

So! the so there (sew & Sosostris!).
But "Still . . . "
O unstill
in yr navel
a pebble wd thrash, thresh,
into gold.

I am a goddam alchemist.

You are fast on yr feet,
Like
Hope.

(What is the heart of this —
or are John & Henry right?)

As Burroughs wrote:
"I awoke.
someone was
holding my hand.
It was my other hand."

— Ronald H. Bays

understanding our heritage no. 663

in this corner we have the fuck it now
the hell with it mongers
managed by allen ginsberg
who haphazardly define truth as
the presence of pain and insanity
and the absence of safety

and in the other corner we have the
now dear you must realize mongers
managed by queen victoria
who systematically define truth as
the presence of safety and organization
and the absence of pain

to wanda who hasnt arms

dont let anybody lie to you

you will find somebody
like me
who thinks you're god
and can live it and breathe it
like i cant.

— Jon Heinstein

Berkeley, Calif.

wait.

maybe i can