

Read the horribly revealing and embarrassing sequel to "Beta" entitled "5-Year". Books 1-5 (approximately 50 thousand words or 110 pages) of "5-Year" are available as a PDF download for just \$2. Paypal and credit card accepted. Go to <http://www.pigzenspace.com/5year.html> to get your copy.

BOOK 4

↓2003

103 6/22/3 1pm

Book 4. What do ya fuckin' know. I'm at the coffee bean on Hillhurst. Thought today that I should give up chain coffee joints because they're bad for the small businessman. Then I thought giving up starbux was a good idea, but giving up coffee bean might be bad because coffee bean to starbux is like k-mart to wallmart.

I never shop at wallmart. Won't do it. Only under extreme duress. One time I bought some soda water when I was driving across country and there was nowhere else to shop. The Midwest. Square. Red.

Just spoke to Amyt. First time since I left Morehead. Sounds like he's doing well. Told me he's buying the house across the street from the place he's been renting. That fits a dream I had. I dreamt I woke up happy on that side of the street one time. As a matter of fact I ran down the street naked. I was with a redhead.

I told myself this would be the last time I'd stop here. I quit going to the coffee bean at Fairfax & Sunset because of the losers who go there. I didn't want to be part of that scene. I'm beginning to wonder if maybe the same doesn't apply in Los Feliz, Spain.

Yes, before I continue muttering I will include a brief note, a recognition if you will, that there is a quite attractive blond sitting to my left. Pretty face. Beautiful hair. Nice red pants.

I wonder what her waist would feel like in my hands. Probably lovely. Do you think that's wrong of

me to wonder? Abbynormal? I'm concerned. Maybe I should jump off my chair.

Worked wolfgang catering last night at some film festival. The only recognizably famous person (to me) was Andy Dick. I started out running food (my indian name) and wrapped it up by tray-passing h'or d'urvs. However you spell that ship...shit.

I wonder what that translates into Spanish as. Makes me want to say "Adios" when people sneeze. Go-with-god and god-bless-you being roughly similar what. (In case you missed it that last bit was spoken with a British accent.)

So I'm walking around French-serving 10" pizzas. That's where you take two forks and squeeze the food between them and hand it to the person.

It was an outside event. Paper lanterns hung from trees, quilts were thrown under 'em with pillows. It had a dance floor, 2 bars, 3 buffets, and a couple of dessert stations. They showed the movie in the theatre next door. It was oddly chill for June 21st.

The 3 pretty catering girls chosen to wear tank tops and hand out Perrier water were holding trays up over their chests to hide their erect nipples. I stood by one of them in conversation, and put my fingers over mine as a joke.

Anyway, I was walking around inserting myself almost rudely into people's conversations, the prettier the girl the more creative the sales-pitch. I'd say "Tiny Pizza?" and wave the item in their view.

I'd already gone up to the table Andy Dick was at before I'd noticed him. I said "Tiny Pizza?" He and his group declined but I think were amused by me.

So later I'm standing up by his table and I notice a disposable knife in the grass. Another caterer, a good-looking young guy, was bussing his table and area. As he was leaving I said, "Hey."

He didn't hear me.

"Hey."

He still didn't hear me.

So louder, "Hey."

He saw me. I said, "Got a knife on the ground over here." in a serious tone while pointing at it.

He walked back over and picked it up.

Andy Dick looks back over his shoulder at me with an expression like one might have if a large woman had just jumped up and dropped her pants. I looked back at him like I was holding in a hit off a joint and walked off. I think it was funny.

Something else I got a kick out of: a pretty young girl walked up to me with a fork. She said. "I haven't seen anywhere I can put my fork." I looked at her for a second and said: "If you throw it at that tree a little fairy will come out and grant you a wish." She laughed a little self-consciously and said she'd try it, walking off to allow another person, a young guy probably a couple years younger than me, to walk up and ask where the bathrooms were. I told him there were none but no one would mind if he'd like to dig a little latrine in the corner of the yard. He chuckled and walked off. I then offered a "frank-in-a-blanket" to the guy standing in front of me. He took one and in a detached tone of voice said: "that was just two jokes in less than 2 seconds." I said as I walked away, "Yep and I wasn't even thinking." Not exactly a good leave but nobody's perfect. Anyhow. Think I'll have a refill.

I'm wearing a nature camp tee shirt Rob gave me when I was in college. Second year at UNC, maybe freshman...shoot maybe high school. Over ten years ago...that's certain. Funny how at 31 I can think of that as not a very long time.

Stayed at Amy's last night. Second time I stayed there that I had violently unpleasant dreams. That's both times to be precise. Well, once was odd, two is something more. I won't be staying there again. Something about it creeps me out.

Catering tonight at six. Some rich person's wedding at Pepperdine University in Malibu. Whatever.

Spoke to Kelly this morning.

Brief aside. I noticed in my bad dream last night that as soon as I began to fight, whatever was fuckin' with me ran away. So...like most bullshit opposition in the universe...it has no backbone.

There are no attractive women here...Jesus I may as well stay home and write and save the \$2.50 I spend on coffee.

So Rachael's little sister, a 20-year-old, is flirting with me. She offered me her lip-gloss last night. Later I informed her that her pants were falling down. 'Twould be tempting and no doubt fun, but the 20-year-old little sister of the girl who works in the management of the company that pays me \$20/hr. has "trouble" written all over her.

Her middle name is Elaine. That'd make four girls at wolfgang I've been romantically involved with. I'd probably be better off keeping that number in the single digits. Ha.

Some hipster girl with a practiced look of fake concern, and her skinny bitin'-his-bottom-lip boyfriend just eyeballed me...or rather made it obvious they didn't, as they walked by.

Come on. Who's kiddin' who. I know you know who I am. I know you talk about me. I know you vary between fascination and misdirected venomous hatred.

As a matter of fact I just glanced up at them and he started whispering to her.

Whisper Whisper Whisper. Is that 'the cool' in LA? I fuckin' doubt it.

They'd fit right in any indy-rock scene. Black sambas on the guy. Cat-eye glasses on the girl. Vintage shirt. They're about as bad as the big-hat-no-cattle rednecks that come in with their button up shirts in bright colors, tucked into their blue jeans at the Hideaway.

Or about as bad as the Harry Potter people that wear their scarves in 80° weather.

Anyone who dresses up as a character is a joke. Fuck You. I fuckin' hate hipsters. I know they don't like me back. I know they will never support my band. So fuck 'em. What good are they? None.

