

Subj: **American Splendour?**
Date: 9/20/2003 9:49:35 PM Central Daylight Time
From: Manolete XXX
To: Megan4Mischief

The man sat and watched his life. It seemed like a fairly entertaining life. He had tried to be true to himself, not always succeeding yet not really failing. A sort of not yellow brick road, but more of a mauve brick path through a changing forest of other's ideas. He knew things were not perfect even though he wished they all could see this for real.

Malls are just things for example, not replacements for times lost. Like Life's Mall.

Tires wear out, wounds heal somewhat, and no UFO's sit next to anyone at any place with stools. Gravity keeps my teeth on their shelf, and makes my pants slide down when I reach for things high on Supermarket shelves, just like my mental pants when reaching towards unknown thoughts.

Peewits sing when they find bits of doughnut on the sidewalk, and I cry out when a crack appears in my psyche., usually caused by me not living by the sea. Jaundiced fogs appear before my eyes when I bend over to put on tight socks, so I use old ones., like old thoughts re-stretched into hamburger patty shapes in the dawn.

The invisible tape used to put in place the smiles of the newscasters seems sometimes like that used by police when they hand you a speeding ticket. for riding back home in joy at having slipped it into a rare find. I, therefore, almost never patronise the drycleaners because I suspect they inundate the clothes with the same chemical that makes that invisible tape, and which makes fearful never-laid women clutch their lapels together reflexively as you walk towards them. They fear their nipples will be beacons to unspeakable desires, and they wish that tape.. Does any of this make any sense? Maybe only to an artist who sees hamburger buns as things to put upon subway lighting switches, or as earmuffs for verbose politicians.

The Splendour of America is all around us. Just look at the lovely symmetrical way the tiny flags wave on the ropes around newly opened used -car dealerships. Now THAT is some organised thinking. Unlike that of the producers of canned laughter tapes for sitcoms, which leave one wondering if the laughers are in rows, or all in a circle.....

America is like the plush padding in caskets. Not for the participant, but for the spectator.. Like the walls of the Crematorium are not there to make a good oven, but to shield the spectators from the divine sight of a body returned to The Elements, ...as they build cremation bonfires to do with the bodies of artists in Bali.

Five minutes after Midnight, September 20, a long time ago, is when these thoughts began for me.....sort of.

Saturday, September 20, 2003 America Online: Megan4Mischief