

stay ahead of Death

the body is a Mech that converts into the Actual
your inner-kid volition.

Possible, or Not? **That** is the question. And each Gen
attempted what the Old said Not to.¹

he'd gone ahead, on Nanga Parbat, gone to check
the route and so was spared a wrath his younger
bro succumbed to, the avalanche.

stay ahead of Death, PRESS AHEAD, could be the
Lesson here. iz easy being righteous in your pee-
jays in your roller chair. drive or get the eff
off the Grid!

PRESS AHEAD: a trick for staying alive, for
staying ahead -

of fear, at least: seek the next challenge.

¹ Reinhold Messner, Academy Class of 1987, Full Interview [adapted].

first thing when you waken, look it up: vassal'd oranges.

a moony looming mom-face commanded as she whited into day-space.

i'd dreamt of California found in odd Chicago nooks, like the Florida State Kiwanis, all u Kiwis kept "Orlando Blooming" prison-bound, u handsome Beaus. . .

i dreamt of bonded fruit, say.

and typing now in e-café: i voice-googled double-breasted jacket but i mumbled, got Orlando prostitution racket. this on pause from podcast with its Guest from - are u ready for -

the Univ. of Connecticut, at Stanford.

noise infecting backward from my day into my dreams! the noise is twice-received - a petty prophecy, a junk-stream!

mom is pleading who i am, who came in off this high-end burb or berg's canal-like promenade. it pipes a happy orchestra for strolls between Attractions - the tinny mono slapping at the covered bridge you step to get from Dwarves'

stocky Treefort to the Prince's Happy Palace - i've never been to Disneyland, and never was a Disney Kid - i'm Jewish or some other olden seriousness prevented us from working pop & chips into the Grocery List, and Twinkies were a Choosing each Baisakhi -

we were Sikh-ish, that's it.

for keeping on tha boots, i am sorry to tha MOMz: mud-caked i made em so to implicate the stomping & the clumps dropping wall-to-wall -

mud-caked i made em for my tromping straight from street thru her Popu-Lux décor, to the sliding glass door where her boy is strapping up, now he's dropping down the sick ravine -

it's Rocket Ranger, 1954.

it's Colorado Rock Ravine: a game, and it's a snow-lined gulley, and a Dream: a sloping down from patio, curving as it dips into Adventure on yr erranding - you step into it, swoop into an easy-do parkour that has me calling after kid:

ARE WE DEDD?!

[DEDD, DEDD

nightmares do come true, that's their point: to prepare you!

note to Y, on Uni fridge: i'm on some farm, seeing about some guy inside a barn killing rabbits.

are with Her in our bravery, the deed IS the rescue and the Honoring Festivity; the Prize is that u DO it, there u meet her, in the Act itself;

lunch w/ Lady Eaton in the Carlu, u are honored in the Act itself, so dying in the Act itself - still u know the Glory!

do anything but write, if you want to be a
writer!

to want to be a writer is to want to tell stories
worth telling, needing deeds -

if only brave reportage.

