

1978

when I was a <sup>1</sup>  
child I was seen  
through dark glasses:  
I was hardly disciplined.  
I was not struck like a gong  
or like a match or an anvil.  
I was hit only once. The  
400.000 snowballs  
that hit my heart  
were thrown by various

*people: I was family palace dwarf depending on <sup>2</sup>  
mental cleverness to avoid mental execution:  
My entire toilet training was being told at one  
and a half that I was smart enough to control my  
Self; That I was free to do so: Or else: Enema:  
The Queen Mother enjoyed penetrating boys'  
assholes: I was ignored often: I was to experi-  
ment freely with a wide range of behaviors:  
The only time I was seriously hit physically  
(including even by my parentally induced jealousy  
twisted unto torment larger brother)  
was when I was four. I was  
experimenting to see how*

long I could laugh. After a few minutes: I couldn't stop: I laughed out at our lovely: Young pretty strawberry blonde maid: Katherine O'K: To help me stop: Her family was so poor in the Pennsylvania coal minds in the Depression: She had to live with us as a maid to eat and sleep: Katherine slapped my face: I stopped: This was the only help I ever got to control my Self: I asked Katherine later why I didn't hate her for slapping my face. She sang: "Sure you've got rings on your fingers and bells on your toes:<sup>3</sup> And helephants to ride upon my little Jewish rose: But sure has sunrise on roses on Saint Moses day: My mumbo jumbo kiddy bomb bay: You've got to get reins on your fingers and spurs on your toes: Sure even a bible king's helephant mind has got to learn how to manage his little mind's throes." When I would ask her what an elephant mind was and what a little mind was: My second mother Katherine O'K would say: "OK: People have two minds: OK: A little noisy mind like a tiny radio: That's screaming loud ugly noise all the time on top of a giant refrigerator mind as big as an ocean: OK: It's light is always on even though the door is closed: OK: It's huge, silent and deep. OK: It's full of delicious sparkling food: OK: Shut off your noisy little radio: OK: Listen to what's in your silent giant refrigerator. It is humanity. It is inside you: Waiting to be used." I asked her why the big refrigerator door was shut. She said: "OK: It has to clam up to make a pearl on the tip of your tongue." OK: Now: In 1978: I am sitting at one of our meetings when one of the many ex-girl friends of my son who had left him because he purchased books instead of furniture: Wrathine O'Boozer: Blurts out sweetly to the beautiful woman I was living with: "Nyah Nyah: Here's something you didn't know: Nyah Nyah: David slept with Skinette Crapaud two years ago after Skinette begged him to sleep with her! Nyah Nyah! You'll all talk about that tomorrow! Nyah Nyah!" Wrathine O'Boozer had previously reminded me of my strawberry blonde second mother Katherine: Now I was so ashamed of Wrathine O'Boozer for trying to hurt another woman's feelings that I did just what my strawberry blonde second mother Katherine would have done: I stood up: I walked over to her: I said: "Don't hurt other peoples feelings:" I barely touched her cheek in a light as a feather gesture towards a slap. I returned to my seat and sat down: Suddenly: Wrathine was flying through the air towards me in a cloud of J&B fume roaring: "Ahhhh Yaaaaah!" In the Lace Curtain Sha O'Lin Temple Kung Fu School's Miss Piggy form. Two people sitting near me caught her little chubby shoulders after I easily avoided her plump little white gym socked feet: They set her on her feet. As if to a small child: One of them said: "There: There: Be careful: Don't hurt your Self:" She stormed to the door: Her face was red as all the drunk fathers in The Dubliners' rage: She slammed on her hob nail boots: She screamed: "I'm here to tell you! You're a shit! You haven't seen the end of Wrathine O'Boozer!" She stormed out the door into the night: The howling winds: The homely seaweed fields' homiletic cries on the foam crashed rocks of the island of Mother Mc Dead Hand O'The Church O'Mindeatho: Despite my disappointment at her hurtfulness: The flying through the air of plump, furious Wrathine O'Boozer was the most pleasant and most amusing and most amazing moment of physical levitation I ever remember having experienced in over forty five years of attendance at a large variety of esoteric human meetings and to celebrate this esoteric triumph of matter over mind: And to celebrate my dear old second mother Katherine O'K: One of the grandest and most elegant ladies who ever escaped the coal dark minds of Pennsylvania: I shall sing refrain in this lovely haunting reprise: Sure I've got rings on me fingers and bells on me toes: An helephant mind to ride upon my giant Irish rose: Whoa! I love your strawberry blonde hair: I love your beautiful Irish smile: But sure as sunrise on roses on Saint Patrick's day: My mumbo jumbo sweet heart Kitty O'K: OK: I got reins on my fingers and spurs on my toes: Sure even a bible king helephant mind has got to learn how to manage its lousy second rate noisy little radio mind's throes:

<sup>1</sup> Dwarf 1932 table top Crosley radio. <sup>2</sup> Giant 1929 GM Fridgidaire refrigerator with condenser on top. <sup>3</sup> Hear: I'VE GOT RINGS ON MY FINGERS: Blanche Ring, 1909