

I

Afternoon nothing to do
but sit down and
pen, the words
fall to line again
of peace hatred the
money machine squawks.

II

and mercifully acquired
money is shed on graceful
houses and all continue
to help the ill

III

an they dance in
mirth happy in
thier USA

IV

We all understand
Wisconsin's tax

So above poem is shit, good lead not continued
to other sentences.

This evening has been a drag I read Hot Rod
and notice the excellence of thier tech and photo car art.
How magazine criticism got in here I don't know

My mind is not functioning with people too well
again, comes on too strang or strong. Nobody wants to
continue sustained conversation with me, and people
getting on others cases is getting to be a bore, but those
bitches love it.