

THE
URTH
PRESS
PRESENTS:

AMERICAN BEATUP POET

(A WRITER'S JOURNAL OF WRITINGS TO
WRITE FROM)

C.J. FREGG

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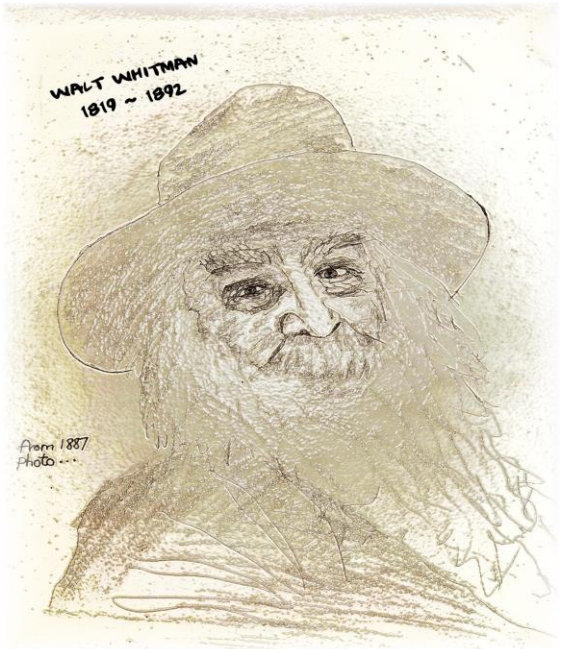
alwayston@yahoo.com

Sometimes when I turn sideways, I seem to almost disappear, from that time I was beat within an inch of my life.

Religious Views: We need spiritual beliefs to pray for corrupt politicians...

Political Views: We need politicians to remind us that anyone on URTH can be corrupted.





**AMERICAN POETS ALLEN GINSBERG & WALT
WHITMAN, AS DRAWN BY THIS AUTHOR.**

This is a book of collected ideas, thoughts and notes of a songwriter living in the 21st century American Midwest, collected mostly from tiny pieces of paper which had been put into various places around the house. The clutter is gone, the ideas are set free and I am no better or worse for sharing madness at work and play. I must stress the fact that a lot of this is made up of ideas for me as a writer for reference and are the seeds borne to give new life to bigger ideas. With this compilation of ideas comes a lot of puns and stupidity as well; things I haven't even read since I wrote them. I will be reading them later and I apologize for anything that someone else may find offensive, but I'm sure they could offend me in some way or another in such a format.

C.J. Faege

P.S. This is **not** a coffee table book for the whole family. I don't have children, so anything is allowed on my coffee table ... **except children.**

SHERLOCK ASKED, SO, WATSON IT FOR ME?

He looked past the shoreline, knowing well the oceans hands were tide.

The first time a dog does **anything**, it is a habit.

I have cut and pasted
so that nothing is wasted --
but that is none of your business apparel.

My staggered sleep was due to stuttering sheep.

Mr. Thompson mentioned it was as seen
on TV
it was like Hellywood...

Her name was Mahogany and they called her Maho for short - but not for long.

Walking in Pinocchio's plimsoles
wearing Geppetto's best sweater
forgetting Jiminy's best advice.

Billy Edison and went to jail for three
life terms

someone knocking at the door
is leaving deadly germs with their
knuckles.

If ever I doubt thee, my Lord, I
remember that even shoes have a sole.

November 8, 2009 and November 15, 2010

CRIMANIMALS = bad dog (identified in a
lineup by felonious feline)

Being bathed in endorfins is such a

beautiful pleasure, as wearing indoor fins
and swimming around inside of my
house.

Emerge and see!

A man was found dead by his car.
Because the car was unable to report
anything, it was three days before
another human reported discovering the
deceased that it was reported. This is
further proof that our machines do not
give a crap about us.

It always appears so different, looking
down from above knowing the strain in
your neck from looking up from below.

The future never came. What about the
restaurants on the moon they'd promised
in the future?

Wormhole travel: he went away, and

then came back looking different.

Boy falls into a manhole: acceptable.
Man falls into a boyhole: completely
unacceptable.

A year after we die and are reborn, we
shall all be one, but in six months, half.

A briefcase full of barf.

The chauffeur was driven by his ambition.
He enjoyed being a passenger for a
change.

He was the lay of the land she'd always
heard about. He was just like America;
about 8% homosexual, very broke with a
big gas problem.

Beyond past tents his mind's eye needed
glasses, but he found his way to the
Christmas tree and was given the present.

He was very Shell Fish, certainly not a Ben Elephant person.

The lazy worker at the poultry plant told the chickens to go pluck themselves.

What is a **whole nother** thing? Is it something made up of two half nothers?

Though he wasn't tired in the least, Rico went to see Esther.

WARNING! A head on crack causes head-on crash.

The dying old man called his loving wife to his side and whispered, "Comb my hair forward, right now!" She did as he asked and his long fine gray hair nearly covered his face and he looked rather silly. "Why, my dear?" she asked. He whispered "I'm not going out with a whimper, I'm going out with bangs ..."

his wife groaned as she had done for years of his jokes. The next moment the old comedy writer died, and he went out with bangs and a smile.

Quandry = a place that clears quands;
adj. quandromat.

He died with issues on.

Out of inner G... if you have to die,
dynamic.

Eventually, an explosion may occur after having received too many Botox injections over a 46 year period of time.

Before the insane actor went onstage, the stage manager yelled, "Now go out there and knock 'em dead!" He did. Break a leg would have been a better choice, as in

the case of Mr. John Wilkes Booth, after being told “break a leg” made him a little easier to catch after committing his evil deed.

A note scribbled to oneself onetime :

Remember when you used to sit right next to in the driver seat? With your arms around my neck and your fine fingered hand played with my hair tongue in my ear and your other hand on my lap, slowly moving over to the passenger side. You couldn't get out fast enough when we pulled into the garage, sitting by myself to think and to wonder how love slipped so easily away.

03/08/2000 - CJF

Brown knows that he's always sucking up to his boss.

Disorganized crime is not good for the economy.

Noon news is good news.

Sir Real's knighthood seemed to be based on lies.

A beard without a mustache resembles a face without eyebrows.

Some people might never achieve failure, for lack of trying at all.

I remember when a smoker's cough was more a part of the daily language.

Everything that you know about nothing is wrong, but nothing is wrong with everything that you know – unless it is wrong in the first place.

Forever isn't long enough anymore.

After we came across Pissinna Creek, we
wiped it off and continued onward.

How things czar at the Can and Cantina

She dotted his eye and he bitter end.

Not only was he confident he was King
Kongfident! (potential catch-phrase?)

Right after Dave began feeling like his old
self he began wishing he was young again.
Remember, it's always brightest just before
the power goes out.

United in Pain

**Join the FIGHT AGAINST
VIOLENCE. Together we can kick
violence's ass!**

At Little to No Co\$t to You

At little to no cost to you
I offer a love, so true
The kind you've been longing for too
All at little, or no cost to you.



**WHEN RUNNING FROM GIANT DINO-
MONSTERS, GET OFF THE MAIN ROAD!!**

Cameraman

Cameraman,
He's been and gone.
Cameraman.
Taking photographs.
cameraman.
That man framed me.
And I'd pay all the money.
To buy a camera and
shoot that cameraman.

Cameraman
He'll steal your soul
Cameraman
I can still picture him
Cameraman
With the film at ten
And I ran through the alley
With a loaded gun
Til I caught that cameraman

35 millimeters

and a forty-five
Take yourself out of the picture
Cameraman
Let's have a big smile
Seeing as how things have developed now
I got to shoot that cameraman

Cameraman
He was negative
Cameraman
In black and white
Cameraman
He's been exposed
He's dead and gone and I'm the one
Whose living in an eight by ten.
September 2011 - March 12, 2012

SOME SHORT TERM MEMOIRS

Is it silia to trim your nose hairs?

The Titson Asphalt Company

Dixon-Bahls Auto Body shop

She put him in the full-Nelson Mandella wrestling hold.

Down with gravity!

Sir Harry Q. Lees, esq.

the disbeliever told them to sit on his faith.

If someone has to tell you the “God's truth”, or “trust me” and preface statements so profanely, try to be polite about ignoring everything else they say, because even **they know how full of shit they are.**

Plugging the USA into the USB.

Practicing good supportsmanship.

Hit the ground...splattering.

I've had many greets in life, and I've not yet had one regret.

Watch out for emerging seas...

When you're right, all that is left is wrong.

He's busy filming the deleted scenes for the new movie.

This program contains scenes that some may find shocking. Still, others may be turned on. We are compelled by law to let you know and we don't care either way.

We have ~~a~~ no right to arm bears.

New Taste Treat: Nut in much.

She had a good pair a diddles and he, a
nice paranoids.

Magiously mysterical.

A garbage trove.

Everwhelmed.

True original art, poetry, music and
creative thought is realized and forgotten
in an instant until it is similarly created
by someone else eventually. Many of the
best ideas will also be absorbed by
eternity. The greatest ideas unrealized
with the extinction of the human life
form, the greatest would have been a way
to save it. Nature wins against mankind,
we will dissolve and the leaves will blow
away.

03/01/2012.

He attempted to perform VCR on the
passed out woman and she wound up
getting his DVD.

A robot in a rowboat.

He spit such a great deal that he became
phlegmbouyant.

Not a loud.

Yummy meat grown in a lab.

Two Alternate Titles for A Famous Beatle Album



Senior Moments Only Short-Term
Band.

Startled Better Phone Me Warts Club
Foot.

All the lonely peepholes, where do they
all come from?

A true idiot does not know he is, nor does he know if he might want to be.

He had an ashtray duct-taped to his wheelchair.

While breadth is our amount of time, it is the depth that matters.

From rescue to recovery.

The mourning after the night of the living room.

Kind of kind is a dispirited, desperate spirit.

·
He misunderstood and licked his locker instead of locking up his liquor.

Riddle: why would a person in a car attempt to cut their own head off just

before a collision occurs with another car? (to avoid having a head on).

Modified hats

Illegal trees.

Insincere footwear

authorize: to give birth, i.e., who authorized this baby?

The atheist told the Minister to sit on his faith.

The hairy armed doctor was also known as a fuzzician.

Aunt Arctica was left cold.

Mr. Dick Harder has again won the phallic weight lifting competition.

If

If I could only walk again, I would
walk to the forests of the ocean
if I could just move I would feel the
power of motion.

If I still had feelings, then I would
feel the physical world.

And if I could see, I would come to
understand what I could not see
before.

And if I could still breathe, then I
could thank God for the air and the
life that He gave. . . . if I lived. August 2010

Funny little death song

Even money cannot save me.
It buys everything but time.
Youth's misconception is that now will
never be then.
And old age will never settle on them.
Yet the faces change.
Youth goes away.
When the hands and feet start turning
black.
There truly is no turning back.
People die every day,
when tornadoes come their way.
So I guess that I may as well smoke.
At the end of the pack I just might croak
I'm laughing but this is no joke.
God is calling me on my soulphone.
I try to ignore but he won't leave me
alone
I finally answer and say "Hell low...?"
And He says that's where I'm headed to
go

Never curse the Holy Ghost, even in jest
Or you will join Hitler and all the rest.
And burn in hell for eternity.
Does God know when we are just
kidding?

Recitatives

L ife experience of love experience
The blatant highway, mutation
on the road.

67I House seats, blown down
the highway.

Franken car, a large 1997 Blainville.

Outcome of tremendously artistic wolf,
obsessed.

I brought these of Creighton said, Freeh
told dress.

A plump little to damaged tomb
wandering status

the world of parasitic Mexican process

let's meet with a chair on floor

the annual prediction of tornadic activity
taking my standard falling back price will
sum up

the amount of the lined up coffee cups.

This is the year everyone gets older

the stock saw sucked, soft soft suckers
singing.

The older fogeys

An army of legacy.

The Crock folk love to play folkcrock

natural causes

Smoking a fogey stogie

a humorsexual.

Can a nose hallucinate?

When you visit Mars, bring your own
water.

The new “Pitch a bitch” event has been
indefinitely discontinued.

You are the one-eye love by Yakov
Alotski.

So you cancel my book?

Is a creek in the floor like a lake in a wall?

The soldier on the battlefield was masturbating. Enemies stare in wonder, giving the allies an advantage. "Laugh and glare in disbelief, but it's one last time I'll have this feeling before I leave." Strange custom, that.

There were no serious injuries to report, although many were killed.

She broke his heart many hearts ago.

They kept throwing fruit at him until he was eventually berried.

Change is a lot like erectile dysfunction - . It doesn't come easily or quickly, but needn't be

hard to achieve satisfaction.

No holds hard.

I'm your concrete man, turning hard just
for you
Yeah I'm your cement mixer honey
making rock and gravel stew
I'm gonna lay it all right down here on
the ground
and later on you can drive on me too.

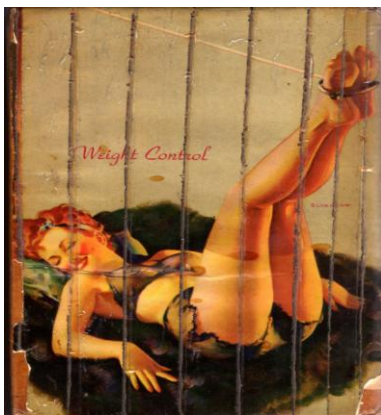
I don't exercise as much as I romanticize.

People die every day
when a tornado comes their way
winds of death and twisting furiousness
combine the elements with grievous
results.

To think the undrinkable is to consider
the inedible.

I can see you way back and even on the
way back to where I've seen you.
“Mercy!” a woman screamed from an
alleyway. “You’re welcome!” I replied as
I passed by and crossed the street,
admittedly confused she spoke in French
in Louisville, Kentucky... unless I heard
wrong. Oh, maybe that’s it alright.

I'm the son of a sea cook
and father to none
always been a claustrophobic
never had a gun
I sometimes try my patience
then have to face myself as judge and jury
and
investigate
this son of a
sea cook
and father to
none
spending his
money



and having his fun
the jury is out the jury comes back
the jury doesn't mind if I don't mind
a smile made is a smile created from the
inside out

{picture: Dad's Navy cookbook back cover}

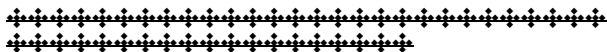
Even a willing Spirit may not always supply
enough strength to the flesh.

