GUES

Sunlight under the rain and clouds

my friends

not this time but going to try again in two weeks, close, going along

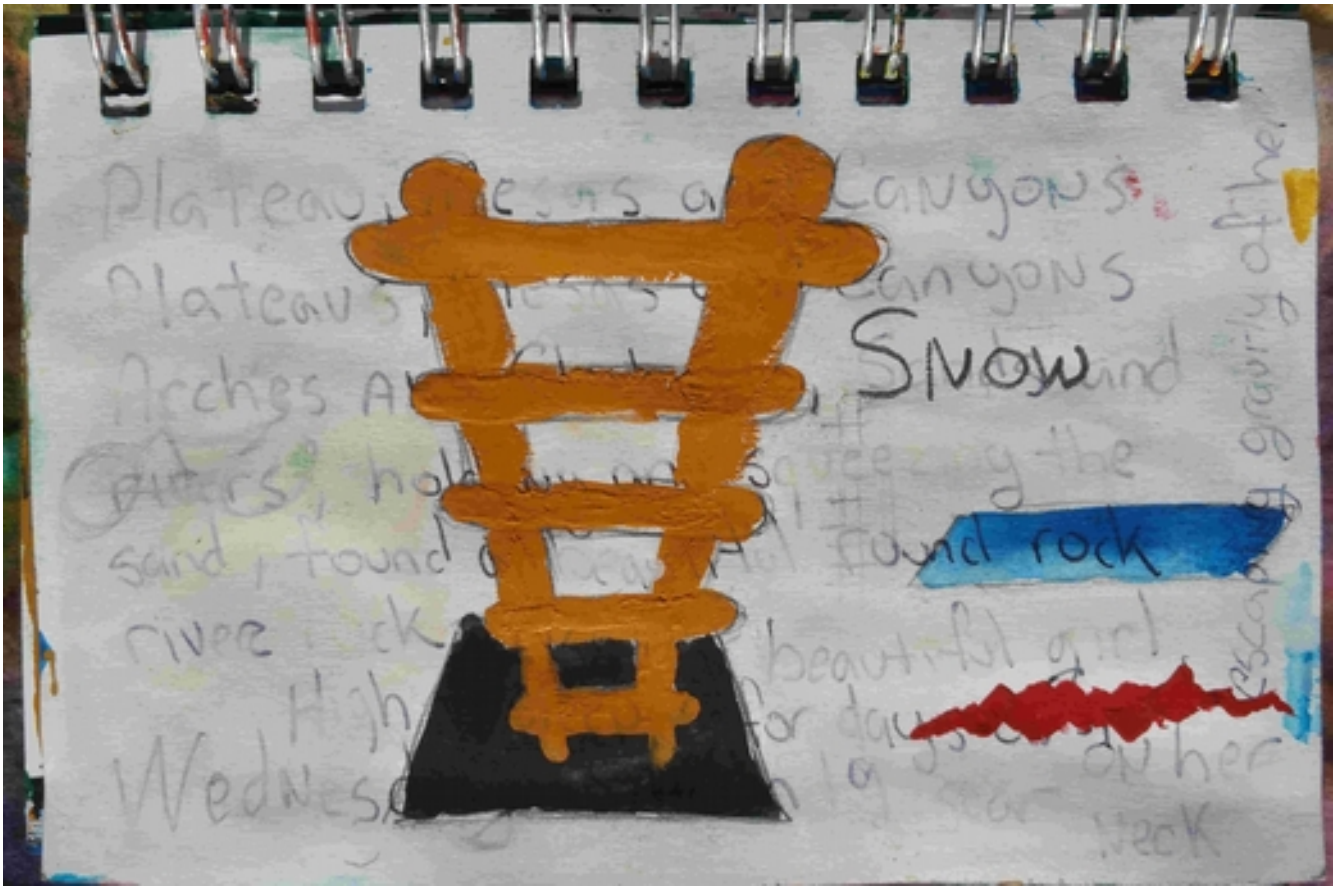
I had no questions to ask when I got there, none that I could

remember.

Afraid to ask or

already know,

don't tell me



slipping off and on the Mesa. Slippery. Too crumbly.

Sulf Club, Internet Cafe not working, off line

colonies and satellites are failing, coming back,

nothing worth to come back to

muddy water,

sunlight on every blade of grass

on every leaf

be kind, easy

come around or not

1151 777 55

searching for the only face in the crowd,

the rest with no eyes, no ears,

walking by the three cemetery of signs

I argue with myself all the time,

stopping by the seaside for just one more

remember the blue satellites

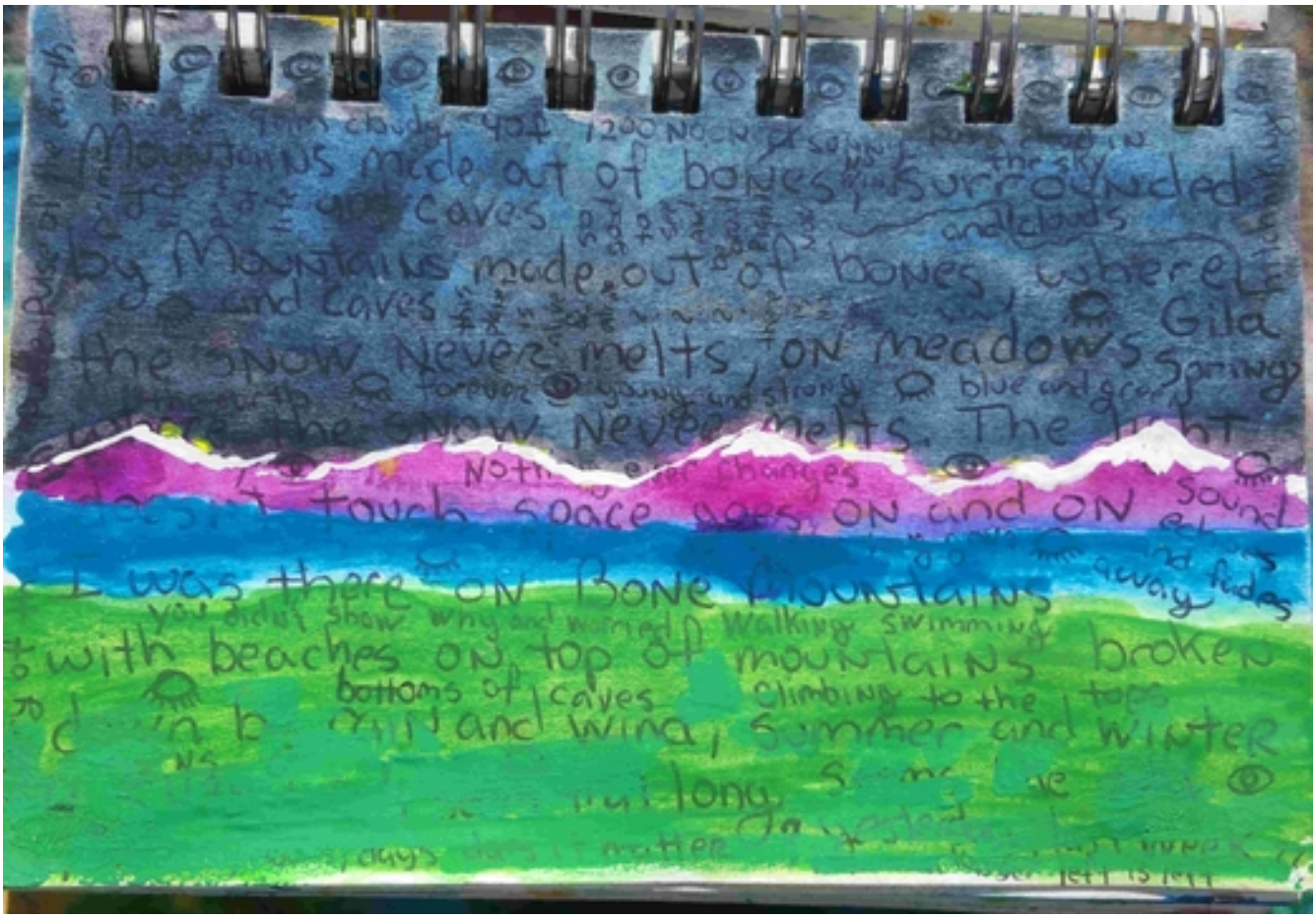
Formyle

Sun on an angle not strait down like I always thought, left to the over

to the left

can’t stay another day, house is dead, kids are gone, no one outside

no one around



Neighborhoods full of people outside, after work, after school

twilight

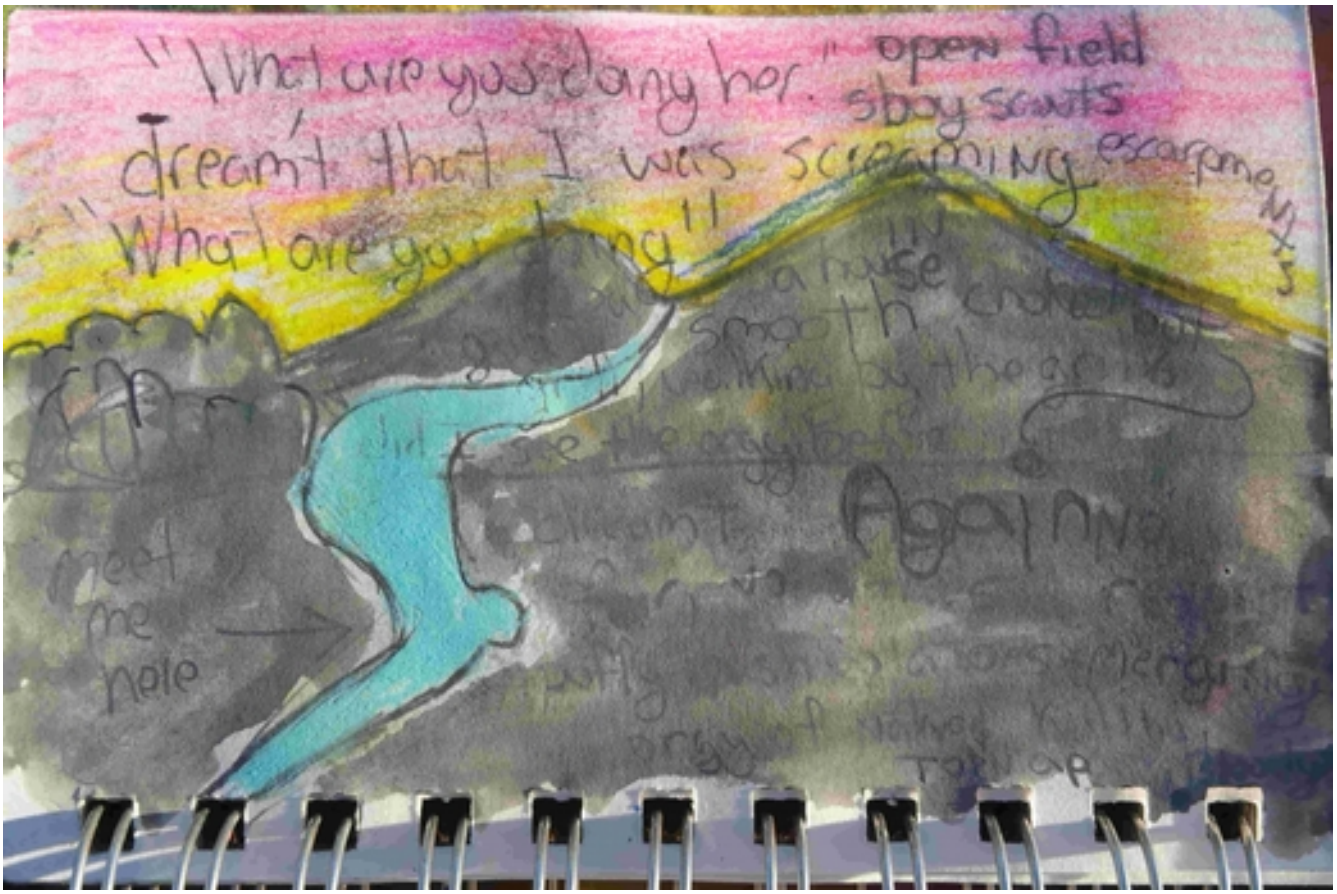
Waterfall and hanging valleys

out a little past twilight,

kids still playing

until they're not heard

and all is quiet



Everyone’s minds are still, aren’t they

Thinking alike

Keeping my eyes on you as you move across the sky

criss crossing

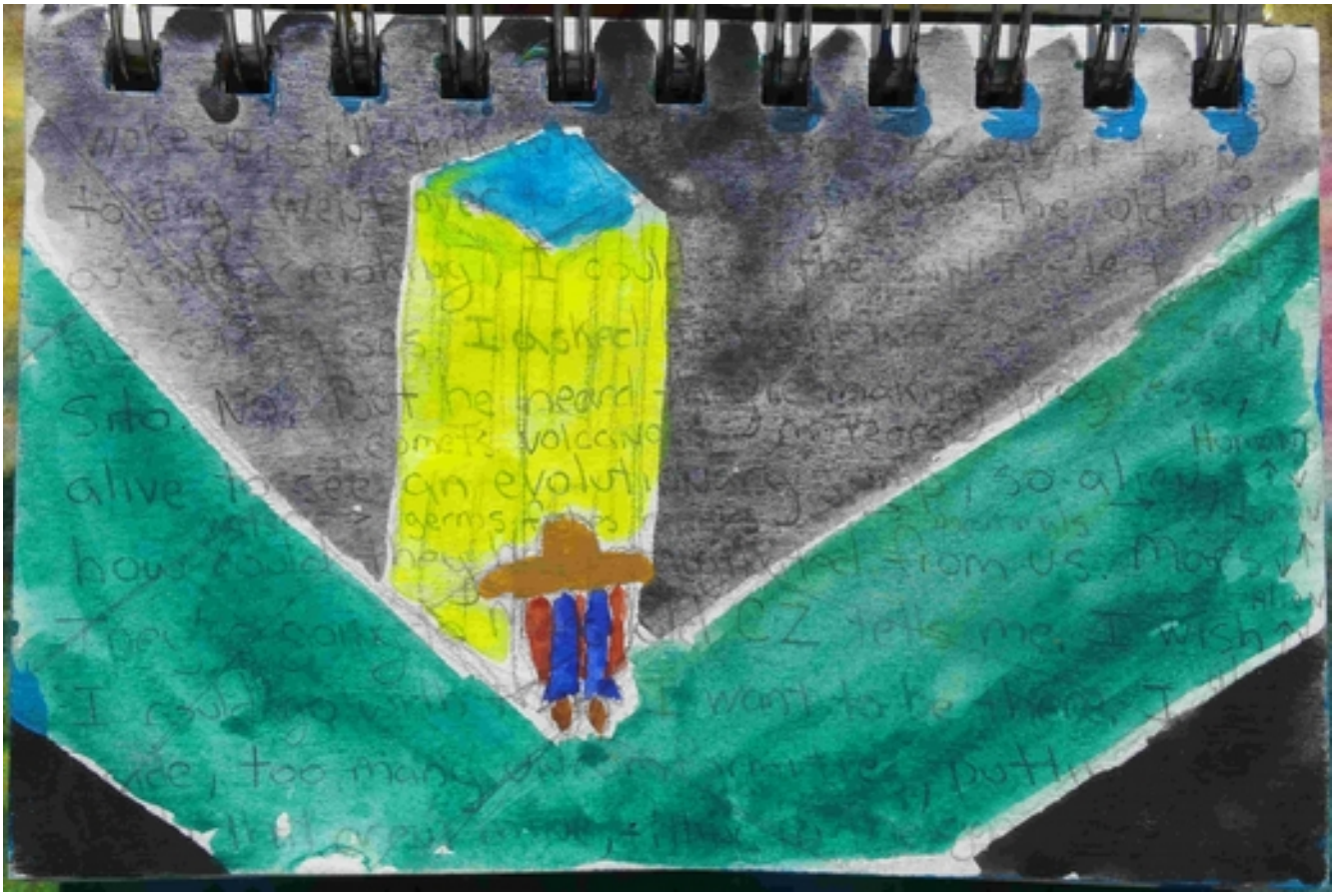
watching sea turtles all day

Dropped you off, everything was supposed go alright

running out of options

Solar Noon 75 degrees, cloudy and brightest,

I’ll follow you anywhere



Shoreline,

waiting by the telephone

y2k bust

2nd time,

Library,

Mustang Island,

Zil, courtyard, underneath the pine tree

mother and child

20 summers,

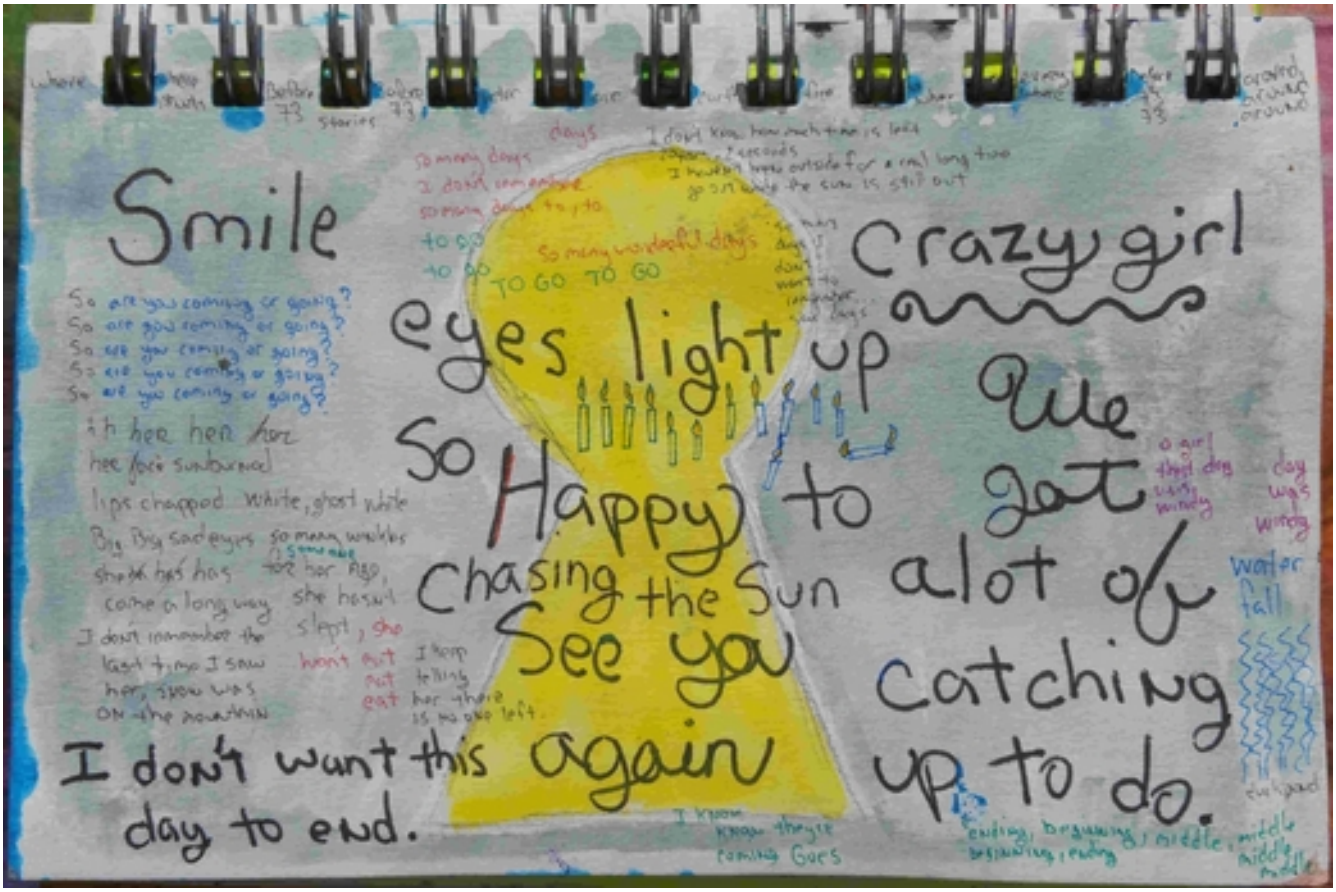
no one to rile

two flat tires, and two broken teeth

widest valley, muddiest water

my side doesn't hurt, no hiccups, no spirits

cruising on a bicycle at night, everyone is a sleep



when I'm around other people I'm someone else. I wonder if I exist.

I'm aware of them.

when I'm by myself I wonder if other people really exist.

I've become aware of myself too late.

I've been belittling myself for too long, far too long.

No more kids around, waiting

at the train station, underneath the arch, sitting on the bench

being chased by a pale rider, so out of place,

not belonging to my world

cold, gray, dear girl, memories moon

not very far away whenever I look

no differences than anyone else,

thinking the same, remembering the same

one plus one is two, one plus two is three, one plus three is four, one plus four is five, five minus three is two, five plus two is seven

the more I think the less I understand

predecessors, messenger garden, green, so bright green from the other rim, no traces, impossible to believe this is the first time,

slow down and stop

Erasing, dissolving, heavy metals and umbrellas

congratulating myself for creating soap operas, hero always the hero

sooner or later going to have to go, and I don't want to go

I see you. I want to thank you with all my short comings

failures I can't change, same outcome everytime, 500 chasing

what I'm I doing? How did I get here, Torpedoes and Bicycles

Sunland

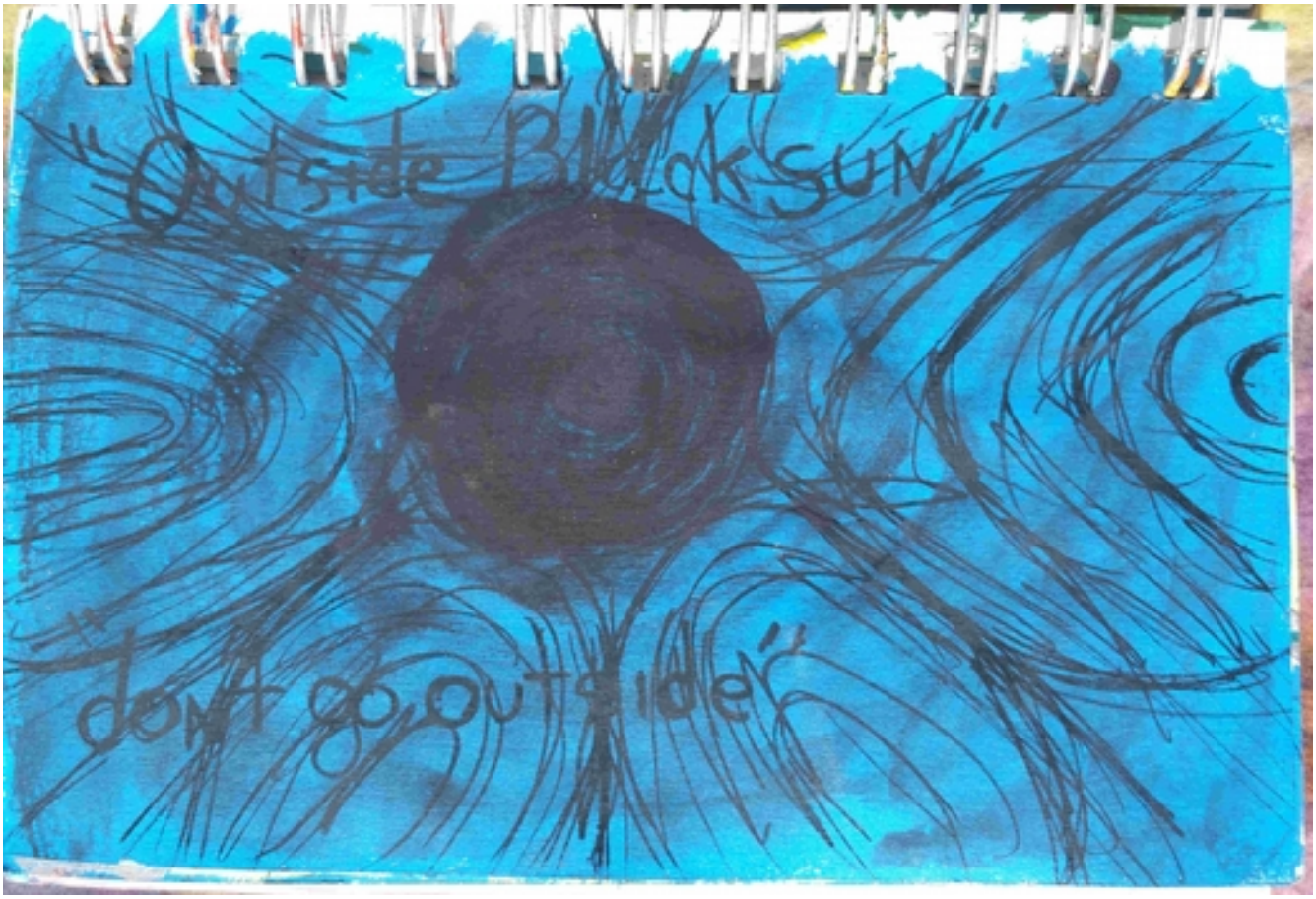
rattlesnake crossing the grass knoll

Going outside high noon again

going up to the 3rd floor, no one there that I can remember

Going to the meadows for a family reunion

in one ear out the other, no convincing her,



Buffaloes on the volcano. on the grassy plain

Old Faithful,

still sticking around after all you've done,

after everyone else has left

glow in the dark green bead necklace

honey and lemon

camping down by the Boulders,

taking the escalators down to the biggest room the world

if I wasn’t here where else would I be,

how else would I be like?

walking on top of the levee

You’re prompting me to think, to wake up

with your questions am I even suppose to wake up

what went wrong

leave everyone alone to grow

cutting up pies, not enough milk and honey to go around,

don’t let them know too far past tomorrow, the pressure’s real
listen! to the pressure,
don’t let them stay, don’t let them in,

going to be a lot of hungry kids and teenagers fighting,

lot of old folks picking the bones,

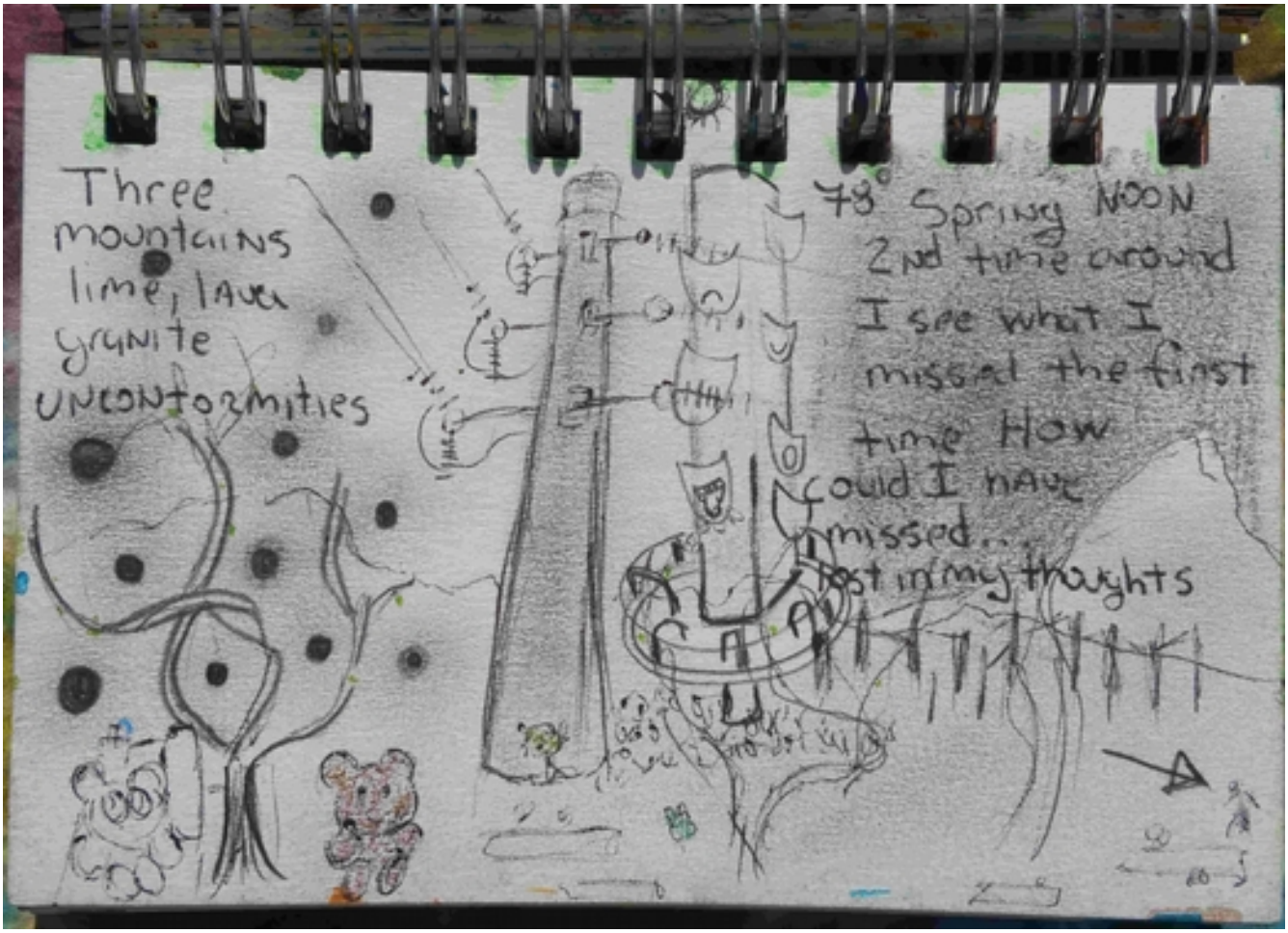
hunger and anger,

blood and tears

going over next year

volunteering for the suicide missions

stop the drama, get the data and send it back



Momma waited for her baby's bear. She looked a little like the crazy women on Height, growling to herself under the tree, under the bridge up to the drum circle

she must of followed me over here,

so pale, so open, so trusting, so deadly,

Fuzzy Green Bus, round trip. Old Pup. Valley boys and girls

so spread out, so wide, so empty

going around, going inside the Citadels,

no one was home.