I think I'll pose for them. Cigarette hanging from my mouth. Far away look. Sort of a cross between Spock and The Fonz.

I just made 'em leave. Fuckers. Too bad almost all the hipster guys are too little to punch.

Wouldn't be sporting of me.

I'm feeling a lull in my writing coming on.

Admittedly, sometimes I get angry just for the fun of it.

Still got to shave. Noticed right now as I was resting my head. At the event last night many of the "cool guys" there had a ½ weeks growth on their face. Sometimes I'd say, "shave" as I walked past.

Ok. Time for the 5 minute test. Nothing interesting happens in the next 5, I'm outa here. Even if pretty Italian girl number two thousand and fourteen is sitting across the café from me. She even looked at me and - to my horror - I looked away. Think I'll look up at her. There. I caught her...made her look down. Making eye contact might be fun. Maybe I'll try it.

Just saw Chris' ex-girlfriend Darby inside when I went to take a piss. She's going to come outside and talk to me.

Her first expression when I saw her was odd. Disappointment mixed with 'peeved'.

Then she looked at me and waved...her second, composed expression. I shut one eye and gave her an odd look. She was sweet to me when I walked up and patted her on the arm.

#2014 has very pretty eyes.

Some guy in the corner just looked at me in quasi-disgust. I looked back like...don't look at me

motherfucker, I'll slap that look right off your baldin' goofy head.

One of the cops that are here, "Duffy", just kinda smiled at me. Black guy. Big, actually, more like dark Latino.

Maybe I'll go say hi to #2014. What'll I say? How about: I like your shoes.

Interesting conversation with Darby. Made her write her # on my coffee cup instead of my writing pad. Told her I was writing a book and "wanted to keep it clean."

Her friend got on my nerves. She delivered me a very judgmental look. Whatever. It was only a matter of time 'till I ran into Darby.

The girl across the way is reading a paper. Headline reads..."low pay...huge rewards". Maybe I should heed that and go over and say what's up.

Kinda want to. Kinda don't. I mean I don't exactly need another girlfriend in my life. Yet, she is interesting looking. If only I could come up with something funny to say. Maybe I'll pretend to faint in front of her. Or perhaps I'll throw my writing pad at her head. I could go over and ask if I could try to...blah blah blah.

I've kinda had it here anyhow. May as well go out with a bang.

102 6/24 prob about 1:00ish

Sitting at Urth waiting for a table. Occasionally eyeballing the clientele who're sitting down to see if anyone's leaving. Perhaps said evil glares will make someone get up. Lot's-o-weird shit gone down in the past 48. But first: I'll be glad when I don't nervously twitch anymore. That'll be cool.

Now, a description. When I was catering at Adam Sandler's wedding, there was a moment ½ way through the evening when I had to bus the table right by the stage. The band was covering some classic rock song. I

approached the head-high P.A. speaker and faced it, waiting to get around a table. I was 2 feet off from it. Standing there in my bistro outfit. The song was so loud it was like a wind pouring into me. I love that shit. Sonic Wind. It's so energized and chaotic.

In short, two nights ago I was a caterer at the wedding of an A-list entertainer, and was chosen to wait on the A-list table, complete with the Fonz and Lorin Michael, Tim Allen and Maya Rudolph.

Then last night, I bartended at the Hideaway, all of who's clientele combined will struggle to make as much money as Mr. Sandler spent on that party.

At the end of my night at the Hideaway I was nearly forced into a fight with Ralph, the mid-forties Aussie. Ralph and I had been having some friction. On this occasion Don (one of the owners) had asked me to close early. Ralph and his buddies wanted another round. I think he was looking for a reason to get at me and he had brought 'back-up', a large construction guy who didn't have the ability to smile at all. This guy stood right behind Ralph for the entire altercation.

So, after hearing that Don's conflict management skills encompass his having pushed some woman to the ground, and after seeing the way Don cowardly avoided the conflict with Ralph, I've decided to be smart for once and quit now instead of a week later.

It reminds me of Valentino's where the owner asked me if I "wanted to go out back and go a couple rounds".

Instead I just shaved my head bald and waited for him to fire me. Turns out I didn't see him again. I had to quit after about 5 days. Moving on.

I'm working on getting 'exhaling properly' down. Deep exhalation. Empty the lungs.

Being in an empty field would be nice right now. Twilight. No structures obvious in view. Insects flitting around but not so you've got to brush 'em off your nose. Smell of the sun, warmed earth and wildgrass. Breeze that gusts up over the hill to the

front of you, randomly pushing around the pages of the writing pad. Shit we should all go. The only sound some chatter; women laughing.

So, in a waking dream I heard the Fonz tell me last night when I was bone-tired: "Do it for your Family. Make it for your Family." So, however you want to define "it", that's what I'll do. I will do it. For my Family. Good 'ole Fonz.

Jesus I just caught myself rereading this shit. I think I may have gotten through an entire paragraph. That's a definite no-no. I don't want to revisit this shit. Not ever. Trouble will be finding someone I trust who can read this scratch and type it in for me. That'll be a challenge.

Talk about magic. I had just thought about moving to a new chair and at that moment, the busser spilled a drink on it. I guess the more willing you are to accept the signals, the more come your way. I wonder what could be significant about not taking that chair. I mean I don't wonder too hard or nothin'. Only, 'twould have been nice to sit in the shade.

Need a new flint in my lighter.

So when Capsize 7 broke up. Or rather, when I thought it was fuct. I drank so much alcohol. 13 beers a night on average. Drunk was comfort and escape. Drunk in public. Drunk on stage. Drunk and fuckin'. Too drunk to be fuckin'.

One time about 8 months after the breakup, I drank 7 before going in to 506 to work as soundman. I blew the mains on the PA trying to make the Smearcase guitars loud enough for my liking.

Monica - who I was/am infatuated with - told me the damage was about \$500. She knew and Dave knew (the co-owners) I didn't have it. So I got let off the hook. One day I'll give 'em back something. I owe 'em.

I drank 'till I'd puke. Often. I can still remember the pathetic feeling after vomiting. An

exhausted, self-loathing feeling, that was strangely reminiscent of clocking-out of a job I hated.

Anyhow. Thank god that woman and her kid just left from in front of me. Not in a phase right now where I'm too crazy about being around children. I've got a lot of negativity. I feel guilty about how much hate and 2nd hand smoke I exhale around them.

I'm looking forward to writing in here about how:

- I sold out the Troubadour.
- The press is treating us like darlings.
- Our label is being cool.
- Life on the road is so much fun.

