

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

8 P.M. 7
Oct 1966