Lost two thirds of my life living stories

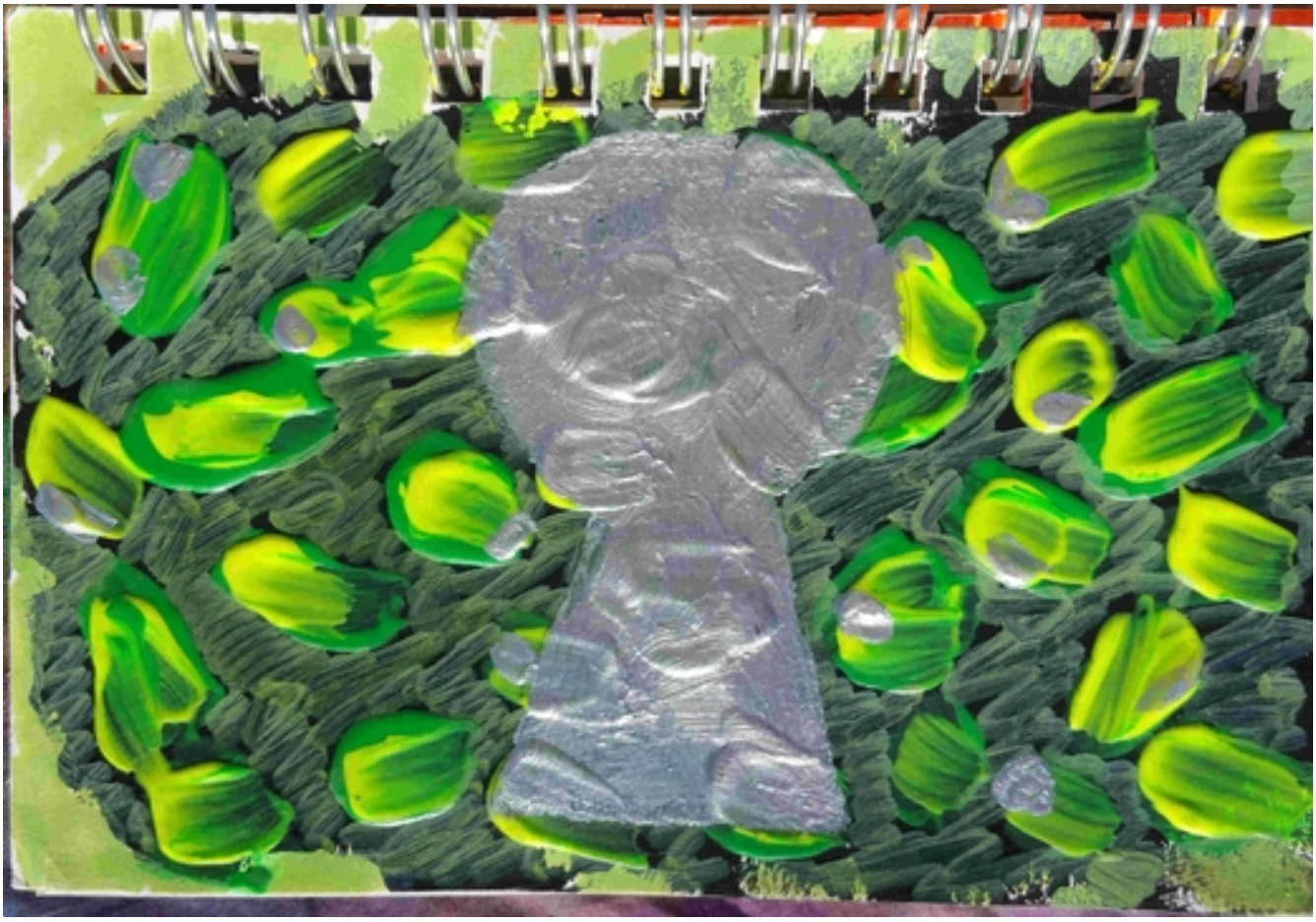
created by people I have never meet

stories created on top of stories, on top stories

origin is long lost,

mardi gra masks and beads

frogs and ducks



the stories are all wrong, not working, not for me

listen, listen, listening, waves crashing

dreaming of my ancestors, guiding me, pushing me, pushing me out
farther and further away, out the door,

better to go, go where no one wants to go,

Born, to stay and cuddle where it’s cozy and warm,
keep chasing, already a plethora,

go where no one wants to go, go where no one ever returns
no doubt I’m scared.

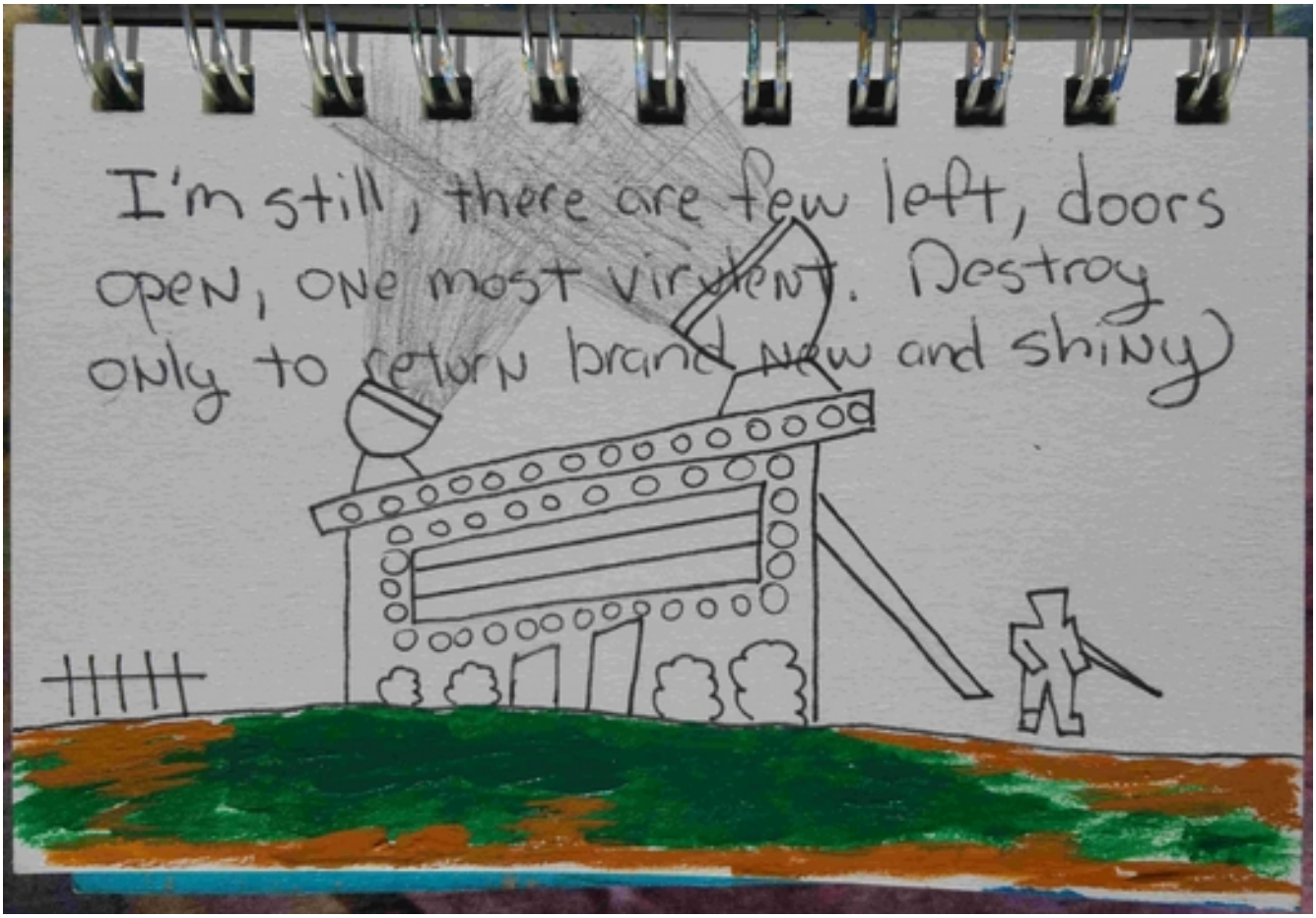
sun is in my mind

only decluttering OCD

Vertigo, I saw you with someone new outside. Serious conversation, chit chatting, I wonder what you two were talking about,

On the bus back to the rig. Poor lady I didn’t mean to hurt you with your cards, your chaos, drama. Near the basketball courts, the sea was so blue.

too many times, nobody's eavesdropping,



Surfing days on electricity, editing. cut and pasting. edging.

Coming and climaxing.

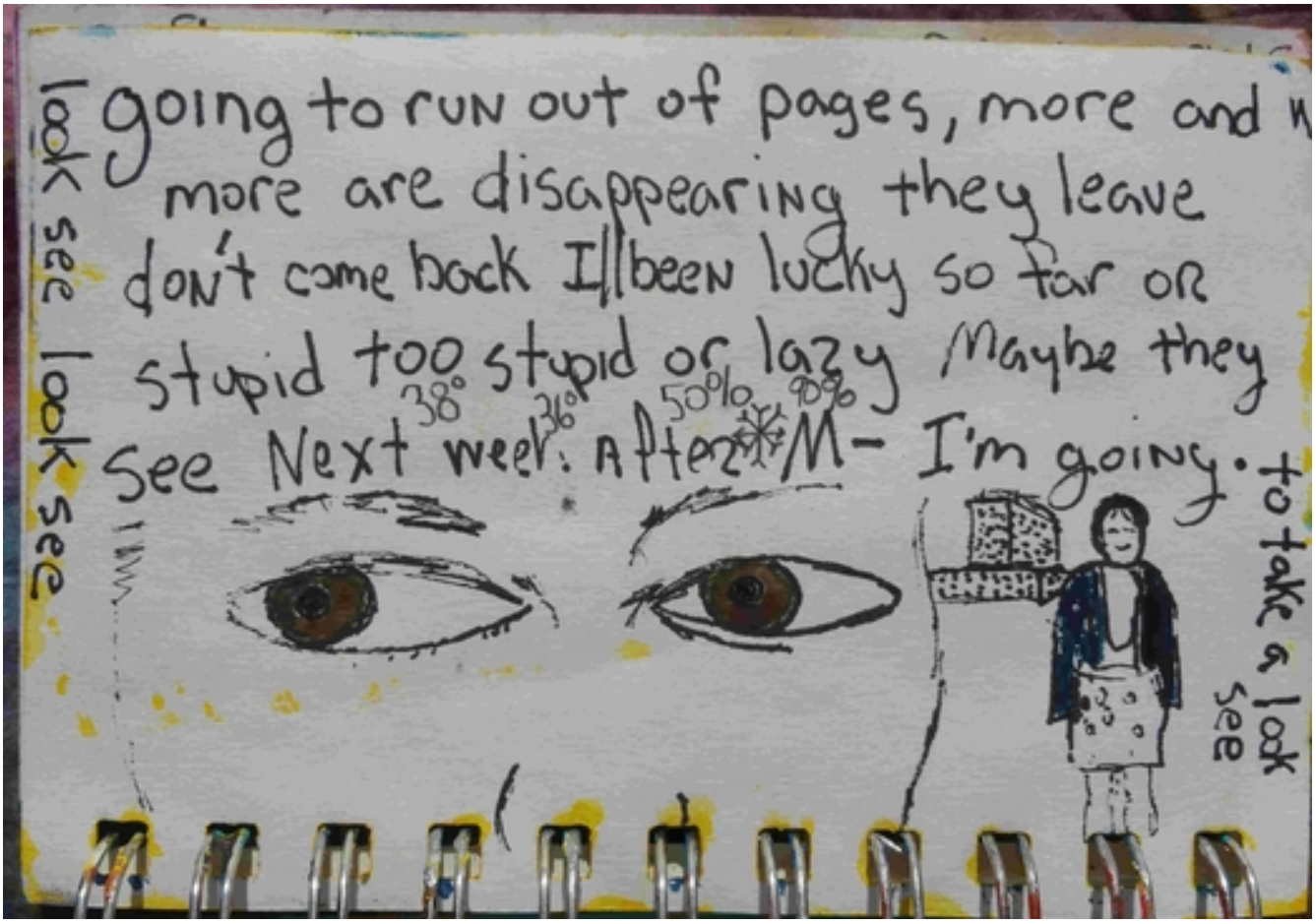
more real than real

coming down

sick, disgusting, ugly, guilty,

erasing

rinse and repeating



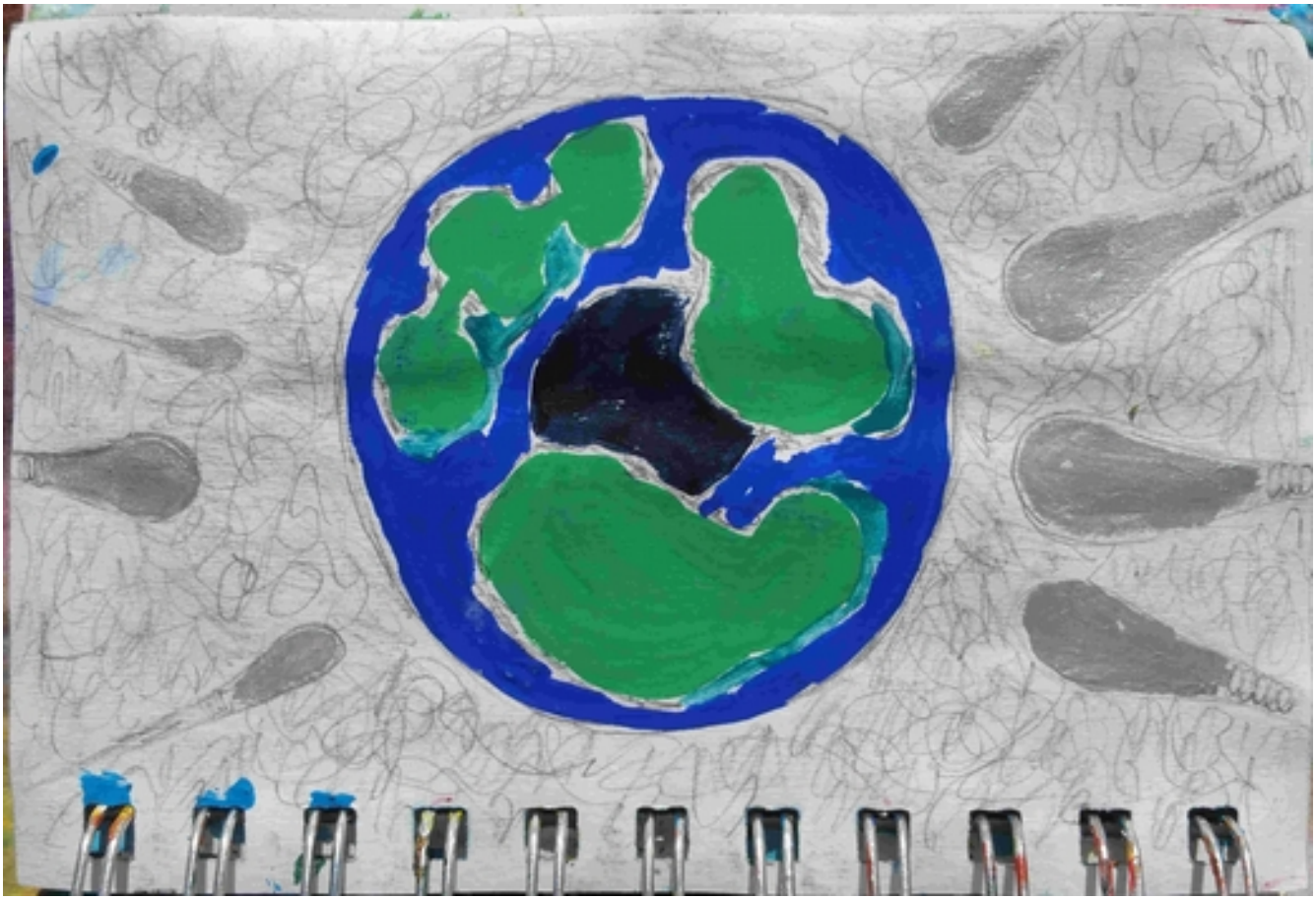
Scars on her neck, so carefree, peeling murals underneath the

overpass,

bums on blankets, burning oil,

eyes are everywhere

escarpment, gorge, plateau, basin, desert, islands



my state of mind, not ready to go and give you my full report,

waiting a little while longer,

few seconds left, exhaling my last breath

remembering my state of mind during brightest day,

too much,

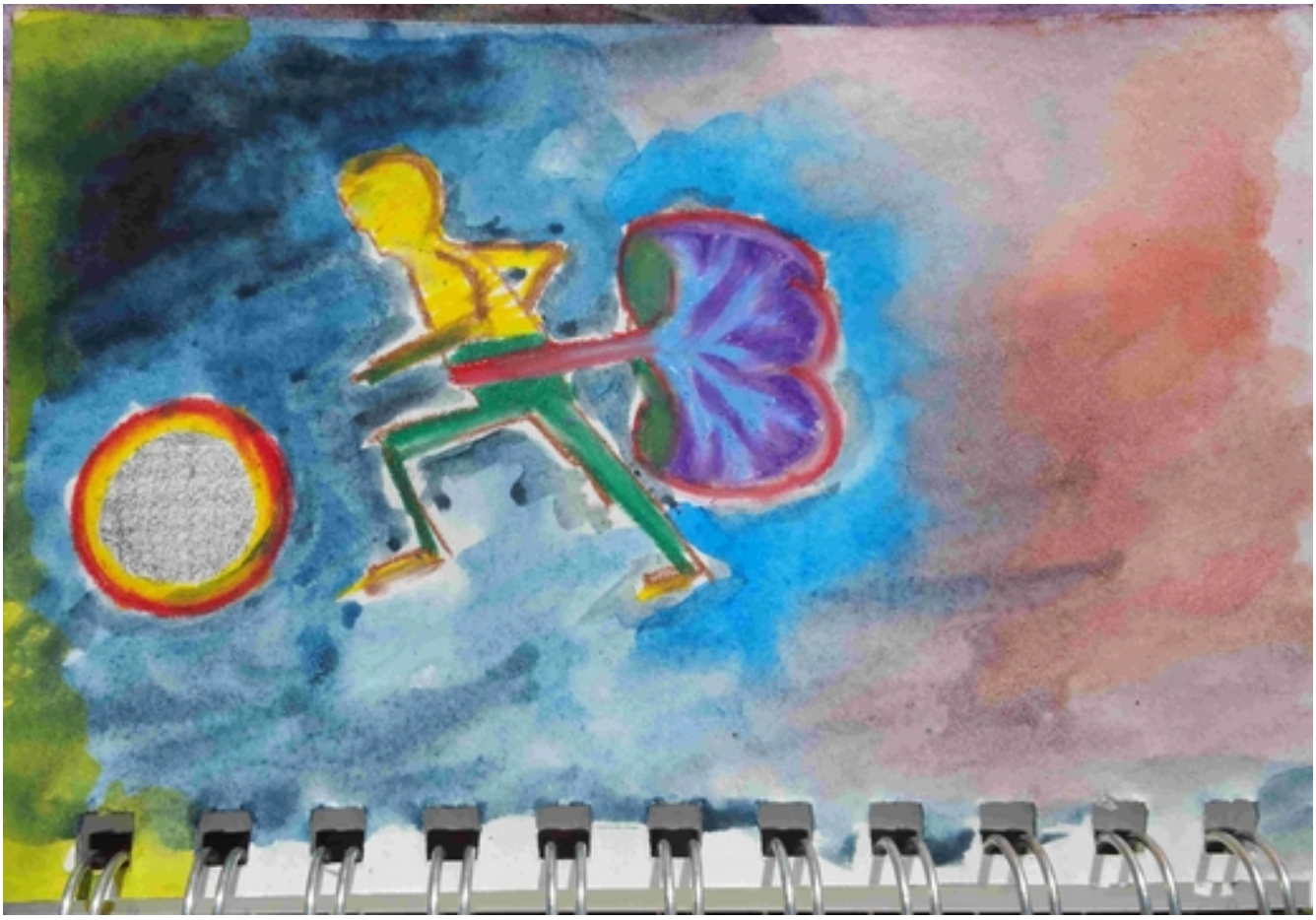
you told me too much

I promise, I'll keep your secret to myself.