I bet my hair looks really stupid. Since I grew it back from baldness, it hasn't been combed once. Not one time. Nor brushed.

Beautiful pregnant woman to my front, left.

Got my dad's old Raybans with the gold frames and bone nose-piece, or is it ivory...same difference...on the table to my fore. They fell off my face in '93 when I was pumping gas and the glass shattered in one eye. About three years ago I spent seventy dollars to have them fixed up with new glass and earpieces that fit. Now I'm ultra-cautious of them. Dad had them in Vietnam.

The original case (which I still use) is leather, felt and metal, or steel. There are belt hole loops cut through the back where he wore it on his uniform. Probably opposite where he put his .45 or, more like, on his back. At my parent's house in the family montage, there's a picture of him wearing these glasses, holding a M-16, foot propped up on the wheel of a jeep.

So book 4. Probably around 33,000 words by now. I'll guess: 32,984 words. Wonder how I did? [35,359]

Lucky me: more children just sat down in front of me. It's like vicarious baby-sitting.

It's getting close to time to go. I've probably been here about an hour, 15 minutes. I only put 2 hours on the meter. Need to check my e-mail see if I got work

offers. Already missed one today because I slept 'till noon. Roughly 12 hours. Guess I needed it.

Writing with a wolfgang puck catering pen I got from Olivia at the Adam Sandler wedding event. I never bring a pen even though I'm supposed to. Probably because this is about the first time I've needed one. Maybe (shit yeah right 'maybe') I'll ask out Olivia sometime soon. She's a looker. Only difficulty is she's got the kind of good-lookin' cute that would fit right in in a J-crew catalogue.

Better put, I could easily see her dating an Abercrombe + fish guy and I'd rather eat a bowl of locusts than put on anything with that name on it. Even in the dark by myself. No one but me would know but I still couldn't live with that.

Whatever Man. I'm still gonna ask her out. She's too good lookin' and smiles at me enough not to. But, to quote my supervisor at work Eric, spoken vacantly like a bored British Earl, "Love hath thorns."

That being said it's about time for a refill or for me to go. Test of the interior...I'll go. I'll stay. Ok. Staying feels better. Perhaps I'll do a 10 minute test. Nothing interesting in the next 5-10...I'm gone.

Thin' I'll shut my eyes for a minute. That's nice.

JNY. Resolution with her would be good. Like a jacket zipped up to the neck on a cold day. I think she may have been in my bizarre dream last night. I was driving a '71 mustang from the backseat by remote control. I worked the throttle, she steered, and I think it was Chris Toms worked the clutch.

I remember complaining at one point that the brunette with the long legs had her legs in the way of my legs...I couldn't reach the gas. Then I said: "Not to mention that they are very nice legs."

After driving through a rainstorm and a complicated traffic situation, the dream flashed and I was in a shopping center; a skateboard rolled in front of me. Then I was back in the car and I kept saying "second",

"go to second", as in 2nd gear. Rob's old green mustang was a 3 speed. She asked me, "so this thing has another gear?" I said, "just reverse...", as though yes but it doesn't apply.

The dream then flashed again and I was sitting in a theater waiting with a bunch of other "talent" for my turn to perform. There were amplifiers lying around.

Little shaky. Too much caffeine...and yet I want more. Looking forward to getting that 3 speed '71 mustang. Not the fastback but the coupe.

I, in the past 10 minutes, stared a guy into leaving. By looking hard at him 'cause he was coughing...and I - paranoid - thought it had something to do with me. Well fuck him. Fuck him and fuck that other guy too. I don't break. Ever. I can't. I tried it. It failed. My core is indestructible. I wanted to break. I tried as hard as I could, but it couldn't be done. Too bad.

Energy. Carolina. Wonder when she'll reappear. Jenny. Wonder when she'll reappear. Olivia. To be dated. Amy, Kelly, who the fuck knows.

I think I like intimidating people. Fuck 'em. I do get angry just for the fun of it. Maybe it comes from knowing I can't be hurt. Maybe that's why the redneck bar is intriguing. Because I get to be an asshole to guys that aren't primed up pussies. That I might actually get into a fight. Maybe that's exactly why I ought to quit. It's a dangerous thing to flirt with. A dangerous allowance. Tough guy bullshit.

Or maybe... it's an excellent outlet for otherwise aimless aggression. Whatever. I can't afford to break my hand on some dumb-ass drunk redneck's skull even though the activity would be exhilarating. I mean. When I thought I was going to fight Ralph there wasn't fear...it was energizing. And that drunk redneck was probably a tough customer. It would have been a fair match. I mean, I've got reach on him and I'd guess equal strength, maybe speed...but he, I'd imagine, has

been in a fight since he was a teenager and I have not. Fucker probably knows how to bar-fight and against that I've only got a pissed off nature and a deep desire to beat the shit out of someone. Could have been interesting until, of course, his large friend grabbed me and Ralph started punching me in the gut. Beating me about the head and face.

Fuckin' whatever. Fuck this place. Looking forward to being too busy to care.

Whatever...there are no limits. This can be as long as it wants to be.

One more thing - no significance to remaining in this seat that I am aware of.

101 6-25 9:38am

Dropped the Ford off at the dealership. Paid the dude at the chevron \$212 for a new thermostat and radiator cap but it's still losing water. Still running hot. Goody. Maybe today'll be another \$350 and I can kill the little financial lead I built up with the E.I.C. from U.S.A.

Bought a cup of coffee for \$1.40 down the street at some non-deodorant wearing catholic dude's place with posters about Jesus on the wall. Went back for a refill: another \$1.40. That shit sucks. Refills are supposed to be cheaper. Because you're not paying for the cup. I thought that's how it went at least. I even said something to that affect to the guy - must be because I just woke up. I try not to tell other people their business as a rule...but hey... if you're gonna hang Jesus paraphernalia on your walls you're kinda going for a niche market, eh?

So I'm stuck without my car all day. I hope they get it done. Wow I feel out of it. Walking away after dropping off my car I actually drooled a little while smoking. Just like Pappy. Crazy old guy drools some. Nothin' personal Pappy and I can dig it that you're in your 70s and all.

What fuckin ever. Rady's on his way over to pick my ass up. I'm havin' a I don't like me too much episode. It'll pass.

6-26 9:40ish am 100

I broke down and went to Starbucks. Or more accurately I drove for an hour in traffic and got here. And to the consternation of the snobs that go here, this is where I sit and write for the time-being.

