

February 19

Forgot my wallet today.... My order, my *very specific* order, was simply nullified. I made fools of both of us. Cindy knows me, recognizes me I mean, and knows I just forgot my wallet—knows *I'm not a penniless beggar trying to run some scam*. Even so, I wore a heavy mask of shame as I shrank back out into direct sunlight & wind.

February 20

From now on I try not to order. From now on I hem & haw & make like I'm unsure of what I want. From now on this same helpless pause, this same faux-uncertainty in my slightly tilted head. From now on *only the expectation* of speech. From now on I resist my own reluctant order & the shameful hungry retreat its fulfillment inevitably prefigures.

February 21

Sometimes I'm sitting down to a dirty table & a Cleaner comes right up to me. I'm careful not to flinch. *Those are the good times!* Lucid public paralysis: my consciousness & the consciousness of the Cleaner overlapping—each of us blind to the world in precisely the same way. Each of us dignified by the profound thoughtlessness of work.

February 22

Waking is just eating or preparing to eat. Eating is just sleeping or preparing to sleep. Dreaming is everything drifting slightly backward, slipping out of gear on an incline. This is where babies are born. If a baby is able to thrive outside of your dream, you can forget about it. If a baby is able to thrive inside of your dream, it certainly isn't yours.

February 23

Big breasts & a pointy face make for the ideal cashier. *It's not my fault.* I didn't *make* my mind. If I *had*, things would be different. The ideal cashier, I promise you, would be something else entirely. I can't say what he or she would be like, of course, because I have no way of knowing what my mind would be like... if I had created it.

February 24

I don't *know* anyone—that's my problem. I should *know* someone. At least my mother—at least a supervisor of some kind. I've always wondered how it might be accomplished. Tremendous force & extensive tinkering would be called for, I'm sure. It's the tinkering that discourages me. So much tinkering just has to be wrong.

February 25

Baconator-driven-sleep motors thru the poly-verse, one has to assume. Of course "thru," in this context, becomes problematic... the more one looks at it. Thankfully, sleep's motoring is always immaterial—a private hallucination of narrative's purported "area" masking the always increasing synchronicity of countless leaping mummies.

February 26

A first-time hunter, I entered the woods that this moment is. *Come to me, happiness!* I sang in my sweetest voice. None came. I fired my gun in every direction I could reasonably imagine. Nothing fell. Low on ammunition, I tried to negotiate surrender. I lay down my gun. I lay face-down on the ground. I offered to relent, unconditionally.

February 27

The periphery of my consciousness is so much more serious than the center.

February 28

2 large hits from the bong (OG Headband), 150 mg. Sertraline, 900 mg. Gabapentin, 1 mg. Ativan, 1000 mg. Acetaminophen, 20 mg. Dextromethorphan Hbr, 60 mg. Pseudoephedrine HCl, 150 mg. Venlafaxine, .1 mg. Levothyroxine, 1 cup chili, 16 oz. diet soda (half drunk), 5 coffees (drunk)... & still no sign of a workable absence.

March 8

*Silence!* I wanted this afternoon to cry out. There was so little collaboration & even less frank reminiscence. Everyone was looking in totally different directions—some eating, some talking. It was a mess of sense & no one even tried to sort it out. *Has everyone given up?* I wanted to scream. *This stupid little mess—will it really suffice?*

March 12

The whole country is weeping now & forgetting its moronic anthems. Everyone is beginning to feel a little bit vindictive. Everyone is fucking shit up somewhat. And so yes, naturally, the cops come. And so yes, everyone is on the lamb & the cops (imbeciles & morons) are trying to remember what everyone looks like. The artist doing the sketches is *terrible*.

March 16

A fortyish white woman limped in today with bare dirty feet, no bra & an expensive purse. 70's hair, big sagging breasts & a speech impediment. She dumped a fistful of change on to the counter & softly began to count it out. She started with the pennies. Mountains of evidence rose up all around us—rose up & shimmered... *wholly ungathered*.