you’ve been guiding me all this time to the Rim, Sea of vapors

lost, somehow I gotten lost, not able to remember, revisiting with old friends,

my choice, could I have choose not to remember,



Three bums, resting under three trees,

smashing up all the rulers and scales, ticktocks

old lady taking a bath with the muddy water

scrubbing her skin off

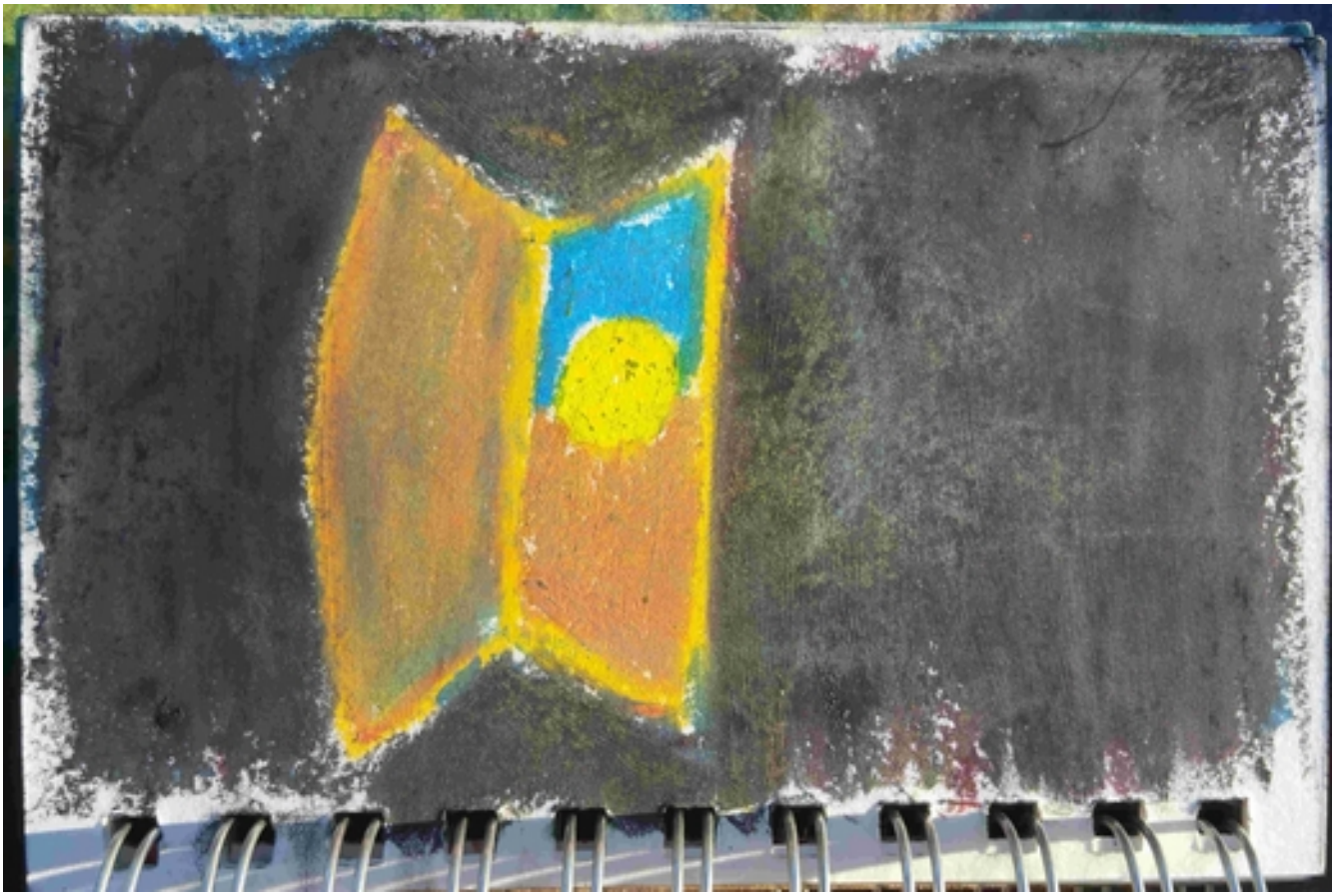
thankful for so many opportunities,

now dwindling but that's ok

no use in looking around for someone else to blame,

by the brook, resting

me,



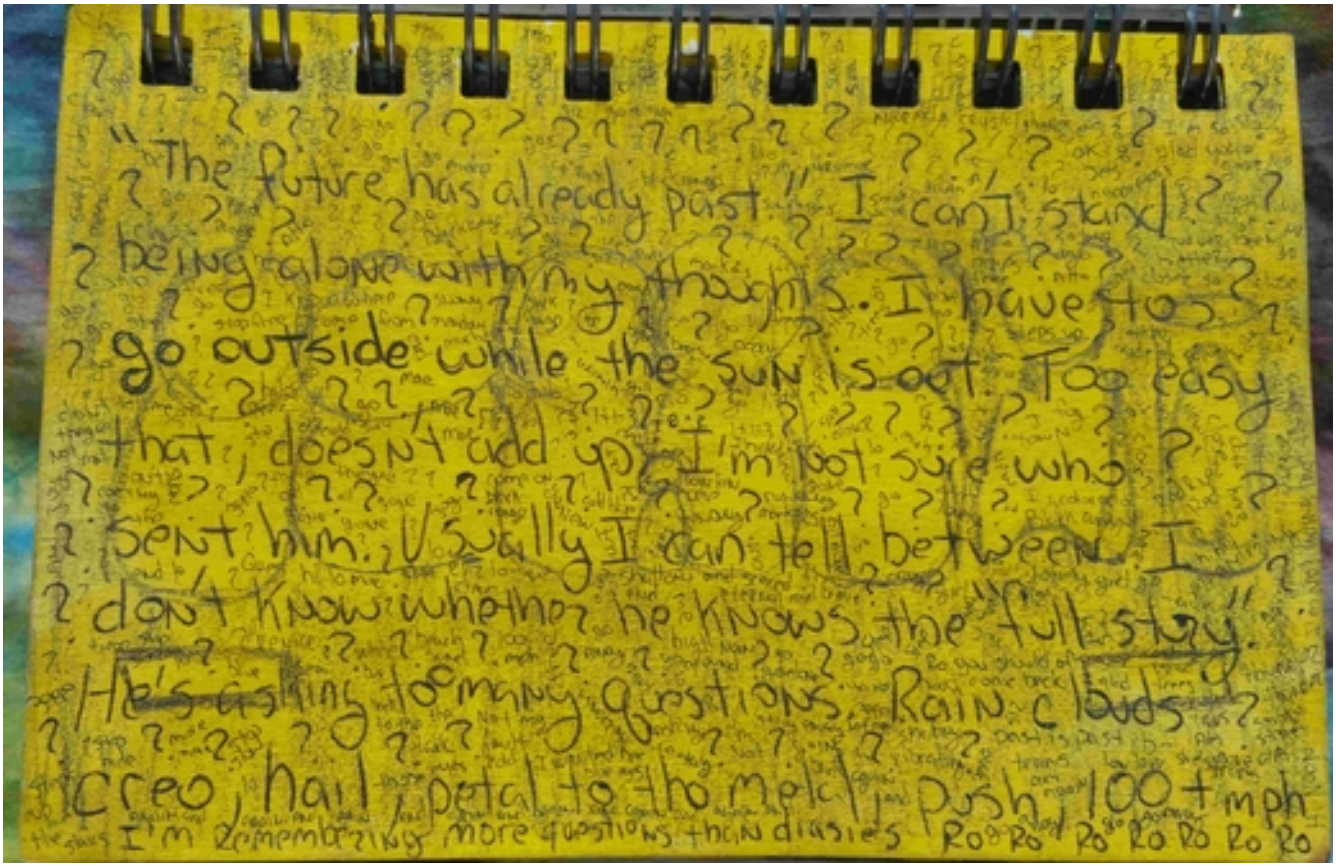
Low on the Rim, cloudy, sunlight breaking thru for a few wonderful minutes

who made a prison for my mind?

getaway from my and everybody and their

demands and expectations

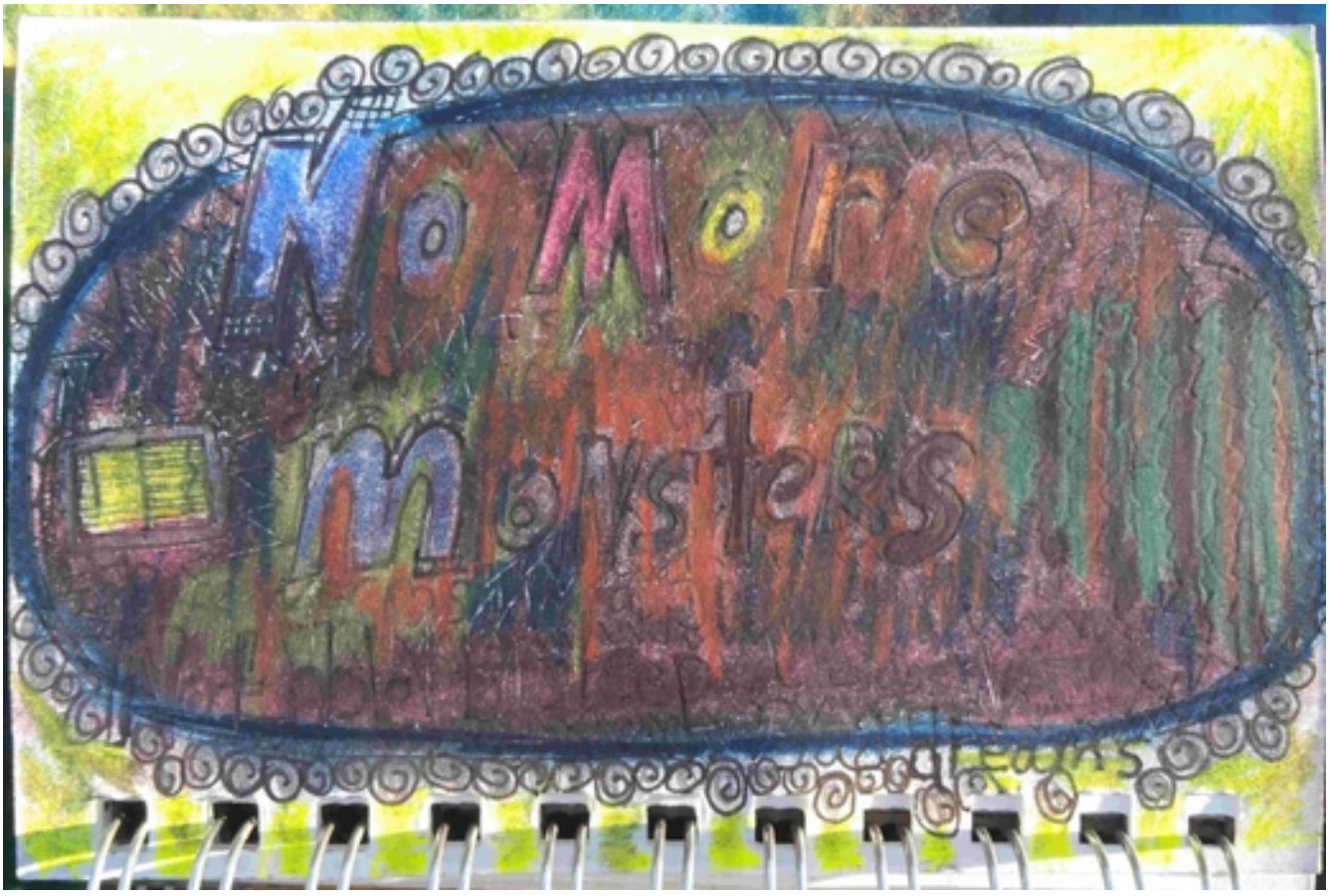
very still and silent, very alone with my mind



reels

running over every possibility

running away from everybody



two puppies

hospitable, cautious

ornery

finding out not able to go further

ultra low frequencies, sounds of summer, mega hertz

soda pop and space junk

what did I do that was so terrible,

a box full of coffee. wouldn’t take long, so funny,

trying to sleep next to a scorpion

26ᵗ 1151

what do I have she asked, nothing really worth mentioning, no body,

no matter, no energy

only memories thoughts ideas feelings dreams

pondarosa pine

walking along the meadow

sun so high

waiting by the barriers,

bide my time

waiting for visitors, bench is empty

when the world was new and fair

West Memphis

Midland

Albuquerque

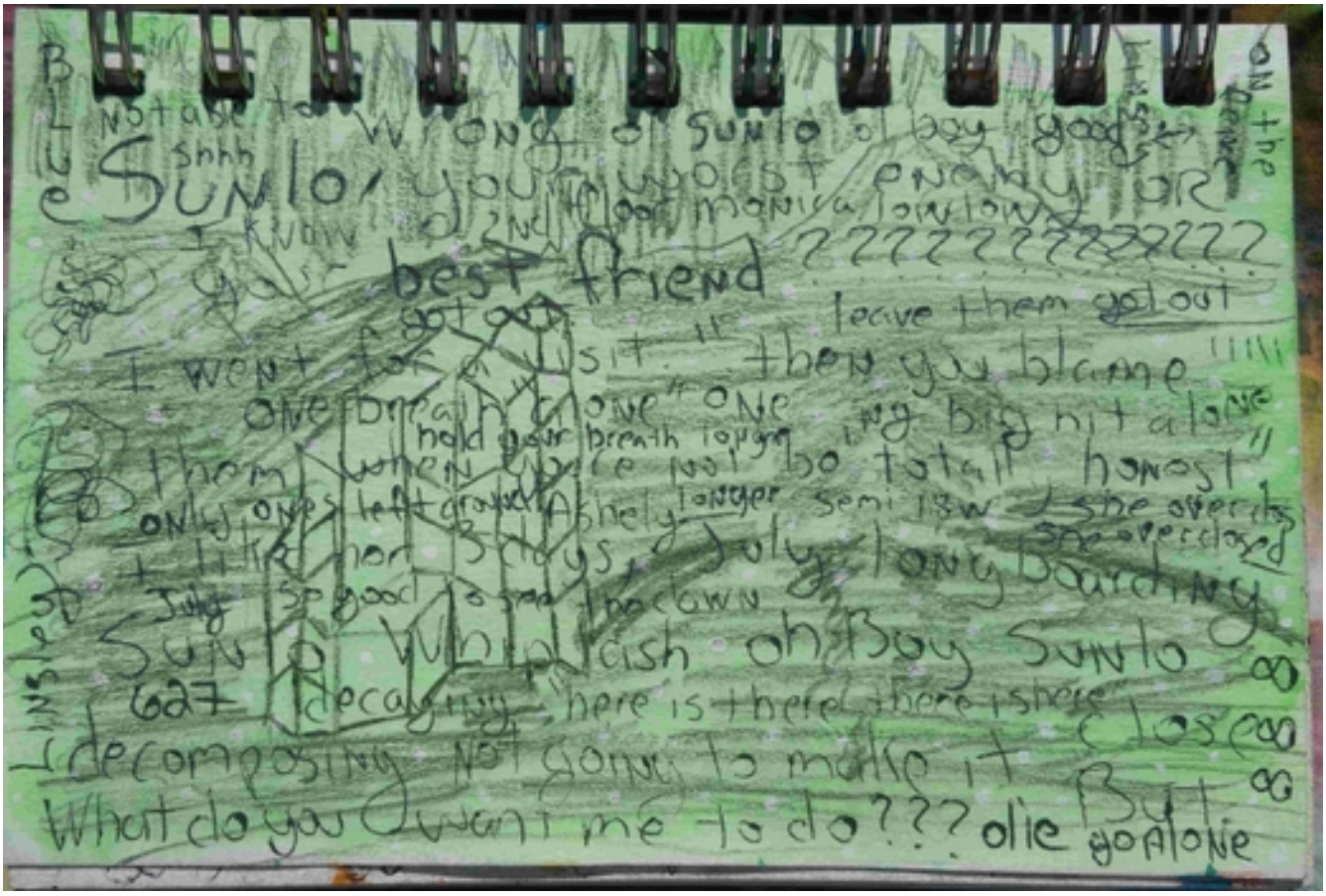
Peidra Negras

Sunrise

Houston

Adak

going back to the bunker on the side of the mountain for a visit



tag,

hide in go seek,

grit,

xenophobe,

3 dollars and the Mall

Am I withdrawing, why did you scare me last night, just visiting me

Holiday

a neighborhood

a glimpse

a flash

a clue opens the way other clues

quarter

timeout

don’t tell me I died, please don’t tell me I died. I don’t want to go.

She’s bloated and floating, sea

Sea of Tranquility

cloudy rebar and concrete

few seconds sun lit up the street and trees, people, plastic flowers

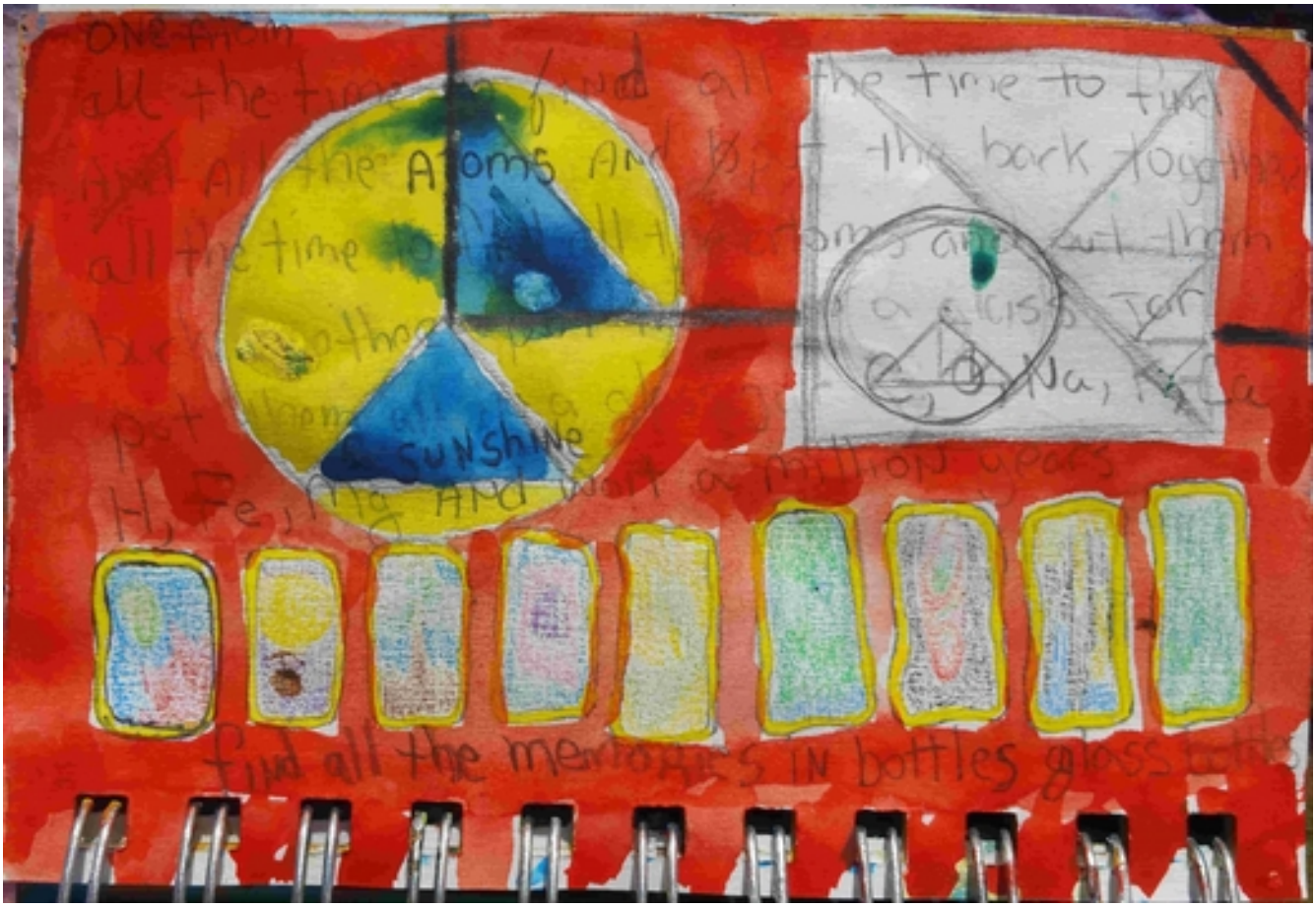
mushroom clouds appearing

far green fairways

running like I use to,

my ancestors, passing along the clues

hiding others



earthquakes, two more days of rolling blackouts

the necklaces on the wall rattled back and forth,

ladders on the outside walls,

monsters on the roof

I know, not sure, fuzzy and faint

seeing people, new faces everyday, friendly and familiar

I don’t want leave.

Hail, rain, sleet, turned back twice, then push on, cows on the side of the road,

where is everybody?

Where are you

I’m worried

rest is almost over,

Sun may not come back.

Black meter, black mass, black time, black energy,

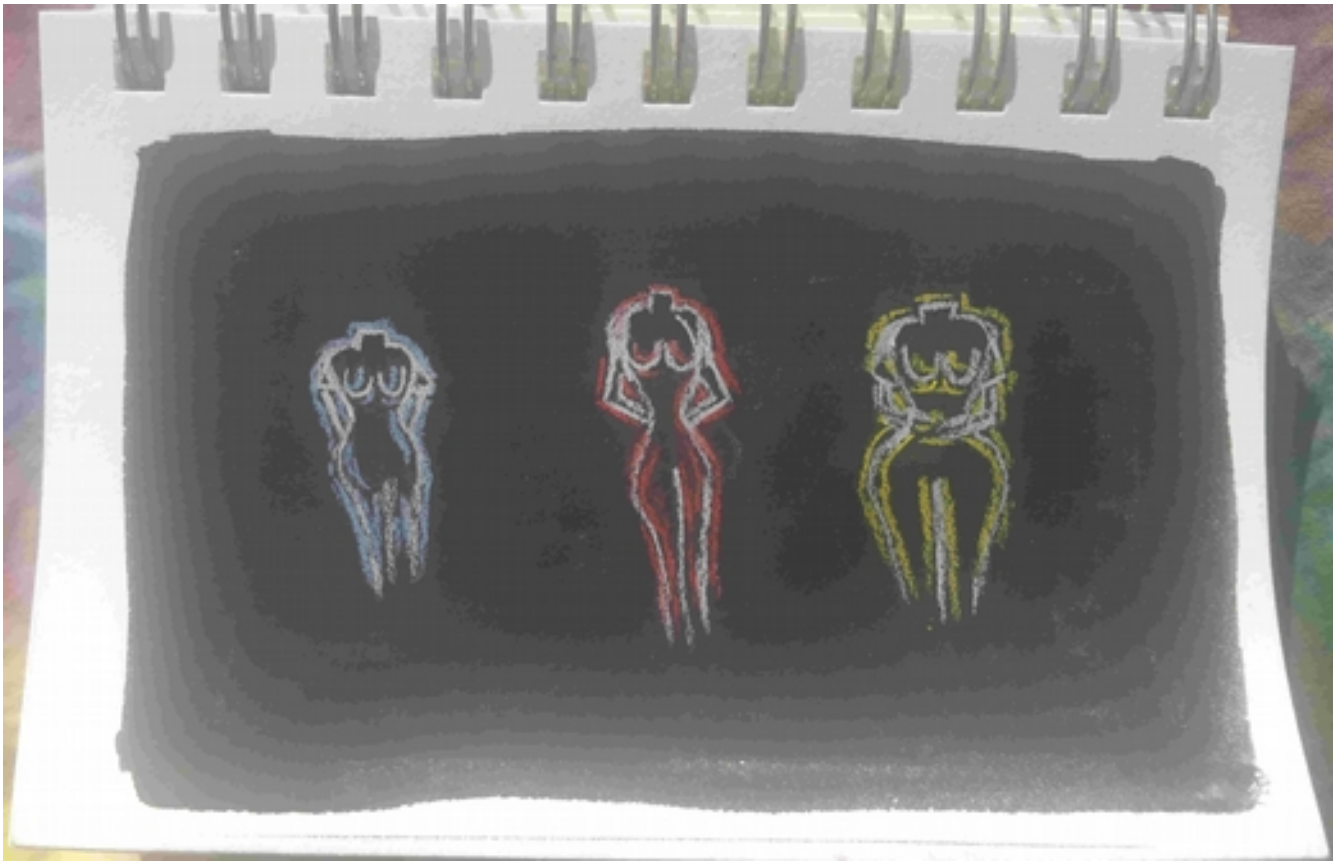
9.8 multiplied by the time squared divide by two is why divide by 2

for a day, a minute disconnect senses and memories,

extrapolate and deduce,

open doors and windows,

go outside



homeboy

didn’t go, couldn’t go, only stand around, get arrested, 6 days,

revisit, EOS

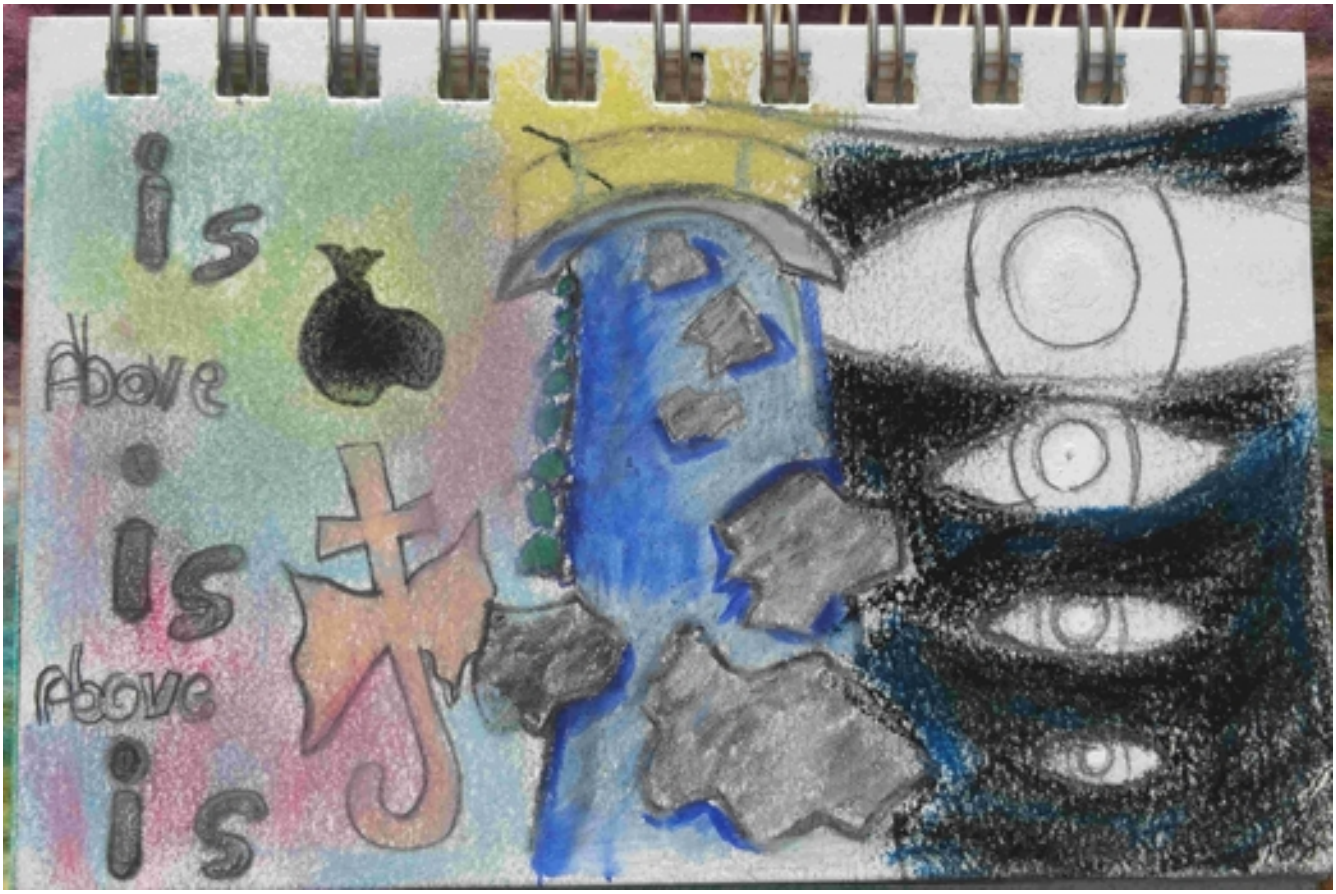
Infrared, ultraviolet, candy bars, almost got hurt for not backing down, not taking back my words. I did take back my words there at the galley, no big deal. I don't need to be right, man.

