
-- M. K. Book
Lincoln, NB

> with the floor beasts
i'm not honestly contented, picking only the chicken necks and leaving the remains, for the dogs and the roaches.
should i reverse this pattern and get a look at things from the floor up: a stargazer with the floor beasts?
reject the dainty grammarian on high? yes, i'll punctuate my life with a wing-bone behind my ear, preaching of a whimsical planet.

> ruck-sack
i have always kept a loaded ruck-sack in my closet.
no one has ever seen it, nor will they until i throw it up over a shoulder and wave goodby with the other hand.
i'm a gypsy with a mustang, nine buttondown collar shirts, six hundred books filled with hokum and humbug, and who will get it all when i've hit the wind -naturally, my worst of enemies.
i play a good game.
i've cleansed myself with a slight tint of liberalism, laugh at revolutionaries and other god makers, plan to go pipi on the governors spats if he ever shows up.
i made ready for this trip several months ago while meditating on the general electric trade mark. such a mystical configuration the world has never seen.
all my madness is packed in that bag:
Ellison's The Invisible Man, The Rosy Crucifixion
(all three parts), a few letters from
the girl in the pearlescent go-go boots,
a roll of chiffon toilet paper for gaga moments
when a bush will become a cherishable experience.
hello ruck-sack:
hello green twig sizzling, whistling, hissing in the campfire:
hello rezina, raki, chilly swill of Parkbrau:
hello daughter watchers in train stations:
ruck-sack and $i$ are coming through, hoping to get our fingers in your ears.