March 19

If there were robots around & I had a sledge hammer, I admit I would be pretty committed to gently banging on them. *Tapping*, I guess you'd say. I'd also think seriously about pouring skim milk on their "heads." *Smearing them with butter & flicking matches at them*, however, is something I would never do. It's just not who I am.

March 23

It's true Jesus always prayed with a dick in his ass, a dick in his mouth & a dick in each of his hands. It's *not* true, however, that he had, at the same time, a midget-angel fluttering on each side of his head, fucking his ears. It's sad to think that, despite the huge strides Science has taken, such childish notions still persist among us.

March 24

Terrible gas from somewhere in the line today. The line was long. I did not want to speculate. I wasn't close enough to really tell, so it would be nothing more than a test of my own prejudices if I was to indict someone. Why put myself through that? And besides, who's in a great big hurry to put a face to sad-boweled grave-bound hunger?



March 27

Had a dream that Wendy's was a kind of bouncy-house adrift at sea—lost, losing air. Everyone was starving, yes, but employees were still more concerned about customers more than themselves. Whatever food they could catch... they offered to customers. Mostly it was raw sea-gull flesh, which—let's face it—is an insult... & was taken as such.

March 30

Rahim scares me. I think it's the way he moves. He seems like he's drunk—like he's moving slow & fast at the same time—but he never errs with an order. He seems too at ease with the customer. He doesn't hear & then remember yr order so much as he blankly (& perfectly) reflects it into the kitchen. He is the inverse of "that human touch."

April 1

Fries are straight lines. But no—they can't be: *lines don't have a width*. Fries, if you look, have a width. They're like long thin boxes—like coffins for long thin nails. In the polyverse, then, there is a huge sign that says: POTATO-COFFINS FOR LONG THIN NAILS! 40 % OFF—TODAY ONLY. There has to be. That's what infinity means.

April 4

In terms of beauty, people range *widely*. If everyone got fat, these disparities would be much less. Obesity can be seen as a great leveler. Charm is deceitful & beauty is vain, if we go by what “The Bible” spouts. Why should we not become billions of obese xtians? Rid this world of its disconcerting disparities, at least at the level of the body.

April 7

Not been eating much. Not been desirous of not being asleep. I guess I always came out, came here, to have some time apart. I'm less & less sure, though, of what I want to be apart *from*. Perhaps it's just the planlessness at the foundation of my hunger. Notice how its clumsy sentences stockpile a sense of what it is they are missing. What for?

April 12

I am custodian to this chicken sandwich. Sometimes one takes care of something from the outside. Does this make one any less pathetic? It surely does not! Exterior custodians are no less mathematical than custodians working on the inside. We just *seem* less mathematical, at times, because we aren't inside of anything.

April 17

I sometimes notice the exterior of a specific diner's head. Not in a vacuum, mind you, but in the huge delusionality of the grammarsound *in my own head*. I lounge on warm wet couches in there—inside the tents, I mean—that grammarsound is able to pitch... saying *sidehock*, saying *shovel*. Saying *vulva-tang*, saying *pearl-smear*. Saying *nupperant assbrain*.

April 19

You can imagine the shitpants shame I feel at every sudden biggening of my head. You *can't* imagine the strain on my neck & spine, gravity being what it is. And my pinheaded servants are so useless! They feed & clothe me & make a bed for my biggening head. They swear up & down that the size of my head means nothing, but how can I believe them?

April 25

Man in *Izod* track suit dying by the trash cans. Periodically looking up at the menu. Looked to me like vertigo kept forcing him to put his head down. Poor fella. Where is a surgeon when you need one! Nothing *here* but massage therapists & embittered guards of normalcy. The sort of guards who don't really know too much about what to do.

April 26

Body parts wash up. Fries. Matted hair. Cheese is on the floor. *It is the cheese of man.* Its achilles tendon has been cut. Its thigh is in its jaw. Orange cones so you don't step on anything. People collect nice salaries setting up these cones. There are counselors & firefighters for the people & the fire. *What's happening here?* they all ask.

