

SILLY RABBIT
A GRAVESTONE AND AN URN

MY DEAREST KINGS.

THIS TOWN SUX AND SO DOOS U. THIS TOWN SUX AND SO DO ME.

I BARELY REMEMBER WATCHING THE CARTOONS (THE BIBLE IN PICTURES FOR LITTLE EYES) AND TAKING THE PILLS. PILL. PILLS, ONE BY ONE. UG. THE FUCKING EMBARRASSING UG OF THE NEIGHBOR LADY (SHE'S A REAL CUNT FULL) FOUND FINDING ME. COULDN'T WAKE ME UP - BUT I WAS JUST FOOLIN.

I'VE BEEN TRYIN TO TAKE MORE PLEASURE IN MY CONFUSIONS BUT ALL SIGNS AND PSYCHICS POINT TO GETTING OUT - UNTIL THERE IS A FINAL TWIST AND IT SNAPS AND I SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE IN SOME STATE RUN SNAKE PIT.

I COULDN'T OPEN MY EYES OR MOVE, BUT I HEARD EVERYTHING. I REMEMBER THE LADY SHAKE TICKLING ME AND SAYING, "OH, MY GOD. OH, MY FUCKIN G" (BUT, GOD WAS A SPOTTY GIRAFFE, OF SORTS.) I REMEMBER A NOVEMBER AMBULANCE, PROBABLY VITAMIN-PISS YELLOW, AND PEOPLE TAKING OFF MY CLOTHES AND PUKE - WARM AT FIRST, ACID HOT, SPILLING ACROSS MY CHEST AND INTO MY ARMPITS. THERE WERE LONG LONG SPOKES EXTENDING FROM ONE SIDE OF ME, A SHOULDER. THEY VARIEGATED FROM GREEN TO FLASHING YELLOW OR MAYBE IT WAS A YELLOW TO SCALY GREEN GREEN. A PERPETUAL FALLING BACKWARDS IN SPACE, INTO A GRAND URGENCY - THE MODERN KIND. AN URGENCY TO GET BACK TO THAT CINDER TILE BUILDING THAT WAS FOR THE MEX'KIN KIDS - SMELLED.

IT HAD RAINED FOR FIVE WEEKS STRB WHEN A CLOUD GLOB SPLIT AND SPOT LIT THAT GOD-AWFUL ARCHITECTONICA BUILDING AND I TURNED TO MR. T AND I SAID, "A FUCKIN BILLBOARD IS JUST AS ABSTRACT AS A FRANKENTHALLER" (KNOWING THAT USED TO BE AN INSULT.) AND, IT WASN'T EVEN TILL THE END OF THE BLOCK THAT I STEPPED IN WHAT I THOUGHT WAS COW SHIT BUT TURNED OUT TO BE AN OL' SLAVE'S CEMENT PILE GRAVE. I TRIED TO PUSH A COUPLE OF SEASHELLS INTO IT WHILE IT WAS STILL WET BUT, THEY DIDN'T STICK - 'CAUSE OF THE RAIN, PROBABLY. AND THEN, JUST THEN, THE WA WA OF THE DRUGS IN YOUR HEAD BEFORE YOUR EYES GO WOOD. LITHO GREENY SCRENY FRANKENBERRY™ COUNTERFEIT LINES AS ALL 44 BABY TOOTH'S SNAP AND CHIP ON THE GRAVEL GRAVEL PUFFS. "SILLY FAGGOT, DICKS ARE FOR CHICKS."

(THEN CUT TO ME. SHOT IN A HOSPITAL ROOM.)

WALKIN AROUND IN A HOSPITAL GOWN LOTS OF PLACES WON'T HIRE YOU.

"KNOCK KNOCK. WHOSE THERE? FULL-BLOWN AIDS!" (HEARD THROUGH CURTAINS)

I NEED A JOB JUST TO BREATHE IN MY BREATHEY PARTS. MEETING W THE BANKRUPTCY LAWYER ON MON.

I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS SHITTY GAME. SCRAPIN FOR CHUMP CHANGE. Y'ALL HAVE AT IT FOR ME - UP UP W CONFETTI CONFETTI, THE RICH KIDS ARE EATIN EVERYTHING IN THE FRIDGE. THEY GET ALL THE DAYLIGHT.

THE RICH KID BABIES WERE STEALIN ALL MY GLAMOUR AND THAT'S WHY I GOT ARRESTED. ARRESTED FOR PUNCHIN THOSE BABIES IN THEIR LIL' BABY SKULLS.

"YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BTW A BABY AND A TABLE, RIGHT?"

THEY'LL ELBOW YOU. TACK UP WOOD OVER YOUR WINDOWS, TELL YOU ITS THE RULES. IF YOU TRY TO EVEN GET ON, JUST GETTIN BY,

CRYIN FOR A LIVING. LISTEN, I TELL U THAT ROCK PAPER SCISSORS USED TO BE CALLED CONCRETE PAPER & STEEL.

"STERLING, BTW, MOJO - DOUCHES ALL, PIEHoles SICK TO DEATH OF IMPOTENCE."

" - CAN'T SKULL-FUCK A TABLE."

MY MIND IS ON THE MOUNT. LITERALLY, I'Z WALKIN OUT OF THIS SHITTY, CROSS JERSEY, SOUTH BOUND AND DOWN.

I USE TO HEAR MY DADDY MUMBLE "LIVE AND LEARN, DIE AND FORGET IT ALL."

YOU GO ON FOR ME - YOU COUNT ALL THOSE BLACK SPOTS ON THE SIDEWALK, EVERY BUBBLICIOUSLY™ TARRY ONE. FUCK YOU, NEW YORK - FUFUFUCK TO PIECES. YOU'RE GONNA ATOMIZE. YOU'RE GONNA ATOMIZE JUST LIKE THOSE UGLY NEW BUILDINGS COMIN DOWN IN A FOREST FIRE. PUNCH FUCK, DEAD BROKE.

IF I KNEW MORE OF THE *DEATH DRIVE* I'D GO ON AND ON AND ON ABOUT THOSE FRUITY FLAVORS - RASPBERRY RED, LEMONY LEMON, DRANGY ORANGE, WILDBERRY BLUE, GRAPITY PURPLE AND (INIGGERY) WATERMELON.

I ONLY TELL MY LOVERS I CAN'T READ - WHAT DO THEY CARE.

YOURS IN CHRIST, (THE VERY LAST OF HIS MOLECULES)

BOBBY WILSON