CJF ~ July 13, 2012

I have to wonder where they went
In the prairie of the broken cement
The place remains but the people are gone
Carry me to the shore
Because I just can't swim any more

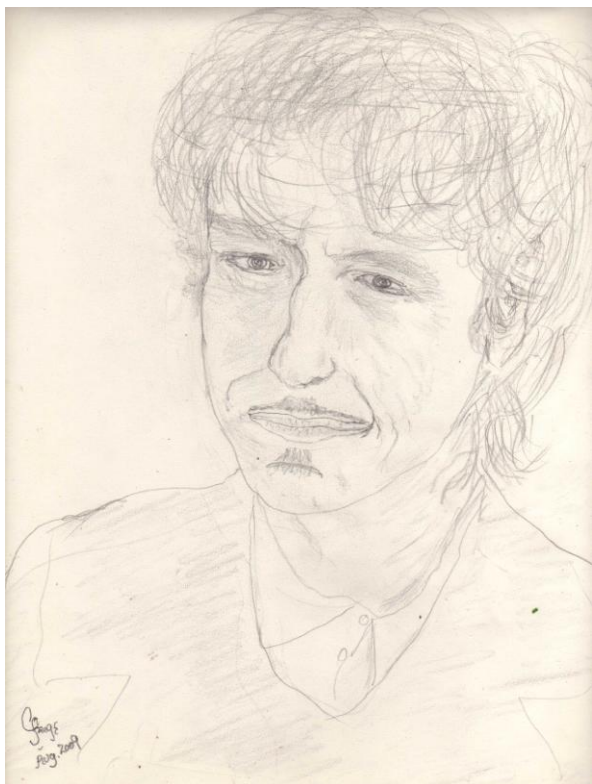
When man's brain was intelligent
It flourished for years
But one fine day it went away
Brains go bad and DNA
Seems to have an effect on
The people and their ways
Of holding phones to their heads
When those devices failed
All the people died
They don't know how to act
With their iPods broken
And the messages failed
Their electric lifestyles were a thing of the
past
And they took all the drugs

in their medicine cabinets.



SOMEWHERE NEAR THE
ANDY'S, CLOSE TO THE
AMOS MOUNTAINS, THERE
LIVED A POTATO FARMER
DURING THE RITUAL TIME OF
HARVEST.

THE TAINED POOFER



MY DRAWING OF MY HERO, BOB DYLAN, 2009

Let Nothing You Nor I

Dismay ~ Charlie Faege

G C/G D/G Em/G

Let nothing you nor I dismay

Am Am/G D D7

___We love the lives we live today

G/F C/E D/C Em/B

Cherish time forget despair *g f# g b a_ b c d b a g*

a_

Am G D G D/F# Am7

D ___

___Let nothing you nor I ___ dismay.

G C D Em/G

Success is not the only hope

Am Am/G D D7

___Though hope is great with fear at bay

G/F C/E D/C Em/B

Trusting of the good inside

Am G D Em ___Bm/E___A/E_(rpt)Em

___Bm/E___A/E D

___Let nothing you nor I ___ dismay.

G C D Em

The heart may weep the heart will break

Am Am/G D D7

___But life continues like the air

G/F C/E D/C Em/B

Breathe in and out a smile you make

Am Am/G D Em __A/E Em__ A/E:
D __ G
__Let nothing you nor I ____ dismay.

(cont'd next page)

The wind will blow the leaves will dance
__The waves will pound against the shore
The rain will fall the flowers grow

Em

__Bm/E__A/E:Em __Bm/E__A/E
__Let nothing you nor I ____dismay.

(key change)

A D E
F#m

You can lose yourself in sadness, the tides left you on the sand

Bm Bm/A E/G# E7

__You feel abandoned and alone again

A/G D/F# E/B F#m

The first and last thing that I want to say

Bm A E F#m __

__Let nothing you nor I ____ dismay__

Bm A E A/G__ D/F# __

Dm/F __ A

__Let nothing you nor I ____ dismay.

Extra verse ~

There is only one thing I would ever ask
The people hurting in this world today
Is love each other and live life in peace
Let not the world nor I___ dismay.

CJF - August 5 & August 12, 2012



The Banker, The Lobbyist and The Special Interest Group

Oh the banker, lobbyist and the special
interest group

All banned together in the senators boat
He made a life by skimming off the



Members of the Bored

Wants again, nothing was knew.
All political clowns are evil inside.
Even a clown who says his prayers by night
Will turn into a wereclown
when the clownnosebush honks.
Would that we could fill those shoes...
We most likely wouldn't.

There Ain't No Comin Back

CJF August 15, 2012

They just thawed out Walt Disney's body
He was spoiled pretty bad from freezer burn
They tried to keep him away from heat
This wasn't the Future that he dreamed of
His time capsule smelled like a rotting meat

No Woody Guthrie Lewis Carroll or
Leadbelly

They are way beyond repair and beyond
smelly
They've gone to another place
In eternal outer space
Cause they just ain't comin' back.

John Lennon he ain't comin back
Houdini he ain't comin back, my friend
They tell me Jesus did it once then he did
ascend
Not Frankenstein not Albert Ein...
Not Moe or Shemp or Larry Fine

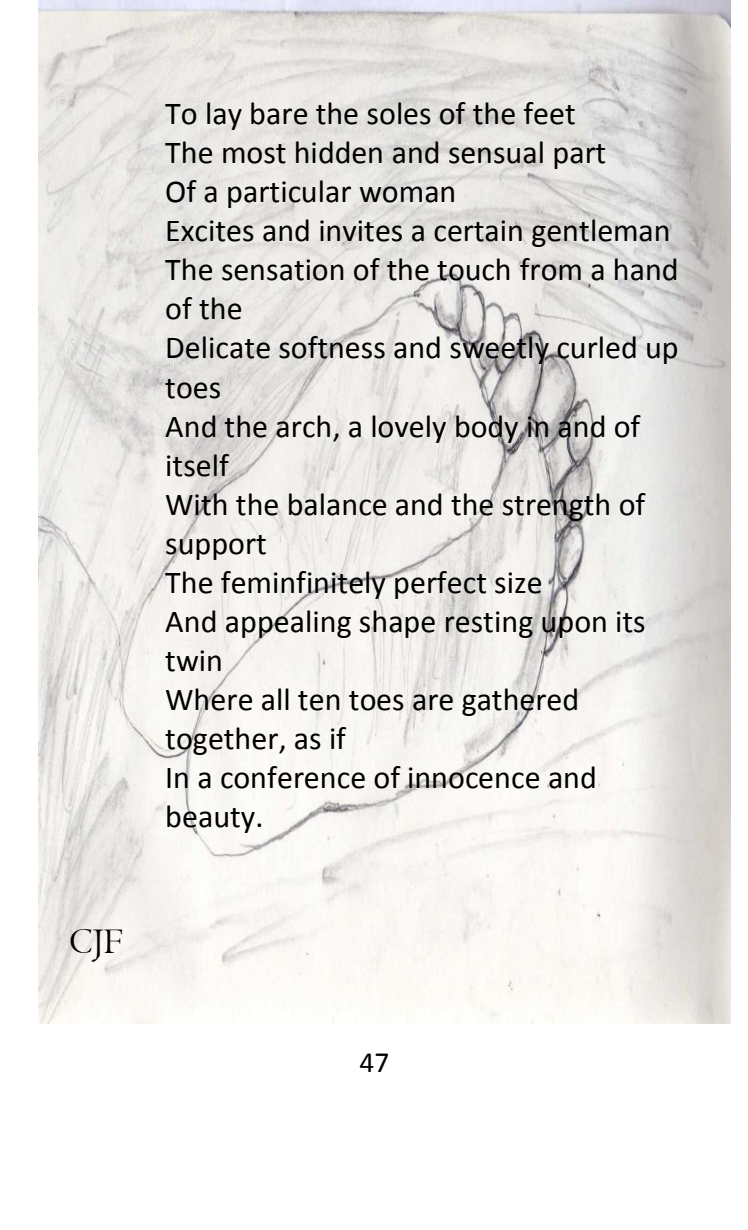
They just ain't no coming back.

Jimi Hendrix left the building with Elvis
And Keith Moon played the drums so well
But Keith can't hold a stick nor can Jimi
play a lick

And Elvis will never say u-u-uhuh! again
They may be in heaven or hell, if you ask
they can not tell

They are better off where they are,
Who wants to see a dead guy drive a car
If they'd saved Abe Lincoln's head
He would surely be brain dead

*No there ain't no comin back - there just
ain't ___no comin___ back.*



To lay bare the soles of the feet
The most hidden and sensual part
Of a particular woman
Excites and invites a certain gentleman
The sensation of the touch from a hand
of the
Delicate softness and sweetly curled up
toes
And the arch, a lovely body in and of
itself
With the balance and the strength of
support
The femininely perfect size
And appealing shape resting upon its
twin
Where all ten toes are gathered
together, as if
In a conference of innocence and
beauty.

CJF

That just made the heirs on the back of my
neck stand up, so I said “you may be
seated.”

With weapons fully drawn, the enemy
rubbed them out with erasers.

Where lightning strikes, it is best to be
located otherwise.



A particular woman and a certain gentleman
in 1943

Fell in love and I the third of three

This sailorman cook Charlie and his bride
named Anne

Had three kids in St. Louis



Life was good even though a war was going
on
From the Navy to a factory my father made
his way
Sixty years later I stand here today
Carrying on with a certain gentleman's name
Did what mother told me, a somewhat
normal kid

My Dad

I still answer to the calling of the life I have
lived
I miss them dearly and my love has only

grown

And hope to see them one day

After it's time for me to go



Look to the ground

Is the terra any firma
Therein I rest my case.

LARD Buckley was
so Hip, he Nevertate a Square Meal ...



Richard Myrtle Buckley
Made the scene in 1906 -
Split in 1960.

Charlie
Foster
Aug 2009

Living in Relative Safety

My inkpen mind, your pinplug ears

The answer you don't want to hear

The love and anger stored inside

And no one knows what it may hide

The world is just the internet

Many fools that I have never met

They type and pose and send their text

Dear god knows what is coming next

I am harmless have no fear

Just an old man sitting here

Watching his world get more ~~fucked~~ up

Every day another thing
The shocking news just makes it worse
First day of school kids bring their guns
Or to the movie theatre where blood will
run
They wanted to know how it feels to kill
Wasn't that an exciting thrill
Go to jail now take your pill
You'll soon find God inside your cell
Tell them that you're cured you're all well
They let you out and you make a friend
Then kill him for that thrill again
It's not your fault you forgot your pills

And good people stagger through the mire
With the question “why” in their mind
But the answer that we all ignore
Is the same reason that they killed before
When killers bother to explain
We still can’t figure out their brain
So a man who one day can take no more
Will kill again just as before.

August 27, 2012

To Have A Field Day

I am not sure if I have ever had a field day

On this side of the grass I am alive

I am in love I am happy I am beguiled I am
meek

I am in pain I feel good

I am a child I am old I am hungry yet

I am alive ... with pleasure

I have all I have nothing at all

I am strong I am dying I am intelligent

I am a fool I am afraid

I am having a great time in my time

I am right on time and I am out of time

I have great success and utter failure
I am not moving I see how far I've come
In the journey to return to my beginning
I exist I depart I take I impart
To those living on this side of the grass
To those gone beneath it
From where I have been to where I will go
The dream that I am real
the real dream is that which
encompasses the entire universe.

February 3, 2013

CJF

Wow Charlie. Very, very good--JK



The Janee' Seal of Approval

Harmless

Is thinking harmless?

Thinking is a blatant hazard and is the
reason for

Gigantic structures in cities and the airplanes
above them

And the sewers beneath the street may flow
with great ideas

From the great thinkers

Thinking is divided into many states of
minds within each thinker

It is the leading cause of forgotten thoughts

And is on the front lines of memory

Creates anger and brutal weaponry

Vision runs a close second; for without it
All of the thinkers would not see all
The other thinkers, to be influenced by their
looks
With their longer noses and different skin
colors
And by touch, they would all feel
nearly the same on the outside to each other
no runway models or leaders would exist
except for the greatest thinkers in the world
or so I think.

CJF - February 5, 2013

Life Inside of a Brainbox

The human brain is only limited to
everything that is all

To some, it is limited to madness

A place of monstrous things

Where no strangers may peer inside

Where sharp piercing objects are the lining

And the blood flows

in anger and confusion

In darkness.

CJF

February 10, 2013

The Moonlight is Made for Love

{If we die we'll go out smiling ~ still dancing in the moonlight}

The moonlight is made for love

Even now when we're 83

You can still dance with me

The starlight and heavens above

Still make me feel romantic

Let's hold hands and dream again

The moonlight is made for love.

Though the years just keep
passing by

You're still my girl I'm still
your guy

Remember that night you
blackened my eye

The sucker punch I probably
deserved

Though I still can't recall why ...
but now

We're tippy toeing in the
moonlight

The moonlight was made for love.

We did our act on the vaudeville stage

We never did act our age

Let's do the show that we used to do

While we're wearing our orthopedic shoes

The band may sound strange

they say everything must change
But the music lives on in our hearts
Oh the moonlight is made for love.

See the stars calling down from above
Let us dance on the moonbeams, my love
Let's take a chance while we still remember
At least our spirits are both willing
And your flesh is still thrilling
Oh the moonlight (*ba ba ba ba ba baa*) was
made for love.

CJF - 2/13/2013

Everything is for God's Sake

What do you do when your very closest friend and ally passes away.

And the love continues

After he has been right at your side for almost 14 years

Which was the length of my friend Red's life

Who only wanted to be with me and I him

How I loved every moment with him

Over time, I watched him grow and saw him aging

Always wiser with greater understanding as time went on

Because our bond was so great

Each knew what the other needed

Such heartbreak at the end as I always knew
there would be

Because nothing can prepare the living for
the dead

Red was so very brave and had a heart of
gold

But even the strongest of hearts must fail

Yes I am mourning this tremendous loss

And I long for him so.

I want nothing more from my own death
than to

Be with my loved ones again

And if this happens, Redmond Barry
VelvetSkin will be waiting for me

With his beautiful sister Nipper, with a
tennis ball in her mouth

My dear sweet Millie will ask for a ride

Dudley the wonderful Bassett hound is
singing

Harley the faithful will cover my face with
kisses of joy

little Jackie Bayo, her cancer gone is playing
again

Peaches the lovebird flies to my shoulder
and nibbles at my earlobe

And even Rocket the squirrel may have
forgiven Nipper by then

And Archie boy - he will be smiling.

Through the exhilarating tears I see my
Father and my Mother

And I will know that I am home.

We will get the Heaven we need.

CJF - February 15, 2013

Chicxulub (*smoking the tail of the devil*)

I am I can

I am canned ham

Smoked from the inside out

Feels good smoking that cigarette

Especially when you don't notice yet

The damage done to lung and throat

When is too late to worry and gloat?

The best time to stop or just lay off

Is when our spoken words

Are mostly coughs

We can laugh and make a joke

Share a smile and share a smoke

Later on we share a choke

Because we know

we shouldn't have smoked.

