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THIS BOOK

For many years, human beings have been trying to understand the powerful being who controls the universe. He or It has been imagined many ways: as a ferocious father, slapping down his children's enemies, holding them in the corner, stunning them with roars. As a chiding ethicist repeatedly and drearily insisting on the same self-righteous tenets: do not steal, do not kill, do not rape, do not ignore the suffering of people on the street. As a friend, a counselor, a super-ego, a substitute for a missing sense of self-control, a more powerful Self (a Self in love with my itty-bitty self. I may not know the President or even any Congresspeople, but I am friends with the ruler of the Universe!) As a womanish man who sheds plump homemade tears as nourishing as chicken soup when faced with news of new atrocities. These are all reasonable descriptions, and explain many things that need to be explained, such as why some towns should be policed by armed men from far away who'll shoot anyone dumb enough to leave the house for groceries, or such as why there is starvation, why there are droughts, how earthquakes choose which town to take apart, or such as why am I so rich, why am I so special, why am I so central, or such as why are there places, why have an idea like "space," why should one thing be "distant" from another, why can't we all be simultaneous?

This book makes no attempt to explain or make sense of anything except the Almighty. Other, more difficult subjects have been left for the consideration of better men. It is naturally insipid people such as myself and all the spiritually and materially impoverished dull-thoughted human crud who live on rural routes or in the

slums—we are the ones who need and love God. The wise, the witty, the admired, have resources of their own. We, so weak in perspicacity, must draw from the general resource—God, a common property like oxygen and water. Like all other common properties, corporations throw their waste in it. God is filled like a landfill with sentimental mass-produced sludge of sticky-fake emotion more revolting than your cousin Joe's used condom. But at least he wore a condom! At least something was said about God, however much it contaminated Him.

You can't take the burned-up gasoline out of the oxygen. You can't take human falsehood out of God. It has been put in, you breathe the air, you're breathing someone's soot, you think of God, you're thinking someone's self-indulgent fantasy. Jesus loves me like I love my puppy. Jesus dress me in a little costume and I'll dance, just like I dress up puppy and I hold his hands and he walks around on his little two back-feet. When you think of God, your head fills up with the stickiest most human love-notes and ambitions to kill people and build things on their land. That's OK, our almighty has it in Him and can handle it. In His vastness, infinite space exists, in which the hot air of human exhaust can diffuse and diffuse and diffuse, the particles of what we are spreading out until each of our thoughts has a million miles between them, God is that perpetually elongating pause, a territory too big to occupy. In this territory I now stake some posts and begin unrolling barb-wire and nailing signs to the posts that say "No Admittance." I have enclosed myself in an armed fortress that is God and Mine, and my love-struck gently-bleeding followers will rat-a-tat your whack-ass if you so much as steal a glance at Me, I mean He. Nevertheless, welcome. This book is for you, for your edification and understanding, I intend it to be a transformative event in your short life. I intend to reveal my secrets to you, eventually. Nothing is worthwhile that is overly easy of access. God is a Democracy, and like any Democracy, is ruled by mysterious elites. I saw the Pope whispering with that young man; is that young man

conspiring to change the meaning of the Virgin Mary? He is a handsome young man, that man is. Although such things are lost on the current Pope. Someday God will let us have a little *refinement* again, my friend. Welcome, dear readers, to the finer points of the charisma.

I have been enthusiasm, often. Believe me, I have been believe. I want to be approved of, which of course requires a form. The words in the poem. You step between them and they praise your wishes. With a whim, you can deceive yourself, and wash the ugliness out of the poem.

The gadgets in the poem are attackable, like her mouth becomes real tense. Wind blows the expression off of someone's face. And if what we want to do is couples' calisthenics at our wedding, with personal trainers to assist us, then the question is which gym will we call. I need to be encouraged correctly. Yes, I'm sure I will need to be tugged at, tweaked, and prodded—but I also want to be rewarded, with stage-whispers of approval—

such as a mother spills, when there are no more dishes in the ocean. Good men have gotten sick sometimes of committing violent crimes, for the better future that the war-profiteers have advertised—These men should remember that God approves of everything, sooner or later, and better yet the girls that were requisitioned will soon be arriving on a truck, as soon as some more locals have “volunteered” to trade their sex for room and

board. “Bored” is a word that expresses why things happen. If no one spoke, read, or wrote, or took off their underwear expecting admiration or a blank stare, then we would all be “bored.” God is bored. God loves the blank stare of the victim whose recovery is eternally delayed by further violence. He created the world so He could have this person to be near him without contradicting him. If all that one expects is to be hurt, then one stops

expecting, so abused children actually are Nirvana.

Religions without bloodstains make no sense. To

make sense, a religion must accept war as the natural lopsidedness, that disintegrates the moral fiber of those whose lifestyles consider themselves blessed. In my constitutionally-protected abuse of privacy. Wash wishes off. Following a whim that seems rather stupid is one way to feel relatively free. I am glad this writing has no destiny to commit. I refuse to believe that any of these whims have been predestined! I admit I have been wanting to say these things, but I can no longer be bound by that. Our values thrived during the gunplay brought on by the food shortage. Our dead became new chapters in the textbook of Mechanical Defeat. Teeth fall out without a dentist. Each of our dead is a new tooth in the snapped-shut jaw of God. Dead bodies are predestined, so the meaning of each death is the only obstacle to a history that adds up to a Heaven we commute to, through internal processes. Exaltation. Joy. We can be persuaded to experience truly wonderful transformations, which through loyalty, we prove we did deserve those Heavens where we've been.

Psychedelic Snapback

If I had wings growing out of the top of my head,
and they fluttered when I had a thought,
that would be cool,

and if when they fluttered I lifted slightly off the ground
and if at the same time a joyous rush of excitement
made of purest dopamine and serotonin in ideal angelic
mixture rushed through my head
so that my eyelids tingled and little bells in my ear-drums
tinkled and my tongue became prehensile and wrapped
itself around nearby surfaces like a licorice band-aid that
restored the world by rubbing objects full of utility and
aesthetic values so they glimmered as if newly sea-born,
and a sense of cartoon-like tragedy was then overcome
by cathartic triumph in the form of a surge of good
destruction splitting the house of my enemies in half like
the eggshell it always was, then

then

solipsism would win,
I would live alone
with the various creatures that reflect my
sense of my own majesty, in a majestic

no

in a sense of my own powerless wretched inability to
properly experience myself,
the source of this inability being the fact that I
do not exist in any form approximating
the way I have been conditioned to imagine myself.