

Dear Madam Adam Haddem

I wish to say what clock springs say when time is rumming in folk ballad dears of wasted fullness or you have still not logged the hours for mismidshipman rating nor coupled All-Hallowed Eve & the mud-mistress of holy smoke so languidly awaiting your quest list to include her bonny curls & mid-atlantic hurricanes named Hank the Porpiss who brings out the rear with sinkers trailing & it seems like a fluke but meant to be meaningful like the wrest of creation including Mag Frently of Addleshire followed up by the KGB in union suits forgetting which side they were on in the World Bowl which only takes a week to play out and the rest being history and its ectomy, whether you're nothing but a roadside extraction & the holly ghost rams a page from Keith in the cannonmouth or someone lights up the punk wand for kingdome performances where you fall asleep in Boardom while crossing the boarder in a sealed train into East Least Angeles home of the mental dodgers or California's excuse to the gods for all this STUFF and also too the nonsense you all can't get enough of so quit complaining or we'll take your cartoons away & then your Tweetybird will die in its cage & your Emperor Nixon will saw through the bars of his afterlife and Hell will actually *not* pay Dante's outstanding account because interest is waning cats & dogs but the abyss keeps yawning in the mortal compass famine trough in Demonville bonfires, while heartstrong bluffers carry pennants thru the streets of Transylvania with light bulbs planted above their heads to dismember all those grating moments before the big cheese took over which was just yesterday and it was limburger and it was full of five-dimensional foam & won't let us come up for air until the silkroad cocoons exfoliate mumberry wine messages from Foxhole Doug & Salmon Dave who left the Right Way in '83 trailing another tear for Raggedy Aggie who left her behind on that bench in Sicamoe Square believing beyond all appearances that the seeming world was catching a cold & throwing her out at home despite gravel ice cream Sundays and lovely parodies of

Aunt Sooze climbing the ivy mint julep
Matterhorn out back with Ko Zi the carnivator
mouse, but we usually slept in, leaving the grass to
grow itself and be mown its lot of pure acherage
& lapidary grins meant to break one's william and
start the chickadee scrounge every afternoon so
long as there are aphids in the universe or
bookworms in the mind of the Sun sitting there
reading peacefully while the rest of us burn up
our calories hating the spiders & cursing history's
little foibles that put the khmer rouge on your
doorstep & that number on your arm when you
least expected it despite the grinding fangs the
cadaver TV the antisocial media the armed teeth
& patriopathic greedheads emitting omens in
terabyte waves until no slightest gesture on earth
is NOT telling you what you already knew but I'll
just mention in passing it's Time To Wake the
Fuck Up.

May 2017