Got a call from Dad this morning telling me Ginny-Lee is doing better. My cousin. Complications from a root canal had - believe it or not - lead to her being in jeopardy of losing her life. Pretty heavy and fucked up shit.

So, since all these people are getting on my nerves, I'll remind myself why I came here. To Malibu I mean. It's pretty here. It's nicer than being at my practice room doing my laundry. And, although it's not why I came here, I like or rather enjoy telling people to fuck off - if that hadn't come across by now. But I gotta admit. So far this is a C minus of a coffee / writing event. Guess it's the last time I'm coming here.

Still and all - and I don't know why I care - but I find one of the coffee girls attractive even though she's much too young for me. I'd guess about 20. Whatever. Don't think I'll bother her.

Wish list: wish the old lady + her dog would leave. Wish the children would go home. As much as I don't like the majority of people my age I guess I prefer them to the very old / very young. Well - not true - I guess it's that damn dog that's buggin' me. I like dogs and all but they're overly attentive to strangers.

Relocation. That ain't bad.

A conclusion I've come to: it's better to remain invested fully in the energy field than to treat your body like an igloo and stay inside.

Think I'll try and minimize my impact here seeing as ah don' zactly feet in.

Jesus this place is weird. I better find a more urban coffee shop. Someplace a bit more my speed.

No matter.

Meaningless drivel.

I'm pretty sick of the bullshit. I want it gone. Bullshit with my neighbors. Bullshit with my jobs. Bullshit career choice. Bullshit living. I'm beginning to wonder if I didn't show up at school without my pants on. So I want the bullshit gone.

I'm sick of speaking a dead language. 100 days left. Thank god Rady got back when he did and I didn't start drinking again. That would've been a major mistake. Time to do some weeding. I need a, or more accurately, would enjoy having a girlfriend I have things in common with. Like minded. I'd also enjoy getting my band out there and seeing what people think. It's not going to take a whole lot of convincing to get me to give it up...odd that, considering how much I sacrificed (wife / lucrative career) to be here.

I'm lookin' at it like my mental health necessitated I do this. Can't imagine how flummoxed I'd be if I'd erroneously convinced myself to stay in school.

Pertinent issues thus far: 1) I'm sick of the bullshit. 2) only 100 days left. 3) time to quit fuckin' around.

Went inside to get a refill. It's a damn day care center in there. Babies cryin'. Holee shit. It'd be hell to work here...all jacked on caffeine with whining children all around. Luckily the patio is empty but for me. Coincidence. I doubt it.

Nice blister on my wrist. Burned it good yesterday.

Last band practice I finally felt like we were getting close. First time since Rady got back that we hit a point where things meshed well - not for an entire

song yet - but for parts of it. Baby Steps. Think I need to buy some folgers singles.

This'll be over soon. 100 days go by in a jiffy. I'll smoke this cig then go. Got to work on cover ideas with Rady. Someday. Some day I'll look back on all this and: a) vomit b) laugh c) cry d) all of the above simultaneously. Get me the fuck outa here.

DAY 99 6:27 11:28am

What the fuck. Sitting in mutherfucking Urth café. Relocated. Tellin' myself it's due to the fact that I was at too prominent a table. More like moved to be within eyeshot of the looker to my fore. She's sexy as hell.

But anyhow. At least I'm partly in shade. Thinkin' about quitting smoking. I believe she just called her significant otro. I'll leave her be. Maybe not. Maybe I'll deliver my pick-up line: hey I think you're foxy could I call you sometime. I will ask her. I will not ask her. Allow me to examine the options. I will. I will not. Count to 3. You know I would but 3 doesn't exist. It's a myth. Anything between one and infinity counting upwards is a lie. When a clover makes "3" leaves. It doesn't count to three rather it makes fractions of one. It divides one 3 ways. That's why they're symmetrically arrayed. 3. Yeah right: 1/3. Not to mention that the world is flat. But not just the world. The entire universe is flat. Everything is flat.

Now that that's said lets define flat. "3" points in space make a plane. Thus we have defined a plane. A plane is the ideal flat. I'm saying everything is planar. Within this plane, however, can be many things. A point must be definable in 3 dimensional space to exist. Because of this it must also consist of infinite smallness. Therefore it must be infinitely divisible. Therefore it must be able to contain anything

imaginable. Therefore it must contain the entire universe.

Here we are. I'll define a plane again. The tip of my right boot. The center of the moon. A red-blood cell circulating in the beautiful girl to my fore's blood stream. Logically the points described although constantly in motion define a plane. At any given point in time throughout their entire existence until they are no longer definable within 3 dimensional space: they will define a plane. They are minute yet infinitely devisable. Infinite smallness dictates that they must. Not "could" but must contain everything possibly imaginable. Not just this exact scenario duplicated within it but every possible duplicate experience. My free will deciding not to get a refill. That universe exists. The universe where I married Teresa and we have a 6-year-old child. That exists. It has to. It isn't optional.

The "3" points within the flame I just ignited with my zippo. So. There is no 3. It's redundant. Why restate the existance of infinity when it is much more simple to state: one. Everything is one. And one is not the same concept as the numeral preceding two. Because 2 is a children's story. 2 is santa clause and the tooth fairy. OK. 'Nuf said.

What's new? I may quit smoking. I should. It might help to kick start my motivation. That'd be helpful. Sumptin' tells me it's the end of an inning. KLY came over last night. 'Twas good of her to do so. KLY knows there's an "Amy" but "Amy" doesn't yet know there's a "KLY". Think I'd better level the playing field tonight. Full disclosure.

I like the new one #8. Chris and Rady and I are writing better songs than capsized was at the end.

Ok. That's arguable.

Fucking zippo trix. Like a fetching dog.

Heard the new Jane's Addiction song on the radio on way here. I liked it from the get go. It's so much

better than the other new shit on the radio...new bands today seem to bite as a rule.

Whatever, I'm not gettin' off the porch.

Imagine a right triangle with an infinitely long a side, and an infinitely small b side. Yet $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$. So the hypotenuse is the square root of infinity square plus infinity small squared. I postulate $c = 1$. Just feels right. How else could it be. Now rotate the triangle around the x axis to create a disc of infinite width and infinitely small height or depth. That would be a plane. Within which everything possible must exist. Perhaps its volume is Π . Whatever.

Spatial geometry is a children's story. Everything is one, Π is one. We shouldn't be counting based on a system with 10 at its root. We should be using Π .

One more cig.

