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Some breaths life is a very fat rose and th
                                                                                                                                                 eoretically spring is always plump tulips:
  ^{1986} was a spring of recompense for my uneq
                                                                                                                                             uivocal belief and certain knowledge: There
      is not: Never was: Never will be any Go
                                                                                                                                          d\boldsymbol{:} Even with my fortune in having an ast^{\mbox{\scriptsize on}}
      ishing son: The Poet: And: HTML: CGI: TCP
                                                                                                                                        /IP: VRML: And SGTML: Wizard: Tran
       slator Of Pessoa: Álvaro de Campos: Re
                                                                                                                                      is: And: Caeiro: Etc: Christopher Daniels:
        A Man of Literature: Who has read every b
                                                                                                                                   ook ever written 3 times: And an astonishing
                                                                                                                                en of Chutzpah: Both: Of extraordinary: In
         daughter: The inestimable Rita Daniels: Que
         dividuality: Ability: Guts: True defenders of the
                                                                                                                               ir father's Self: In that year: 1986: I fell into
        having to take care of two 6 year old girls: One It and the most beautiful: Caring: Most loving daug
                                                                                                                             alian: One Mexican: Who as I write this are 21 hters any old man could have: Their four two
         lips are laughing tulips to make all hypothetical sp
                                                                                                                             ring time contiuum light sum: If I were blind
        ed out of Thebes: These naughty ladies would see t in a Phaeton: If I were eyeless in Gaza they would dest
                                                                                                                           o it that I rode with them laughing merrily
roy all the Philistines in the world light laugh
         ing merrily to get me new eyes in Xanadu: If I were
                                                                                                                            Silas Marner they would laugh merrily as they
        loaded so many cashew nuts and cream cheese and My floor boards would fly: If I were Mushkil Gush
                                                                                                                          lox and Beijing duck under my floor boards: a<sup>1</sup>: They would laughing merrily never let me
          forget anything: I have told Gina Bruno and Rache
                                                                                                                          1 Garcia over and over again to get nothing for
         me: I have more money than I will ever need for my Self: I have scores of friends: I love my work: I am a charmed life: I was miserable rowin g a lousy galley of inner terror and darkness
           through a rotten bilge of mean sea hold dark inne r memories of ridicule and humiliation every
            moment of breath until 1962: I have been fat rose happy every moment of every breath since 1962: I am recognized as a substatial idiot in over 80 countries by hundreds of thousands of super sub
              stantial idiots: I am well hated by at least one hundred people I have helped by allowing them
               to hate me: I want nothing: And all these two woman do is send me gushy cards full of incred ible devotions: Good cheers: Wishes: And get me little presents of every kind and shape in
                  the world from ear hair trimmers to frogs legs to art: They are so kind and cheerful to
                  me it is almost sickening: All I ever did for them was spend on them and give to them as much money as I had for nothing in return: Explain to them whenever they were fright
                     ened exactly why they had fear and where it was in their being: And when they were
                      angry: I gave them a dollar for hitting my hand: Looking me straight in the eye: And yelling: I hate you!: And other wise except for a few excursion to Disneyland: Swan
                        angry: I gave them a dollar for hitting my hand: Looking me straight in the eye: Any yelling: I hate you!: And other wise except for a few excursion to Disneyland: Swan Lake: The Cornelian Room: Domain Chandon: Ad Infinitum: In fancy clothes: Ad Infinitum: In have tried to ignore them and let them have their own lives of their own choice without any direction whatsoever: Yet for this pittance of common financial manure and protective sod: They treat me: Despite all my objections: As if I am God: This is very painful for a man who knows God is just a word: Who knows family values are the last refuge of liars: Who learned well early: The only way to help some people is to allow them to hate him: Who always squeezes his Pekinese when he feels good: Has flown away from all directions: Is mega meta 'Pataphsically odd in all directions: Vomits when hearing the word family: Is the son of a man who killed his odd: Whose mother was a studied killer of pink cod: Or as the magnificent Victor Hugo: All Pekinese's in the world squeezes; If you live like Jesus: You'll die like Jesus: If you live like Ja vert: You die like Ja vert: You die like Javert: If you live like Jesus: Jesus: Jesus Jesus: Jesus:
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                                                                                                                    garden be
                                                                                                                     spring/time
                                                                                                                      continuum
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