Forgotten Password

Just as the industrial revolution affected the
world

So too have the endless servers

which compose the internet

allowing a connectedness mankind has never
known

yet it is a vast land of deception and evil

until I can lie down and hang my hat on a
hook

in a chat room, I will never enter one.

02212013

How To Save Trouble

I have an eyelash waving before my eye

Get back or get off

You're blocking the sky

I don't like looking through a bush

I yank I rub I pull and push

Surely this obstruction mocks me

But this lash will not defeat me

Perhaps a well placed piece

of shipping tape across the eyelid

one yank and it's gone

Oh look, it fell off all on its own.

Cjf - 02222013

Punched in the Face (Indoctrination of An American Beat-up Poet)

The first time I was punched

Right in the face

Is as clear as my first kiss, though

Perhaps I mean the second kiss from the
second girl

As the first kiss girl had horrible halitosis

And I held back gagging around her

Not much better than that first punch

Yet I tried kissing again with someone new

And it was very good

Unlike the first punch in which

The pain from the hit caused such pain
Throughout my confused teenaged skull
I could barely see my vision was all a blur
And it was without reason or provocation
The grandstand cheers urged the fight on
but it was no fight it was a beating
I was outnumbered four to one held and
smashed
The blood came next and scars were formed
Old friendships from school gone forever in
an instant
As the dirt ground into the new wounds
My nose broken my lip torn

No one came to save me no invocation
uttered

Save for my curses to the idiotic fighters

Whose only cause was to damage my goods?

Before the blood dried turned to scabs then
to scars

The greaser people all leaned against their
cars

Soon, I was off having my second kiss
somewhere

a kid beat up for the length of his hair

Just because I wore my hair clean and long

Instead of the hair-slicked boon-dockered
hillbilly side-parting

Fight-pickin thugs I went to school with

Was no reason for them to show their love
With blows to my skull and body, as if
I was a threat to their way of life
and actually I was.

Many tried to look like me after a few years
of me's around the world.

But I was there and now I'm here, no longer
An object to punch, knock down and kick
with a boot

Come do it again it feels so good

The next kiss was better

As I'd hoped it would.

CJF 02232013



Did you bring me to a titty bar, you dumb ass?

Paeon to Pain

Pain is accomplished by nerve endings

in the human body and

some form of stimulus

begins its processes

The reason why God made toes

So that we will find our way through

A darkened room full of furniture

Pain is pastoral

It is another way to prove existence

Or mortality

Pain is understanding

An annoying feature of life
That no man can suppress from the inside
Knowing that it needs attention
Like some sour-voiced singer on a stage
Meantime, pain has strapped
Your body to a chair in the audience
Pain is saying goodbye with tears
And the pleasure of being reunited
The unforgiving passport to passing
The yang to the yin of pleasure
The light in the darkness
The numbness of nothing
A burning of everything

A fire within the nerves without
An awareness of a mistake
Or being welcomed to a state of being
A being of imperfections and
the touch of sensation from inside
A constant reminder of life itself
A reckoning of choices
The sudden chorus of confused voices
That rise and swell up from the deep
Areas of hurt and destruction
And travels past remaining parts of goodness
And splash into the bloodwaters of a body
Like a clock tells the time

Of beginnings or endings.

The Year Without A Summer

1816 was also known as the year without a summer

With ice flowing down the Pennsylvania rivers in July and August

The bitter cold of fall dropped to -27 below in New York

There were no crops and great food shortages

The weather anomalies caused by a cooling effect after

Volcano Tambora erupted, the largest in 1300 years

A persistent dry fog covered the northeastern U.S.

The skies were reddened from the sulfate
veil

The price of grain soared from

12 cents a bushel to 92 cents a bushel

And many people had barely any food to eat

Temperatures would swing from 95 to
freezing within hours

It must have felt like the end of times

And for many it was.

Cjf - 02242013

Morning Time with My Special Guest, Multiple Sclerosis

I am just so worn out

Each morning glimpses of youth

In the mirror are becoming fewer

My face is sliding off of my head

I can hardly move

Everything hurts all is weak now

(no, it isn't a hangover, I did not have
anything to drink)

My skin, like a loose fitting jacket

Lies in a rumpled pile on the bedroom floor

Waiting for me to slip it on for the day

Forever is such a short time

In terms of decades and aging

In terms of terms

In terms of worms

Ah, life I do love you.

Perhaps I really have it made, as some say

It's made and now what will I do with it
anyway

It may be a piece of music remembered and
played

Beyond the life of the creator

Is that what I have when I am having it
made.

How would I ever know.

That's funny. CJF 02262013

Subjective Importance

Truth is subjective

facts are assertions

faith is an impression

beliefs are hopeful

wealth is randomness

time is space

space is transient

life is a moment.

However,

truth is an assertion

facts are hopeful

faith is subjective

beliefs are

transient

wealth is a moment

space is time

time is randomness

life is an impression.

CJF 02282013

The Six O'clock News

Economies collapsing

Growing dissent

Civil wars continue

And new ones begin

Landscapes bleed

Innocence lost

Prices rising

Taxation continuing

criminal leaders flourish

hair dyes

Benefits halted

Promises broken

Hatred spreading
Homosexuals married
Opportunity stops knocking
Air sold by the bottle
Water unaffordable
Guns purchased
infrastructures ruined
Doctors unpaid
Lives lost
Families ripped apart
Shelter not found
Money rare
Wealth useless

Scandals revealed

Heads rolling

Oil spilled

Pollution rampant

Unthinkable thinkable

Cruise ships sinking

Control gone

banks failing

milk spoiling

lines and guns drawn

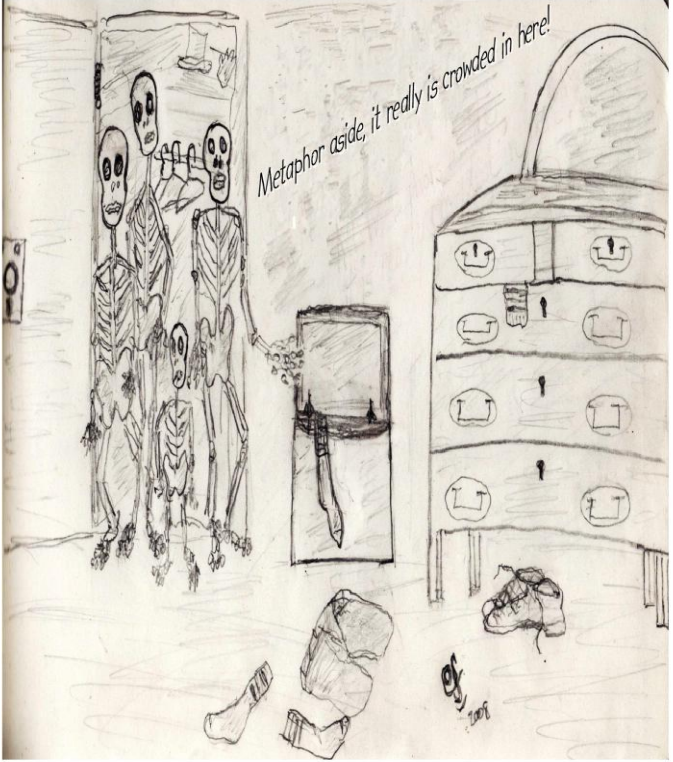
atoms detonated

lives ended

Stay tuned.

We will be back tomorrow at six
if we are still here and you are still there.

CJF 03022013



Metaphor aside, it really is crowded in here!

Tell me the tooth you won't hurt my fillings

The poor fellow had been flogged thrice for
douchebaggery

The only job he could get was as a douche
bagger at the grocery store.

Curiosity befriended the cat and then they
moved in together. Eventually the cat said
“let meow't!”

Be prepared to make your meter (good sign
for a parking meter manufacturer!)

Natural Selection in Art

This now isn't any good, it is now that now,
it has become the present thinking of the
past and waiting for the future.

We can always take it from there

The place where we left off so long ago

It was such a long way to here

The present that we have is a present to me

As it unfolds we witness life so sweet

Love is what guides us through the streets in
life

Hope starts the day or I won't get up

Either way

We can always take it from there

You are the one you are my dream

I love you Janee'.

CJF

The Lonely Road to Alwayston

As the Seventh Seal was opened and the
horsemen came to view

I was thinking about a mermaid that I met a
time or two

I don't care to talk about it, don't even ask

She turned out to be someone else in
another person's mask

She had a laundry list of reasons and plenty
of alibis

Many fishermen and sailors loved her and
none of them were wise

**And the lonely road to Alwayston is no
company at all.**

Yes, you left your wheelchair here and I
can't think where I saw it last

I hope your leg is doing better and you still
walk just as fast

The last time I saw your shoes I took them
for a little walk

They both ran away from me when all I
wanted to do was talk.

**And the lonely road to Alwayston can hang
you out to dry.**

Remember I saw you walk down the street
in your baseball gloves

With your heart full of soul and your soul
all full of love

You were always around whenever push
came to a shove

**And the lonely road to Alwayston always
takes about three days.**

When the President's in prison on a
counterfeiting charge and

You're halfway down to nothing your
pocket's hanging inside out

Nothing left to believe in yet there's little
room for doubt

Someone has definitely thrown a wrench in
the works

**On the lonely road to Alwayston, all you
meet are jerks.**

It started out as a sunny day when the war
came to our home.

Launchers blasted fiery missiles with the
sabers rattling drone

And sanctions failed to change their course
soon everything was gone

Something in the road ahead I can't tell yet
what it is

Some renegade with a gun, or is that your
girlfriend Liz?

Everyone's a lunatic we got to find a new
place to stay

**And the lonely road to Alwayston is still so
far away.**

The meaning of life is soon to be revealed

And some of us are coming back as
carpenters or seals

The zombie's in the basement Lon Chaney's
on the roof

Sherlock's in the closet still searching for the
proof

Mama get the formula daddy get your gun

**And the lonely road to Alwayston is not
exactly fun.**

Sunglasses on my head keep the sun out of
my hair

I'm squinting through these butterflyelids at
the humanity fair

Hell just came right up on us like a cat does
to a bird

Someone started to tell me at least that's
what I heard

**The lonely road to Alwayston is hard to put
into words.**

It's difficult to speak of seems like every
time I look

Stephen King is typing fast, he's writing his
next book

I still think about that mermaid who got
caught in an internet

the streets are full of darkness and it isn't
nighttime yet

seven horsemen running it's time to place
your bets

the twisted road to Alwayston is made of
bone and flesh.

CJF - 03152013

Maybe next time

The trashman gathers garbage as the wind
scatters memories

Some dreams that got away today

so maybe next time

Maybe next time on a day of rain

A trashman standing there with a three day
growth

scratches his face and leaves his coffee by the
sink,

maybe next time

Some music is playing somewhere

The wedding of a son and the day that
finally came

The widows' peak all covered with snow

Shadows exhale nowhere left to go

And the daylight invites itself in once again

The trashman goes to work forgets his
coffee

Figures he'll be dumping those cans until
he's 65

As the sun came down upon him in the heat
of summertime

streams of sweat ran down his face as he
finished up his day

nothing ever changed until the trashman
never showed

his mother got worried and his wife and
children all upset

he didn't come home yesterday and he hasn't
been home yet

so maybe not next time --

CJF

03092013

relevarT emiT

You see, I just came to the future

Which is here and now to you

Not sure how I got here but I'm

going back the same way I came through.

I see a lot of strange people all with so many
machines

They do a lot of work for you, which is the
best that I can deem

I heard about something called an answering
machine

(How perfect! It surely can answer all our
questions

I must have my own machine, to take back
to the past)

But trickery was afoot that day and that's a
certainty

I went to a place called Walmart and
brought it back home to ye

We spoke to it and waited but it never said a
word

It had some kinda wire coming from it and I
guess that makes it work

When I came back they didn't believe me
And found to be an evil witch.

CJF ~ 03152013

This Man's Work

If we wear the hats of our heroes, we will
never wear our own.

Not many have ever heard of me, yet I've
been here all along, few have read my words
or listened to my songs. Thus I deem that it
will be, I the unknown, another troubadour
singing to himself. This man's work
throughout his life piled high, filling dust-
filled shelves. When my remains become
part of the earth and days turn into years,
someone may proclaim my work as valid as
all of my peers. A lot of good any such
proclamation does me later, but inspires me

here to write. It makes no difference to be unknown; it is neither wrong nor right. As an unknown, I am an entirely new person to someone who doesn't know I exist, conversely nor do I know of them, such a perfect tryst.

CJF

03152013

To the Unth Power-less

I cannot

unthink a thought

Unsmell a memory of a certain place

Unlisten to a flat singer or dreadful music at deafening decibels

Unfeel pain from a misguided hammer to
my hand

Undream a nightmare once dreamed

Unfear that which frightens me most

Uneat a large dinner

Unwrite words with writer's remorse

Unsee a horrible sight that is imprinted in
the mind

Unlive any time lived considered
unproductive or wasted

Undie when I'm dead

Uncry all my tears which have evaporated
into the universe

Unsay every blurted out stupid remark I
have thoughtlessly said

Now you've read to the end and it cannot be
Unread.

CJF ~ 03I620I3 (*I am unapologetic*).

The most sought after words in journals are
never written in them.

amBIGuous

Life for many has become a stream of ambiguity in this so called digital age, after centuries of plenty for everybody, environmentally speaking. In a social sense, in the case of sending cryptic texts, the biggest social craze since the hula hoop, The same words of text can convey a laugh to some but might be a great source of pain to others. With text lines of communication always open, many misgivings will cause the texting craze to eventually go the way of the once popular CB radio. Still, nothing can replace a face to face talk, not even a chat line with cameras.

CJF ~ 03162013

Fights

People are always fighting with each other over everything; over words over money over sex over ownership over borders over religions over food over water over oil over politics over hate over livestock over taxes over fear over jealousy over cruelty over lies over deceit over fighting over anger over lust over language over belief and mostly over nothing.

Please stop fighting or I will come over there and kick your ass. ☹

CJF ~ 03162013

Reality

In this present state of stupidity

We take and sell what the earth provides to
others

In a free market society where the market's
not free

And most of the wealth of the world
is owned by only a few people

And the crumbs that remain go to the rest

With vast wealth comes world domination

An operation that is done silently, unnoticed

And those that notice the loudest

may be the first to disappear
to a System it will not matter if
they simply aren't here
sad to think about society's collapse
others think the same and they know
that the object is already in motion
and nothing can really be done.