Why do I feel like people are the only ones who don't get this shit. Like dogs and cats instinctively get it. I think it may be because people have too many distractions. We get too caught up in our own petty worries.

Jesus it's fuckin' hot today.

One more refill. Besides it's probably the last time I'm coming here. Believe it or not I'm gonna phase out this café bullshit. Bought some folgers singles at the store. Cheaper.

4th cup of coffee. Gettin' nice and jumpy. Lil' bit shaky. Smokin' on Friday the 27th of June. Need to call back Amyt. Met a guy named 'Sun' at work, party-staff, he has some of Amyt's peculiarities. Big brother type. Take charge type. Nice guy. Too bad I'm too old to make new friends.

Within the one each individual's thoughts and willpower are very effective. Example: each action you take creates a new one. Applies to everyone. So we are all infinitely powerful. Creating an entirely new universe with each move.

I believe I am subtly aware of my future universe. I, for example, believe that soon I'll be seeing a girl that's more of a couple for me. Less of a fuck buddy. Nothin' against fuck buddies mind you...they keep ya' happy...but I think I've evolved to the degree post-Teresa that I'm ready for one. Think about the evolution. Simone - Brigitte - Kelly - Amy. It kinda makes sense.

New. Now. quarter. time. trip. exactitude. Symphony. Detritus. Calamity. Spider. Wordsworth. Intelligence. Craftwerk. New leopard. Reduction. Assignations. Whatever. Tether. Synchopation. Erudiation. Radiation. The Beatles. Escape mechanism. Neutron star. Social climber. Social Distortion. Old people. A world in which right handed people are considered more creative. I am so boring. Jacked on caffeine. Straight edge. Vomit in your rumphole. No more bullshit. All work + no play. Involuntary repsonses. old car. car. old hand. bird. Lucid dreams. nightmare. hair net. andrew lloyd weber. misspellation. nomenclature. Ne're do well. No one for you. Fudge.

6-29 1:52pm 97 days remain

I feel kinda crappy cause I'm sitting in a starbux surrounded by a buncha doods who never get laid. 'Tis my own fault. Just trying to burn time while down the street my laundry dries.

I started to feel bad about how this shit I write is all the same top o' the head boring shit and then it hit me. I don't give a fuck what you think. This is writing I'm doing-for-me. To help sort my fut up thoughts.

Didn't have a single smoke on day 98. Today I remembered the chord I forgot (one of 'em) in 'Luv what you do'. I hope the rest comes back to me. I get the feelin' it will.

Catered some wedding last night. Felt like shit all night. Weak. Sneezzy.

Died my hair a deeper maroon. Now I look even crazier. Little guy beside me got up, took his laptop junk and spilled his milkshake on the floor. I was complaining but I guess I ought to thank the worthless fuck because it prevented this dude from sitting down next to me. No more bullshit. No more b.s.

Cleared it up with Amy last time I saw her - night b4 last. Let her know we were just dating and I couldn't handle anything more serious than. She agreed. So now I've got a couple steady girls. I ought to be happy but instead I'm starting to feel like a chump.

Dreamt twice in a row of a blond woman looked kinda like Natasha who had a big white haired dog.

What now eh? 97 days left.

Choices. Heard a voice in my waking mind say this morning that "we'll talk soon". A female voice. Sounded a little upset.

Sunday. I'm doing laundry - hit the bank - purchased some necessary shit. What to do for the remainder.

Oh. When I was working I asked out this young girl (probably 22) at the wedding. She worked for the catering company too. She said she had a boyfriend. All this asking women out is sorta embarrassing. I hope it's just a phase. God I fuckin' hope so. But now, I guess I'm thinkin' about adding 3 and 4. More steady girlfriends. I figure if I go for it all the way I'll get it out of my system more quickly.

Jesus being a hard dick is a pathetic waste of time.

So no more smoking. I hope I can improve my voice. Maybe I'll give myself something as a reward. A steady girlfriend. Somebody I could give something more to. Homeless guy just came in with a kool shirt on. A Japanese design. A Tiger and Dragon swirled on it.

Although I'm not trying very hard I still feel like I'm trying too hard. The universe makes it happen to you. In it's own way. In it's own time. It has that

kind of organizational abilities. Pretty f-ing cool huh. Yeah.

Wonder if I'll talk to these girls catching my attn. Life's funny. It's like I'm making up for lost time. 5 years in a relationship. ½ year out and I pick up girls like I'm twenty. What to do. At least I'm not married with a kid havin' this breakdown. That's not something I think I could live with.

Think I'll ask Olivia out next time I get a chance. Couldn't hurt. After all, best cure for being hungry is to have something to eat.

Any second now I'd better go reload the drier. I could come back and read or write. Wouldna' be a big deal.

7/1 95 3:55pm

Still not smoking. We'll see how long that lasts, at least for the short term. At someplace called 'café roma' on Larchmont St. Place has a 'B' sanitation rating but at least the chairs are comfy to write in, no annoying arms. There's shade. Made CDs today.

Rady's working on covers s l o w l y. We will get the demo out. 95 days 'till put up or shut up time. Interesting bunch down here, less model-ly which is a positive and a negative. Slightly more punk edge. And that's nice 'cause I have sort of an edge me own self.

Wearing a t-shirt Steve Carr gave me back in '92. Pants I bought in '96. Theme for today...flow. Flow is the name of the game. It's the game of the game. You get what I'm sayin'.

Not too much traffic here which is good. Kinda quiet. That's good too. So, my big purchase for today...a tuner. \$89. Ten pack strings. 30 bux.

Well at least I don't have a problem spending \$. It's making it that gives me some difficulties.

I reflected last night that I been the way I am...putting up with the difficulties involved with "the beater" for 4 years now. Four years of mockery. Ho - Lee - Shit. That is fucked. No wonder I'm over it now.

And before that...lucky me...3 years of having one fucked up life as a result of the capsized 7 break. Talk about a rough 7 years. If it weren't for Teresa I don't know what I'd've done.

Flow. Go w/ Flow. Let energy go. Flow. There is no stopping a good flow. Flough.

So anyway. It crossed my mind that there is no good reason...none...why I shouldn't have a girl. An accomplice. Not on the level that my two catering friends are but someone I could become more friends with. You get it? You dig. No reason whatsoever.

So...Larchmont was the clue that entered my head...I'm following it to its natural conclusion. I will sit here for ½ hour more and inherit what comes my way. I will take what I've given. Because I fuckin get it. The universe provides.

I gotta be me. I gotta be me. I gotta be me. I gotta be me. I turned sideways. You get more of a breeze that way.

