

HAWK NOS,
 2361 2363
 2362 2365
 2363 2370
 2364 Assembled as
 2365 "A Sequence of Words"
 2366 between 306 & 307
 2367

Tuesday, Friday blues
 Five by the kitchenette
 clear the base
 showers closed 10 to 2
 wings closed for store
 store every two weeks
 state pay once a month
 live me your ID
 Base is closed
 Don't wear that color shirt
 Report to the desk
 Return to your unit
 Your visit's being terminated
 Med lines are up
 Clear the doorway
 You have one minute remaining
 Office Hours 9 to 10
 No bathroom usage till 11:30
 Have your ID's in the window
 Take your shirt in
 lat's go, keep moving
 Court is clear
 2.25.14

YOU ARE AN ASSHOLE 303
 I identify most with Shakespeare. He just wanted a little respect but was
 so misunderstood. Chromatic Center for 3, when I think of you, I apply
 distributive properties to the vagrancies of our emotions, Caucasian
 Rice Resolution Act of 1944 - you have, partner! My MP3 is the
 greatest MP3 in the world and can pin any other MP3 in a fatal four
 way punch; death you people strap in! Champagne is the new
 turquoise. If I get in front of a live audience to render my
 my opinion and there's no one around, does my voice still make
 a sound? Yesterday I was called traitor trash because my CEOs are
 held together by shoestrings, I'm sorry but some of my best friends
 are trailer parks and most are quite nice - until the trash
 moves in, but the trash trash any place they inhabit, which
 means it's the people, not the trailers, the place values system places
 a value on the system. Hugs are awkward and demeaning. As long
 as you don't think about it, everything makes sense.
 2.25.14

RELOCATING 304 BMM SL
 In an old planet,
 harsh and brutal,
 left alone on the tip
 of a spiral,
 running out of resources
 to fuel their technological
 advance - but a
 telescope finds a fat,
 blue planet full of all
 the supplies that were
 used up on their own
 world, populated by
 a semi-sentient
 race of mammals.
 Clean energy
 2.28.14

BREAKFAST SAUSAGE 305 PUA-LWS
 "Who are you?"
 Who really wants to know? PF/3PR/SUN
 I'm not asking
 and I look in the mirror on a daily basis.
 Am I the soul of James Dean,
 or maybe just Jimmy Dean?
 Breakfast sausages are really nothing more
 than tasteless soy patties.
 I like sunsets and long tangents
 under fluorescent lights.
 Sometimes I like to hide
 behind trusted words and metaphors
 so no one understands what I'm really saying
 and then I can bask in my own misery
 because no one understands me.
 I go off in a corner to write words
 that I'll never let anyone see
 so everyone knows what I'm saying.
 I shelter my true self behind other people's
 lack of creative imagination and
 pre-conceived notions.
 Quiet fears make life difficult
 while disclaimers are for the weak-minded.
 Had I like abrupt endings.
 3.3.14

A TACO EMPORIUM 306
 A Taco Emporium
 though not essential to achieve
 a true understanding and appreciation
 for freedom,
 does express the Imperfection
 of our dependence on the practices
 of money and the exploitation and commercialization
 of a other culture, through our lack of
 understanding of these other cultures except
 for our own United States - style
 culture which is given with reflection
 by the very people who are its constituents.
 In a word there is a blorp in our

collective sense of identity,
 from which every one seems to
 have taken a Sabbath.
 3.6.14

INTERVENTION 307
 Pens, paperclips,
 folders, books,
 bowls, account statements,
 comics, pictures,
 songs, magazines,
 jewelry, caps,
 figurines, magnets,
 hats, clasps,
 stickers, letters,
 stamps, forks and spoons,
 stuff, more stuff,
 et cetera, et cetera.
 Don't try to intervene
 because it's all special to me.
 3.9.14

SMALL STUFF 308
 Sentence to death,
 Date of execution.
 Tomorrow, next year, next decade
 when the whim of fate comes to collect.
 Affirmed, affirmed, affirmed, affirmed -
 a short, pre-composed paragraph
 with my name inserted in the blank.
 "We are not persuaded..."
 it begins,
 and I followed
 by connotations of logic
 filtered by indifference.
 Every new day brings the question,
 "What's the result?"
 But I don't answer.
 Then there's a story of execution
 and I know that
 tomorrow, next year, or next decade,
 instead of dying, I'll be living
 and the small stuff seems ever smaller
 3.10.14

CAKE 309
 Sweet
 Sugar deficiency 3PR
 Cells crying out
 Taste buds Clamoring
 Chocolate
 Spice
 Carrot
 Cheese
 While
 Every day is a birthday celebration

Stop it
 Just say no
 Self-regulating need
 Each square consumed creates more cells
 Clothes shrinking
 Shoes protesting
 S^3 (or lwh on a good day)
 Equals the volume of delicious purity
 found only in a chocolate/Vanilla swirl
 where the frosting is so thick
 one could drown in it
 But a banana, or an apple
 So much better
 Just a little discipline
 Probably live longer
 or not
 3.17.14

NUMBER TWENTY-NINE 310 PF (X)
 One chair,
 beige, plastic, dirty
 labeled '125'
 in permanent marker
 on the back.
 The numbers are fading
 against the grim-filled gauges -
 it could be 121, to the stop!
 So many people sit in it,
 So many people in so many states
 of uneasiness,
 of ill-health,
 of flatulence.
 This chair,
 Number Twenty-Nine,
 Stinks,
 and is filthy,
 and is ultimately gross.
 But there is a rule:
 No standing on the dayroom
 3.20.14