To Elizabeth Ann Fraser
-- born October 19, 1966

Little strange eyes born, the long climb to heaven begun again, all this in Hamilton Ontario a town mommy & daddy never heard of 2 yrs. ago, ugly Hamiltune loving the way its made gorgeous for you & others by your loving parents --

Poor thing for you, baby a poem. Its true I'm jealous of you in your first line of life today. Grow to know poetry is an ugly thing compared to being born and dying.

The Final Solution

Impossible to be happy in these deep interconnecting systems of hell 20th century inescapable freshly giving all power to our executioners the perfect human form the flower of the animal world bullet-riddled corpses in a row you are the theme of all creation heh-heh-heh-heh-heh