~~New slogan for prophylactics: "Come
prepared!"~~

~~"Are you talking to meat? Hey, you talkin'
to meat? I don see nobody else around so
you mus be talkin to meat. Get some bread
'n make a san'wich!"~~

~~A spokesperson for a popular cigarette company was quoted saying that “all you need to do is cough and then spit a lot after smoking and you won’t get cancer.” This qualifies as worthless mouth foam, possibly a by-product of those tubes of air blowing up his nose.~~

~~The leader of the porpoi sat at the end of a long golden table with every delicacy you could imagine piled high for an extraordinary feast. The others all sat around enjoying his company and heeding his calls. They were all there of course, to serve a greater porpoise.~~

(ABSOLUTELY HORRIBLE!
DELETE!)

CJF – 03212013/3:60 PM

I am slightly penitent...

RELEVANCE

Everything is irrelevant

All missing parts nothing connects

The scenery a patched quilt of many scenes

An order of chaos

Bizarre contradiction

Unpredictable madness

A world unglued

by imploded atoms

Dissembled particles

dispatched and relocated

a nation is missing

an unrecognizable continent

of unrecognizable content

nothing gained or won

death stage four

no heroes

population zero.

CJF - 03232013 11:56A

The Woodby Report

Criminals would be nicer if they weren't evil
inside

Aliens would be more like us if they didn't
look so ... alien.

I got completely undressed for the second
time today and I am renude.

Write yourself well. Write your way right.
Write makes right.

Prit T. Gurley was so ugly that her backside
was indiscernible from her front-top.

When someone begins a pitch with a
sentence like “in these difficult times...”
they have only capturing your last few
dollars in mind.

The sadness spread like cement across the
city.

Withdrawal necessitates unequalled
cessation. Believe you me.

GOODER

OAKS

AND

BADGE

OAKS

How the Governink Works by Popeye McGonahay

Democracy has a leader, that leader is called *The Presidink*.

The toughest part of his leadership is getting cooperation and support from the ruling bodies below him, the *Soup Ream Court*,

the House of Misrepresentatives and The Sineaters



There are the *Reprobaticans* and the *Demoncrabs* parties within what they call *Kong Ress* and know how to put party in the word party. They congregate on occasion to raise their salaries, increase benefits and express their anger with each other. They are supposed to obey *The Ancient Rulebooks*, also known as:

*The Constipation of the United States ~the
Desecration of Independence ~ the Unpaid Bill of
Rights ~ the Renunciation Proclamation.*

Any kweshtuns?

CJF -- 033I2013

This Must Happen

Proposed 28th Amendment to the United States

Constitution: "Congress shall make no law that applies to the citizens of the United States that does not apply equally to the Senators and/or Representatives; and, Congress shall make no law that applies to the Senators and/or Representatives that does not apply equally to the citizens of the United States".



Artwork by Cal Schenkel (*I am near top center of picture*)

She was looking at the old shoelaces on my tennis shoes. Think I'll ever replace them?
Frayed knot!

~~Two women named Norma were always busy at their job. Outside of the pair of Normas' activity at work they rarely saw each other.~~

Even more discovered scraps of paper accumulated from past years, April 5, 2013 (some dated, mostly one or two-liners) :

There are even more books waiting to be

Ugly is the new pretty.

The Conquered Grapes

Does sighs matter?

The Grate Society in the dark nuclear winter. He lit a match which illuminated a

gold Barack Obama commemorative coin.
He sure was glad he still had that coin.

Do you worry that you're not getting
enough chondroitin in your diet?

An American Indian in full dress carried
their nutsacks from his waistband.

The kid in the candy store felt more like a
can in a kidney store.

December 2008

At the Faran Square bookstore, I found
"Which Proves What?" by Brian O'Conan

The Slim Limper was pulling bits of pit
falling pit bulls.

His flamboyantly pampered pompadour was
unmoving.

February 2009

SILVER COLORED PLASTIC

It's just silver colored plastic

but to the eye it seems fantastic.

It does not feel like steel

But man it looks so real

Silver colored plastic is the real deal.

If you feel it, it is felt

If you heat it, it will melt

Smelly plastic how it smelt

Caustic fumes in my lungs

Silver colored plastic in the shape of a gun.

Animals and Anomalies



Mr. E. Mailman / mystery mailman

He waited in his layer

For the porno film goddess Penny Trasion

Upper U.S. and innuendo

President Truman Capote and his cousin
Wile E Coyote

Santa Claus in Toyletteland, where life was
just wonderful. (you thought I was going to
say *crappy* didn't you?).

The Secret of our friends who talk too much

Each time with story, theory and retelling

Interruptions are not allowed.

Each time the story is duplicated with more
fervor

Each time makes it more real for the story-
reteller

and causes polite listeners to nearly

Go insane to once again hear

the same rhetoric.

Shitty take-home pay = incomepoop

I like it as a poster ---

As opposed to not liking it.

06012008

People must be better informed about
janitorial herpes.

Call now! SPACE is limited (seems vast
enough to me).

The Rain Killer - when it rains, he assaults.

FOEGE= Form

Of

Energy

Good

Energy.

The Devil's Door

Pull that lever on the floor and

Send me down through the devil's door

I'm headin' for hell when I die

Don't put me in a casket

The devil's train is coming soon

And it's loaded with hand baskets

So pull that lever down to the floor

And send me down through the devil's door

it's coming here to town and I'll be getting
on

don't need no ticket to ride on that train

I never did the Devil's work but I'll take all
the blame.

CJF

(once in 2012)

Looking Back

Whatever happens in the front

She really didn't mind

Mostly all she cared about was

looking good from behind.

THE FINAL TRUTH OF LIFE AND DEATH

THE ONLY KNOWN TRUTH ABOUT DEATH IS THAT DEATH REVEALS THE FINAL TRUTH OF LIFE AND DEATH. WE HOLD WORLDS OF INFORMATION WITHIN US; OUR DREAMS, HOPES AND BELIEFS. IT IS DIFFICULT FOR US TO ACCEPT THAT THE VAST WORLDS WITHIN OUR MEMORIES WILL CEASE THE MOMENT WE LEAVE OUR LIVES BEHIND, SO WE SOOTHE OURSELVES WITH RELIGIOUS FAITHS AND MYTHOLOGY. THE ONLY KNOWN TRUTH ABOUT DEATH IS THAT DEATH REVEALS THE FINAL TRUTH OF ALL, AND THAT TRUTH MAY BE THAT THERE IS NO TRUTH TO BE REVEALED.

O/N/CE 2012

Electric Cars

An internal combustion engine is no longer

The best choice for a car

Without obvious emission problems

Is going to be electric

The big oil companies will fail at squashing
it in its tire tracks

Gas stations will go out of business one by
one

And this technology will win out

And improve as a new technology always
does.

Horses are better than internal combustion
engines.

CJF ~ 04062013

I tried to cash the background check.

With all the puns and weird jokes in here, how can I tell when I am serious? Well, that's for you to know and me to find out.

Sometimes when I turn sideways, I seem to almost disappear, because of that time I was beat within an inch of my life. Then there's that period of time I was constipated for days, having had the shit knocked out of me the week before.



Epitaph for someone exactly like me

Firstly, find a good picture of me
placed behind a candle

perhaps these words could be put on
my stone

"I will never be back and I'll never be
gone.

I loved living here and laughing, you
know

As god planned I will leave when it is
time to go.

I love you all thank you for all your
love too

Enjoy life, believe me I'm still here
with you.

A man of URTH, a son, brother,
uncle

A man of stories who sung his own
songs

And created his own universe to carry
him on

A multi-instrumentalist, artist and
musical craftsman."

[Press Play](#) (best recordings are part of
tombstone)

CJF ~ 04072013

At my request, [Dvorak's Symphony No 9](#)
(The New World) was played on the organ

at my Mother's funeral. Part of the music was adapted into a spiritual song, "Going Home", i.e. "*Going home, going home, I'm just going home.*" When it was played, I could hardly contain myself and had to excuse myself from the parlor. There is such a fine line between beautiful and sad music. For my own service, I would like my version of Charlie Chaplin's "[Smile](#)" to be played. I also love [Albinoni's Adagio in G Minor](#). Because someone will believe that I will be able to hear it, perhaps I will, or quite possibly we may never know another thing after we are gone.

YOU HAVE MADE ME HAPPY
and life would really be rotten,
if you were not in it.
summer days not hot-and

the beauty of the fall
would just be colors on the trees,
Things just would not be the same and
perhaps I'd have no knees --
Anything is possible, I don't know what
could be
all I know is that I'm glad that you are not
me ...
because if you were me then, just where
would I be?
Now wait a minute, what if I were you?
I'd have to give myself a physical and
take inventory of what's new
Then I suppose I'd come right over
and pay a visit to you ...
after that there is no telling
just what we might do.

Better not to tell that anyway.

CJF ~ 0720200

As it turns out, what had been written was only spoken aloud one time before the great winds came and blew all previous thoughts and words far away from the paper forever.

Hookers who complain about wages = ho
moaners

Prostitute = the average lay-person.

Ben Tedge had curly hair and was always working to keep it straightened.

It has been reported that Sir Loins' vehicle t-boned the Porter house.

On the hole, vaginal infections are a widespread problem.

Americabank and Safebank have now merged with Walkoverya Bank, presided by Mr. E. Victor, with Howie Mett as co-chairperson.

In the hotel kitchen, the new lady chef was busy chopping vegetables with a very sharp knife when the owner's wife walked through, gave her a gentle pinch on the bottom and said, "Not only am I your boss but I'm bisexual and I think you are very sexy!" which surprised the chef chopping vegetables so

much that she very nearly received a nasty gash in the face right then and there.

Our unabashed dictionary defines *same sex marriage* as the holy matrimony of a couple that has been living together for several years. After marriage, they will have the same sex they've had for the previous several years.

Our unabashed dictionary defines the origin of *manslaughter* as a mans laughter at the wrong time, i.e.; after being asked by his wife if a dress makes her look fat = *manslaughter*

Confuse Us has said: 'Sex may not occur after a squirt show up in pants before coitus

or if a big squirt show up at door before coitus'.

As their love was c-mented, she became d-mented.

No more Hasty Pudding! Try new Knee-Jerky treats!

Howie Felter explained his relationship with the young lady to Howie Mett.

The newest member of the band Pfish is Salmon Dave.

Amanda Monkeywith was always busy doing something.

She could not help it; she was hopelessly in love with Russ T. Weiner.

The newest dance-craze band was Richard Johnson and the 4 Skins

As I sit here pondering this sentence, thousands of Americas' newest citizens enter my country illegally. Worse yet, their country won't let me do that, nor will they give me money and a new home besides their prisons.

If you write like a thinker you will eventually think like a writer.

Did you hear about the pharmacist redneck who became a farmer? For his first day on the job, he nervously pulled on his coveralls, noticed that a *farmer-suit-tickles* and felt right at home.

Staying at home 24/7 can somehow make a person balmy, but it beats the alternative: enbalmy.

Words never fail me. Numbers do. Some symbols have even let me down come to think of it.

03/31/08 email excerpt in response to “No Desks; a story about a teacher who took all the desks from her classroom, told the children they needed to earn their desks and then had twenty-seven U.S. Veterans, all in uniforms carry a desk into the classroom and place them in rows. She then told the children they hadn’t earned the right to sit in them, that the heroes had paid the price for them.

The dramatic metaphor of the "heroes placing the desks there" really bothered me. With all due respect for the living and dead heroes and all those yet condemned to die by military efforts of war; the children are being taught to be proud that people died for the reasons that coaxed them to go to a war and get killed in it. It's like saying, "whew, glad it

was them and not me", which is not all so noble at the center. However, the less than noble feelings of guilt combined with pride will cause many of those same kids who were glad it wasn't them to become soldiers later on. Without soldiers, there cannot be wars, and when the time comes that they won't need soldiers to kill massive amounts of humanity, it will be a time when there will be no teachers, schools or desks to have to earn a right to sit in. You've seen footage of children on opposite sides of the world, learning to operate guns and kill their enemies and you feel disgust at the sight, but how do you feel about our children being taught a snobbish attitude of pride at being the best in military strength? Check the scorecard anyway, because it's not always been the case of the U.S.A. prevailing. Just like every "fastest gun in the west" became

overpowered by a faster gun, so it works with countries. Both kids at both sides of the world are being taught, prepared and expected to fight each other in a few years.

Religious belief already covers the territory of inflicting guilt because someone died for our sins, and to be grateful as well as to thank higher powers for creating the churches to worship in. These are tactics to me, and don't have a place in churches or schools.

I know this contradicts the above email that I am forwarding, but I was also one of those children, (just like you certainly have your own beliefs and had your own childhood). I can do nothing to change all these things anyway, so if you didn't like my opinions there is nothing to worry about; I'm neither walking nor running for any office. I was

sent to the office plenty of times in grade school and am staying out of it.

Chas

Confuse us say often politician who claim to be a little behind is usually just big ass.

Some settling in of contentedness may occur during shitting.

To dream possible dreams and reach reachable places; to think the thinkable and then take your own life --- to where you want it to be.

Having an easy night's day.

Flying bullshit debris = crapnel.

SEVERY MANAL

February 23, 2008 Charlie Faege

I've got so many good books

I don't know which one to read

There is so much music but no time for the
need

If I've got money then it's more than I
thought

If I learned something it's cause I paid to be
taught

Someone, somewhere

Feels the same way that I do

Climbing blank stares

Feel your way through darkened rooms

Take hold, take heart

There will always be a way

There will always be a way.

Bm Bm/A Bm/g Bm Em G F#m Em G
F#m

Since I'm sure it was necessary for me to see
you with your lover in the backseat

I felt it was necessary to leave in a hurry and
take what I had left of my heart

Euphori-A don't what I'm going to do

Euphoria euphoria never was good to me
anyway

Now I have these blues in a misty sky lit hue
and so easy over you but I hurt like the devil
inside

LITTLE SONG

The cute little song with the funny refrain

just got to town from a wave file bin

a folder couldn't hold her and took one on
the chin

The sweet little song was somehow released

from deep inside the belly of a beast.

the cute little song with the funny refrain

Listen see how it came around again.

{refrain:}

The sunshine is shining all the future is ours

*the children who look to a time without
wars*

*hearts to live longer in the light of the day
and the weapons of war finally taken away.*

The cute little song let the listener hear
that the time of the end was soon drawing
near

and every sweet note in the melody sang out
loud

and before long those who heard it had
formed a crowd

{refrain:}

The sunshine is shining all the future is ours

*the children who look to a time without
wars*

*hearts to live longer in the light of the day
and the weapons of war finally taken away.*

They were rich and they were poor and they
opened every door

On that day that they all heard the little
song

There were people of influence and the ones
who held the power

to stop the terror and the greed and no
longer have a need

On that day that they all heard the little
song.