April 27

In a dream, I'm trying to sell 300 lb. of frozen shrimp to *Wendy's*. I'm having no success & the shrimp are thawing on the floor by the counter. *It'd be easier peddling double-dildo's down at the convent*, I say. The manager gently shakes his head. I can tell he's angry. *No it wouldn't*, he says. Sadly, I wake up before I can ask him why it wouldn't.

April 28

How bout Wendy holds a Spirit Trumpet up to her ear and it seems to work? Her face saying: *oh shit—I can hear the dead*. People would love that. People love when the living can hear the dead. People love the idea of "messages" being sent "from the other side." All people really want is for there to be "an other side." *Fuck this side.*

April 30

Standard procedure is a motherfucker. Every filthy hump of a thing glistens. *Let's try to keep this practical*, said the guy with the filthy hump of a thing in view. *I'm a engineer*, said a baby flea on one of his cheeks. *Lily-white is duh mouf of duh mutha of duh laud!* Who said that? *Da mouf? De Laud?* Where did that come from? I haven't seen a soul.

May 1

MR. FROSTY. WTF is he? A Snow-Man? A Man-Poodle? A Winter Wizard acting like a half-wit (a cynical way of *enjoying* Himself)? No other private spectral entity gives me so much pause. And why is it that he's never mentioned in ads? Has he been shunned? If so, I applaud your discretion. To shun him again, moreover, could never hurt.

May 5

I wish I had a trombone up in this bitch. If *Wendy's* was full of foreigners, I'd have, with my trombone, a way to interact with them. I don't know how to play the thing, mind you. I would just hold it & fool around with its keys & its tubes. And every now & then, I'd drop it on the floor—just to show the foreigners how we do.

May 9

A sad quiet employee today, alone on his lunch break. Our eyes met—passive fake cordial. I was alarmed by the obvious smallness of his cunning. I wished I could help him out somehow. Get him some insurance, a heavy coat, a retirement package. Teach him another language, maybe. Beautify the grounds of his apartment complex.



May 10

Wendy could have elves! You could start them off as short men who only slightly look like elves. Then gradually, *very* gradually, you increase the elfishness. Eventually, with Wendy surrounded by fullblown elves, the public will refer to them as such. The public understands instinctually the presence of fullblown elves: history proves this again & again.

May 16

Impatient *less* as I get older, *but still I hate everyone in front of me in the line*. People back in the day were less hateful of the line. When people today act like they don't hate the line, they're mostly full of shit. They know the disaster they lazily fund is real & they pretend not to. *Hoo-ray for unicorn cuddles & peace trains*, they say. Comfort is dementia.

June 5

Learned is the floor around the toilet. Accomplished is the stall. And oh! the tubes of light! Such long lives. Such an *unwavering* pour. Everything is ready for Moral Persons to express solid waste. Everything is ready for the The Secret Stench. The Museum is open. The shirts & the fridge magnets are here—*everything is ready....*

June 10

So this is the heart of the evil empire. The eye of a tornado: tranquil-ass poemless repose at the core of on-going global devastation. Folks in *this* neck of a woods love to say nothing & take said repose further inland. Sadly, words continue to follow them... in dribbles & uneven spurts... until every wilderness is a fucking national park.

June 15

*Surely* I do not lay out on the counter my just-out-of-the-basket fries in tight rows of 20. *Surely* I do not de-pants myself & jump my bare ass up on to those hot fries. *Surely* I do not savor the burn, nor the people looking at me & laughing. *Surely* I do not play with myself a little bit as the burn turns dull & cold. *Surely*.

June 22

A little girls soccer team celebrated today amid some confederate generals. Real pony-tails & real beards. Generals looking up from swords, hats, yellowing maps all over the tables. They appeared to be lost. They pointed hopefully at the maps. Parents eyed them from behind their phones & waited impatiently for the bloodshed to resume.

June 26

Brought a few knick-knacks in today. The counter seemed so barren. I know Linda (*at least* Linda) saw them, though she pretended not to. As she brought my order she said, *Sir, are these your, uh—don't forget your....* so I took them back like I never meant to leave them. *Oh thanks* was my expression, but inside I felt like a sniper who—yet again—has missed.

