ANTO SEVEN

 $\begin{array}{c} n \\ t\,h\,e \end{array}$ Summer presence of Life: Now: Today: In his bright garden: In this lovely moment
as he gazed from under his hot wet eye
lids at his latest cultivation: The blue rose
Remembrance: Sinfan allowed his mind to wander like a little troubadour back across the song of the years:
so many notes: so many chords: so many counterpoints into the
precise present: Now: Sinfan gazed lovingly at the brilliant blooming
flower glory in the garden through the perfect mirror window of his empty
mind. This is my real food, Sinfan realized. My banquet. Now the large sweating
Blemish loped into the garden of sparkling roses, a coke with a dash of bitters in each
hand, and a telephone on a long cord under one arm. Sinfan realized wordlessly: I like Blemish,
as he took a deep puff on his cigarette and somehow blew star shaped smoke rings about him. Very
good student. Blemish smiles when most people are grouchy and he keeps his mouth shut and learns like a
very careful sieve, not like a sponge. Very bright. Very pleasant. Lucky enough to need help. I must remember
to remind him not to drag his knuckles on the flowers when he lopes through them. I am. I am. Crazy. It is. It
is. It is. Crazy. We are. We are. Crazy. Sinfan giggled silently. Sinfan said to Blemish: "Sit down. Have a
coke. Don't work too hard!" Blemish said: "Thanks," as sweat poured down his face in the hot sun. "There's a phone
call for you. Want it?" Sinfan asked: "Why not?" as Blemish placed the two cokes on a flat rock in Sinfan's sitting place
and handed the telephone to Sinfan. Sinfan said: "Yes!" cheerfully into the telephone. "Who is it that dares disturb the peace
that passes all understanding of the Poor, Orphaned and Homeless, Low and Weak, Lord of Both Worlds, Thorn of Truth,
Splinter of Reality, Sublime Seeker of Humanity, Recoverer Of The Fabled Pearl Beyond Price Washed Up On The Shore Of The like a little troubadour back across the song of the years: that passes all understanding of the Poor, Orphaned and Homeless, Low and Weak, Lord of Both Worlds, Thorn of Truth, Splinter of Reality, Sublime Seeker of Humanity, Recoverer Of The Fabled Pearl Beyond Price Washed Up On The Shore Of The Ocean Of Being, The Sun Of Man, Discoverer Of The Subtle And Elusive Spark Of Life, Uncoverer Of Just About All Truth, etc: In short: The Little Giant of Consciousness? Ho Ho Ho Hu Hu Hu Hee Hee." Sir Archibald Blood exasperated impatiently at his end of the telephone. His voice sounded very fizzy and sweet with a dash of acid in it: "This is Sir Archibald Blood. I must tell you something." Sinfan realized: It is 96 degrees and humid and I can't just drink a coke and quench my thirst like any ordinary person could do. I have to listen to this morbid crap. What a pest! Oh, well! I might as well get it over with. I'll never have to talk to the poor rat again. He's too cruel for enlightenment. And too big in the greedy way in the shit part of the brain. He really is too afraid to seek humanity inside. He just wants to trade in hurting of feelings. What a poor ambition! Sinfan asked: "Yes, Archie, what is it? Your voice sounds well beyond the pleasure principle," patiently awaiting the inevitable attack: compassionately hoping against reason for good cheer and friendship from a victim of too excessive cruelty in child hood. Sir Archibald Blood screamed into his end of the telephone: "You're not helping me! My poor wife is dying of dryness of the brain and I've had a mistress for five years! It's painful. You're a monster! You're not kind. I've had to take some of my poor wife's tranquilizers, you've upset me so my poor wife's tranquilizers you'

ress, I suffer. I come to you on the land venom. My poor mother. You told to teveryone desires to do! Dr. De, I do not know what you are, of at all right! No! You're not my not trust you. You're hypnotizing me! You're turning me into a robot.