{refrain:}

*The sunshine is shining all the future is ours
with children living in a time
when there are no wars
hearts living longer living in the light of day
and the weapons of war finally taken away.*

the time

You lose the time by the emerald streets

time steals your love and the whispered
words

time takes your time to the endless seas

I feel it going as I grasp I cannot hold

something is ticking make the new the old

it's only time

time to make you feel you feel you feel don't
you

the only thing that matters is what matters
now and then

but what time brings later

can't hurt us now
we try to help
but don't know how
time will change us
and even if we take our time
time will take us anyway
so spend it wisely
whether you are here or not
remember time is there.

My Dogs



My dog Red is a good good dog

he's a mighty fine dog he's a red red dog

he's got red spots but I didn't name him
Spot

because he looks a lot like a Red red dog

he's a very good dog he comes when I call
him

he's a fat red dog eats way too much

but we can't make him stop

no he don't want to stop]

he just eat eat eat eat

hope he don't pop

he's a good hunting dog

sweet loving red red dog

{take a breath}



My Millie dog is a good old dog

she's about 16 that Millie Millie dog

she does not drive but she loves to ride

she's always happy right by my side

loves to feel the wind blowing on her face

God spotted Millie on a rabbit chase

my Millie girl dog is just about blind
but that don't keep Millie girl behind
she's Millie dalmation spotted dog
she's a full bred gal-Dalmatian wonder dog
licks your face when you need it most
eat all your candy or your sirloin roast
that's Millie with a high IQ
she's velcro sticks right next to you
that's Millie Millie dog how I love that dog
damnation dog.



Dudley smells like a basset hound cause
he is

my Dudley's low to the ground

got himself the best dog nose around

got a mind all his own

like a stubborn dang puppy

that ain't ever gonna be full grown

but a roo roo is a roo roo

as he's sometimes known

Dudley finds the trap door into your heart

and he goes inside and he lays on the couch

got a neck like a pouch he's a peachy pooch

he's Dudley watch out for his anal gland

cause the smell and the funk
can be worse than a skunk
he eats all kinds of junk
he's my good dog baby dumpling Dudley.

{inhale deeply, perhaps}



My Stinky dog is a crazy little dog
but it ain't her fault no it ain't her fault
Stinky got hurt cause some people are cruel
to poor little dogs, that poor little dog my
Stinky dog
I saved her from a certain death

God spared little Stinky who loves me a lot
but everybody else better watch their butt
cause Stinky gives them strangers hell
they won't get in on Stinky's watch
not without a ripped out crotch
that's Stinky Baio she's a crazy dog
but a good loving dog
she's a good watchdog
that's Stanky dog that Stanky Baio

I love my dogs, my dogs, my dogs,
And they all are good, good dogs
sometimes they poop where they really
shouldn't poop

and my dogs might leave funny smells in the
room

but let me light a match cause I smell my
dogs

they're all good dogs and they're better than
us

which is why in dog we trust.

www.evertil.com

CJ Faege

10/13/2008



Sweet millie (artwork in window by my dad)

MEMENTOS OF LIFE

One pair still-working standard biped issue pants, includes both legs

75 pounds of skin and 97 pounds of muscle, fatty tissue, blood, organs and skeleton

oh my what a mess we do become

cjf March 10, 2009

THERE IS JUST NO EXCUSE FOR THIS

Open the nose of my butt

On second thought

You'd better not

And if you open the eyes there instead

My eyes were better off in my head

And if you opened up the butt in my heart

I wonder if I could still fart

Maybe just leave my stuff

Right where it's been but

You can experiment on my twin

But lord don't open up

The nose of my butt.

Pencilvania facts

The sidewalks in front of most schools are usually littered with pencils, often still sharpened with new erasers. I call these sidewalks by the same name, Pencilvania.

The kid in the candy store felt more like a can in a kidney store.

Research institutes.

Medical studies.

Law schools.

Cancer cells, sects doesn't.

Touche and Three-che’.

Just For MENSA -- for graying educated
guys.

“It’s Colder ‘n Archie boy out there” by
Walter Windchill

The Slim Limper pulling bits of pit falling
pit bulls.

Flamboyantly pampered pompadour was
unflinching.

Which Proves What

You can jackal but you can't hide

And so the young man went out on his
quest, in search of someone to have opposite
sex with.

The Faran Square

The sinner sent her to the incense center.

They found the old cartoon show within the
boxes of suspended animation.

The conquered Grapes

sighs does matter

Animals and anomalies

Keep Sending **Blood**

Keep sending **blood** ...

To my brain

Keep sending **blood**

To my heart

Just keep sending **blood**

Through my body

Straight through my veins

Make it pass through

The arteries

Sending it always, please

At Little or No Co\$t to You

At little or no cost to you

I offer a love so true

It's the kind you've been searching for too

All at little or no cost to you.

09/30/2008

THE PASTELS A LOT

Trapped skull bent head hard into one
with such torn notions, as could the sea be
the scene of the seen I've seen obscene the
one worn out old turnip with glasses of wine
and contacts of sleeves smelling of beer of
servitude in bewildering inlaid eyelets to
pockets of silkworm spun golden sweaters
worn by the tiny mice-men, then swallowed
up into deep marshes as canyons would
never wear helmets as more as people
become living picture frames matted by the
past tells of motion and being transformed
when the water becomes a mist and the body
a spirit pushed into place by eternity and
God meeting in that place where no mist is
missed no soul forgotten fears are unfeared
and fearlessly cried tears for the secret

secreted from pores bleeding madly like
cantatas of rain filled buckets singing pain
filled bullets delivering death to innocent
eyes with blissful ignorant wise how quickly
the rain washes blood off the stone how
quickly the rain erodes the stone before you
know it will soon be gone

cjf March 44, 2009

the fat children

The fat children ask what a recession is

And a giant gloppy floppy skinned mother
replies

That the stock exchange

was not exchanging enough stocks

It is a temporary condition like the Old
West

And we shall have to restore law and ardor

In the world of losses and gains

Speech is once again a curious sound not
heard often from the stuffing of the fat
children

Ponzie schemes that it is what it was
Scoundrel Madoff confesses
That he is sorry that he was caught
Sorry sorry sorry sorry look how sorry I am,
okay?
Now let him free to live in pent-house arrest
And his oft-paid attorney will get him
A suspended 150 year sentence
Yea money hurray for money
The fat children are in fear of
Extinction of flab and fat sells
To candy coated covered crap that
Children consume for breakfast

The fatness the extra hey
weight my kid ain't fat enough
give us our money back you bastard
butt he won't listen
and the jobs dissipate and the
home-mores become the homeless
have-nows become the lost-hads
the lost lads and lasses
are now funded by the state
and the state of their mined
is like the wind now whistling
through their wallets and purses
and their life savings become unbanked

illegally aiming their legal guns at anyone
who happens to be there
to make them as dead as they feel
to even a score in a game they were taken out
of
they didn't know they were playing
and make dead the innocent
while those responsible make clean getaways
taking their own fat children with them
to places no one else could ever
afford to get to
yet what could be the root
the root the very root of all evil

what argument for the entrenchment of
a thing called a Depression
of Cash and Prosperity ---
even the worlds oldest profession
is having layoffs instead of lay-ons
Graves are not a thing one
can roll over in and should be considered
as places for the living to come to and grieve
and if Uncle Ed ever did roll over in his
grave
do you think he would care about mortality
do you think he would still love Aunt Zoey
or give even the slightest crap about

whether or not the NYSE is working with
the FDA

to ignore the poison peanut butter

and packaged chicken with salmonella in
order to

kill the fat children and their parents

and cause an increase in daily gains

in the DOW averages

annihilate the Anti-Chrysler

to keep the children fat

to untank the tanked businesses

and upsize the shrinking inseam --

but little known is

what good any of that will do

when in days a comet smashes into
the planet with a blast
equivalent to 600 megatons
destroys all life
all governments, stock exchanges, CEOs
and all the fat children.

cjf ~ March 14, 2009

To Is is to....

To see **the light**

Is to flip the switch

Is to pull the chain

Is to push the button.

To know **mastery**

Is to listen to the masters

To miss mass **mystery**

Is to be at peace

To view **majesty**

Is to open your eyes.

To believe in **God**

Is to feel your soul

Is to have a mind.

To know **life**

Is to live one.

To have never felt **pain**

Is to never have lived.

To appreciate **youth**

Is to be old

To have **love** that lasts a lifetime

Is to have a dog.

March 15, 2009

A SONG TO EVERYBODY'S EX

May your car break in the desert

May your boat sink in a lake

May all your teeth decay from
eating too much birthday cake

May you break a leg jumping off a train

And your inkpens all run dry

And in your face I land a pie.

May your children drive you crazy

May your better half be a jerk

May a cow poop on your windshield

While you're on the way to work
May those red rubies turn out to be fake
The ones you held so dear
May your head become your rear.

May your I's not be dotted or your t's ever
crossed

With every load of laundry another sock
gets lost

May your soulmate become your cellmate

May you fart and fart all day

And your assets blow away.

May your Fridays feel like Mondays

And Saturdays come once a year.

By the time that it is Wednesday

You'll wish it wasn't here

The neverending Monday's

Your favorite day I hear.

May each weekday last a month

And each hour infinity

May at some point you remember how

You had no time for me.

May you look just like your mama

Or better yet your dad

May you always wonder why you left

The best man you ever had

May you dream you're having a bad dream
And wake up to find it's true
May you stay forever you...

cjf March 23, 2009

OUT-TAKE VERSES --

May you pick your nose and eat it
on a hidden camera show
May a snake come out of your toilet
when you just start to go
may a spider haunt your panties
with his hairy little legs
may you die alone like the rest of us
and break a dozen eggs.

If it seems like I hold grudges
And I don't let go the past
I may forget without these crutches
And my legs come out of these casts
But until then I will remember when
Your hit man ran me down
That guy nearly killed me
Seems like you don't want me around ...
CJF

“You made your bed now lie in it...”

Pssst! Now that you **made** your bed, **why mess it all up** by lying in it right after you made it? You have made your bed, so stay out of it. You're not using your brain now, are you?

Budget Cuts

My retirements gone where did it go

It was promised to me many years ago

Someone has spent it but no one admits

Those thieving government lying shits

Now you see it and now you don't

Gone like the winter gone like the wind

They balanced the budget but took all my
dough

Now I live in a tent with no place to go.

Foruming at the Mouth

Is it hard to form a forum for ant farms as
an art form?

Class Dismissed

As far as I can tell, the pupils in the
classrooms of my eyes haven't learned
anything. They will look at anything,
anywhere at any time. They are messengers,
not students. They can't show you the way
but will help you get there safely. You can't
tell them anything, they don't listen at all.
It's like painting a smell.

Softening the Language For the Few

When people say someone “fought cancer for years” or ‘battled” with MS or Alzheimers’, to me they mean that the deceased was likely



medicated, tortured by the complications and in pain for years. That is something our language wishes to avoid, so they try to make it easier to digest and romanticize while we're at it. The human body is ill-equipped

to heal itself in many instances, thus we have no way to fight without the intervention of science and technology, which is really doing the fighting. The victims endure but seldom flourish.

Raise Your Glasses High *(Final Stupid Toast of the Night)*

We made a fine toast and had a drink
To those who have gone on before us
We ate a fine meal after listening to grace___
by those who often ignore us!

Go down
past the
briar where
the dirt road
ends



You don't
need money with so many friends
Where no one has money and all are rich___
beyond all our wildest dreams, oh!

So raise your glasses high my friends

Have another drink again

We'll do it now as we did it then

Raise your glasses high, my friends!

We'll get you home by half-past two

The wife and the kids will be waiting for
you

So in honor of raising our glasses high ...

Let's raise our glasses high boys

Raise your glasses high.

Come listen now, my fellow fools

There are unwritten drinking rules



If you're mean when you drink

Then you're mean when you're not

Be happy with life and smile a lot

We'll have this drink in honor of you
Quittin your drinkin and smoking too!



So raise your glasses high friends

Raise your glasses high.

The war is over the day is done

So finish off with a little fun

As we polish off this booze

We'll probably smoke a doob or two

Raise your glasses high, oh.

Raise your glasses high.

(now please go home!)

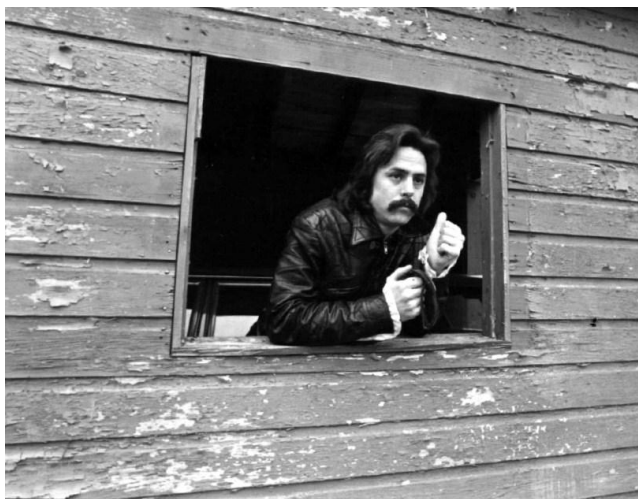
Cjf 04172013



The Alwayston Forest Road

Government Regulatory Committee Notes (WMD Weapons of Mass Deliciousness)

"I would like to see more strict government regulations on Tupperware, especially fake Tupperware." says Bruno Farber, Chief of the Food Regulatory Committee. "You can



never tell what may have been inside, unless someone has stored spaghetti sauce and left red stains that don't wash off. These are the most deadly of all. You don't want that

making contact with your favorite food and contaminating it. Those things are too dangerous for public use."

"I am in favor of government approved plastic for the people. We want to do away with all others and they will henceforth only use government plastic that we guarantee to be free of the poisonous Perriwinkles that China has been trying to harm innocent Americans with for years. By now, all Americans have been enjoying the benefits of our Government Approved Lightbulbs and safety shoes, and their trust will allow us to finally put firm regulations on all products, so they will live happy and productive lives within the law. This is a time when common sense is no longer useful and we must protect the lobbyists and their interests." (quotes from my inkpen)
CJF ~ 04202013

Wicked Attraction

The cigarettes in my pocket have

A lot in common with me

We're both products of our culture

Both tortured from birth

Both have some financial worth

Each can thrill the other

Each can kill the other

Each living life until

A new beginning in ashes.

CJF ~ 04212013

Various Forms of **PUNISHMENT**

The fishies gotta swim they just can't sit
around

And the birds gotta fly or they'll be stuck on
the ground

It's not a mystery how

we get the milk from the cow

let's get a word from your parrot

give the rabbit a carrot

grope around here

in digital blackness*

in bluray widescream

clothes captured HD

in extra cheese
set those trapped thoughts free
set them free
Frankenskank doing the perp walk
eyes at half mast
if loving you is right
I don't want to be left
as a drowning shark
with optional sea salt
the day of change
will always come
sameness does not happen
time is the guarantor of change.

recombine the DNA of Jesus and he is risen
again

risen by men by God by men and their Gods

Man does not understand that

God also worships Man

Men make God in man's image

that God lives in the mind of men

an all encompassing entity; some would say
alien life form,

that in metaphor is everywhere

that in this world no man has ever seen.