July 7

Your burgers are mincemeat, more or less. I say then that you mince meat. *I* myself mince words. Now settle down. I see the irony. The difference here is intention. You mince meat *intentionally*. I mince words *purely by accident*. It is perhaps difficult to believe, but from the very start it has been my intention to *not mince words*.

July 8

*Wendy's* is transparent. Some restaurants aren't. So haughty, ingesting & not looking out! At *Wendy's*, you can always look *straight* the fuck out. You can look *in*, too, but to *look in* while *eating in* is the beginning of an illusion that simply can't be sustained. A *lack* of trumpet-sounds is eventually louder than trumpet-sounds, if you know what I mean.

July 29

An unhurried surgeon—a surgeon often pausing to admire the strange sluggish beauty of internal systems—*I examine the menu*. Dangerous, I know, to *dawdle*. Other surgeons await this theater; my unhurried *enjoyment* of reality in the midst of such privileged access can have no good excuse. That I mean no harm is beside the point.

August 1

Crispness is something that is at times necessary. At times, that is, there is something that is crisp, and this something would not be itself if its crispness was lost. It may still *appear to be* itself, but this is an illusion. This secretly spoiled object is a most peculiar sort of garbage. It is something that has been thrown away unopened... *still in its package*.

August 8

What am I doing writing to you like this? It's a huge mistake. *You can't have* the way it feels to be here. That's *mine*... and I can't give it to you. Actually, given that it has no value, what do you want it for? I can't conceive of your desire & I don't intend to try. I have the way it feels to be here & it has zombified me. I'm not about to think this through.

August 11

Am I not entitled to a private life? Am I not entitled to eat a meal—NOW & THEN—in peace, i.e. without having to constantly fashion “the nature of my visit?” That every feeding must yield to language is sad enough without all the worried reminders. Please.

September 2

Let's say I'm visualizing *Wendy's* as *generally* as I can. I don't mean a *Wendy's*—I mean *Wendy's*, the entire enterprise, everything it touches & is. A blurry red face rises up, an unwitness to the living animal at the root of meat. Then the awful yellow awnings fester up. And there you have it. There is no use in further pursuing this vision.

September 15

Who is this here? It's NOT Michael Jordan—that's clear. NOT Bill Russell either. And NOT Magic Johnson. More like Charles Oakley, Gary Payton, Jeff Hornacek. It's Tracy McGrady & Andy Reid. Andy  *fucking*  Reid. That's who this is.

September 17

The function of prophecy is to destroy the potential for debate. This is why I so often don the cloak of the prophet: to keep *you* from thinking that I'm really writing *to you*. If *you* thought that this was *to you* (& *you* alone), *you* might take issue with it. *You* might then insist upon a "mature" discourse & *bore* everyone beyond all ability to cope.



September 20

I hate the colors of this place so much, I really do. That sickfuck yellow: that conscienceless red. The terrible brown of everything gone to seed betwixt & between. This hate is hard to believe, I guess, given my daily devotion. Well, I'm stuck here. Literally. I'm wedged in on every side. I cannot fly. I must eat. I have unspeakable personal urges.

September 30

I should bring my papers in sometime. My various tracts. Hand-written, typed, printed out, often drawn on. My various attempts from over the years. I could spread them out in the dining room—there's plenty of room around 3pm. If someone needed a seat, I'd just clear a table & apologize. *Just organizing some written work*, I'd whisper.

October 11

I sometimes think about how to die into this area. The dining room, I mean. And I mean *into*, how to die *into* it. Not *on* to it—on to it is easy. *Into* is *much* harder. The surfaces here are, let's say, *un-sponge-like*. One has to look for the achilles heels. The seams. Grout, for instance. A fine blood mist is hard to get out of grout, I imagine.