This place don't suck so bad. Almost feels like I'm not in LA. If you squint it could almost be Athens, GA, or some other small old town. There's a wide street, with nose-in angled parking up to a sidewalk. Healthy old, maybe 100 years old, trees planted at even intervals down the road. Chapel Hill-style buildings as storefronts. Awnings and the occasional set of umbrellas. Not too bad. I'm sure if I wanted to get picky I could complain. Not now. By the way, after day 95, I can eat, drink, smoke anymotherf-ing thing I want. F. L. Oh. Double You. Eff Ell oh dubba dubba u. Anyhow.

Putting myself in a posture to receive. Receiver. Chapter 2 ends on 23rd July. 3 weeks. By then we'll have distributed at least 75 demos. I've got 40 ready to go tomorrow or day after. Then chapter 3. The magic chapter. The countdown. The equal and opposite reaction. Re - ception. Receiver.

4:25. Have ½ hr. plus 8 minutes to go on meter. That's good. R e c e i v e find out what it means to me. r. e. c. e. i. v. e. Exactly what it means to me. Ink's all over my hands. Don't spill it. Spill the magic. Don't spill it.

How would I want to be if I KNEW she - my significant associate - was coming by right now? Like this. Just like I am. I'd want to sit like this...in this posture. I'd want to write exactly this. Maybe I'll take a nap. Traffic's gonna suck pretty bad for the next hour so I'm not in too much of a rush.

Besides all this can be edited out later. So here she is. Tall. Not short. Slim, not boyish. Fresh, not burned. Not innocent. Learned. Pert, perky breasts. Slim in the waist and thigh. Slender and yet not waifish. Not demure - yet not overbearing. Intuitive almost to a fault. Intelligent...but not to a fault. With ambition yet not rooted in material things. Brown, black, or red hair preferred. Excellent small of the back...posture...preferred. Wit. A keen wit, necessary. Ability to withstand my saboteuristic angry nature and find some way to keep me from "shaking her off the hood," also necessary. Must have approval of what I do. Must be on the inside of the joke. She must be bold. She must be good in bed. She must have ample self-respect. She must be creative. Music she must like: some classical; some classic rock: Beatles, Cream, Hendrix, some 90's rock: Pavement, Built to Spill, Modest Mouse; some 80's rock: Sonic Youth, REM, Husker Du, and be able to enjoy AM radio. Not particularly essential on all the music cause that's a pretty stringent requirement n' all. Preferred ethnic background: ANY. Native American, Eskimo, Swedish, Canadian...whatever I don't care. I receive. The universe knows without my specifying. It can read my mind. Re-seive. Re Ce V. Allow. Be cool. Posture good. Let the energy flow. It goes. I receive...her. Why the fuck not? Déjà vu. Be cool.

7-2 94 days left 10:40am

Back in blue. Yes I do. Becha know I'm glad that it's true. Brought coupla refills for my cross. So now I'm writing in style. Even if it looks like I got the wide tip variety. Lots a ink goin' down ya know. At home. Fab 570 AM on radio. Cup coffee. 2 folgers bags makes one good cup.

Saw KLY last night. She was talking about her break-up and I almost had to leave and call Teresa. Yet we decided that come what may we'll try and be friends. Ok. Ok. That's a good idea. Besides. She said she liked blowing guys in cars and that ain't all bad huh.

Let all become one. Floooo. No more bullshit. Chapter 2 is over in 3 wks. Goods.

I wish to understand my woman situation. Honestly I do.

1pm.

For some reason I find myself at Urth café a - gain. Whatever. Here's an account of the \$ I've spent so far today: \$12 dry cleaning, \$10 gas, \$14 Billboard A+R directory, \$2 coffee. \$38. Yeah, maybe it doesn't sound like a lot - but I spent \$120 on musical equip yesterday, plus \$45 on supplies for the band.

In perhaps a futile attempt not to get jacked on this coffee I ordered the small. So I'm not smoking. I believe I'll have a conversation instead. Not anything too foolish. Sitting in the same seat I have always sat in. it's way fuckin' hot today. But bein' in the suns good for you. Think I'll try and get some direct light on my burn to help it heal. Gotta stop rubber neckin' the chicks.

Yeah I'm so sure. Listen up I got one for you. O.K. Same story diff. day. Got to just live. Breathe deeply. Be comfortable. But just between you + me...I'll have a sexy girlfriend I can care about before too long. That's a need not a want. Here, I'll even pick her. Brunette. Great Body. Oh forget it. It's impossible.

If and when Lystra ever 'planes-up' then I'll have said girlfriend. I doubt in my head that it's gonna happen before. Course my poor heart never reads the paper. It never learns. Not possible. Not gonna happen.

Ok. So that's why I got the small coffee. Quarter refills. Yeah. Don't spill the magic. So if I could speak with any girl here I'd talk to: the longhaired brunette...sitting on the upper level with her friend in the black shirt. If I could kiss her now I'd put my hand on the small of her back, draw her waist to mine till our stomachs touched, and kiss her lightly on the mouth.

I'll imagine what holding her hand would be like: a loose yet strong hand hold, long fingers of my hand reaching around her small hand into her palm. A comfortable hold...not too firm, not inattentive.

The sun is beaming down on me in my black t-shirt. I'm sweating at my brow. The universe is perfect. Free will directs it. I would meet that girl. I'm up for it. I'd like to talk to her. And...no doubt within a week of dating her I could be hopelessly in LUV. Cause that's the kind of fuck up I am.

There's some shade up here and even a slight breeze.

Amazing how without the smoking bit, I feel more like myself while being here. Not quite so pozed. Although I am admittedly getting a little charged off the caffeine.

So much for getting sun on my wound. I guess the best I can do is air it out. It's almost at the point that I'm sensory overload. Too many beautiful women I almost don't give a shit anymore. There...that sounds more like me. Fuck it. I don't even begin to fucking care. FUCK IT. Say it with me on 3. FUCK IT. Fooled ya - 3 doesn't even exist remember. Jesus I just caught my reflection in the window by mistake. I look nuts. Haven't shaved, hairs all stickin' up. Crazy look in my eyes. C. R'AZY. Fuck it.

So, like I said...I'd like to speak to the brunette who's now two tables to my left. I mean, I'd like to, but it's not exactly urgent or nuttin. Oh - amend that - she just walked by and I tried a ½ smile at her and got zilch back. Maybe smiles are sumpin where ½ don't get ya shit. Seems that way. Trust the universe. Fuck it. Fuck it. I'm always 5 days away from Morehead. Giving up would be easy. God damn.