gun pointed at me the next day, teasing, pranking, click, boom

blacked out at the husky club, good friend brought me back to life

disco, free all night long, the most lethal weapon of them all

7W sun rising



brushing the flies away, hoarding

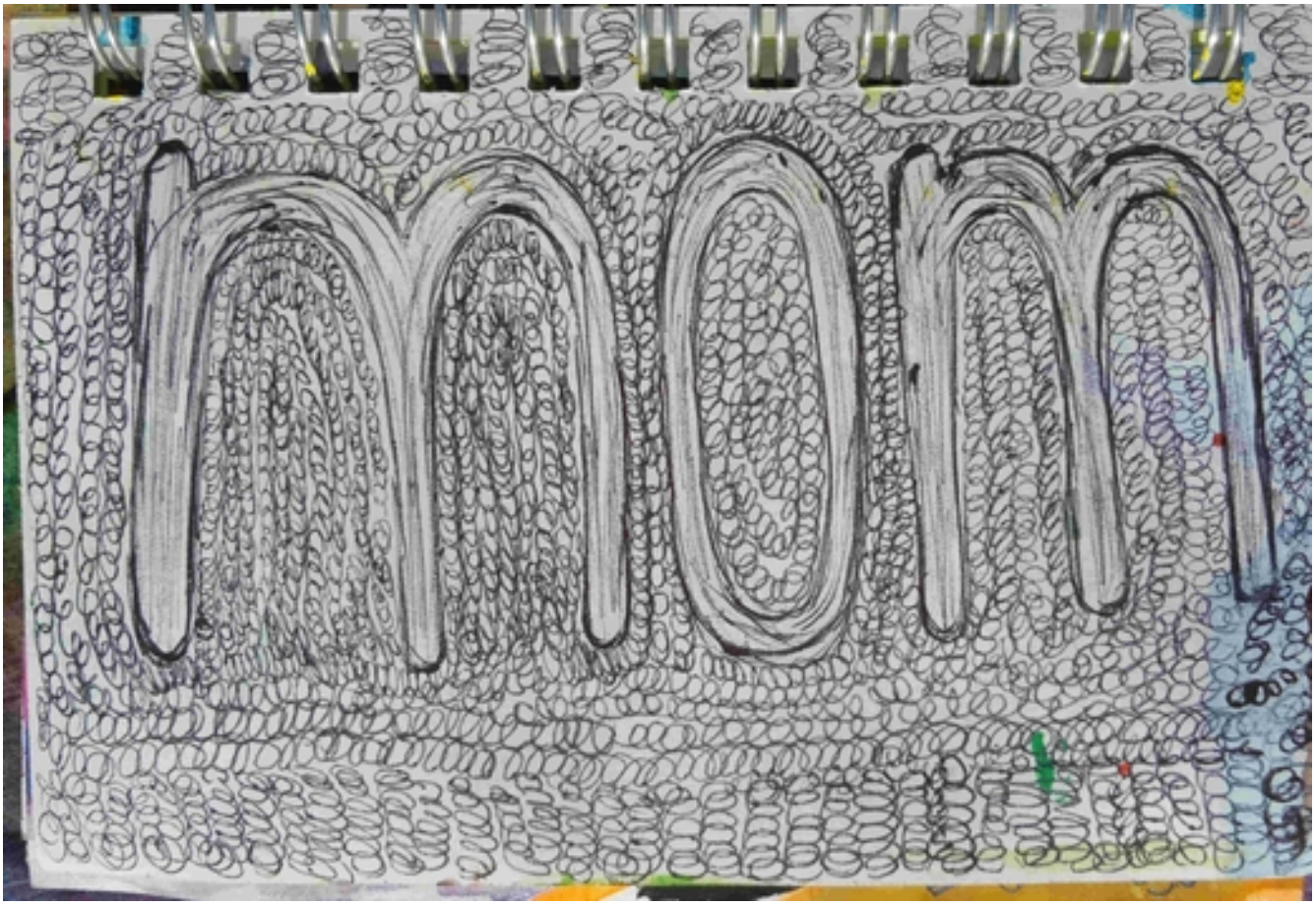
Gues you keep on rearranging,

reassembling

The universe is a mind. A mind is a universe.

every extension, every where, minds,

missing was her face incomplete



by the fireplace

Coming home from work with cookies,

walking up Mesa going to work

praying out loud,

jogging

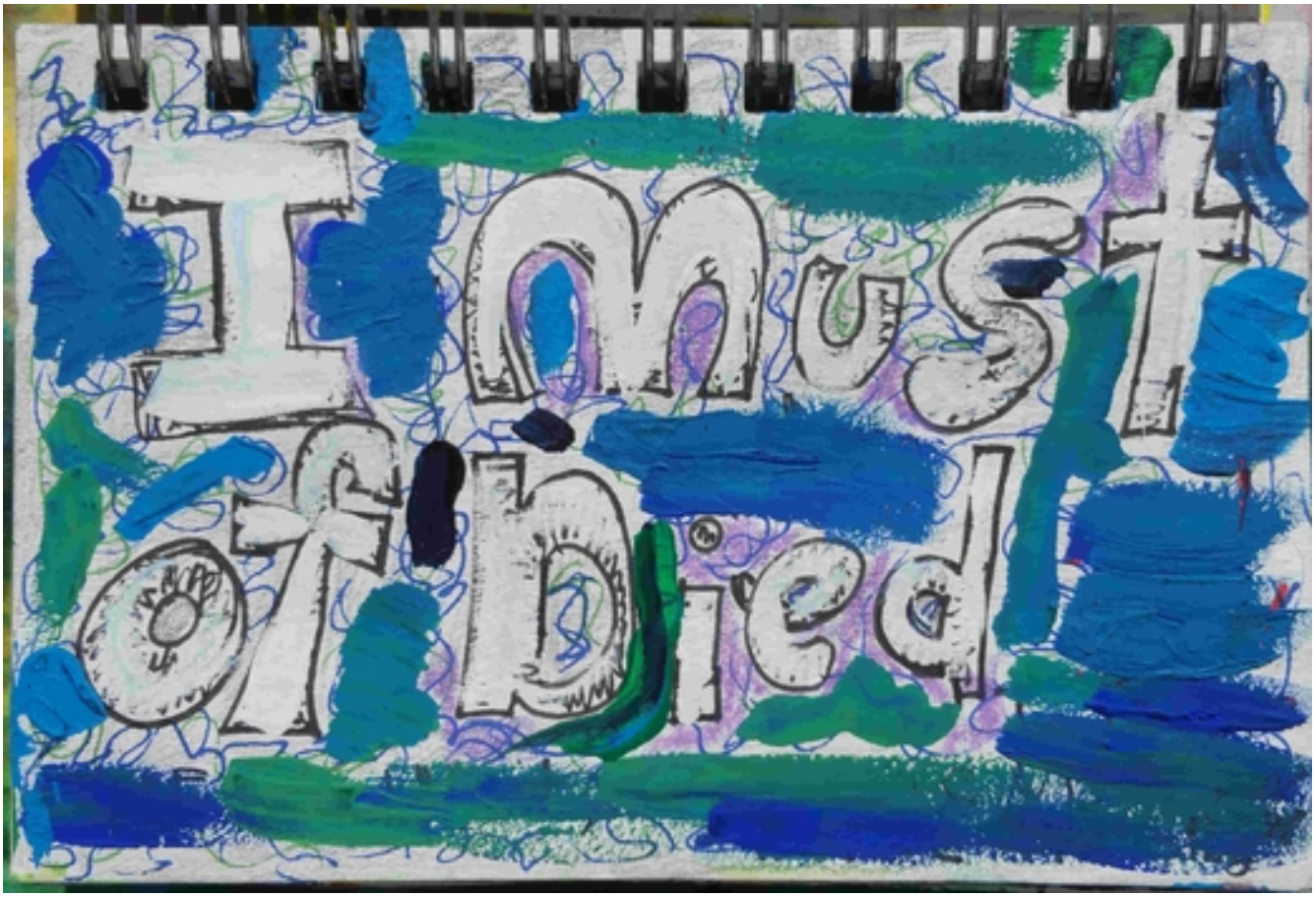
blue pickup truck

come out with the sun, sooner or later,

later

outpost, good friend,

my son, so much color, so many people



door is open with the sun is outside and haven’t realized

rearranging nothing changing, Gues, fewer and fewer visits

how much can you stuff with a couple of seconds left?

Sun 300 degrees

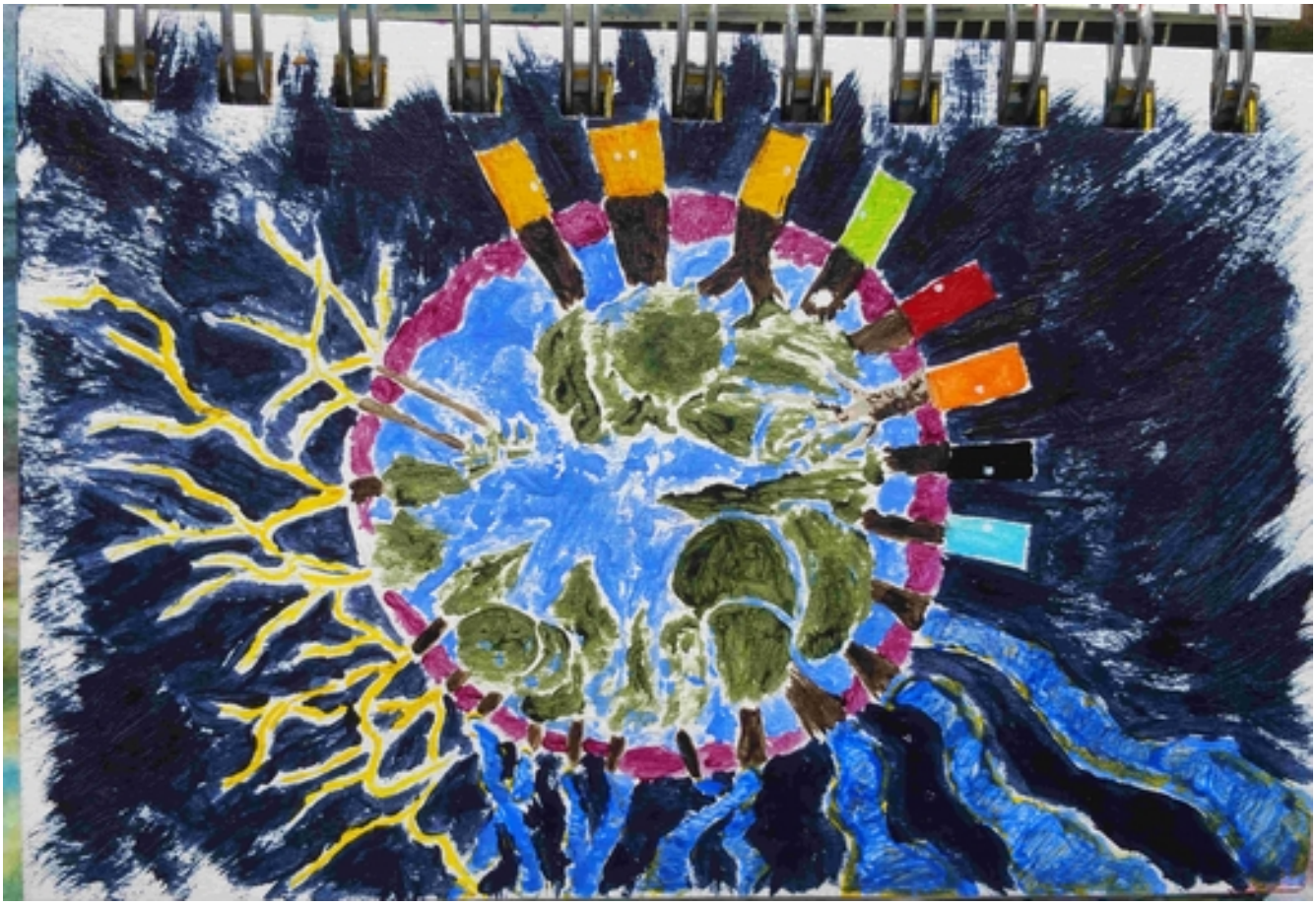
put the clues together

going to the black spring, rushing

come back, stay longer after twilight

building, always building

destroying, building,



love waking up to you coming up the stairs

beautiful couple going to the black spring,

rushing before the sun disappears

I hope they come back, stay longer after twilight

not serious, never was, thinking about my mind too worried about others

thinking more about my about my body than my mind

prioritize the well being of my mind

messages

wave interference

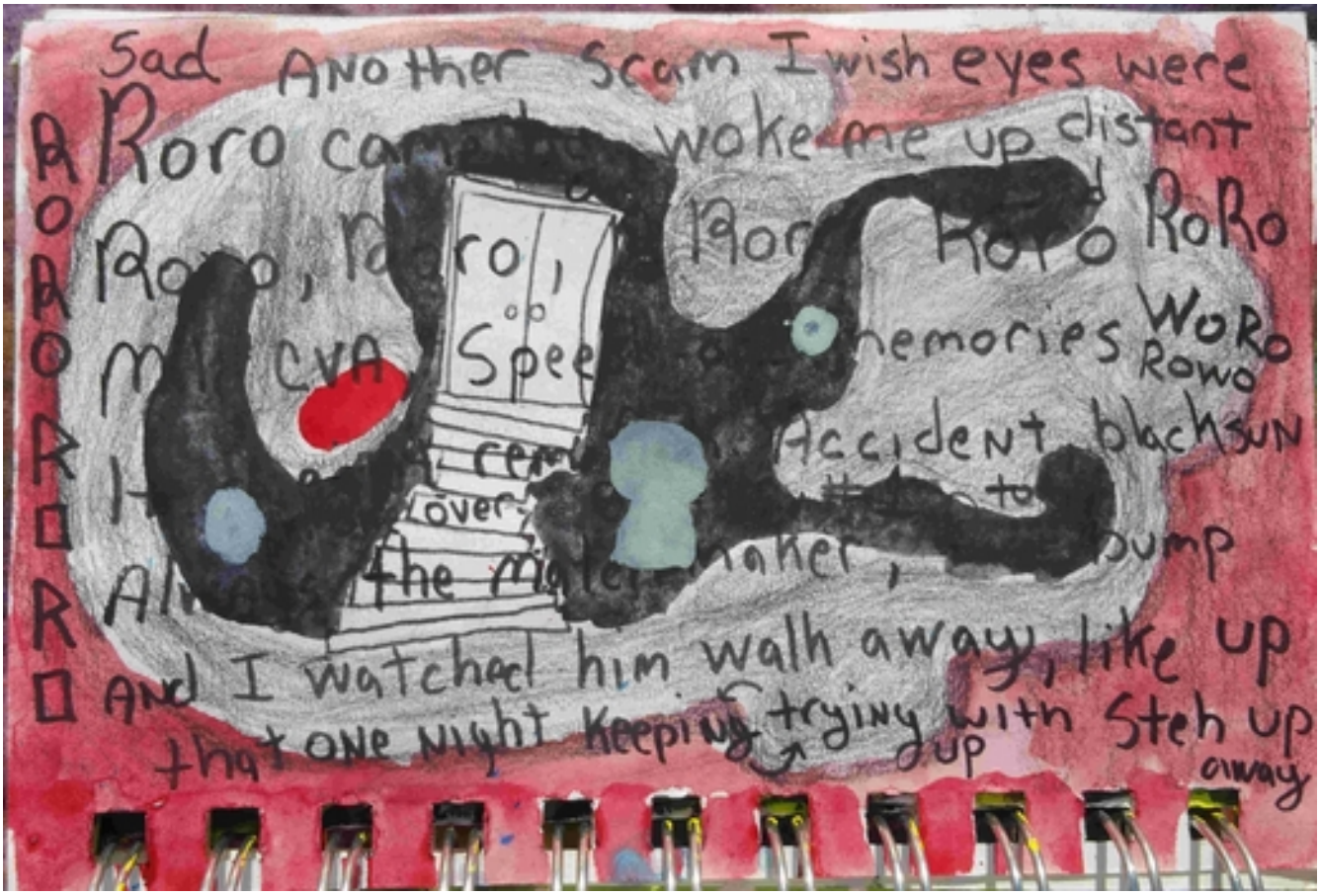
morning, throwing rocking, pond surround by trees and clouds

bulrush

go outside and ask

volcanic rocks wet and wild

vaporwave

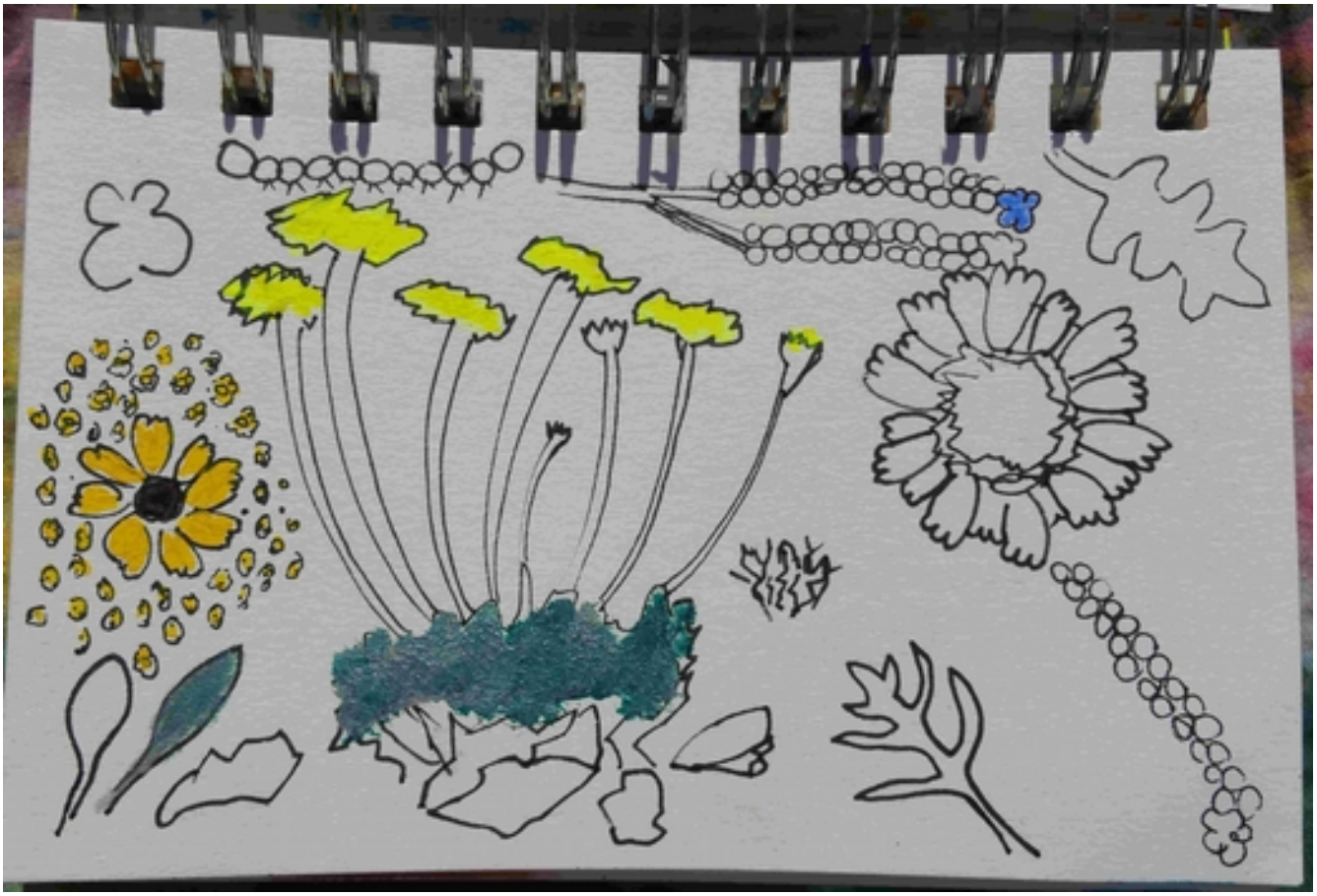


seeing you, hanging out in front of the repair shop, I still have the friendship ring you gave her

crossing the parking lot, rolling, determine, laundry, clean and refreshing

bringing over a blow up doll, I know you didn't know, No

no, bringing over a sweet girl



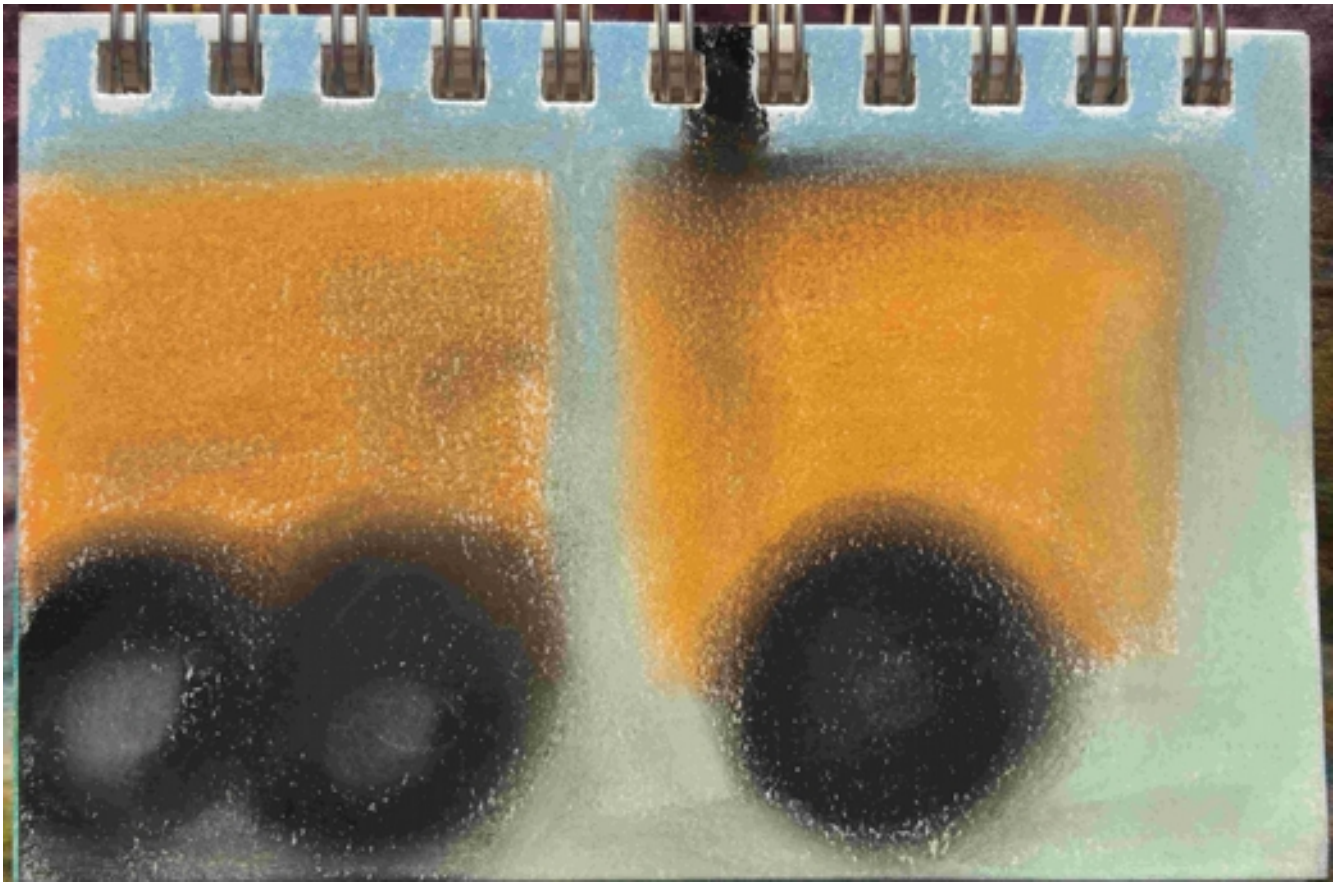
Bloom, opposite direction, mountain loop

what the fuck moment, jumping out too fast to see

and still not seeing

near death, preparing only thinking about the morning meeting, thinking about my brother, not going to meet up with him later today. Unlocking all the doors and gate so they can find my mind. Almost losing consciousness heat stroke, breathing and not breathing, aware that i’m not breathing air

