

scribblerist

SAND

*I sit in the evening twilight staring
at the untame sea: the powerful waves
relieving their rage on the tired beach.*

*The sand cries out as the tide rolls in;
suffocating
Oppression and pain fill the air and echo in the distant breeze.*

*The shells, that once housed sacred creatures,
wash up along the pebbles.
Their beauty unnoticed until the mourning sun casts its light.
When once again the sand will be free.*

—Jeff Kippel

UNTITLED

*Koestler's thought
Orwell's warning
Burgess' scheme*

Scientific (operant conditioning) control of man

*Mechanistic answers
like*

*A thousand Hitlers dying of frost-bite
Marching across a barren, deserted, tundra land*

—David E. Pahn

BLASPHEMIES: #1

A young man was walking down the street, accompanied by six armless young boys, and a dog with no front legs. The groups came upon a small, quaint diner and decided to stop in. The young leader ordered a milkshake and paid the handsome waitress with a crisp, clean, brand new 20 dollar bill.

After a few minutes, the young man got up from his stool, pulled out an old-fashioned revolver, which had been in his family for years, and pumped four slugs into the demi-dog. The young man then began weeping uncontrollably.

When the police arrived twelve minutes later, the tears were still flooding his face. His sobbing began to subside somewhat by the time the police put him in their brand-new patrol car and drove him off.

The head chef of the diner, a burly man with no cuticles on the toes of his left foot, found a nice home for the six young boys, with a widower who had never even heard of milkshakes.

The Humane Society looked after what remained of the dog.

The young man declined any psychiatric treatment, and instead pleaded "guilty with a resurrection" to the charge of needless cruelty to an animal, which was brought against him by the Humane Society. He spent 27 months in a federal prison, during which time, he learned to read lips, finally, and was attacked maliciously several times by a huge, life-term-serving inmate known only as "Fido."

It's rumoured, though, that the dog had no hard feelings.

MY BIG BROTHER

*I sat on a rock by the river,
Tossing in stones and talking,
With my big brother.
He could always through farther than I.*

*But he was quieter than usual that day,
That sunny summer day as we tried
To "Cut the Devil's Throat"
Or skip flat rocks
Or simply reach the other side.
(My big brother's rock always went crashing
Through the leafy underbrush on the opposite bank.)*

*I gave up and sat down,
Plunking my bare feet into the cool, swift water,
Rubbing my worn out arm.*

*My big brother
Turned to me and patted me quietly on the back
And said
"If you ever want to hit the other side,
You got to build up your stamina, like me."*

*I stood,
Overjoyed by his simple attention,
And began to throw.*

*I think that if he had simply vanished
At that precise moment,
The world would have ceased to spin.*

*That god-like man, that man-like boy,
My big brother.
He was my father and my mother,
My preacher and my teacher,
My friend,
My world.*

He was everything to me.

*Now I sit on those same rocks
Years later
Cursing that sourceless, hateful grapevine
(I think I saw it growing raisins)
That told me about the night before
The day on the rocks,
And how my admired and loved
Big Brother
Had raped a little girl.*

*I don't feel very much like
Hitting the other side anymore.*

—Michael Ardour

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