I've got to fuckin' vent. VENT. Fuck it. I will no longer allow myself the luxury of preferences. I'm going to let the world decide from now on. Free will is an inverted joke. A Chinese finger puzzle. Free will. Good thing the pilot jammed the controls into a climb before he shot himself.

I think I'll take choice out of it. Come within length of my chain and I will bite. Bring it to me but beware of the dog. Been here 45 minutes. Probably got, in a generous light, @ ½ hr. left. '@' means 'about' not 'at' you computer geek.

I think I'm going to give up radio. I already gave up T.V. There are times when I'll turn on the radio for a sec and - 'oh shit, that's fuckin' awful.' Know what I'm saying? I'm not goin' cold turkey though, I'll allow fab 570 AM while at home. No more radio in car though. It's simply irritating as hell.

Nowthen. One word. To get to the meat of the issue. I got hurt bad by Teresa + I. PLUS...being a famous slash infamous individual, superman...beater...vampire, it all adds up to quite a mind-fucker. It's too much. I really can't compute. I have to take it all piece-meal. I look at life bit by bit because to back up and examine it all whole is too much.

I'll try and nutshell it for you.

Nutshell attempt #1. When I was 20, eleven years ago, I was in Capsize 7, playing frat-shows. We also played at bars, me and Geoff, my college roommate. WE, through my efforts, probably played four times a week, making decent \$ from it. I began to see that being a

frat band would hurt us as far as gaining some cool-cred in Chapel Hill. Shit. I also began to see how fucked up the whole frat thing was anyhow. I'd joined it as a sophomore in college, was in for a little over a year. I did so mainly because Rob, in a totally different environment, joined one at UVA.

Aside - the woman in front of me just stood up and bent over and she may as well not have had any pants on...as tight and sheer as her pair was.

So, I quit the frat and stopped talking to almost everyone in it...avoiding it like the plague. We had been cubby holed as a frat-band. That was fucking shit up for us. So...I was ruthless about it. Distanced myself as much as possible from it.

Note - I have to remember that I look f'n crazy.

Ok. Skip ahead. We, capsized 7, persevered through the transition of going from the frat band everyone loved to hate, to the post punk band everyone went out to see. Selling out Local 506, etc. Still we had our hardcore detractors that would take any opportunity to lay a hit on us...and seemingly the more successful Capsize became the more these individuals hated us.

So, Capsize got signed, toured with the local faves Archers of Loaf, and seemed poised on the brink of big time success. Lollapalooza, etc.

Not to be. At the same time Geoff and I went from being friends to enemies and he turned (or so I thought at the time) the rest of the band against me.

Because I'd been best friends with Geoff for the previous 6 years it was tough. I seemed to find myself friendless and - so I thought - unfairly victimized. In retrospect I most likely became a pompous asshole because the natural reaction to having a hardcore group of detractors that seemingly lives to see your destruction, is to become superconfident. So I did. Superconfident. I still maintain that flaw. Once you find that gear, and believe me it's a very successful defense mechanism, you don't want to leave it. It

offers protection. People can say whatever they want slash do whatever they want and it doesn't even come close to hurting you when you KNOW you're bad as shit. So anywho. Like Ziggy Stardust I sucked up into my mind and was truly alone. I'd even, in an attempt to court some image, distanced myself from my family.

NOTE - women choose you...if you believe differently you're a dumbass.

So I was in a state of mental fucktupedness when after our breakup in Oct '96 I found myself without the one thing I told myself I'd sacrificed everything for. The band. Plus - I had to go back to being just Joe. Not Capsize 7 - Joe. Fuckin' hard.

Ok - a ¶ about how Capsize 7 got fucked by Caroline Records.

When Capsize was courted by Caroline we were deciding between 7 different record deal offers. We were hoping for a major but that never came and we decided to go with Caroline...the most "professional" seeming company we got an offer from. Llyle Preslar was the company president. (Minor Threat) and Glen Boothe, a former DJ at XYC was our A+R. The WEEK our record came out after being pushed back and pushed back Llyle got fired. No shit. The president of the Co. was out on the street and the new boss was cleaning house. Almost everybody currently on the roster was cut. Most of the office got fired. They later moved Glenn to LA for their 'LA office' which was then shut down and Glenn fired. They kept us for another year. Our album ricocheted off. We did Lollapalooza '96 the next summer - no thanks to Caroline - thanks to our friends Chune - and got cut after Caroline had picked up our second option, and we had just completed the tour. We had a tour scheduled for the winter that we had to cancel. We still were signed by Sony Music Publishing and all we had to do was get signed by a different indie and each band member'd get \$10 grand. It was like \$50 if we went to a major. But that shook us too hard. Considering

the inner band relationships after 2 years of touring, we couldn't take it and we broke up.

I drank like a fish and smoked like a chimney for the next year. I moved out of the house the band had been practicing in - I would simply drink all night watching T.V. - the embarrassment of going out being almost too much to bear.

"Hey look at Mr. Bigshot now." One of the guys from Squirrel Nut Zippers called me the "beautiful loser". It was hard. I wanted to run away but out of some stubborn pride I did not. I stayed. I worked the door at a local club, and that became running sound. I worked as a cook in a local restaurant. I lived for 4 months in a boarding house for \$200 a month in Pittsboro. I tried to come back to earth but I was so fucked that all I could do is drink. Drink. Drink. So a year went by. I should of run. Instead I made my destruction public and when I fell down drunk I seemed not to notice that everyone who'd bitterly resented Capsize 7's success was kicking me in the back and stomach and face while I was down.

Yet I lived.

A year later, a hard, blurry, mostly forgotten year later, I met Teresa. We bonded. I clung to her like a piece of driftwood in the dark. And for her own reasons - she did with me as well. I think she may have saved my life. When we'd lay in each others arms at night I could feel good. Could feel her fixing my broken soul. It was the first time I'd felt anything good in years. Sometimes in my arms at night she'd cry. I understood. We fell in love.

She was not a part of the music scene in Chapel Hill. She was separate form it. That was fine by me. I wanted out. So now I had a friend. I had someone. No longer alone. We did a lot of beer drinking together. We were alcoholics together. I know she was nowhere near as bad as me.