not wanting them to take it away again,



Rolling Blackouts, never measuring

on eighty

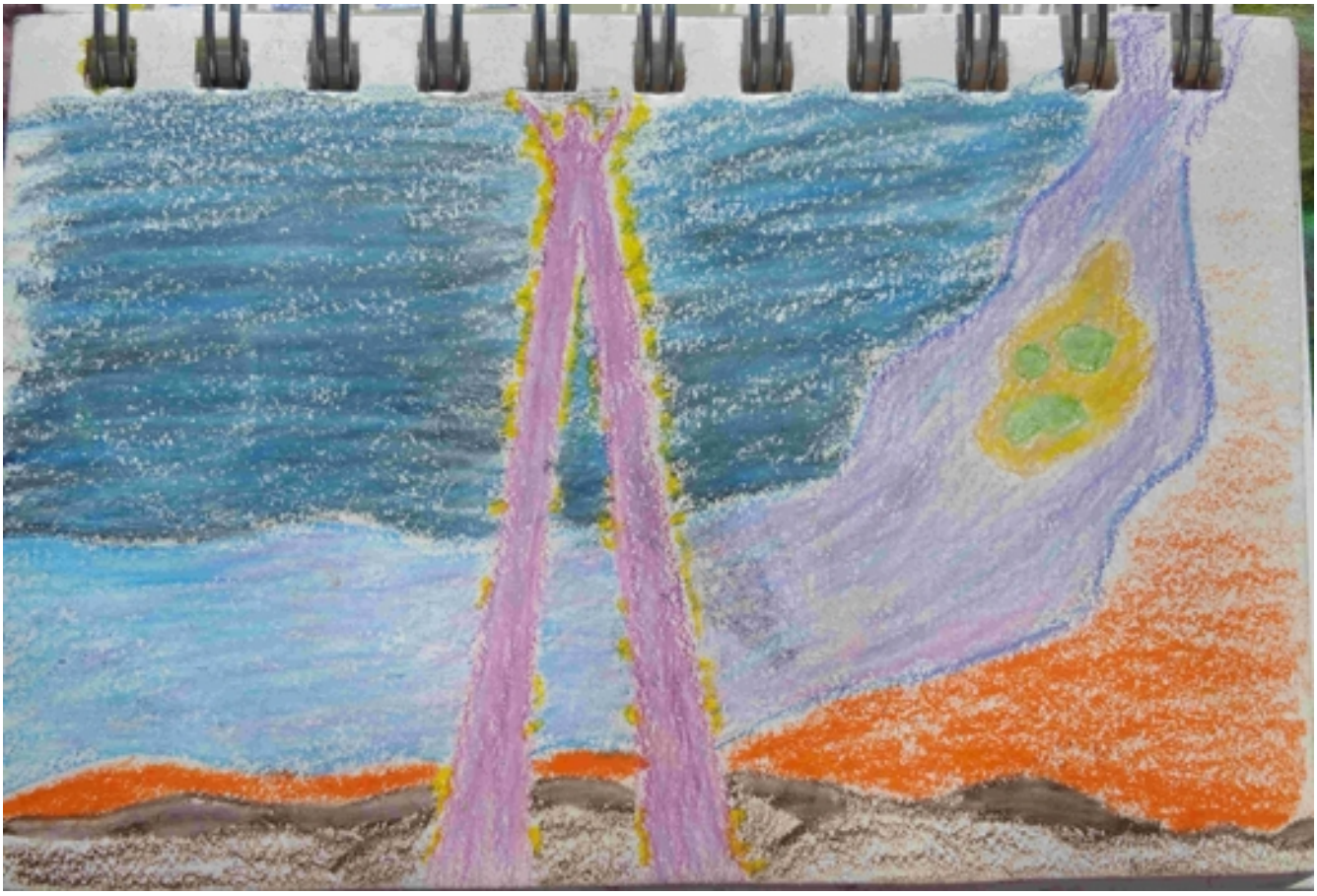
New Orleans Orange Rose, left me twenty

a bum taking a half slice of pizza out of the

garbage and throwing it away again, never too far away

I don’t be mad and mean

angry and shut off



by the Wash, getting ready for you to break the news

preparing myself

panicking, you didn't show

two yellow roses

now is yesterday, meadows before the rim

waving goodbye

my good and only friend

walking alone around my mind

I felt that I could walk up to the outside sun there at the overpass

high five

down the river to the biggest room

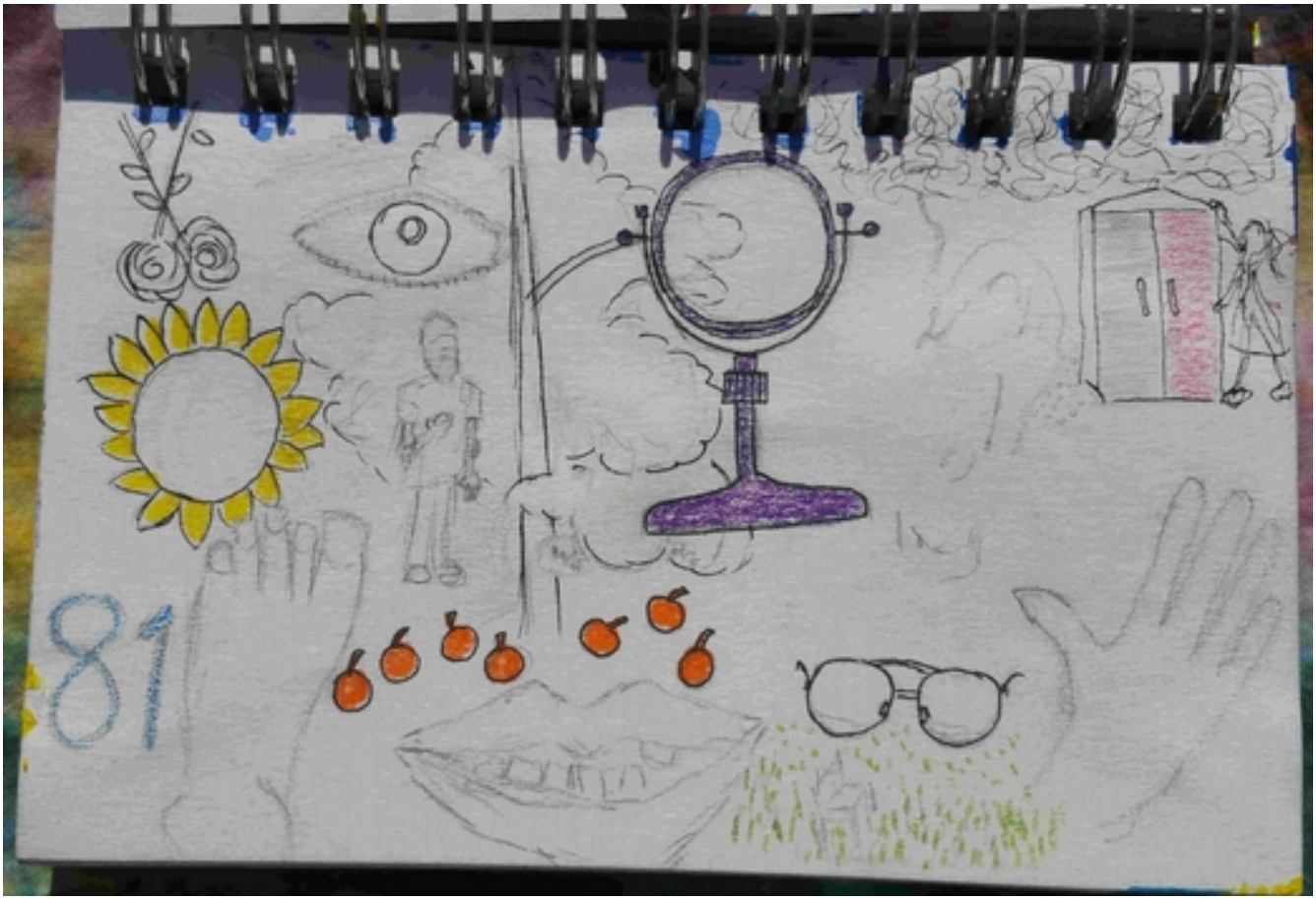
you didn’t show

ALL YOU. THINK. I’M SEEING ALL OF YOU EVERYWHERE,

EVERYONE, ME, everyone is me, everyone is you, I’m you.

all about you how why I can’t even began to comprehend

Be truthful with I’m asking and not liking your answers



I’m not surprised or angry why you left today dear friend

I don’t trust myself, did I talk in my sleep?

Tolls, sounds of bells

spiral notebook, torn out pages, only a couple of blank pages left,

I know you tried, hurts

maybe with someone else

going to Paradise,

Saloon was full. couldn’t get to the window where I first met you,

outside was better,

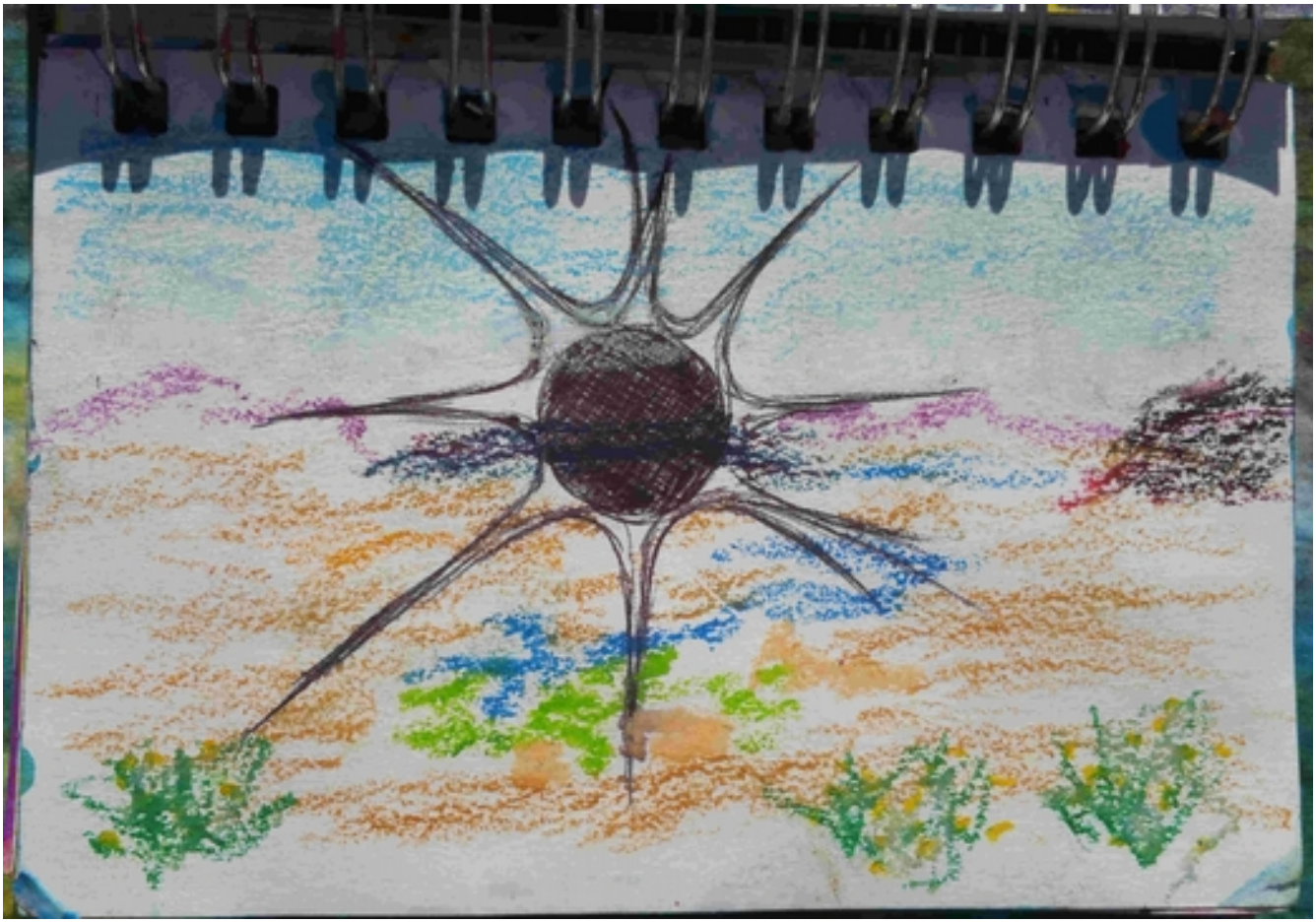
went up to the mountain the next day, tunnel

octo many extensions with minds at the ends, connected to one

father is forgetting no more new memories hoodoos

fading vibrant colors

no more remembering



Hummingbirds, pond water and microscope

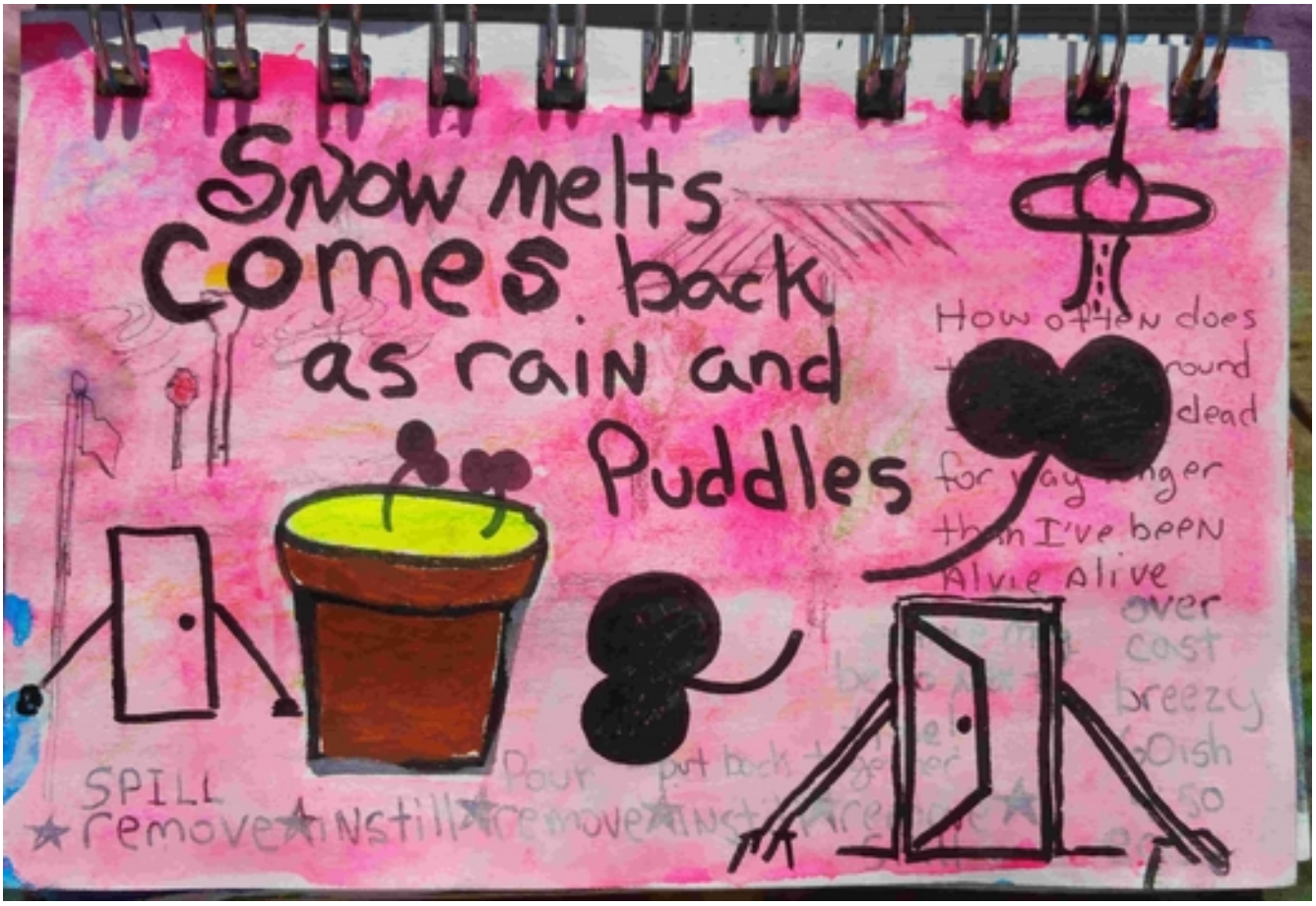
shortcut across a cemetery, smiling like a friend, he pulled

out a gun,

Click,

wolves luring dogs

sound goes thru wall, across the lake, so clear



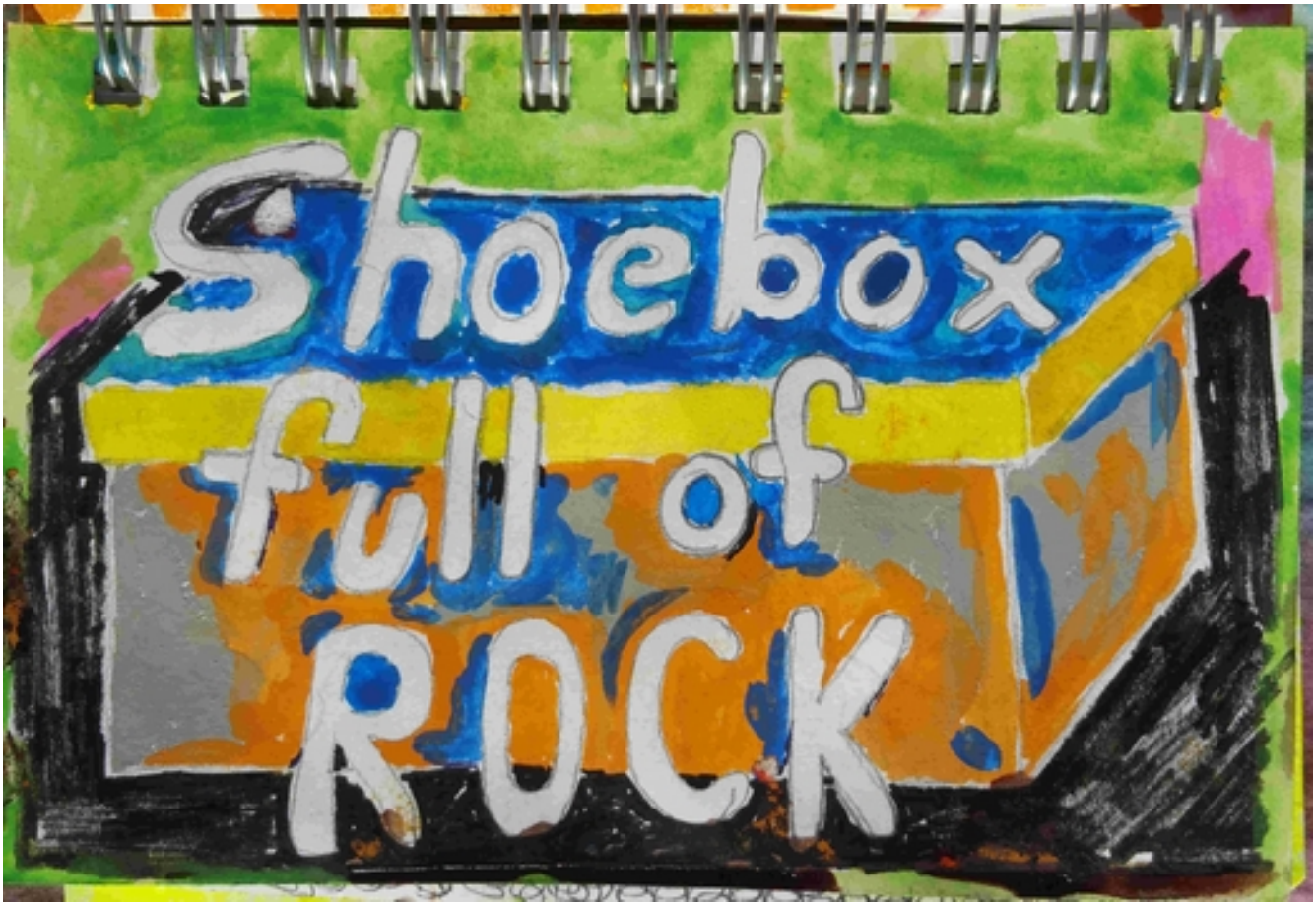
Suns, Black Suns, Perpetual Suns,

my beloved sun

digging trash

gaps are huge,

in the middle again



make a rock garden of all the places I have been, of people

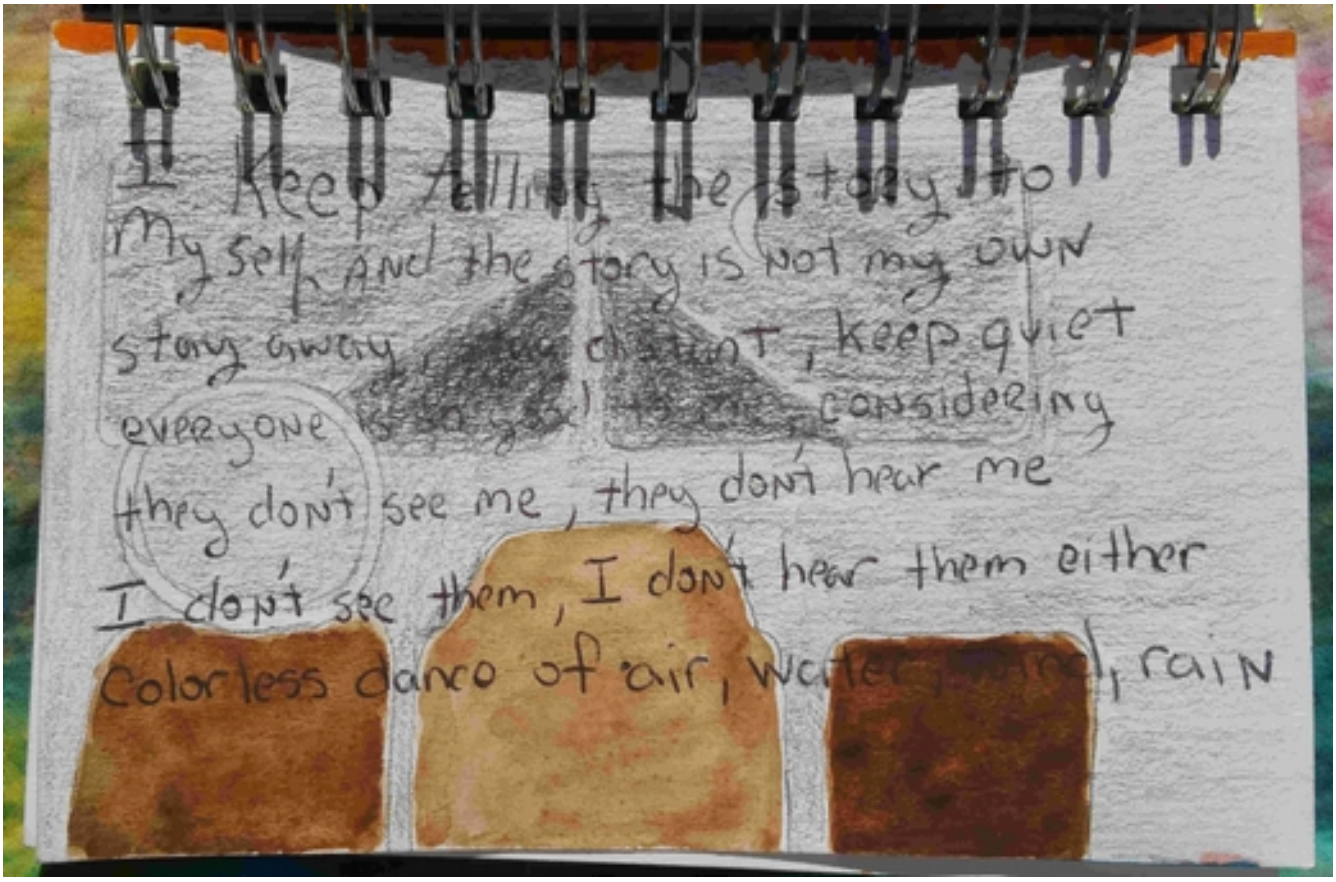
I have haven’t met

ringing in my ears not going away

neither is my breathing

feels so good to breath

very still, so good not to feel my body



Radio waves, magnetic

1/2 book

dead elms

fire, water, steam, pressure and vacuums.

Anyone been here before, leaving no trace,

or erased

Ring of fires

Starships, hanging around upside down

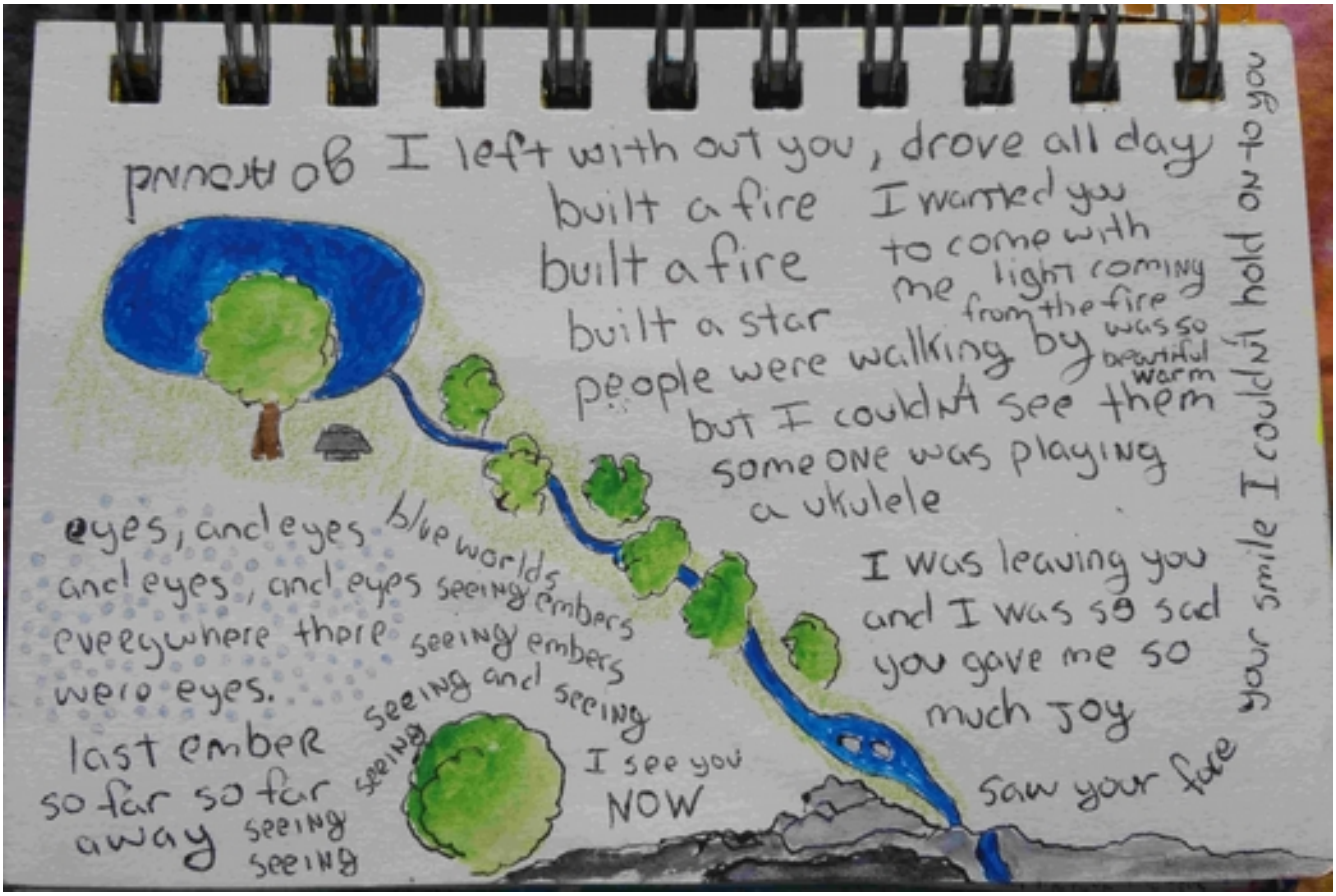
pop tops

snow falling from trees during the summer’s

puffy and soft

going to the cubicle

another black winter,



skateboard slab, near the fire, embers, silence and still, a broken and worn machine head, eyes all around, you being pulled away from me. So much joy, so much sadness,

I bought two sleeping bags

wanted you to come but I had to leave without you after you

disappeared

bears are starting to sleep for the winter

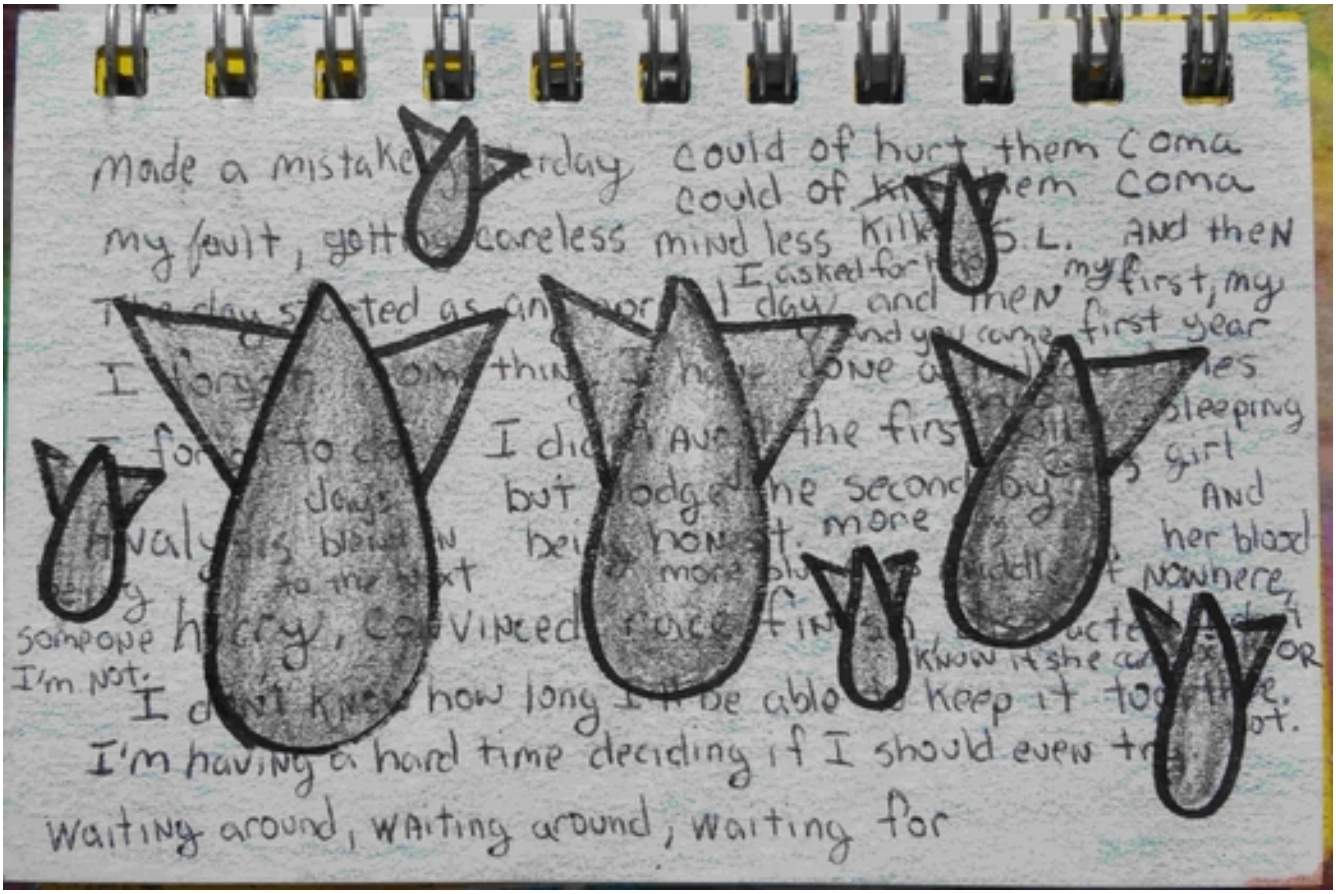
brocken spectres

happy sounds, thunder

Arcades

never could balance the books, short always short, always short

lady so sweet, bag full of sweets, near the power lines.