I don't feel you're right for me. Don't you dare get to fuck my wife! I need something more spiritual than you! You lousy little piece of misshapen wog shit! Don't you dare get in formation to fuck my lousy wife!"

ir Ar chi bald Blood screamed: "I've been so wrong to feel so sorry for you because you're so small and have such a pathetic energy level, but I must speak the truth! You're full of self-will! I'll never speak to you again! Your work isn't right! My every instinct tells me I must follow my own light! You don't play the game fair! You're presumptuous and lack teste uh taste. We can never be fwends. Fwends as I understand it are people who share the same homesickness and whose hearts hunger for the same lick uh light. I've been pwaying for hours and my sacred voice deep in the bowels of my heart told me to never pway uh play uh speak with you again!" Sinfan said cheerfully: "I'm very glad to hear that. There'll always be an England! Maybe you should have me put me in a concentration camp on Cyprus or maybe in Calcutta or how about Dublin or what about good old Reading Jail! Well, thank you, Archie. You do not hate me. You hate your mother for her cruelty to you and you are afraid to admit it. I am just trying to defend you from the residue of that ugly bitch inside you. I am not home sick. I am not hungry for light. I am crazy. Period. And if you're ever lucky enough to need help, you cruel and greedy pathetic son of a bitch, please let me know." Sinfan heard a terrific gasp from the other end of the telephone and then Sir Archi bald Blood screaming senselessly over and over again: "Shut up! You dirty little Jap wog beast! You pig sticker! I hate you! Shut up! You bloody little queen fucker! I hate you! You'll never scream at me again you ugly little yellow rat! Mother knows just how to get rid of dirty little rat shit!" And then a slam. And a dead line. Oh, well, you can only help some people by letting them hate you, Sinfan realized. He just wants to destroy me the way his mother destroyed him. Poor bastard. Nothing is more pitiful than a beaten child holding on to a cruel mother or father by imitating them. Sinfan smiled wistfully and handed the telephone back to Blemish. Sinfan cried: "You were right, I didn't want it. But we must not do what we want, we must want what we do. We must become actively passive on the inside and passively active on the outside." Blemish asked: "Do you think Archie will be O.K.?" Sinfan cried: Enormous rivers of tears flew out of his eyes and drowned his little fingers as he rubbed his cheeks, eyes and neck: 1 "Sure. He can transfer all his hatred for his mother and father onto me and not have to feel guilty about hating his parents." Blemish asked: "Won't he feel guilty about hating you? Or realize what a stupid asshole he is?" Sinfan smiled cheerfully: "Always remember: Only intelligent people realize they are stupid and crazy. Stupid people always think they are the armpit of baby Jesus. A Jap midget? Who couldn't hate a Jap midget guiltlessly? Blemish said: "Icouldn't. You've been very kind to me and taught me wonderful things." Sinfan sa "Oh, you! You're different! You're almost as crazy as I am! Ho.Ho.Ho.Hu.Hu.Hu.Hee.Hee.Hee. They sipped their cool drinks. Blemish said: "I saw the suchness of the roses today." Sinfan said: "You mean you sensed your own suchness. It's all in your own mind. Did you find a girlfriend yet?" Blemish said: "Yes." Sinfan asked: "Is she beautiful?" Blemish said: "She's O.K.." Sinfan said: "It's all in your own mind. Man does not live on food alone. Seek humanity inside and outside and in between when you're fucking. Here. A telegram came for me. Read it to me."

¹ This is the only line in this poem that is not true. It has been placed here deliberately to allow a wider audience to enjoy this poem as I have been advised by friends in the media of Dumbdowner's Law: The more senseless blabbering, whining, and sniveling that responds to leading, "you must feel bad about this?" questions, the greater the number of imprudent people that are tricked into addiction to fake suffering

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0000 from Twisty Perdue;

Dearest Sinny:
In the presence of
Life: The merciful:
The compassionate:
I swear that: The
Cold spring of your giant lies will know: My little hot summer

of Truth: The grinding night of your giant misery:

Will know my sweet liftle day of Joy: Put your overcoat on

against your fall chills: You cute hot midget! But take off your

clothes into my spring chill: You belong to me! Love: Twisty

His sudden blood flooding sweet rivers under a beautiful garden

of skin sensation, his mind a gushing fountain, Sinfan found himself

walking quickly through the bright roses on the hot Great Lawn to Twisty's

cottage on Normal Lane. He entered the cottage. Twisty was sitting in the living

room writing a poem. She is such a beautiful person, Sinfan realized. How wonderful

it is to see a beautiful person work. Sinfan said: "Hello, Twisty." Twisty said, "Hello,
Sinny," with the smile that passes all understanding. Silence. Twisty finally said: "I'm glad
you're here," She had a strange look on her face. She hadn't expected to see him, but she
wasn't quite surprised to see him. And in between expectation and surprise something
was open in her, and in that friendly something, a small, deep and beautiful thing like
a sea dark sapphire star caught a bit of light. Twisty sighed: "Some things seem
to come to me only when I give up hope of ever getting them." Sinfan smiled