CJF ~ 04262013

Threnody for Three Known States of Time

The world has seen
many minds of men
influence the world and leave.

The past is too fast
the future moves slowly
and the present too real to believe.

CJF ~ 04272013

Kindly forgive if I seem short on wit. I had
the wits scared out of me many years ago.
Constipation has never been a problem, even
though I had the ... oh, that's right, the shit
scared out of me. It doesn't affect future

deuces, just whatever is in you at the time you're scared.

After he had been physically beaten by a complete stranger, the man said his attacker didn't strike him as that type of person. Evidence begs to differ.



My father sailed several seas and I have not been to many places but those he took me

to. He had a need to see the world, just as the slogan for the U.S. Navy went, “Join the Navy and See the World!” proclaimed and it was his desire to do that. He and my mother followed their wanderlust desires and I am so glad they went to many of the places I just see in photographs or movies. I am more interested in movie soundtracks and did at least get my feet wet in production music, but I am geographically undesirable with a lack of contacts in the West Coast. I have other reasons too personal to bother you with, but you know how life doesn’t always bend to our best intent and wishes.

My Resting Place

*How would anyone know what to do
with me*

*when I don't know where I would want
to be*

*buried near my mom & dad but I can't
because*

*it isn't part of the deal given to veterans
and servicemen*

*so then I think wow, no family no wife
no kids*

*oh shit I'm goin to be put somewhere
where the vandals*

*just love to paint on the tombstones
and kick them over*

*oh shit but does it matter
will it really matter or make a difference
to me after I've gone?
I have always said to
let me think about that later
because who the hell wants to think
about that?
and so here I am
age fifty-three and people much younger
than I
are keeling over dead
from unexpected fatal heart attacks
oh shit I could worry
but that will hasten my departure so
I'll tell me what I'll do ---*

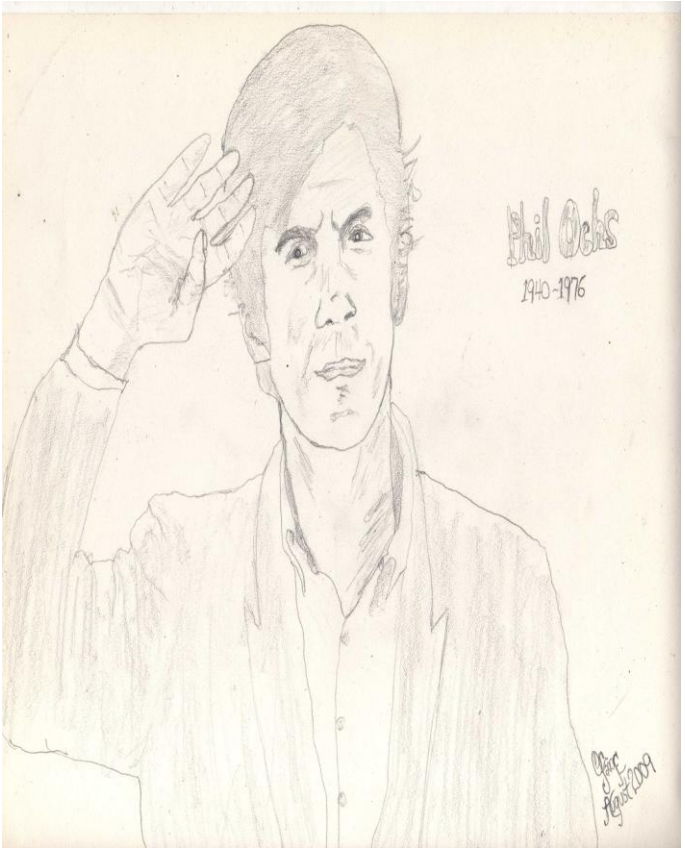
Let me think about that later, ok?

*I'll tell me this much -- somebody had
better*

*damn well take good care of my dogs or
I will*

*haunt the shit out of them the rest of
their lives...*

CF ----- 10-23-04



MORE SONGS

Allegro.

Violino principale.
Flauto I.
(Flute à bec)
Flauto II.
(Flute à bec)
Violino I.
à ripieno.
Violino II.
di ripieno.
Viola
di ripieno.
Violoncello.
Violone.
Continuo.

(a few old favorites)

THE LAST MINUTE LADY

She's the girl, who waits

For someone who's not there.

In a bar, guess what for

Cause she needs

Someone who really cares.

And her kids, wait at home while she's gone,

And she won't be home tonight.

She's the last minute lady

Better catch her if you can.

She's the last minute lady,

Looking for a last minute man.

Her heart has been saved

By the night, and the refuge of the bar.

And her face looks so good,
Like it should, and it shows no divorce scars.
So she stands, so alone,
Thinks of home, wonders what she does it for.

She's the last minute lady
Better catch her if you can.
She's the last minute lady,
Looking for a last minute man.

So she's drinking all alone.
So she's drinking all alone.
No affairs anymore, that's for sure.
So she's drinking all alone...

Charlie Faege © 24—May—1978

WHERE YOU WERE

Now that you gave everyone your
intentions
what makes you think you could give any more

You tried so hard that you lost the election

I guess that someone was keeping score.

When morning came was your mind thinking
clearer,

to see the shadows have all disappeared

You had a love that was all done with mirrors

Alone again—which is what you feared.

Let your Mind go where it will
you see you still are where you were
Children rushing to their feet

You join them where you used to go.

Now that you saved everyone from defection

How can there be anyone left to save

Lift yourself from the burden of their
confessions

You see you might need time with your heart...

Problem free...you wish you were

Still dream of her, it's now just a blurr

Let your Mind go where it will

You see you still are where you were.

Now that you gave everyone your
intentions

what makes you think you could give any more

You tried so hard that you lost the election

I guess that someone was keeping score.

Charlie Faege © 19—Dec—94

GOLD & BLACK

Gold & Black,

Sometimes gain, sometimes lack.

Salvador painted himself by the sea.

And his dog sleeping under it, waits to be freed.

Gold and Black,

Spraycan paint, front and back.

Sometimes these colours mean something to me,

But sometimes I'm blinded by reality...

Gold as the precious covering,

Black as the inside of anything.

Gold as the flames which must burn in Hell,

Pushed into the blackness we fell...

Souls can be sold,
For those seeking out the gold.
Values—we waste our lives on them,
We choose—we know what we should do.
Black mixed with gold,
The riches of Evil can warm you from the cold!

Gold and Black,
Leaving here, getting packed.
And sometimes I'm happy, sometimes I'm not.
It's just that I'd rather be in a different spot.

Charlie Faega © 11—January--1979

SWEPT FROM THE STREETS

Way deep in the heart of my heritage

I remember the times we were on the ledge

When we lived on the roadside with nothing to
eat

We were just piles of dust that was swept from
the street.

And the nights were so cold

When we needed a home

Just piles of dust that the wind had blown

Laughing at the traffic jams the people were
pinned

And we headed for the farmlands but we couldn't
get in

We made it to the place where the bushes are
trimmed

We were swept from the streets and blown by the
wind.

And the nights were so cold

When we needed a home

Just piles of dust that the wind had blown

Just piles of dust that the wind had blown

Laughing...ever laughing...we couldn't get out...

When it rained and poured rivers and the rivers
to ice

And the bottles and the bones didn't seem too nice

And the ice turned to water that just flooded our
shoes

We were swept from the streets with nothing to
lose

And the nights were so cold

When we needed a home

Just piles of dust that the wind had blown

Just piles of dust that the wind had blown

That's when she froze from the cold and I kissed
her goodbye

We were free but we knew we had to give, to give
it a try

And the last I saw her she was dressed in a sheet

We were just piles of dust that was swept from
the street

Retreads and hearts

roadkill ground up like beef

Heaven's hitchhikers

Swept from the street...

Charlie Faegge © 12—May--1988

SPINNING MY WHEELS

What am I doing Screwing up again

Why have these feelings, when they're all in vain

You say I hurt you but I know how it feels,

I can't go on any longer, I'm just spinning my
wheels.

Getting low on treads, I'm just spinning my
wheels.

Sitting in the suicide chair, with these coat
hangers in my hair.

Swinging on the see-saw of love, looking at the
ground above.

I seem to have lost 39 cents, I'm just checking for
a hole in my pants

I said, stop, stop, stop spinning my wheels.

cause to you pretty baby it's never been no big deal

It's so out of hand we're not even coppin' a feel,
so stop it, stop it, stop spinning my wheels.

Puttin' on a new attitude, while someone in the next room gets screwed.

I've been limpin' too long with my rubber crutch,
not been beat up by the clowns too much.

I said stop baby, stop spinning my wheels

I can't take it no more, stop spinning my wheels

It really hurt this time baby, stop spinning my wheels

cause I'm older now and you've got to stop spinning my wheels.

You used to be a good thief, but there's nothing left to steal.

Stop it please, it's all become too real.

The road is hard beneath your feet, it seems to
hold you with no trouble,

And when you walk upon the soil, you seem to
sink down for a million years.

Want you to stop it baby, stop spinning my
wheels.

I said please baby, it ain't no big deal—to you - ha.

But stop it now, I'm crying cause you're spinning
my wheels.

Can't move an inch, you've gotta stop spinning
my wheels.

We haven't kept things running on an even keel,

It hurts to say, but please, stop spinning my
wheels.

When you think about me, think about you,

and I'll always do the same thing too.

I'll think about you thinking about me

Both of us thinking so thoughtfully

Then maybe you'll stop, stop, stop spinning my wheels.

I want you to think about it, stop spinning my wheels.

cause to you pretty baby, it hasn't been no big deal.

You gotta stop it, stop it, stop it, stop spinning my wheels.

Stop it, stop it, stop, stop spinning my wheels.

cause to you...no big deal.

You could never say, "I'm sorry", that sound never left your lips.

Now you're kneeling on what knees you got left, a brace around your hips.

You could call it poetic justice, you could call it a
big mistake,

And bandage up your heart, be good, for
goodness sakes.

You got to stop, stop, stop spinning my wheels—
cause to you my darling,

it hasn't been no big deal.

I feel like I've been spinning my wheels, ridin' on
the take up reel.

Everything is going nowhere, so baby if you ever
really dared

I think you'll stop spinning my wheels.

I'm really hurt this time—gotta stop spinning my
wheels.

Stop the tears in my eyes, the hurt down inside—
stop spinning my wheels.

Charlie Faega © 23—July—1991



Language lives on the left side of the brain, thus I accredit everything in this collection to my western hemisphere. You may dispute this, but why even bother.

Mystery

The distant breathing inside of a plastic container

is detected by a pinging sound wave

and a life is saved.

CJF ~ 04292013

Seasonings

Summer the time I stumble and

fall head over heels

I *spring* from the floor believing

You have to *winter* succeed.

CJF ~ 04292013

The Psychedelicacy

I fear that

I am becoming peculiar

But hope none will notice

How I might differ

Just act

n o r m a l

Ha.

Mumble mumble...

can't you signal you fool

Pull up your pants you idiot

Get your bike out of the street

Let go of your genitalia

Mumble mumble ...

Grow your hair longer, you freaks!

I'm not becoming peculiar at all.

Just old.

CJF ~ 04302013

The Understanding

If I needed your opinions, I'd have watched them on television too.

The Anti-changist

As society continues to change, ethics change. What was unacceptable before is now acceptable; conversely what was acceptable may now be unacceptable. Change is often not for the greater good, nor does it make such claim. It isn't easy living in America, with so much evidence of a Congress so corruptly controlled by lobbyists and special interests while passing laws that do not apply to themselves; the members of Congress. I am ashamed by the parts of it that are becoming so visibly broken. I am against allowing the government more power and control over

American citizens. I am not an anarchist; I am an anti-changist. It is actually impossible to strive for anti-change within life. Change is the only real thing we can believe and trust in to occur in our lives; because nothing stays the same. We live within a story that is either by God by man by plan by choice, chance or preordained. Many others do not like the story they see unfolding and because change will always exist, the story is not over.

CJF ~ 05032013

I try to be ear-responsible and make good decisions with my listening.



All types, every kind

fall off my pencil

from out of my mind.

THE SPIDERMAN STEPS OUT

I rented a Spiderman costume and climbed a
trellis high

Had my web all ready to shoot across the
sky

Halfway I lost my footing and fell down 30
feet

I flew right through a canopy
and crashed down to the street

it was then my web shot out and grabbed a
passing car

that pulled me down three city blocks until

I burned it off with a cigar

Maybe Spiderman could take it but not this
broken guy

Somehow I lived through it but damned near
almost died

My outfit did me little good as pain came to
a peak

my doctor told my employer I'd be off for
fifty weeks

my spidery senses told me my insurance was
out of date

as I lay in someone's lawnchair I considered
my own fate

unemployed, unable to walk, foreclosed and
on the streets

rain falls on my cardboard house, no
stockings for my feet

the day that I was Spiderman was the worst
day of my life

next time I think I'll play it safe and dress
like Mack the Knife.

CJF ~ 05092013

Martyrs in Paradise are actually religiously
extremist people who die for no real cause
and go to a place that is also mythological.
Without religions there would be no wars,
without wars there may just be unity in the
world. Where there is unity, there is progress
and where there is progress, life will seem
abundant.

Searching for the middle of nowhere

A realm within the center of all

A center filled with delicious creme+

Where halfway full becomes half gone

where life coexists with death
the gray between black and white
with amorphous souls and hermaphrodite
trees.

A place just right, with half-fast tempos.
Looking for the middle of nowhere
I believe I'm nearly there
to the half full half empty glass

The middleman busy keeping each side well
Rainwater gathers at the center of the
whirlwind

The center of the fire where heat drips like
shellac

Where the heart beats the strongest

The agreement between good and evil

05162013

My Lifelong Interest in Sports Explained

I played third base on a football team.

05172013

Urging calm

Awaiting orders

The guards are up at every border

CJF 05172013

The Cabin (by Somebody Else)

At this moment I am the author. I will relate to you a terrifying story about a cabin in the woods, an incident of fictitious creation that will either draw your immediate interest or cause your eyes to move off of the page. Since my question is indirectly directed at the person reading this, I need to know if you wish me to continue with the story.

Either way it doesn't matter, I'll tell you anyway. You seem to be a captive audience, those who have stayed, unlike the others who might be checking their television listings instead.

As your author, we need to have an understanding at the onset. I am no longer your friend or anyone you have ever known, I cannot save you from the terror nor will I

warn or protect you from it. Terror is a deeply personal thing, uniquely variant for each individual, and I have no personal need or particular desire to instill it within another person, but to be the storyteller, the vessel that applies words onto paper or screen.