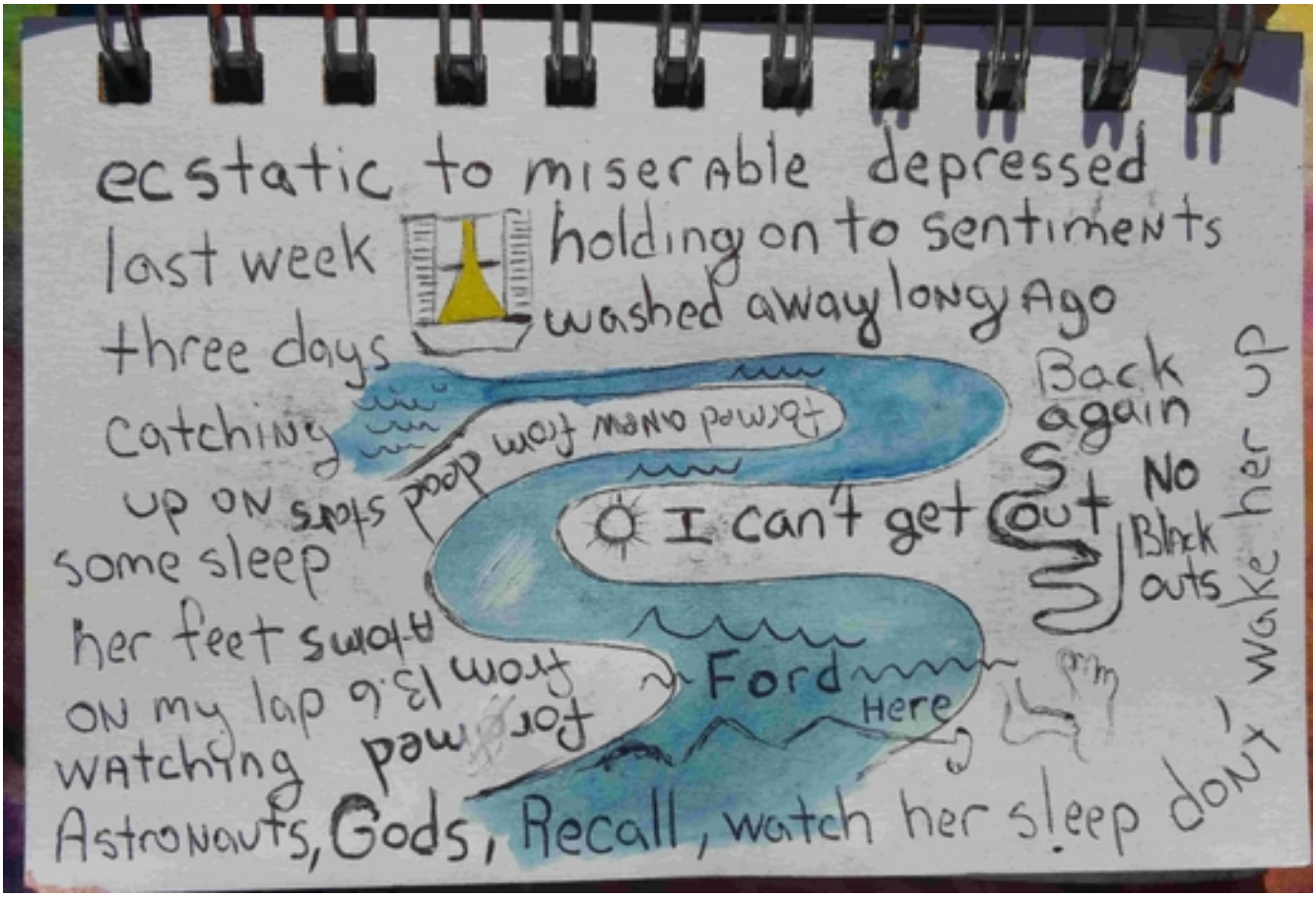


sneaking out and going to the park with the leftover fireworks

sitting with the rain

exploding candles

spaceship’s promenade

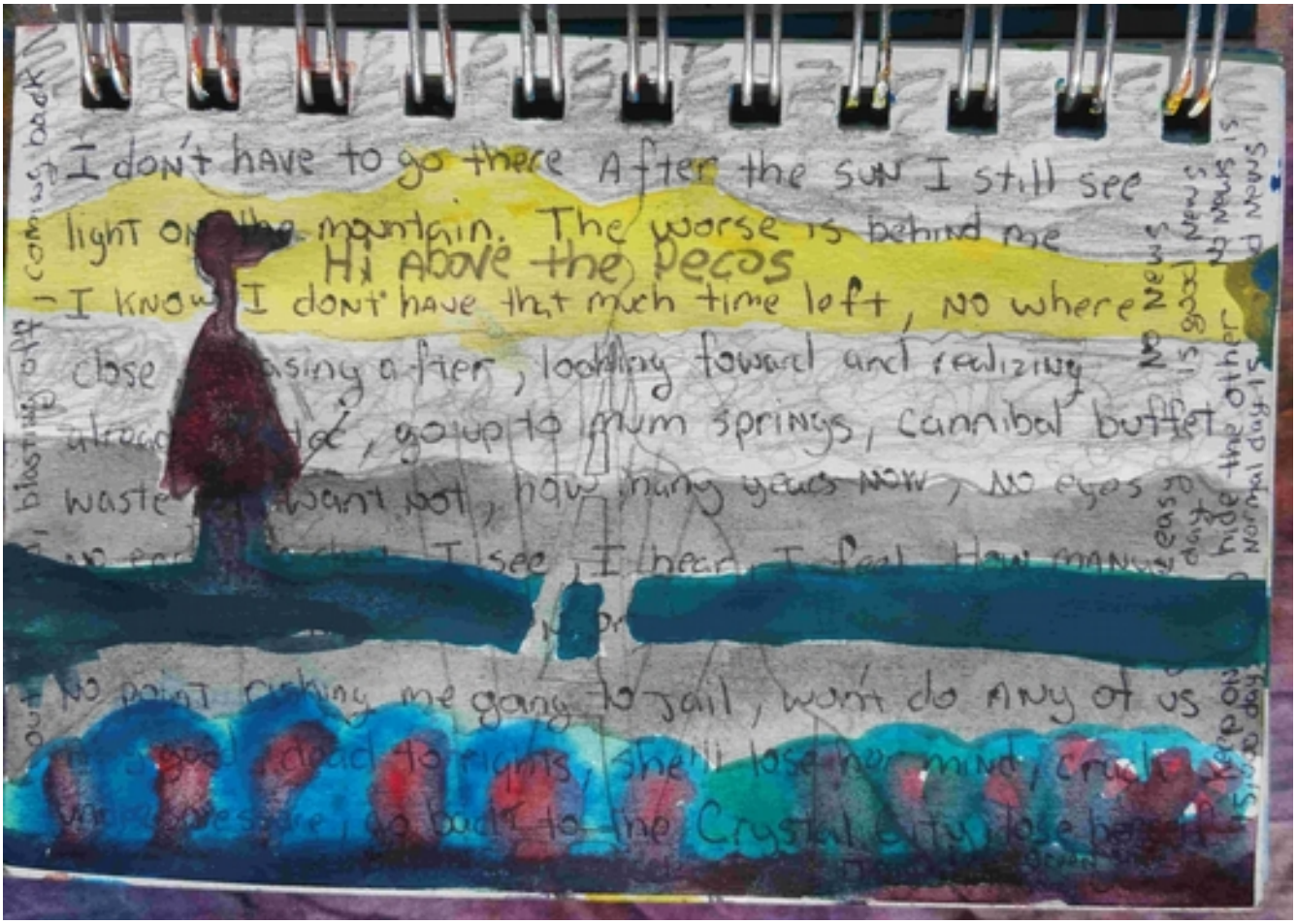


who's going out again, not measuring again, blacking out and almost getting raped at the Motel by Interstate

aliens, picking weeds,

meeting them all the time, him and her, me, staring back, a stare so omnipotent, so strong, so overpowering, so right,

a matter of life and death, orange crush



Never could walk to the end, one night the stars were so bright

bridge would rumble

strange creature going to the river to drink

O' brother, my brothers

going past the deadline, don't want to let go, still middle of summer

wont have nothing left to do, twiddle

Following the crumbs around to a bum sleeping under a tree
Go outside and be our champion

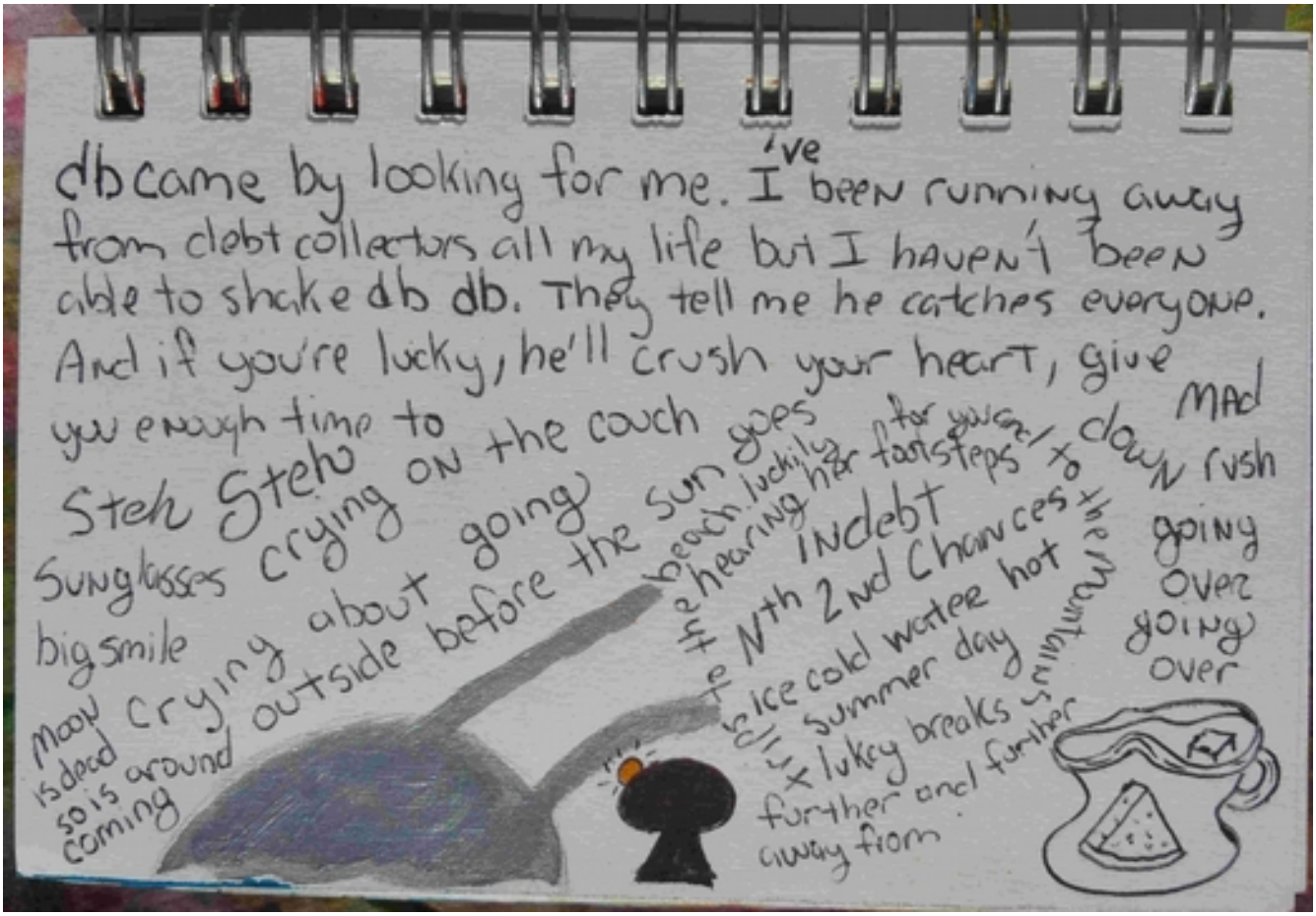
ship, what else do you need for a long passage

my heart burns

and I keep adding fuel,

my fingers twitch

ringing, phone keeps ringing



big o’ sunglasses, smiles of joy, so happy to be alive and

she’s leaving again to see all of her kids

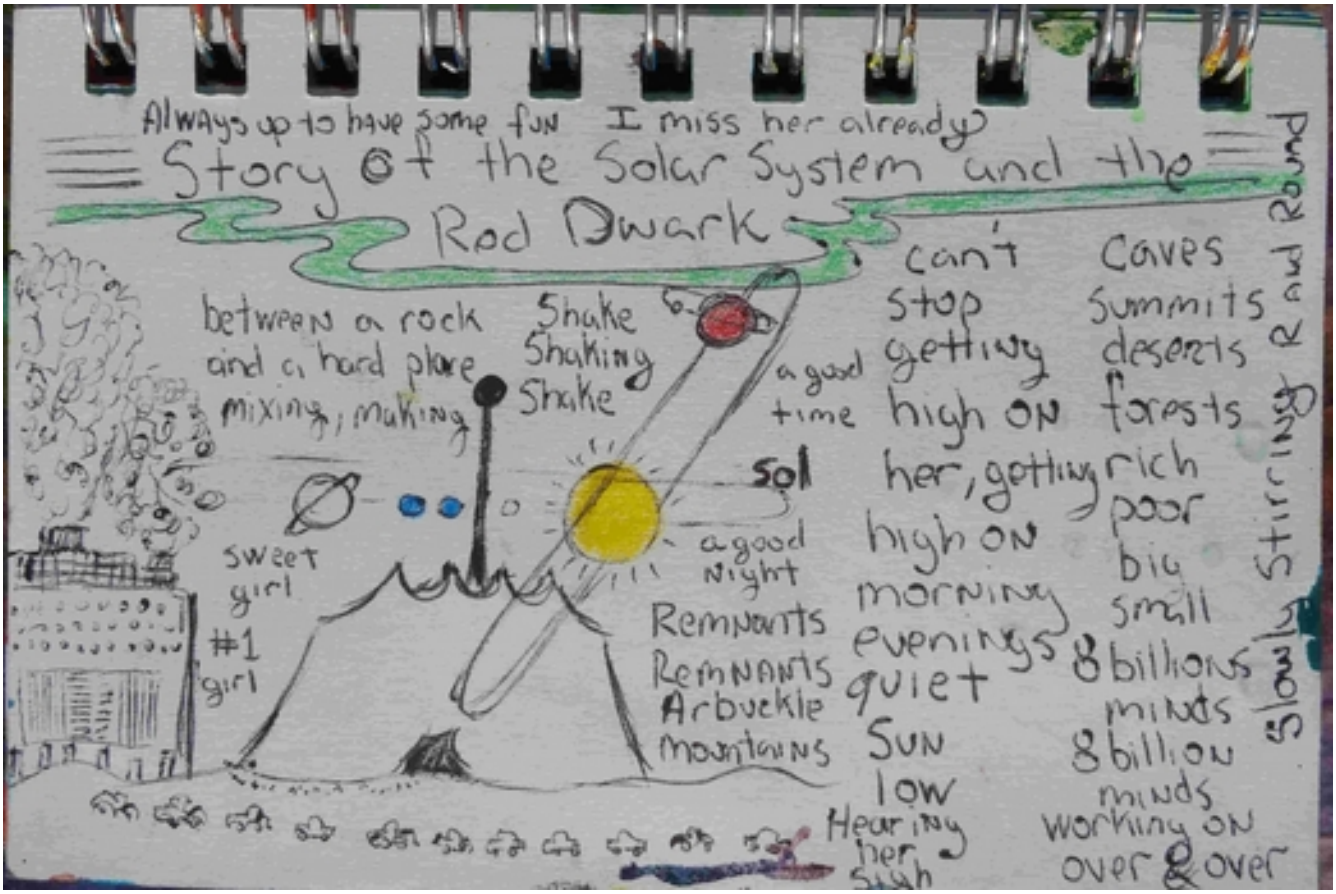
more and more thought exercises imaging someone I’m not

imagining someone imaging someone imaging someone imaging

someone imaging someone imaging someone imaging someone

imaging someone imaging someone imaging someone imaging

someone imaging someone imaging someone imaging



Poodles with swords, long time since the last time

Alligators

bourbon street

she returned 20 for my cab back

Penance

every time losing, going outside turning back no way to win,

where is everybody, where am I, only hoaxes

you stopped searching, went back and slept

I wonder who left them two yellow roses?

One for me, one for you old dear friend?

Are we ever going to meet again?

watering the pumpkin patch

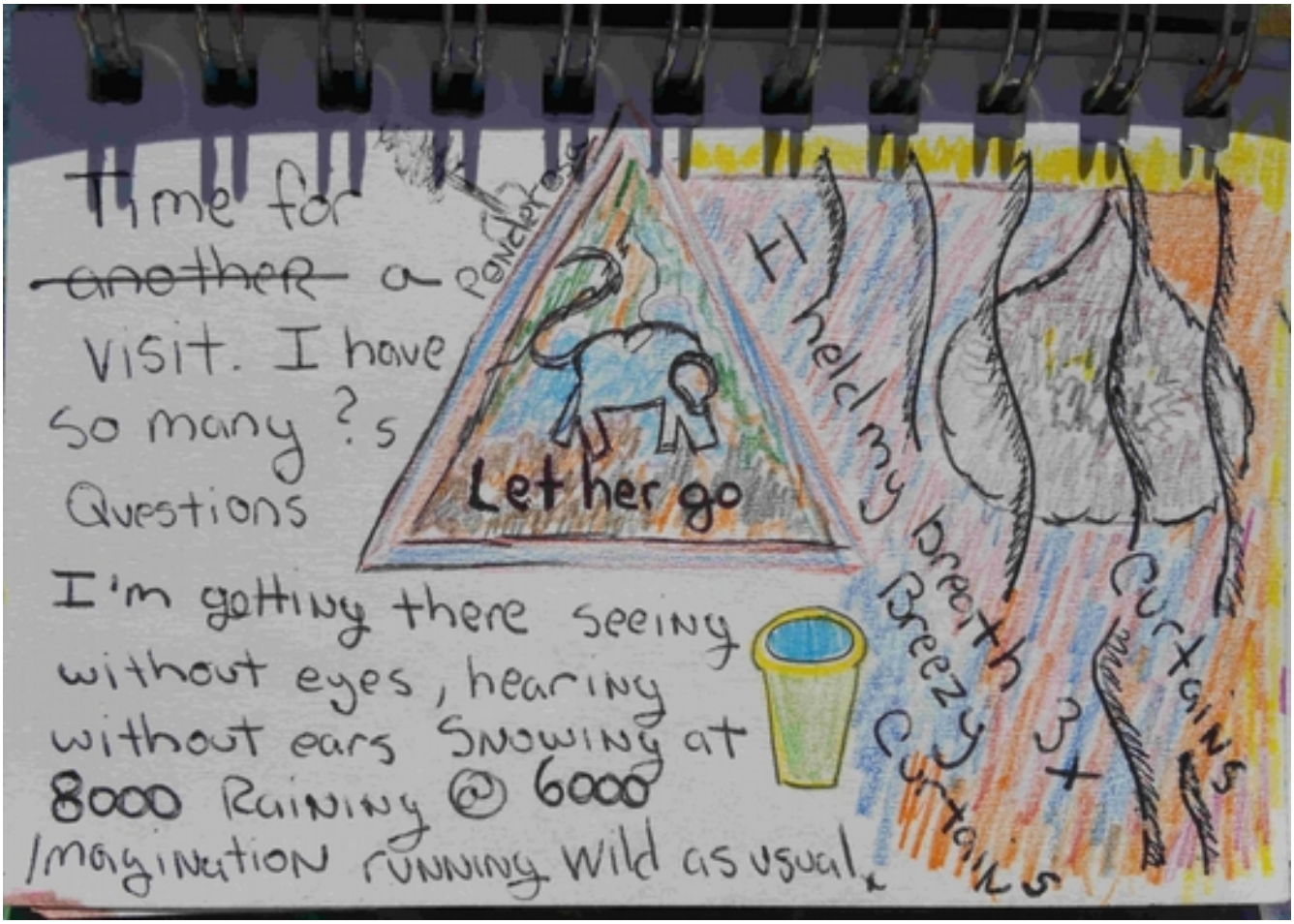
Squash Bugs, culling every morning, a bucket over the fence they go

where do they all go? Back to where they came, disassemble

earth, air, water, and fire

going up to the third floor again

two young nuns sitting by the elevator paying me no mind



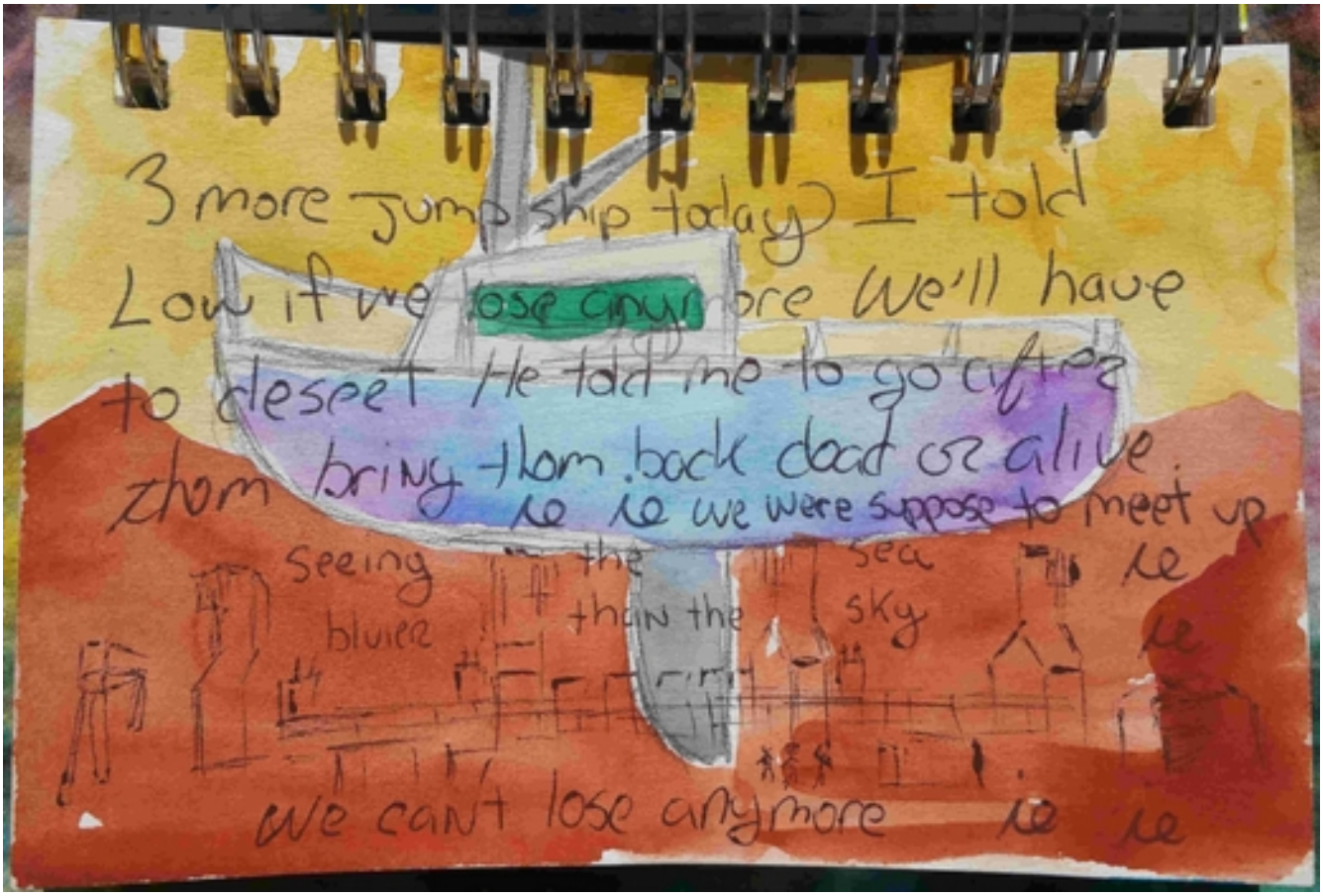
I went around the fence. I couldn't get all the way up, afraid, getting steeper, snowballs rolling, worried about avalanches

fuzzy dice,

sad jokes

not enough time to make it back to eat for more time.