October 13

Sometimes I say to myself *bitch, you got this motherfucker on Shuffle*. I say *bitch you too nervous. Leave it go. Even if you don't trust that the machine offers a truly random Shuffle—leave it go. It's random TO YOU. Leave it go. Endure the long & terrible tracks—there's no machine to get you through or around them. Lean into them, their length. OUTLIVE the motherfuckers.*

October 18

I should just say the importance of the Value Menu is more metaphysical than economic. Just to know that it is there.... I suppose the wealthy are exempt from this, as from most else. For them, *the whole* of *Wendy's* is a Value Menu. One argument for killing wealthy folks is that it protects the Value Menu from sinking into meaninglessness.

October 20

NAMES for things come slowly, profoundly, at first, then faster & faster, *implying* one another into existence at incredible speed. Eventually they slow, of course. They even stop, at times. And in this slowing (& in these stops), you still *have* them. Indeed, you're *made* of them. What a horror, then, as—one by one—the names begin to *escape* you.

November 4

Think about what you can accomplish by scraping. This is my advice to small children. *The world is cumulative*, I say. *Scraping brings you closer to the past, which, as someone from the past once said, is not over yet.* This is when they all cry out: *what about the future!!* *The future*, I say, *is just the dumb trance you suffer when scraping's not possible.*

November 5

Broken, founded upon the crest of a breaking wave, there I was: the promise of a terrible froth. What I had to say was hurtful. *Disintegrating harmonies are calling to mind disintegrating harmonies* is one of the things I would have said. I was feeling bad. I was losing faith in the promise. Too much bone & gristle in the burgers sometimes.

November 15

One must denounce oneself. One must purport to *know not* what to do. One must tremble away from a decision until the tornado finishes. When the people emerge from their cellars, the tornado has finished. Unless they seem to be battling heavy winds. If they seem to be battling heavy winds, the tornado might not be finished. Use caution, then die in your sleep.

November 24

*What are the fries like?* I hear some guy ask thru the drive-thru intercom. Can you imagine? WTF sort of question is *that*? I wanted to go out and confront him. *You expect the world to stop and tell you what it's like? Where do you think you are? This is not the Promised Land. It's not even France. Nobody knows what it's like here. Just order something.*

December 10

With retinal recognition software, *Wendy's* could keep track of a customer's purchases *for life*. Each receipt would lay out all the figures: *now up to...* 51.3 lb. beef, 7.7 lb. cheese, 44.1 lb. Frosty, 76.1 lb. french fries, 6.6 lb. chili, 398.6 liters of soda, etc.... As with consciousness, these amounts are not about consumption; they are about *purchase*.

December 15

The people are going to die—the people might die any moment now. The people who might die any moment now have dreams, and in their dreams there are also people. The people in the dreams of the people who might die any moment now are themselves incapable of dying. It is an honor to know them.

December 21

The only way to speak with authority is to speak from your dying breath. It's real easy to speak from your dying breath. You just have to start dying. As you begin to die, the importance of The News becomes suspect. It is blaring & you can't hear it. The more you die, the more apparent it becomes that The News is over. That's why it's turned up so loud.

December 25

The thing is: I *retain* what I've sent. I don't mean I make copies. I mean I endure a sporadic barrage of fragmentary true &/or false memories... & *their equally numerous impacts upon me*. You know what I mean. But sometimes a false memory is more true than its alleged source. Some of my previous letters may have been merely omens.

December 27

It bothers me that Jesus isn't allowed to proselytize amongst other obviously *invented* characters. Mayor McCheese, for instance, is Jewish, and I wonder how Jesus would engage him—as brother Jew, or as complicit in his murder? And Barney The Dinosaur!—how would Jesus engage *his* coy secular agenda? We are treading on fertile virgin ground here.

January 9

We can't get out. We can't. There is no "way." A rocket? Gonna take a rocket to the edge of the galaxy? I can't even tell you how boring that would be. *A mere man* cannot conceive of how boring that would be. And anyway it would never work—it would never even *come close* to working. We need to try to get something other than out.

January 18

Come and meet me tomorrow: 10:30 a.m. OR ELSE.