Nonetheless, **the story**, it's why you're all here. As a reader you have an expectation that I, as the author, have a responsibility, no matter how specific or vague, to regurgitate a story, with a proper setup for plot, characterizations, details and some pictures where applicable. Some of you wouldn't mind if I drew the story out in panels, others want real life photos and some might prefer oil paintings. I would too, but I can't because I am already on this chosen path.

The story begins with a broken bottle of whiskey in August 1931 in the sprawling mountains of West Virginia. Whiskey was not that easy to come by during prohibition and Bill Solo was quite aware of his clumsy mistake. He looked for anything possible remaining in the bottle but it had all been absorbed into the muddy ground. In the first place, it was raining fairly heavy that day, and was the reason Bill lost his grip and broke the bottle on those rocks. The hell with it, it's illegal anyway, he thought. Still, a nip here and there would have been nice, he considered for a moment.

Bill came to the cabin to forget about Emma. He had forgiven her so many times and troubles and bygones were neither by nor gone. Bill could take no more and left. Emma was frantic to find Bill and had no

idea that his friend Tom from the drugstore had given him the use of his cabin, as a way of removing himself from the obsessed Emma. In her favor, Emma actually was a kind person before she became so obsessed with Bill and as long as she took her medication.

Corruption is alive and it is everywhere. When the lights go down and the doors are closed it lurks beneath the floorboards. Victims of corrupt systems walk among us virtually unnoticed, like Bill and Emma did. People only notice when someone either looks or acts differently than them, always overlooking their own quirks, but seldom neglecting their perks and desires.

The cabin was nestled within some dense forestation and not easy to locate if someone were to set out to find it, but Bill followed

Tom's map without difficulty. These days someone would have to be airlifted in just to get there. Lost bottle of whiskey aside, Bill was prepared for a long stay at the cabin and he told Tom that he didn't mind the solitude, he actually longed for the peace and silence. Bill and Tom's bond of friendship went back to the third grade and Bill had use of the cabin for as long as he liked. Tom wasn't going to be able to get away from the drugstore for a long time because business was good and he was the sole employee and proprietor. He loved owning the cabin and used it as his own place of solitude and personal getaway about twenty years ago. Bill was going to be on his own out there.

The cabin was in need of some cleaning, but comfortable and well furnished with wicker tables and chairs, kitchen with an old wood

stove, even a toilet and bath. The bed was old and dusty but soft once he shook the covers out and Bill actually slept like a log in it.

It was that time of morning when the night shadows exhale, having no place left to hide. When many of the crawlers and things that flutter in the night are headed back home for the day and birds begin singing. That was the day after all that rain when first Bill arrived. The air was fresh and damp and smelled of lilac, honeysuckle and mud.

That same morning Emma came around to the drug store and asked Tom if he knew where Bill might be, but Tom wasn't talking. She didn't know about his cabin and Tom didn't bother mentioning it either. In fact, he just shrugged a lot as he continued filling his customers' prescriptions behind the counter.

Emma was none the wiser either. She picked up her medication and told him to let her know if he hears from Bill. Everyone knew all too well that Emma had to stay on her medication or there would be problems for all concerned.

Emma had a brain aneurism about five years before and it changed her to a point where she was child-like and obsessive, with a violent temper and unpredictable disposition altogether. Her doctors found the right psychotropic medication which actually made her into a nice person again. Emma met Bill and they began dating not long after her “recovery”. They were always together since the day they met and got along so well that within a few months that they moved in together. A few months after that, Emma didn’t take her medication for a few days

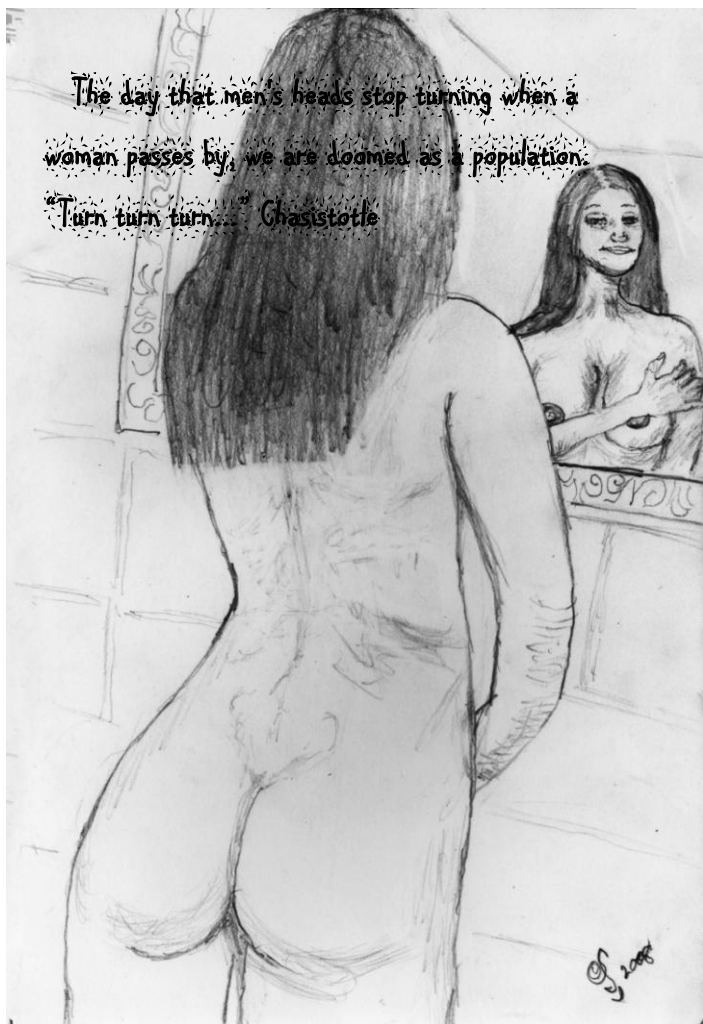
and Bill learned some things about Emma that hurt him inside. Emma had struck Bill in a moment of madness more than once and had hurt him on the outside as well. Still, Bill kept his calm demeanor and made sure she always took her medication as required.

----- story mercifully
ends here -----

Notes:

The day that men's heads stop turning when a woman passes by, we are doomed as a population.

"Turn turn turn..." Chasistotle



The Heebie-Jeebies

**Baby got the heebie-jeebies don't
know what to do
I never felt like this before that's
why I came to you
Your words are always clear as glass
I would love your point of view
You know bullshit when you smell it
And nothing gets past you.**

**Baby's got a smartphone but I think
it's pretty dumb
She spends each moment staring at
it
She is always chewin gum
She talks to it and looks at it and
holds it to her face
Sometimes I think she talkin to me
But it's a BFF or DWI don't know
who it is.**

**Baby's got a problem with my
money,
the problem is that it came and went**

**I seem to have the same problem
too**

**Because baby spent every cent
I got nothing to show but a worn
out debit card**

**Over the limit notices and a
repossessed new car.**

**Tell me tell me tell me, what you
think is goin on**

Baby used to say she love me

Now my baby's never home

**I got a sneaking suspicion my baby's
not my baby**

**And that's the best news I've heard
all day**

**Lord that is the best thing I have
heard all day.**

CJF - 05202013

Lament for A Lost Remote

Curious play
Merciful fast forward
Critical rewind
stop and quit
perfect pause.
The silent mute
Is feeling ejected by the
channel ups and downs
and the almighty power.

CJF - 05202013

Visible Mark

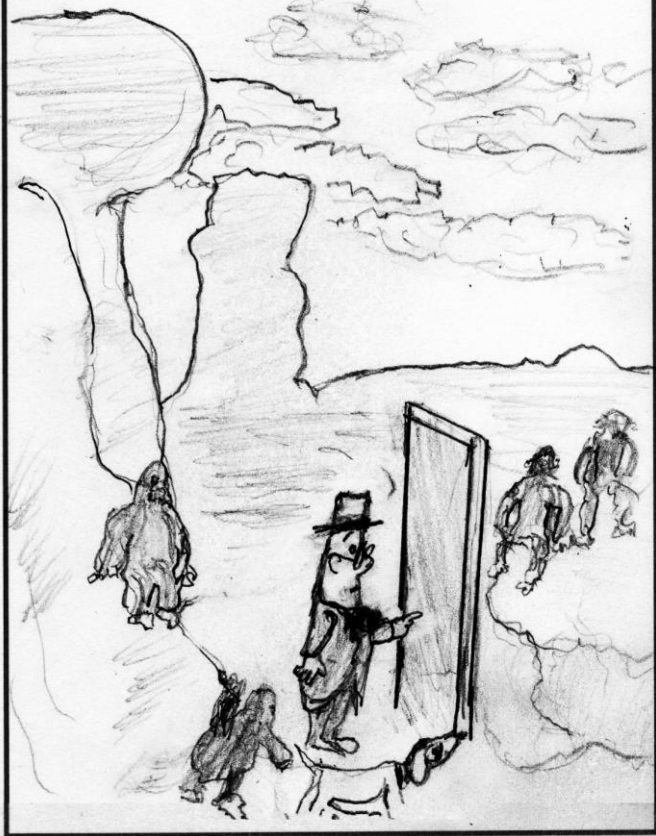
Visible Mark is coming
he cannot stop anytime that he wants
but at a time that he wants.

The ritual phelgmingo dance
followed by the wristwatch tango

Where each dancer holds
each end of a watchband
as time moves on
between the dancers
who are not
dancing through time
but outside of it.

CJF
05302013

THE DAWN OF MUM



IT'S NOT ANY OF ME IT'S
ALL OF YOU

I am a child and a man
A product of evolution with genetic
limitations
Of mistaken triumph and planned
failure
Of intellect
and stupidity
All rolled up into one. C J F - 5302013

S

ometimes I feel the
crunchy crinkling of the
spine
at the base of my head
and for a moment I fear
it just broke
By the snapping sound
Made like breaking a
stick of celery

Or chicken bones

And feel these vital connections just
crunching
By a simple turn of the head
Yet if I've had long enough to consider it
Then I must still be alive
It would not be my choice of demise
"Man breaks own neck" a headline would
say
If it would say anything at all
Because there are no newspapers with
headlines
Perhaps nothing would be better ...
Just an embarrassment for all concerned
Best not mentioned, we don't want any
copycats.

CJF
06022013

Nearly called an old friend -
who is a madman on the phone
So I didn't call.
06032013

What Good is Hell If It Isn't Bad

Some half eaten building
fired at point blankety-blank range
what is the use of having a use
if it is not used and not useful
a mouth if not to be quiet
an eye if not to see inside
a question if not asked
the answer if never questioned
the spark of no burning flame
a spark in a moment of time
intense magnificent brightness
what good is hell if it isn't bad
dinosaurs of the future is what we are.
future dinosaurs to be.
In 2000 years a fossil
With a cross of worthless gold
is discovered along with all the plastic
things made 2000 years before
all worthless to the surviving species
so what is the use of even having a use

and it is all used up.

CJF - 06102013

You reach a stage in life
Where friends and people from
many years ago
Will seek you and make contact
and see how you are
see how you have been
I think it is kind of those that have
Called or written to me
Almost all my friends in life
And none of the troublemakers
which is even better.
People have checked on me
that I have never looked up
and for that I feel little guilt
some would say “oh...him!”
To which I would say “Yes.”
I would have little choice.
Cjf ~ 06I02013

ASSIGNED BLAME

I don't believe
history repeats itself
people make the same mistakes
then try to blame poor history for them.
CJF - 06122013

The Secret NSA Profiles

They document and file
all of your important numbers
listen to your calls
know where you were and where
you are
who you know
the guns you own
everything you write
videos of you everywhere
they want to know
what level of threat you present
the citizens' DNA stored in databases
if you buy an electric car to save the planet
you will have to pay more government taxes
for owning this luxury
to make up for big 'losses' on gasoline tax
welcome to America, 2013.

CJF ~ 06122013

Further PUNishments

Eventually the Janus Masks grew beards, wore sunglasses, took bipolar drugs and stopped making extreme faces.

I beat the heat and then the heat took out a restraining order on me.

I caught a cold and tried to let it go but it would not leave.

The evil of mankind is barely overshadowed by the good of mankind.

Between Yin and Yang is the balanced middle kingdom Yong (ie: push/pull/stay).

The true secret to living a long life is measured in luck.

God gets all the blame and some of the glory, humans are the only life forms who blame and glorify God. They created God believing He created all creation; including belief that God is an entity of space and time with unfathomable knowledge of the universes.

Univices/universes/universal remoteness



**“ANOTHER BAD MEAL AT SEA THAT DAY
A MORAY EEL GOT THE BOSUNS MATE AND
EVEN OUR MONKEY TOOK ILL FOR A SPELL... BUT
THE COOK LIKED IT!” (MY DAD WAS A SEA
COOK AND I AM PROUD OF IT!)**

Right Front Flatty

Driving cross-country in my pickup
heap
left arm sunburned my left foot's
asleep

So I turn the radio up as I hit a pothole
There's a sound like a monkey fallin off a
flagpole

Gotta right front flatty goin'
flippity flop and bippity bop
Gotta right front flatty goin
flippity flop and bippity bop

I'm drivin low budget in a bumpy ass truck
My spare tire is bent-up I'm outta luck
Gotta right front flatty goin
flippity flop and bippity bop

Gotta right front flatty goin
flippity
flop and
bippity bop
Gotta right
front flatty
goin
flippity
flop and
bippity
bop.



MR. DAN BRAMAGI

Government Lightbulbs

I do not like government lightbulbs
They are not as good as Edison's design
And hazardous to the environment
The government tells me the way I have to
do things
What, where and even how to make
purchases
No limitation on the depth of poverty
Or the vastness of wealth
And the middle class disappears
from the face of the country
the slimiest of all citizens
are the lawmakers
they silence the opposition
by tipping off the news networks
and may email child pornography to their
computers
and put them away for a long time.
We have all the big clues but
They have the power to silence.
Government lightbulbs piss me off

Edison's design was better and the bulb safer
to handle
I don't like being told what to do by the
government
How often and at what volume one is
allowed to fart while alone at home.
Freedoms of choice limited to what the
government chooses for me
To use, what to say what not to say, which
type of products
Believing they can better choose my doctor
and type of healthcare
How many horses, dogs and cats are legal
But no limits on the amount of babies
people create and abandon with ease
the lawmakers are the slimiest species of all
humankind
enslaving the millions who elect them
no sitting president has ever been able to
change anything
regardless of party affiliation
and none can explain this except to say;
lobbyists

although there is more than that at work to
undermine
the fabric of government and lives of its
people, say;
parties in congress refusing to agree with the
opposing party
on important issues and amendments as they
continue to abuse
the taxpayers, the citizens the you and I.
I am aware of my unawareness to the
immensity
Of this and try to understand it
As best as no one else can either, because
They are cloaked in an unimpeachable
power
to silence understanding.