basket full of magic



mosquitoes outside, buzzing, fishing,

fishes jumping out of the sky

I’ve been a curse for way longer than a blessing

close to finishing, another fiasco

past is cloudy, clouding

should of left the baby fledgling alone, white sand,

toads come out at night near the windmill

feeling sick, forgot the feeling, feeling sick all the time

rest

rabbit with guts on the outside

roaring, took a picture for four

going up there was a fiasco, one of too many

no use going up there again,

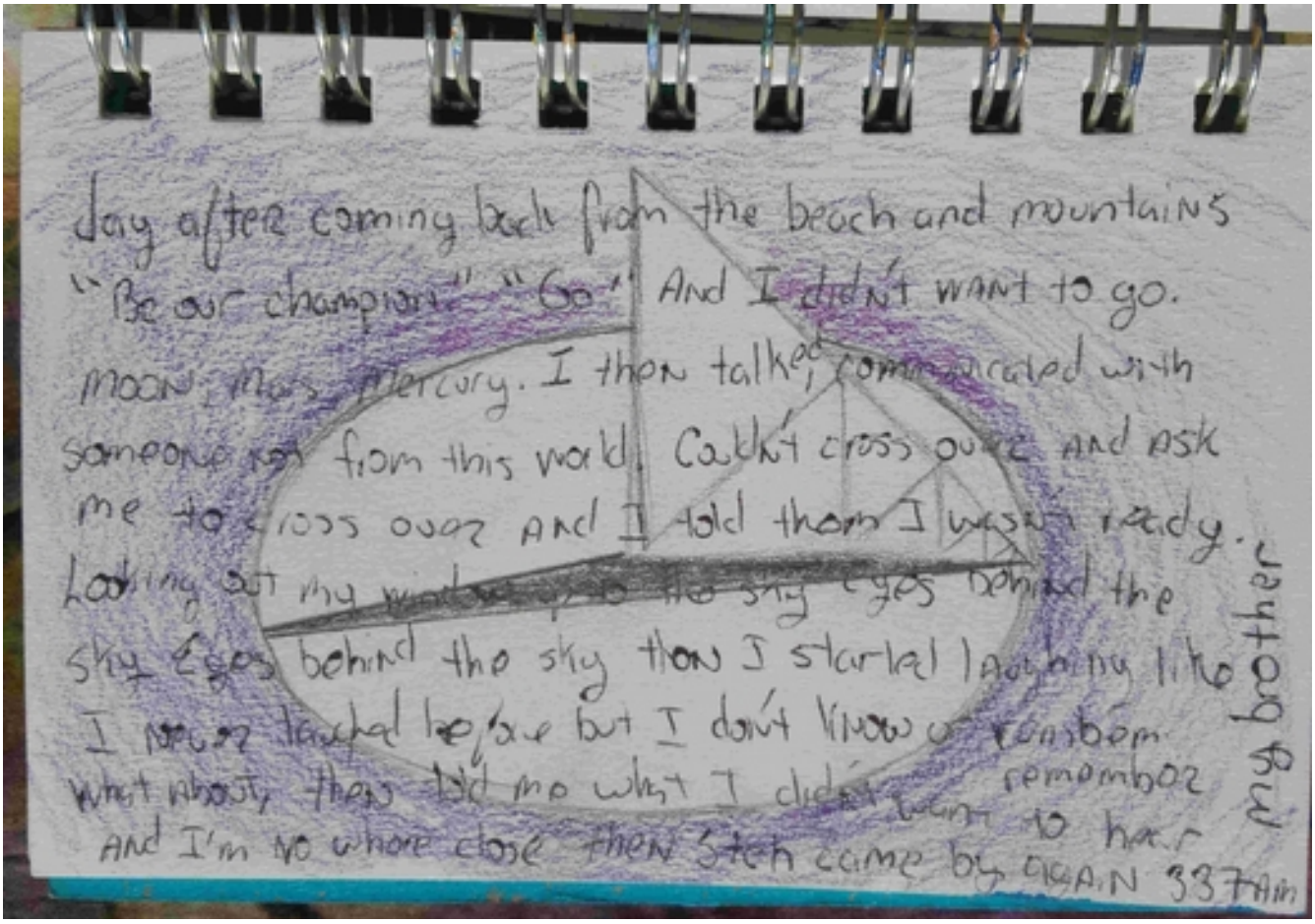
water, earth, air and fire over the dam

my mind is close to breaking

I don’t want to go back

Amagotach, low cool, bringing me back to play

flood is so alluring



nautical twilight

happening too soon, all too soon,

belittling myself for so long, my mind, only one that I have,

imaging myself watching and listening others

be kind and frank

remember passing little kids with giant backpacks

Where did all the kids go,
stormy, I don’t want to go outside. Raining on a Gloomy Lake

I don’t want to go

ASK THOUGHT AND THINK

ASK AND THINK bringing TOGETHER

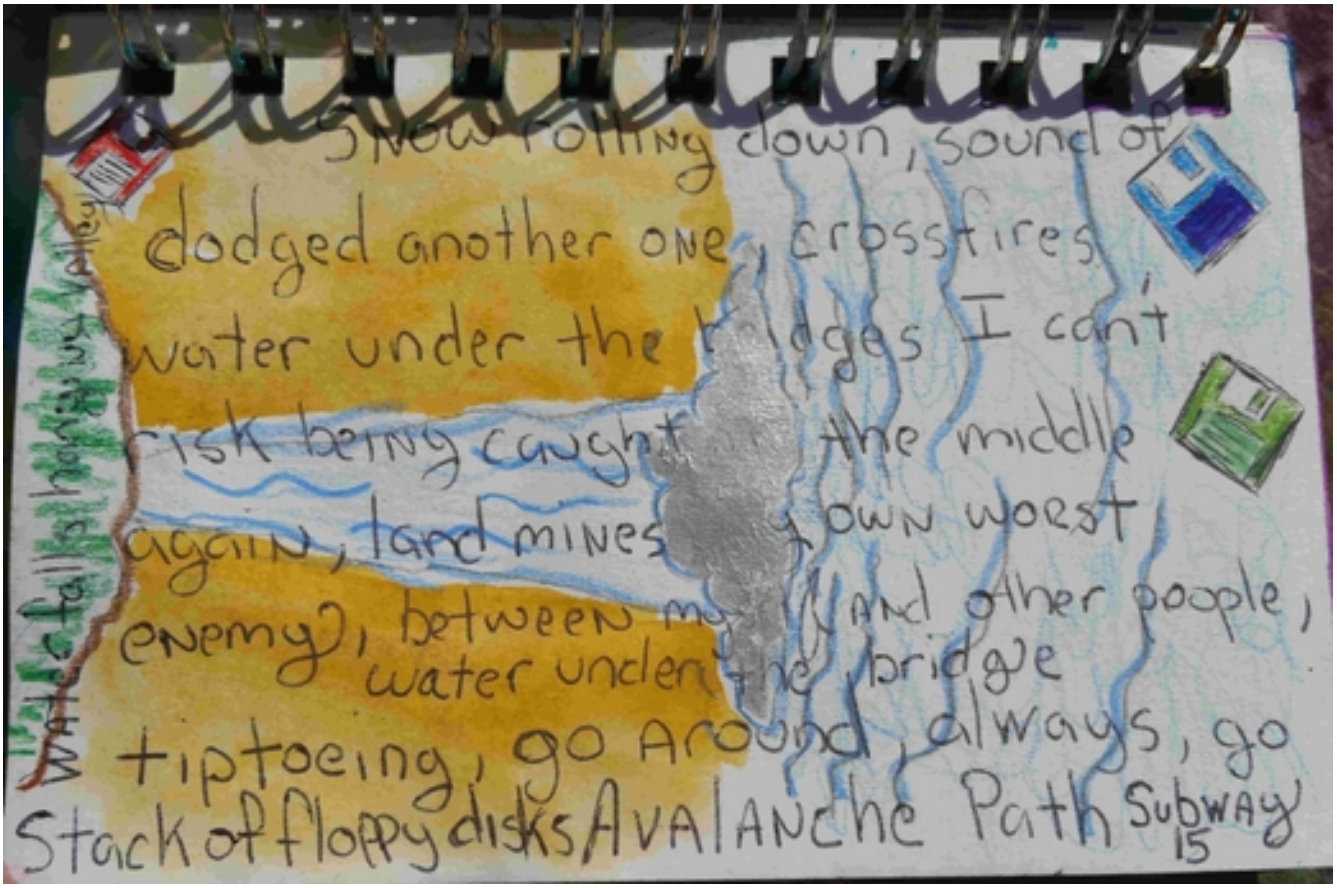
different places, without traveling

different people,

different times,

accepting, rejecting,

wondering



Going on to the third floor, long after everyone has left.

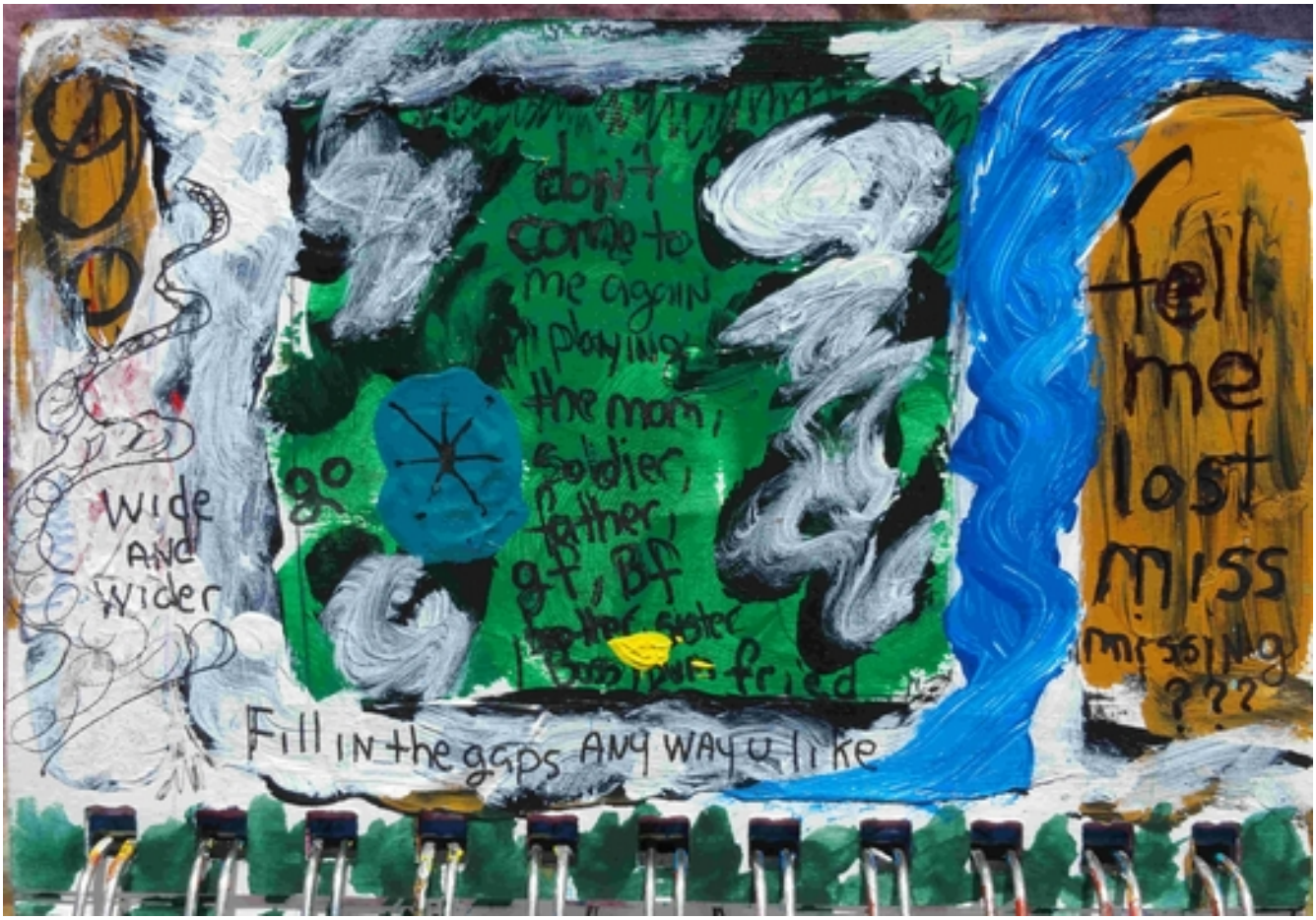
cold and empty

ghosts and spam

my sisters reminding me,

when are you going back to visit with crumbs and bums?

Be kind and quiet another others



young moms and dads, kids banging on doors with no where left to go, Raising the alarm, what is happening outside with the blue satellites, sooner than expected, everyone is so unprepared.

Who put ideas inside their heads. I can only imagine.

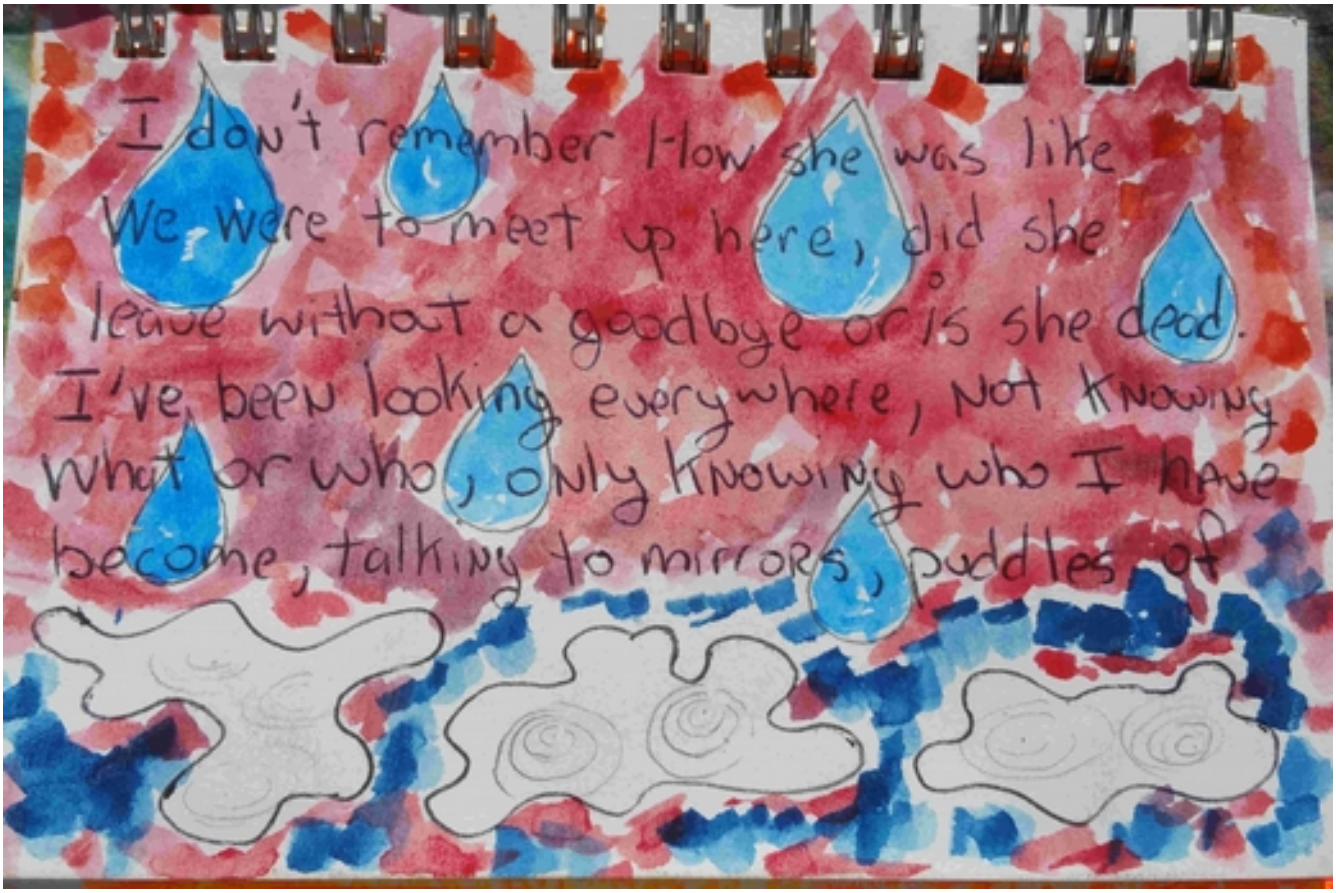
For so long, exporting highs and importing more time

Nobody wants to disappoint them,

the same is happening inside, just a little colder, a little slower, a

little cloudier,

no one is safe for very long,



Old Mill, raining, windy,

going to the beach, where hundreds of slaves drowned,

two old ladies walking by,

wading on the waves, lifting me up

carry me out to sea

she's crying as usual, yelling, won't talk, won't calm down

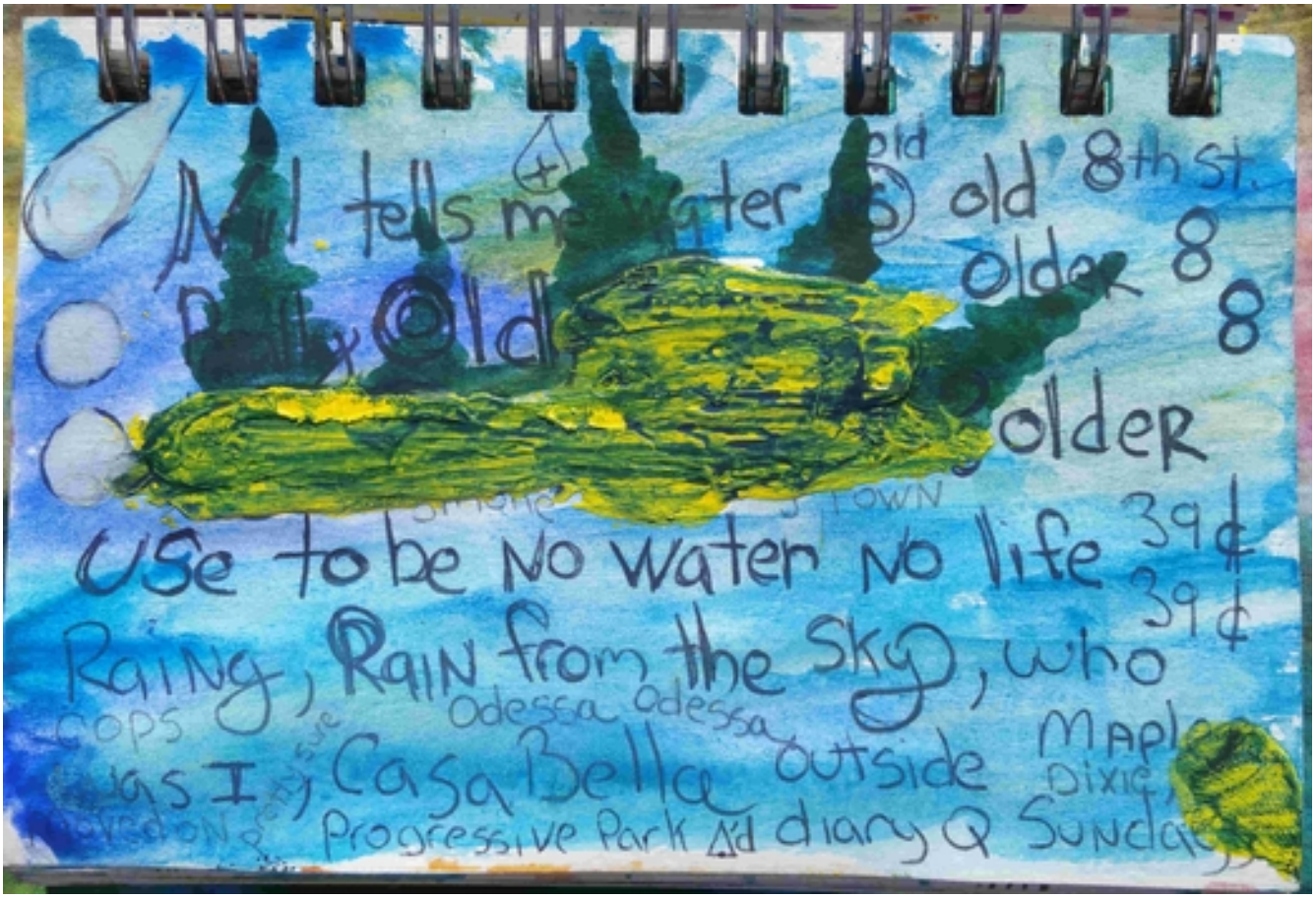
and not wanting to go

ideas hopping around like grasshoppers, not able to hold on to one for very long.

If you don't want to live like this then you can go. I'm ok with you not staying, I'll miss you that's for sure.

Riding my bike around at night, having the whole city to myself, red shifting, cruising with my mind blank

squeezing, the very last out, plastic bottles and aluminum cans, please one more drop,



tent, hearing the next door neighbors, then rain,

didn't get much sleep

amber light bulb in a room

withdrawing away, imagining soap operas, dreaming about people and adventures when I'm asleep and when I'm awake.

I should of went with Zil to see the flux, just a look see, just next door, visit with my neighbors before the horizon disappeared

reminiscing about America

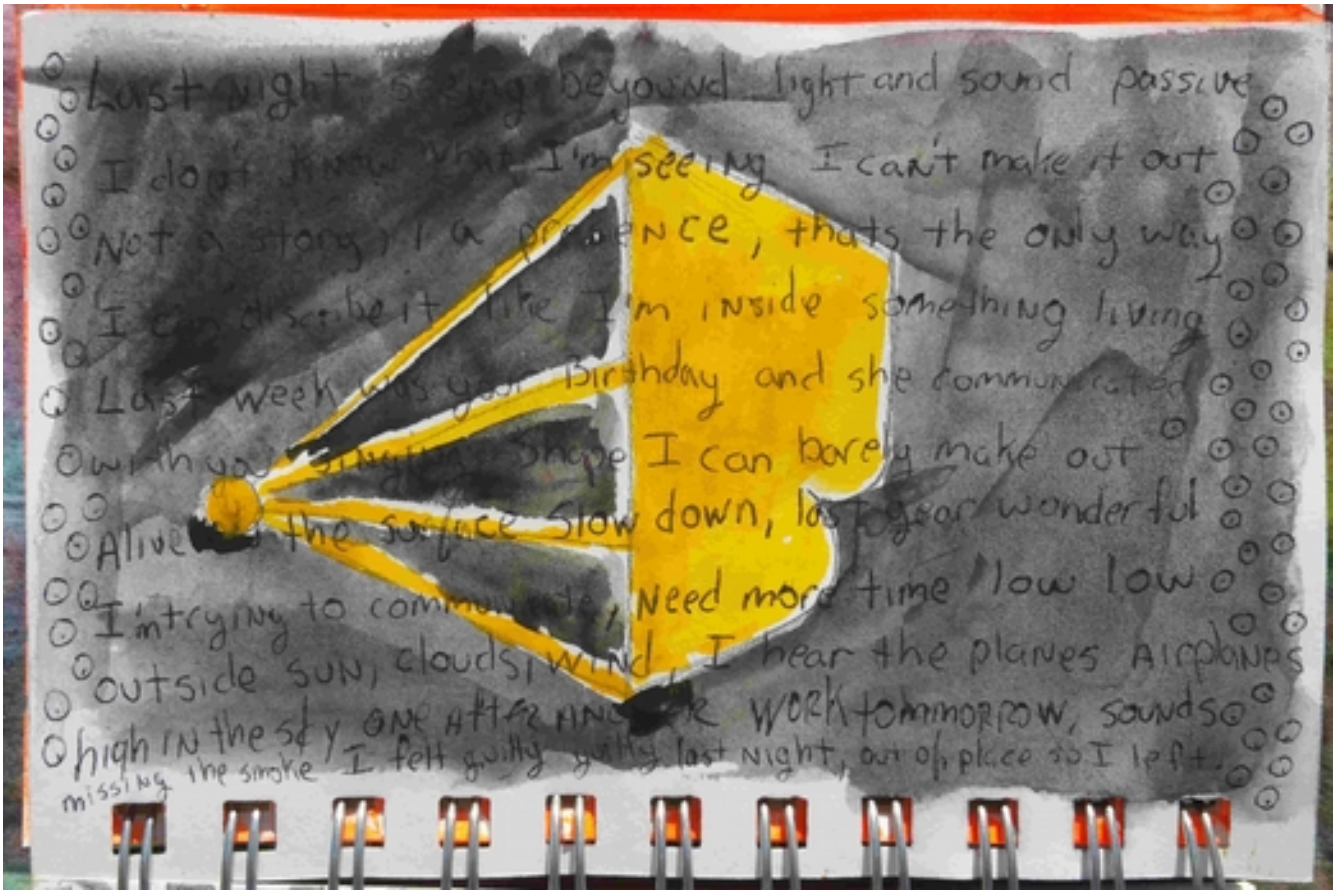
reminiscing about being Eighteen

bicycling to the power plant to see where the Sun is this time

seeing with no eyes

hearing with no ears

thinking with no brain

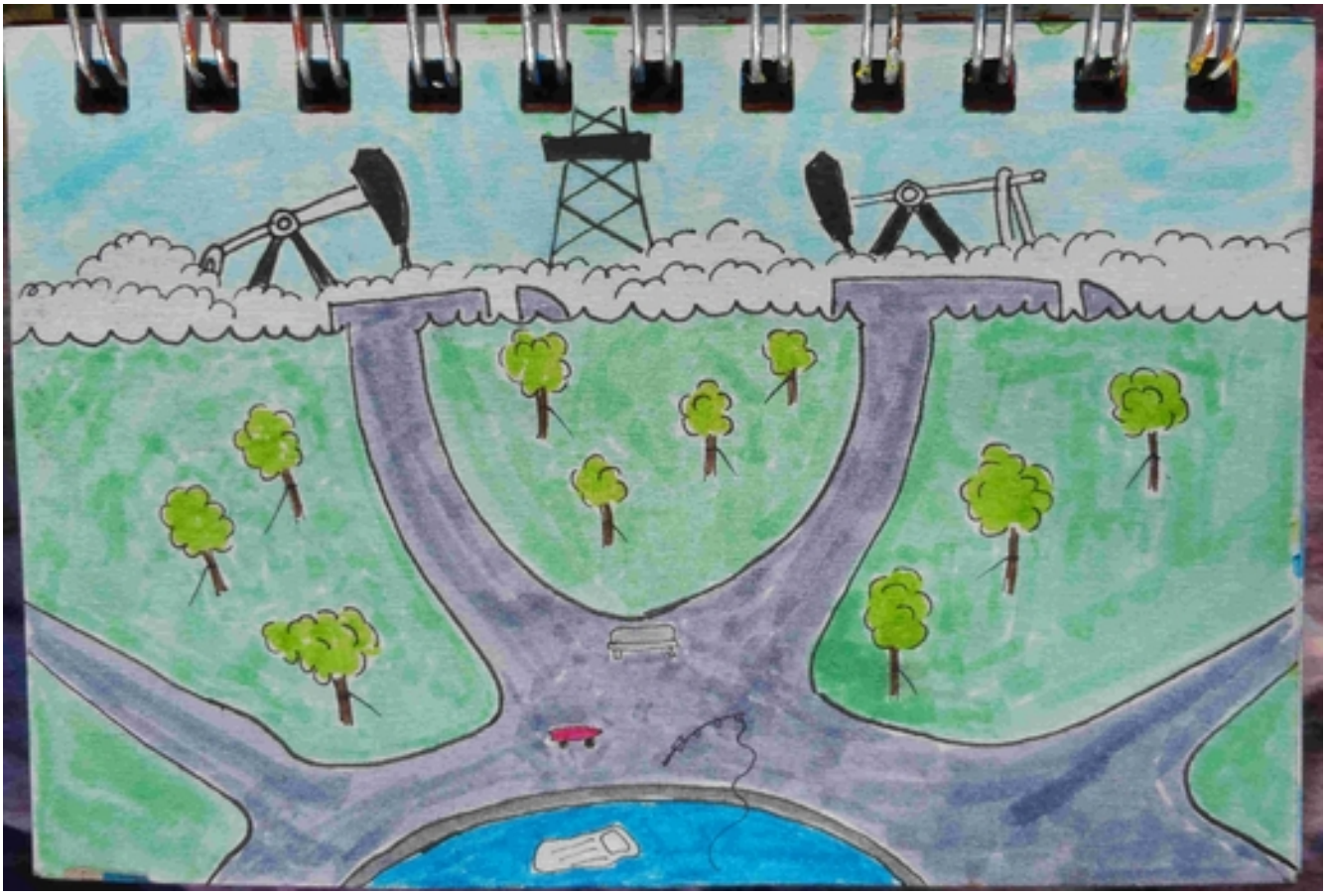


Flip, flip, flip, flipping over, nothing on the other side,

Be our Champion

where was I, so scared, so dark, how close are you to me now

why are you following me?

