPLY to an UNSOLICITED CHAIN LETTER

Dear Ruth,

Learn to pray and meditate.
Stop wishing. You'll get your
hands dirty *every* time!

sincerely,

one who has tried wishing. It doesn't work.

STYLE

A style is most appealing,
when perfected and unstated,
unpretentious admired graciously.

Lingering long afterwards in the mind,
as does the aroma of prairie sage.

Norman

Tall and gangly, like a Whooping
Crane. A mean spirited bird is he. (squeak . . . squawk)

Norman is his name, pensive and wide
shouldered, tall, surreal. A taxidermist

By profession. Chained by invisible bonds,
vicariously to Mother's deceptive hold. —

“For his mother does not speak. His mother
does not walk. She has caught the rigor mortis!”

A hick-hunk man is he, mysterious enough
to be suspicious, but not in the obvious way.

However, interestingly stubborn to cause
a deep stir within the creative psyche.

Quietly vicious, an irresponsible youth,
insecure and out of touch with the reality

Of life. A psycho, much too much so,
and warrants apprehension. Delusional.

Innoxiously debaced in a frenzied way.
Truly morbid and void; consciously insane.

SWEET PURITY GEM OF MY TRUE DESIRE

Ah, my sweet, sweet Purity.
My graceful one. The hidden

Gem of my true desire. I do not
know you, but you know of me.

Though I have never seen you. I
know that I have always existed

In You. And by your gentle care, —
always in your sight. O, how I

Long for your presence. To feel
your Holy Presence deep with in

My heart. Deeply in communion as
One song, dance, soul and mind.

O, divine Confidant and blessing;
Gift Transcendent. Converge all

Waters in me, into one massive flow.
Come, I pray, that I might know of you.

Come to me revealing myself, to me.
Let us pluck these fruits of passion

Born. In that by which this act of Love
is our birth, death and our Bread. You

Speak. I eat. And by this act of truth
revealed in our concerns, in this too,

Joy issues forth. You are, I become, I Am.

Rose Marie

Blessed Rose Marie, dear cousin,
good daughter, good wife, good mother.

Spiritual daughter of Holy Mother Mary,
dear friend of the Little Flower.

May you be so blessed as to assist our Mother
in all that she does and St. Therese in

Handing out Roses of Love to all
of us in need. In Jesus' Name we pray.

O, my Jesus, forgive us for,
The many sins and offenses,

Against the Sacredness of
Thy person in the flesh.

Your cousin, Tommy Lee

BASTARD WIND

It is a bastard wind that blows tonight,
Bringing pain and torment across this land.
With its chill it seeks the destruction of all
Living things, bending the strongest of trees
With its will, even freezing stones to their breaking,
While the rain and snow chorus with the pelting wind.
Raindrops as sharp as daggers, flakes as hard as steel
Plummet our heads while the ice that forms about us
Mocks friction's daring to stand, or to walk, or to drive,
Breaking us suddenly to a weighted stop. Plop, — butts,
Heads, feet crashing down under; twisted, malformed
On wet cold concrete sidewalks. Screech. Crash.
Tail lights, head lights, splintering with a crush and a
Moan. Bumpers bending, contorted and out of shape.
Sooooooooooooosh!