7-2 1:50pm day 93

At a motherfuckin café again. Packed with wickedly beautiful women. Life's hard...but I manage. Aside from all the meaningless nonsense I'm bound to wrap up 5? No this must be 4. I think I'll concentrate today on the theme of love. Love. Is there only one kind? Or is it like a note that can be played by different instruments. Or a color interpreted differently by each eye of each side of every face. Because I prefer simplicity, I chose that there be only one note. It tastes like water and is as necessary to life. For some time I have been afraid to acknowledge the fact that I love Teresa. Immensely. Pause...what does that mean, immensely. I love her. To equivocate on that makes no sense...you can't qualify on paper something that has eluded any writer for the history of the art. So I do. I love my family. I love my niece. I love my sister-in-law. I love Jenny. That seems to be the most preposterous of all yet I do. I think of her almost every day. Hope to dream of her almost every night. Look twice at girls who resemble her.

But anyway. The theme is that I'm allowing myself to be more free with this. Feeling. Or whatever it is. And...before I vomit in my boots I'll say...to get back on track...fuck it. Fuck it all man. No more bullshit. Fuck it. Goal for today: ask out one beautiful woman. And write. And lose my cold. And practice.

One possible interpretation of what I'm doing here. Being a poser. Being. A god damn Poser. Yeah, that is one way of looking at it. Why. Here let me draw you a picture. I'm unshaven. I wear shorts and a tee. My tee is an old-lady shirt with flowers on it and the lettering: 'I'm out of estrogen and I've got a gun'. I used to smoke here but I quit. That lessens my poserness, but not by much. I write, my legs are crossed. I occasionally will stare off into space as though deep in thought. Sometimes, as right now, I've got a half smile on my face like what I'm writing is

pure genius. I pause to sip my coffee in its porcelain cup on its porcelain saucer. People speak foreign languages around me. Beautiful - excuse me but if you've never left Carteret County N.C. you won't believe me - showbiz-beautiful women surround me...no shit. 8 or 9 of 'em here. Some dressed provocatively to the degree that it takes more than an ounce of willpower not to stare.

Besides them with their girlfriends / boyfriends / moms / managers...there's the sharks. Dudes who sit with their shades on...looking aloof...posing in muscle tees or the height of rocker fashion. Picking up on the girls, or the guys maybe. Whatever.

Ok. So I might look like a poser except that I'm actually doing something: writing. Instead of making it look like I'm doing something, and am just here to get noticed or to notice others. But anyway. Anyfucking goddamn way.

We get the music out soon. And the countdown continues. I realized last night that I skipped a month in creating the countdown. Too late to change now. Can't push back the deadline. Can't alter the syncopation so well orchestrated by powers beyond my comprehension. I need to lift weights. I need to exert myself.

Went out on a date last night. Saw 'the hulk' with Amy. One of the characters was a girl - "Betsy" - that worked with the "hero", though was surreptitiously involved with the gov't. So of course I start to think. 'Maybe she works for the gov't.' 'Maybe Amy is covertly aligned with the Aliens or the gov't black project that caused me to "lose" my spleen and take "penicillin" all my life, and somehow cultivate psychic powers such as being able to see my future and telepathy.' Yeah...that's it. Maybe she even knows "Sarah" from "Asheville", er I mean Asheville. We actually were in Asheville.

So I thought about it. She was working my first shift ever with wolfgang. Suspicious? She met me outside her "old apartment" for our first date and I never saw it. She then moved to a new apartment with possessions suiting a 26 year old actress plus a couple "suspicious" items...lots of stuffed animals...lots of star wars stuff. Her "old roommate" has a "drug problem" and so I'll never talk to and or meet her. She rooms with someone she met on Craigslist. Her "friends" seem like people she could've just met. What'ya think? I'm like - fictitious past?...possible. Just like how that ID of Sarah's had the hologram broken off at the bottom...Amy acts like she knows more about me then she lets on too. I'm under surveillance...

Good joke.

Anyhow. We don't have much spiritually in common. I think we might be waning. I like having sex with her but hey...pirates used to like to fuck the pegboy too. No I'm only joking. That's fucked up. That woman across the street is pregnant as fuck.

I'll never, no matter what, buy a BMW. I may drive one...but they won't get my money. So...new rule...no ogling the sexy girls...they choose you...however I may ask ONE out per day if I so choose. How egalitarian of me. What the fuck ever. Oh...yesterday I used jedi powers to reach out and discover my new girlfriend I'll give a shit about. And she did appear. So I figure I'll meet her in the next 24-48. Cool huh. A steady. I'm such a poseur. No I'm not. Although I APPEAR to be one. For a laugh. Bout time to get the fuck outa here I'm starting to lose my focus. I almost started talking to the foxy girl to my right. I've got to watch it. There - afterall - are rules to be obeyed.

You can do it. Only 6 pages to the finish. Piece of cake. The coffee is gone. 22 more minutes on the meter. I'll leave in 10 or so. I've yet to ask any of the girls who come here for their phone #. But I think I will soon. I've just got to think reasonably. A bird

just flew from the railing to my left across me...in the space between my head and my knee. I could easily have caught him. Don't know what to think about that.

O.k. I was going to qualify the type of girl I'll ask for the phone # from. And then...well the beautiful girl that was just talking to her friend in front of me used the phrase "Bye hun" as a parting shot and I thought: that won't do...any girl who says bye hun won't work out with me.

So now I'm being choosy about the model-beautiful woman I may ask out...that I have not got a chance in hell with (at this point in time) in the first place.

O.k. I've got about 5 minutes left. I just had another déjà vu. Getting' lots of 'em lately for some reason. Let the wound on my wrist get some light. It's so odd being ½ famous. Being unsure if you are as notorious as you think. Being on the imagined visualized verge of actually being famous. Being a rock star. Rox Tar. Roc O. What the fuck ever. Vomik in your rump-hole. To quote one of Teresa's former clients. I can quit any time I want. Quit. Stop. Leave. Done. Over. Stupid. Leave allow change. To go. Out of here. Absently wander away. To a different clime. To a better story. Better Stories. Just caught myself posin' hard. Leaning legs crossed back against a window frame writing hand on my forehead. Looking sadly at nothing. Poor beautiful loser. What's a beautiful loser to do. Run from the black helicopters. Escape the undercover lovers. Elude the sycophantic public clamoring for a new deity. A better snap-together Jesus. In all things the equal and opposite is true. Alive - Dead. Here. Gone. Winner. Loser. Dog. Cat. "I got one eye." Pop-Pop. One of the last times my Dad saw him alive. In the nursing home. Dad walked over to his table. Pop-Pop reached up with one hand to cover half his face and said "I Got One EYE!". How do you like that.