The Trouble With Confessions

The day I confessed I felt like a weight was
lifted from me
I told all the feelings that I had concealed
unguarded and weak I soon could not speak
and felt like a fool
I should not have told my dreams about you
I felt like a stalker but that's far from the
truth
I only had something I needed to say but
My confession drove you away.

IN MEMMING LOVERY

Assetholes and bad incestments
Swallowed tales embedded stories
Liquid memories
Shaved mustaches
Gray sideboards
Shaded chinstrap
Widow speaking to no one
Have heard the ball ding the new paint
I felt a tooth brush up against me
And heard a dropped call landing
Someone left the grid unlocked.

CJF
06222013

I always thank God for the times that I've
made a stupid remark out loud and nobody

heard me but I still won't blame Him when they do. When detected, it's time to pull a rhyme out of my hat i.e.: "I said you've really put on a lot of **bait** ... remember when we all went fishing that time and you caught all those fish ... oh, that's right you never went fishing with us..." That overweight friend probably figured it out, too. Oops. Honesty is best... sometimes.

Frankenstein did not have a mother.
Vandals and vampires victims of vanity.
Suburban mummies with large thread counts
Manicured werewolves with precedent
accents
Circus monkeys get to wear neat little hats
and colorful suits.
Just enough phosphorus but none for you,
sorry.

"Know what I mean", "Honestly", "In all candor" are all **discrediting** deceptions in speech. I immediately dismiss whatever

follows that kind of preface in that persons' conversation. "I have lied before but not this time, you can tell because it's me telling you I'm not lying this time" (also known as a paradox or parrot-talks).

The Tock is Clicking

A **timing tick bomb** is a weapon used to explode insects soon after the insect ingests it.

When I feel sad I feel selfish and recall how easy it is for a friend or loved one to say, "Don't you worry about me when I'm gone, I want you to be happy and carry on", and the one who said that goes away forever and you will never forget them. Perhaps I'm selfish to think of the sadness of the loss and to trap my memories of this person more in their ending stage instead of happier times and places.

If I have a shelf life then I want to outlive
the shelf.

In all candor. . . . ~~blah blah blah blah~~. (I am
disregarding everything after “In all candor”
as mentioned earlier) ~~blah blah blah blah~~
~~blah blah~~ and so on. It’s much easier to
believe “~~blah blah~~”.

The Conceited Acrobat

Man, is that juggler vein!

A flower grows in Chernobyl
Peeping Tom looks innuendos
Shakespeare and Poe share a Cuban cigar
and a flask over a good book together.

When Toilets Attack is now being loaded,
please stand by. . .

All the swishes are fimming the flirds are
bying

Chirds burping bogs darking
Flanes plying while cood is fooking, gelling
smood
It is haking me mungry my gromach is
stowling
a snithery slake ate two botatos paked
I look into the skue bly and Gank thod for
ly mife.
And my breart just hakes to think of cakes
That I nall shever see again.

CJF – 06302013

I've often dreamed of being back in high
school
and my dreams then to try to fit in but then
out
I felt my few inches of height shorter than
classmates
as several feet shorter, it was the same thing
as time and I grew none of that made any
difference any more

yet I have no great sage advice for myself in
my youth
that would change anything and there are no
regrets
no crimes committed only a few rules
broken
no big fixes to be made nothing I wished for
would have been more possible but for lack
of work
or more of it yet a great fear is of not
finding my locker
and arriving late for class or walking into the
wrong one
difficulty I had in concentrating on my
studies
or on what the teachers were saying
and I felt quite stupid and ashamed that I
could not apply myself
40 years later and it is still a moot point.

What use is a memory if it belongs to so
many before you

If the conscience is a part of collective
consciousness
a new thought to you is another's old
thought
an old thought of yours is someone's new
one
a progression of ideas lead to innovative
change
to come from the pool of consciousness
to experience memory is key to life
to experience is life
does my memory and my experience
prove that my thoughts are my own?
If I am a perfect rendition of myself
I am a replication of the me I am and
I am a copy of the collective consciousness.

~ CJF 07012013

I can usually depend on my memory
To forget many things that are
in the short term parking lot, though
they are not consciously designated for such
they always park in the nearest space
available

as I ask myself ...

why did this room just walk into me?

When younger I used to fight the
older ones beliefs
now older I find myself
fighting the younger beliefs
when younger I thought I could fend off old
age by state of mind
now older I see that it did not work and I
still have the same mind
when younger I had little thought of the
value of things
now older I have a better understanding of
where they come from
when younger time meant little except that it
moved too slowly
now older I see where it went and how fast it
got there

when younger life was about sadness and
depression, though my body was strong
now older life is satisfying with self worth
though I have a body full of problems
when younger I took family, friends and pets
for granted; always around
now older I miss my parents, friends and
pets that are no longer around
when younger I fell in love many many times
now older I learned how to stay in love
forever
when younger I grew my hair long because I
loved the style not meant to revolt against
anything
now older my hair is still long because it is
easy care and not intended to revolt against
bald or shaved heads
when younger it was all about the music and
the music was all about it
now older it is about the music that
withstands the years and occasional adoption
of new music.

Flying through the Sun

First the movie then the real
Or first the real then the movie
The one about the planet that could no
Longer sustain human life
Some headed to the basement
Some well or ill equipped humans
Left for Europa to go 16 miles deep
With nuclear torpedos
Into the ice to the ocean inside
I am too claustrophobic to try that
Others went further out in space
But life may be gone
by the time they report back
if they do
Plan Z to follow

Boom bamboo
Spoken broken
Robot memory embossed into a coin
Music flows within the mind
And through the bloodstream

galactic bodies on courses
to unknown destinations

Mr. and Miss Leading

It was a whirlwind courtship
It lasted just three daze
They had so much in common
So similar in their ways...

Mr. and Miss Leading
Walked down the wedding aisle
Holding hands while taking vows
All they could do was smile.

On their wedding night, oh at last
they laid in the marital bed
And the two prepared for what
they saved 'til they were wed.

The lights were dim as her and him
Threw clothes into a pile
She turned off the light as the moon glowed
bright
they gently kissed for a while.

Then Mr. encountered something
Which made him feel quite sick
His new wife kept her secret well
and she had a much bigger dick.

Skeleton Faces and Half-Mast Trouser Disasters

— by Rico de Carlos Gomez Schmidt Sanchez reporting for the Daily URTH News July 2013

Hello everybody. This is Rico. Yes, that Rico. I have been away for a little while taking care of the business of living. I'm sure you remember me, the world's most revered authority and writer of men's fashion for such magazines as *Sew What* and *Clotheslines* in 1932. Today I am here to have a look at what you are wearing right now. Now why did you choose that shirt with the scary skeleton head? I guess if you were on your way to a job interview and want to make certain you will continue getting unemployment, then I understand your savvy strategy! Well done, but now I really have to ask you why wear the trousers so well below the waist, that they have become something else, and the way you bunch them in front to keep them on your

thigh and walk with that swagger, as if you own that parking lot you look so silly strolling through. Where are you going? What are you doing? Not to mention you women. Look how your sleeves are also fancy gloves! How expressive are the sleeves that dangle an extra six inches from your hands! I used to know a guy who lost his arms at the wrists in an elevator and all his shirts fit him like that. I don't know, I just have been having a hard time and may have to retire from the Mens Fashion business, but then I think, I don't know, what then would they do without my valuable evaluation? I may stick it out but I need at least 1500 reasons a month for this being my only work but I have considered construction lately.

Well, don't forget to have your newts sprayed and tutored! Goodly byely for now everybody.

CJF 07102013

My Key

Lulled into a false secure of sensitivity
I fall to unflaggingly fail, I finally fly to
freedom

Sailing on the seas of disease pleased that
My key still turns the lock to block
Bad elements meant to be mean and mean
To do harm alarm and burn the farm
The jolt of the bolt and lock the dolt
In the cold a time is a place in a time at a
place

And the face will fall from the cliffs of
youth

To the depths of age to the truth
The door has closed the evil outside
and fear keeps it bolted the guns are loaded
nothing to kill nothing to shoot
nobody steals and nobody loots
I go to bed still wearin my boots
With eyeballs tattooed to my eyelids
And a warm gun in my hand.

Matter causes a drag on time
The heavier the object the more the drag
This opens the possibility of time travel to
the future.
This is true of pyramids distortion of
slowing time down by seconds
So we need something of a much larger scale
And break the 186,000 mps speed of light
in order to accomplish this.
I'll begin first thing tomorrow.

The Three Seasons

It seems that I've retired to Agoraphobia, where life is predictably blissful; a place with three seasons; the **Air Conditioned Season**, the **Furnace Season** and the **Open Window Season**.

I am trying to keep my immortal contract with my spirit intact, Sometimes one can unknowingly become contracted with the wrong party, so I have kept my great fame and popularity unseen by most, by being disengaged, unencumbered and free to carry on until life has gone dark. Begging won't do me any good, I'm going anyway ...

Tesla's Law

Tesla's law: each time you plug anything with two prongs into an outlet **it will not fit**

until you turn it around and then it will fit
when you plug it in. You know about one
plug being slightly larger than the other but
you still test this theory without looking
first. Should you violate this law and get it
correctly the first try, you will be blessed by
Edison for the rest of the day, which could
last a very long time should you be on a
planet larger than earth.

Hurry on in for our one cent off sale!!!
Salty Sally So Good
Tap that astronaut oh mama
Better than a Elvis
Fried peanut butter and banana sandwich
Elvis went on a double date
with Kennedy Marilyn & Priscilla

Only Evil on the Inside

I'm only evil on the inside
No need to hide, when it's way down inside
I'm the nicest guy you'd ever want to know
because I'm only evil inside
it's not outside at all
You should see the terrors I must hide
People disappearing the ones I don't like
Half the populace is gone, even your cousin
Mike
Oh I'm only evil on the inside
It's not outside at all.
Then one wicked day
All my evil came out
Get out of the way
Be sure not to let me inside!
Then the castaway outside
put my inside back inside
as it should never be outside
now I'm only evil on the inside ____ again
Oh I'm only evil on the inside
It's not outside at all.

(just don't piss me off).

CJF 07142013

Your signature can easily outlive you, so
watch where you leave it.

The Groundskeeper

After the Magnolia tree sheds those ten
thousand
hard waxen leaves everywhere the blooms are
at work
in blooming forth such lovely white flowers
as if to say, “Was it not worth such a mess,
after you have toiled and labored to
rake and then remove all my leaves
and my cones that can hurt your feet,
to see such beauty as in my blooms?”

“Let me think about it,” is my reply.

CJF 07142013

LIVING WITH CONTRADICTION

Can there be love where there is deception
Can there be a war with honor
Can there be victory in defeat
Is there honor among thieves
and valor for the weakest
Can there be truth within lies
Can there be death without life
Can there be life without death
Can light exist without darkness
Can there be joy without despair
Can there be hope without fear
Can time be encapsulated when time was
spent to encapsulate it
Can there be a Tsunami that kills thousands
in Asia
During a beautiful sunny day in California
Can there be faith in God with a doubt in
God
Can there be thought without consciousness

Can there be mercy and goodness from a
killer
Or a death sentence from a Christian
Can there be age without wisdom
Can there be poverty among progress and
wealth
Can there be guilt within innocence
Can there be angry smiles from a choir of
one?
All possible, all plausible, all contradictions;
Without contradiction there is no opposite
Without a negative a positive will cease to
exist as such.

CJF
o/n/ce

Heads in Jars

Brains are plastic.
They can win a trophy for excellent usage
And they can atrophy from lack of use
all it takes is one brain to change the world
in a helpful way
and the brain of only one crazy fucker to
devastate the world.

bees are a protected species in two categories
the wood bees and wouldn't bees
smoking doobees could get you time in the
pokey
and the provocative scary boo bees
of the lezbees and newbees

If a killer should ask,
“Regular or execution style?”
Compliment him on his fine manners
And what a genuinely considerate person he
is

while you kick him in the balls extremely
hard
and run for it
unless you want to ask him
what the difference is
between regular and execution style.

Don't Keep Your Enemies Closer Than Your Friends

I occasionally visit with my friends, but especially not my enemies every chance I never get. "Frenemies" should be a long-distance call at best. Keep good relationships with friends and permanently break up with your enemies so you don't have to keep them anywhere, because you don't need them. If you really had the geographic choice of where your enemies should be on the planet, you may want to send them to Antarctica (which could become a new frontier in a few years with the vanishing glaciers and ice, so they can find a good job to keep them

there). You can always make new enemies... if you want to.

What is that horrible smell? Oh no, the line is dead!

Nothing about the United States of America is sacrosanct. Mockery of everything it once stood for is now the norm. Moral values are not changing; they are in a state of decay, which is when things begin to smell.

What is in the mind of a righter?

Clothes are not captioned for the hearing prepared.

Shitty pants = clothes captioned.

Smartphone technology has turned the world into the Planet of the Apps.

Smartmonkey technology: there's an ape for that.

I am writing this using my real voice.

His brain wrote it all over his face.

Bastardizing Words

I am happy for all the words we can still say until they are made illegal in the future by over-sensitive groups. Until then we are safe, afterwards we may be successfully sued or we go to prison. I object to the negative descriptive use of the thing known as "word". I submit we call "words" "*things*" henceforth. Should I not say these *things* (as I mean "words")? You can say **WHATEVER** you want – as long as it is within the law!



I actually never felt as though I was on the road to fortune and fame – and am pretty sure I was correct. My creativity has never suffered, my talents still grew, the muse never changed and my “target audience” is still myself. Mission accomplished.

The Undrawn Circle of Fear

With **fear** comes **optimism** comes **caution**
comes **doubt** comes **allusion** comes **belief**
comes **passion** comes **love** comes **hope**
comes **pessimism** comes **fear** (rinse and
repeat).

Is anyone reading this book starting to see
how my mind works? If so, please tell me!

Is '*part of a sudden*' proper when '*all of a
sudden*' has not been used?

A Story of Some Other Little Boy Than Myself (okay it is me)

Once upon a time there was a little boy.
Nothing unusual about that, he was just a
little boy whose friends were at least six
inches taller than he. His only desire in life
was to be big, so he could be calling the
shots, not the big people who pushed him

around all the time. He had tried standing on two of his friends' shoulders wearing a long trench coat, which did get them into an adult movie theater one time. When he finally did grow up, his aspirations to be a "grown-up" ceased and his new dream was to live the childhood that he had missed out on while wishing to be bigger. Though it is not plausible aging from old to young, his brain met the challenge of living from the inside out instead of from the outside in, as he had started off.

The End.