Weakly: "I don't know why I'm here." Twisty said pleasantly:

"Let's take a walk." And as they walked, Twisty took Sinfan's

hand in hers and said, "Hold my hand, Sinny? I'm feeling anxious."

Sinfan said: "Iseem to be dizzy." He was sweating and shivering. Twisty
said: "Maybe you want to lie down," as she squeezed Sinfan's hot wet hand lies will know: My little hot summer Sinfan said: "Iseem to be dizzy." He was sweating and shivering. Twisty said: "Maybe you want to lie down," as she squeezed Sinfan's hot wet hand delicately. "If you don't lie down sometimes, sooner or later you'll fall down." They passed silently under the weeping cherry tree, now a green hill. Looking up at the tiny blue spaces of sky between the thick leaves, they walked out from under the weeping cherry and on toward the high pines of the Pine Grove. As they entered the Pine Grove, the deep pine needle carpet seemed to float. Flashing into the corner of his eye from the green shade to the right, Sinfan saw the blazing gold lamé jumpsuit of Narcisco Hotspurm. His gold arms flashing around a nine tree. Hotspurm was heroically cooing and humping the tree to the right, Sinfan saw the blazing gold lame jumpsuit of Narcisco Hotspurm. His gold arms flashing around a pine tree, Hotspurm was heroically cooing and humping the tree trunk rhythmically trumpeting: "Man! I'm into the tree world! Man! I'm in up the pine needles," Twisty smiled: "Like me." Sinfan snapped: "You people shouldn't make love in here. You are mental patients and should find other ways to socialize than this. You are hurting yourselves. You will never learn any finer ways to com municate with each other. You're crazy!" Twisty said: "We have to live."

Not far from them they saw Wolf: no longer a lead submarine submerged in drugs; hugging over a squirming young girl on the pine needles. Wolf looked up and smiled. Sinfan waved hello and felt that diamond floating on a vanished sewer, that subtle feeling of seeing happiness where once was misery. As they walked deeper into the Grove, they passed quite a few blankets spread out over the pine needles. On one distant blanket, Sinfan could just see Max Granada and his Rose naked and asleep in the dark grove. Imitating Sinfan's sterner speech patterns Twisty said, "Evidently, this is where the more sophisticated come." Sinfan smiled weakly. Sinfan Realized: Somehow this Grove is something like m' mind, I see what is to the right and left. What is straight ahead in the middle? An old Hebrew poem from medieval Spain he had heard David Daniels say to him so many times ran like a drunk bear through a clearing in his mind: Struggle to realize fire genii wind: And pearl fine: And angel shine: And slick quick light messengers on golden hind: Work deep in the sji-fic of King Solomon's Mines.

They walked deeper in the dark pine. Sinfan slippe ed., Sinfan sighed: "Theseneedles must be over a foot deep. It's so quiet. So beautiful. Very quiet: Twisty smiled: "The squish of our feet on the needles spring a billion affections," as suddenly they arrived at a bright opening in the dark Grove. The light was clear. Sinfan said: "It's beautiful here. Bright, Very bright." He looked up from the dark tree well at the shining pine tops and light blue sky. Twisty smiled: "I've saved this place for you, Sinny, It's the best. It's like a pool of light." Sinfan cried: "I've lill never take advantage of your illness." as light is sugar, Sinfan real ized. I'm wrong. I'm crazy! Twisty laughed: "Is that all you're going to do?
Just lie there?" as she Just lie there?" as she licked Sinfan's love lcked Sinian 5 to. like an ice cream cone. A "I'm grow'n ing!" Sinfand t giggled, h

8 Cherry 7 Butterscotch 6 Strawberry 5 Chocolate 4 Pistachio 3 Raspberry 2 Sugar Cone 1 Melt Down 0 Nothing a Sprinkles

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