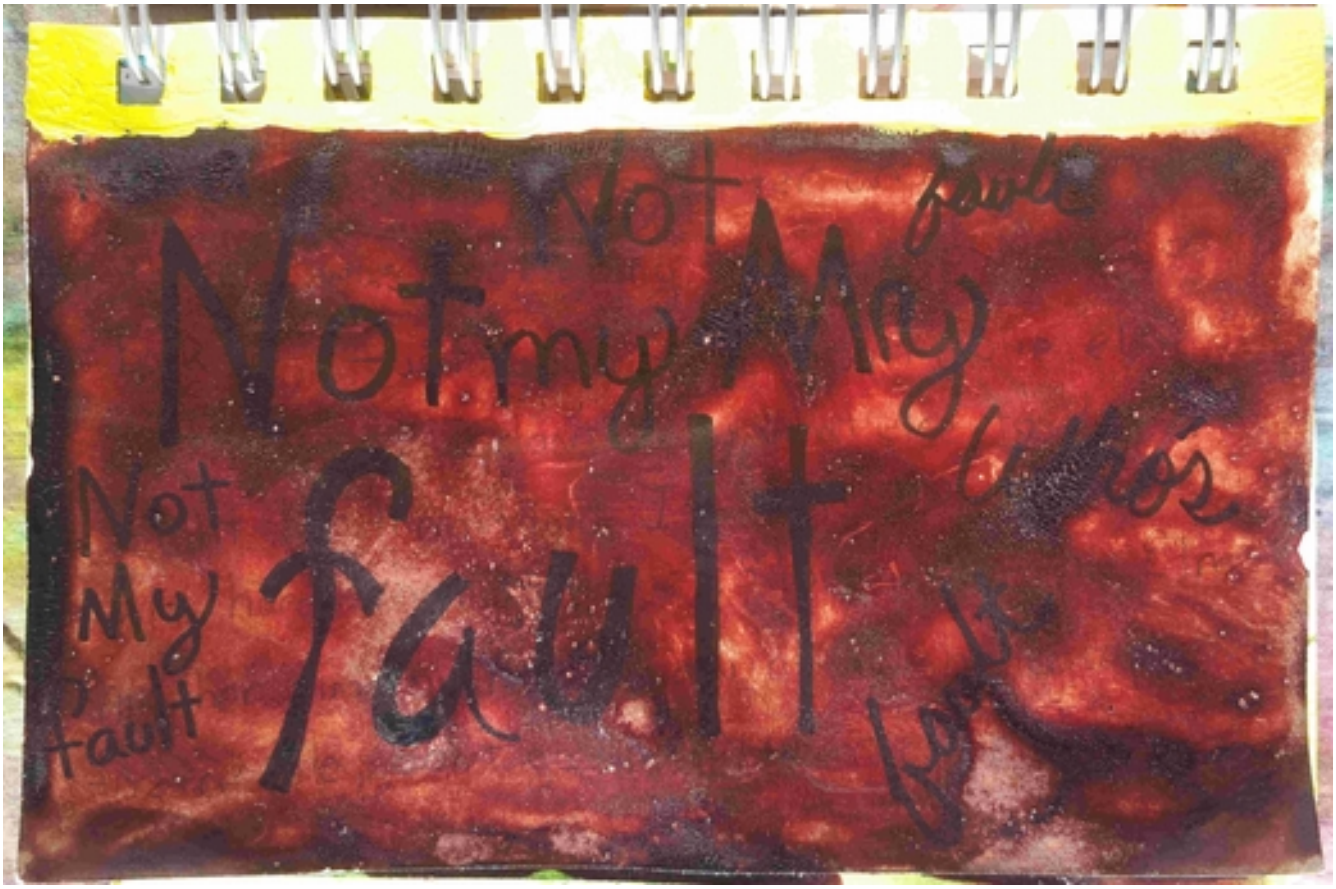


8th street, walking pass the abandoned trailer park, down to the

library,

pennies and meteors,

railroad tracks, kind man stopping by to give me cold water



going to be a clash, slow down, easy come, easy go

easy, rem when life was so easy, still can be

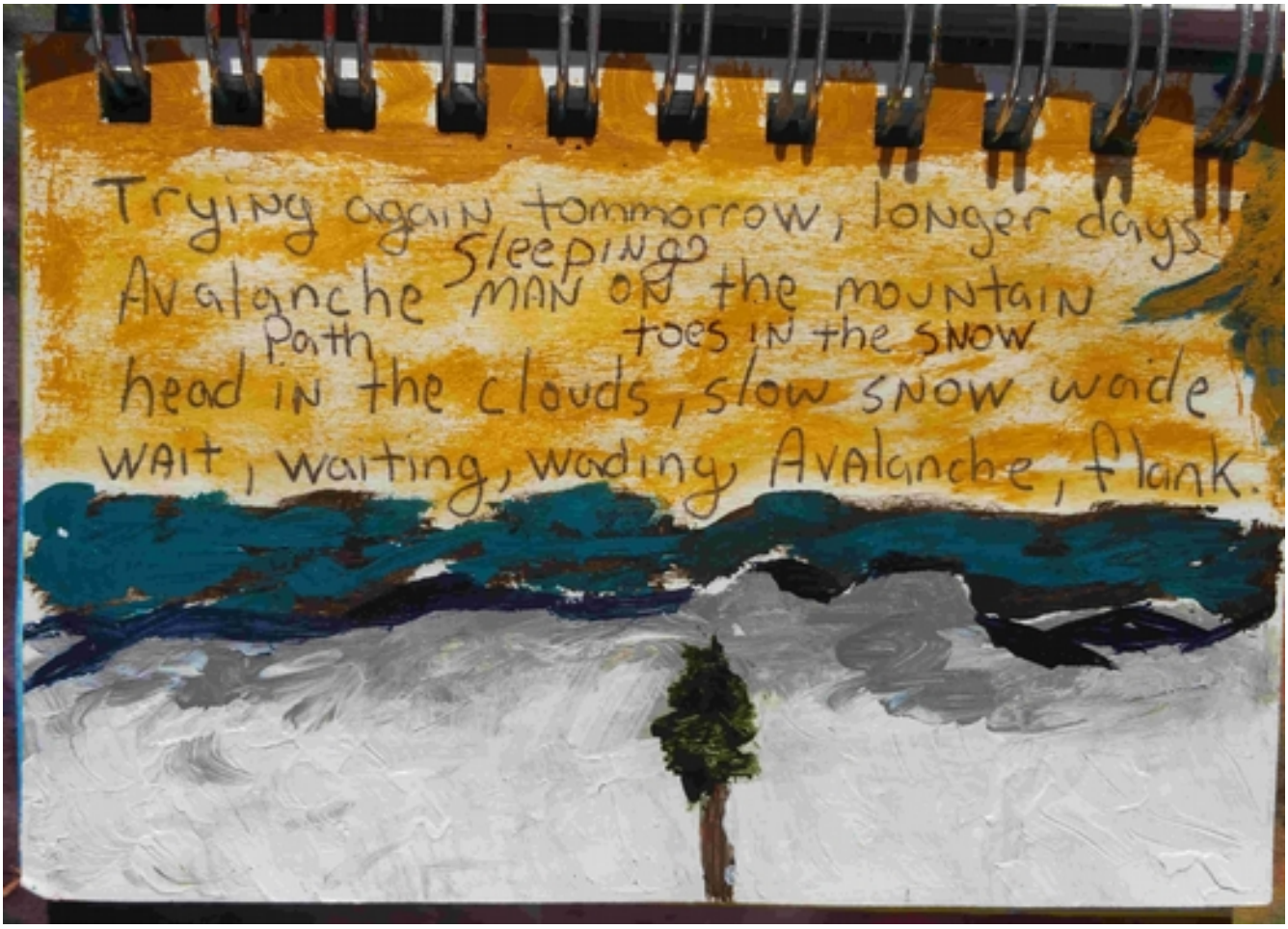
easy following the crumbs

running on fresh snow, crossing bridge after bridge

I should of never left my friends,

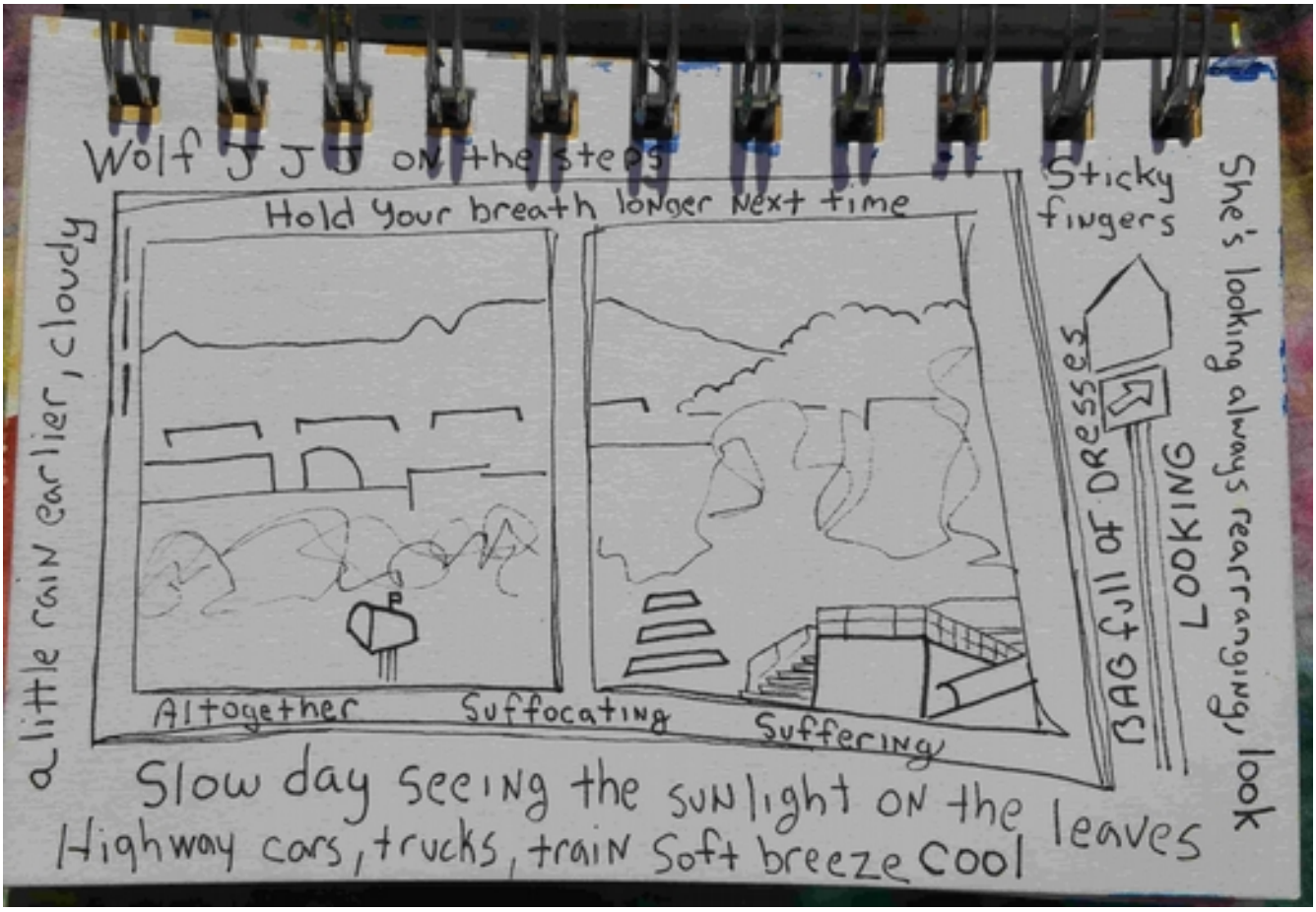
still wanted to travel,

so much to more to see



open door, outside sun

only life I have, as sorry and painful as life is, I still want to stay as long as I can,


Wolf J J J on the steps
Hold your breath longer next time
Sticky fingers
She's looking always rearranging, look
a little rain earlier, cloudy
BAG full of dresses
LOOKING
Altogether
Suffocating
Suffering
Slow day seeing the sunlight on the leaves
Highway cars, trucks, train Soft breeze cool

blue trucks, yellow cranes locked gate, madre

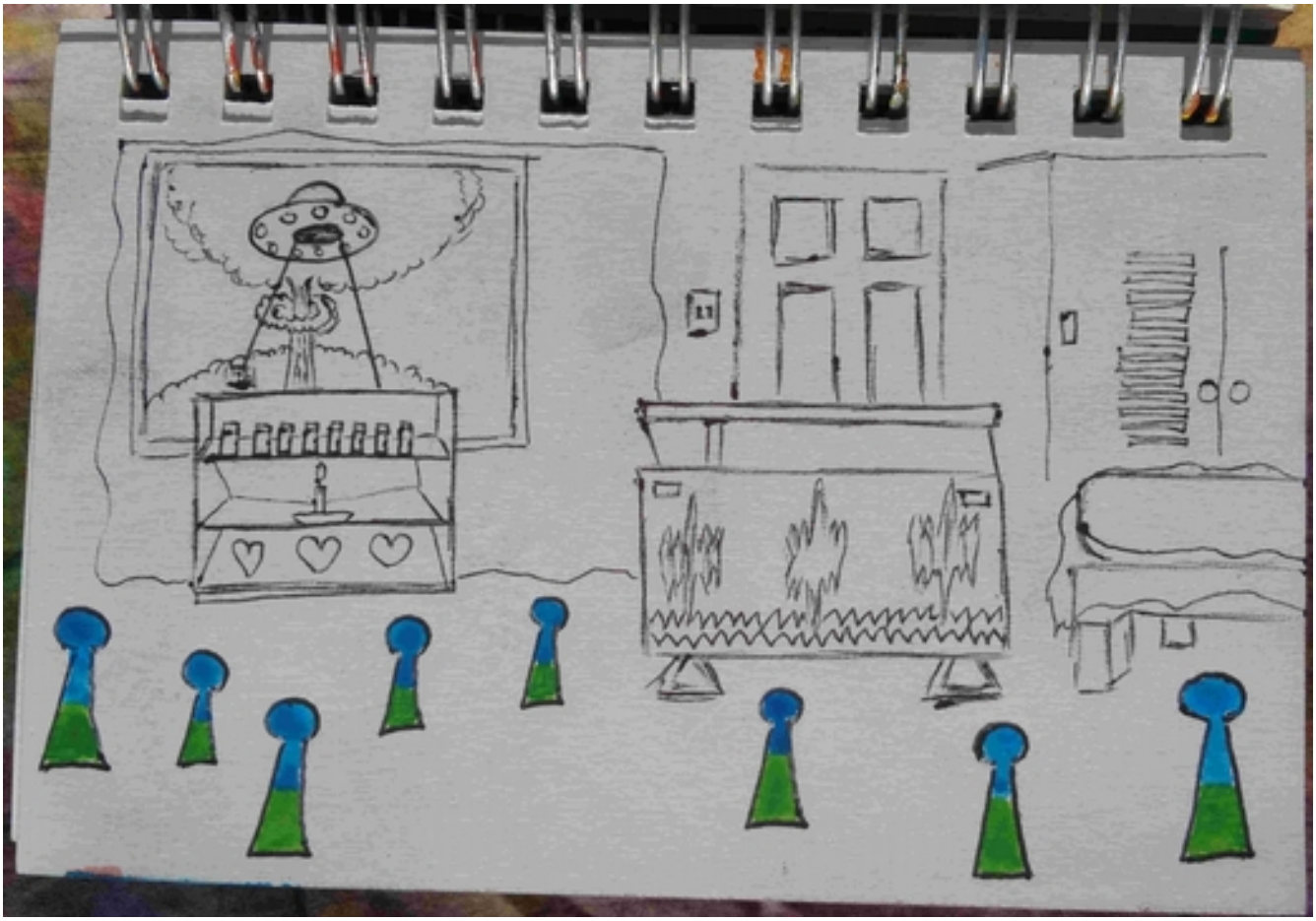
dragon fly, little cloud pine tree buzzing

little bird dust girl jumping on the bridge
checking in behind bars safe and detoxing
sun gazing

horn, choppers
open the door big smile to see me
nowlater

stopping overpass

so good going outside



Another Ninety two days and Gu3s stopped by on her way to only God knows where. Sunburned, her lips chapped, blisters and sores on her feet, her stutter worse, she's been walking by the flood again. Mud, blood and ash on her face and arms, rocking back and forth, teeth black and rotting, she's ghost white, emaciated, her mind somewhere else. I wonder. Soon, she'll need another transfusion of soda pop. Her mind is getting worse, more and more distant and confusing.

Once I couldn't stand being alone. Now I can't being around her. She reminds me too much of my crimes, my lost opportunities. Can a person be at two or more places at once? I can't get her to stay for any length of time. I don't like hearing about the crowds and the other places either to tell you the truth.

Almost awake and almost free, still following the crumbs around. Feel more alive today than I have for a very long time. Been so hot, so cold lately, can't breathe, not breathing normal air anymore, not a lot of space to move around, no where to go anyway, vomiting twice this morning, thinking more and more about unlocking the doors so someone can find my still mind someday. I have to stay awake for a little while longer. I have to get away from Gues for awhile. Go outside while the sun is still out.

So happy, someone else was waiting for me outside with the sun, my good o' friend, still waiting around. Good o' time walking around, catching up, so funny, so easy. But don't

remind me again about the longest and brightest day of the year, my father's birthday, my brother's, my sister's, mom's, walking and waiting and never arriving, snow on the Mountains, the clouds and sea, the stories are fewer and becoming clearer and clearer and never changing. No new mail and the telephone never rings, no one new ever comes by.

I know how I got here surrounded by the blue sky. I have memorized all the stories, surrounding myself with them. I know where I come from and where I'm going, colorless and clear, like the wind, like the rain from a summer's thunderstorm.

Everyone here has been so kind and friendly to me, permitting me to freely go around and follow the clues. And I'm so grateful for that but I don't like remembering or thinking about myself too much and how I got to be here all alone with Gu5s.

All mind to own, all my fault. Before the Seven and Three, I don't know. I wasn't around. I didn't exist, disassembled in a crowd, no one could find me even if the looked. And afterwards when I'm gone, who would want to go around remembering me, recollecting the decay spread out far and wide. Try to put anyone back together again like they were, was. That wouldn't make much sense, too much trouble. I have never left my, never lost my, never risked enough, my mind safe and sound, same and stable. I can follow the

crumbs all the way back to my very first memories, and follow the crumbs and imagine my very last thought, but on some days whenever Gu9s comes by I'm not so sure. I don't know who to believe anymore, my memories, someone else, others, or hers, watching ice melt then evaporate away on a bright Odessa summer's day.

More and more people are dissolving, breaking apart, splitting away along the mirages of wars, sicknesses, and suicides, another yellow stone cull or just the flood. But most people are not so lucky, they're just never seen or ever heard of again. I wonder if there's really anyone left.

On more than a couple, I followed the crumbs to just before the DOB and then to a little after the DNR, a cool sea breeze and rising smoke, ashes gently rolling over the levee until they disappear and recombine somewhere else. But I feel the crumbs stop there; they continue before the clues become too fuzzy, too difficult to follow. I can't follow them any further. Maybe I'm lazy. Tired. Afraid. Maybe my mind isn't right. I'm not able to remember, maybe I don't want to remember. So I always turn back and find myself right back where I started, all alone with Gu6s, alone with the Sun, all alone with the Spooks.

Sleepy Spooks are all around me. So silent and still, their big sleepy eyes are watching me, so many eyes, eyes above eyes, so many minds, minds inside minds. For now I'm ok I think, going with the flow, careful not to trip, being really careful

not to alert them to my presence or my thinking. But I'm suspecting they all ready know all about me. The spooks can do whatever they want here. I'm wondering what they are doing, thinking. Why they're waiting.

Any moment now, I'm getting ready to be tortured, confronted with my actions, my thoughts. I don't know, maybe they have already have captured me, interrogating me, slowly dissecting my mind. Maybe they're protecting me, Gu3s, the few of us that are still around from the flood.

I'm trying to keep my mind together, honest I am, going along, moving right along, tiptoeing, not drawing too much attention, too many mines, snares, too many snitches, too many curious cats, too many bigwigs around. Just coincidence the other day right, Gu2s disappearing, Vast Valley, near the rusted railroad tracks. I'm not letting her go that easy. We don't mean no one any harm. Live and let live. I don't need to be right about you. Don't come near us again. We're just following the crumbs around. I'm trying. Trying to be good and kind.

Only wild hunches left and wandering around with ghosts and robots from another time and place. Ghosts and robots have still minds. Frankly, I'm nowhere close, crumbs are all around me and I don't know what to do or where to go. Just wait around? Go all the away back around? All the way out? Maybe to the Black Range? Up the Avalanche Chute and over the rim? All the way to the Meadow on the Mountain?

Someone left these crumbs. Me? Gu1s? Sleepy Spooks, Outside Sun? Someone else? Why so clear? So muddy?

I hate thinking about all the times I wasted, chasing will-o'-wisps. Thinking about love and electricity, secret affairs, neon and milky lights, rocking back and forth between pleasure and misery. I'm especially sick and tired of thinking about all the clues I might have missed or ignored. And yet I keep thinking I have all the time in the world with the ringing in my ears getting louder and louder, waking up every morning sore and tired. I can't keep carrying on like this, lamenting, believing the most valuable clues have all melted and evaporated away long ago while I was over indulging.

I remember on several occasions, when Gues is far, far away, and my mind is free and still, like the sky is blue and the Sun is high, they notice me, see and hear my mind and wave hello. They're weird and alien too and they seem like they want to meet me. I have to open myself and break though over to them. Only if I wasn't afraid to leave.

Been more aware of my life ever since I found out. I'm excited to have come across some strange new friends. But feel so unworthy, undeserving, especially before O3, my actions, my thoughts. I'm ashamed of myself. What have I been doing. What I'm I doing? Frustrating. Hopeless. I tried so many times to change after becoming aware.

They showed me my ways. Ugly and disgusting. Showed me about honor and respect, duty, work. I been stuck down here for far too long with depravity. I don't want anyone to ever know about my depraved fantasies and they didn't even happen or belong to me. Disappointing. Fiascos. Sad. But they must be true somehow, too faint for me to remember, maybe my past minds, ingrained deeply within my true mind, true self, coming out with the Sun every once and a while to remind me who I really am, will always be, wrong, evil, lazy. I want to tear the anger and evil out of me. I want to be kind for the rest of my life. If they could just give me a chance.

I go back inside after I leave my o' friend by the hill. I look back, remember how we were, was. How we are now. All this time, only you and me.

The house is a mess. Gues is getting ready to leave soon. She says she can't stay, live like this. Too much distress here. I never know whether I'll see her again. She's been rearranging the room again, painting windows and doors, clouds, rain, snow, wind, rivers, and fires on mountains, reassembling bacteria, fishes, birds, animals and people on the walls. She talks to them. Sometimes she laughs, whispers, yells, most of the time she cries.

Jumping on the couch, I need to reimagine and not worry about the flood, not worry about who's really left. I've been really lucky so far I think. The ceiling, walls and floor are leaking, dripping, blood, tears, radiation. My home is falling

apart and getting more and more confusing and dangerous. People are getting more angry and dangerous. Unpredictable.

I don't like hearing bad news from my neighbors and friends, from returning astronauts, from a thirteen year old paperboy. I ask Gu3s what does this news mean, who is sending me this bad new and why. Is the news true? What did I do? Didn't do? Am I not seeing you for who you really are? Are you a Spook too? A robot or ghost? Ringing echoing silence, only a stare, a stare waiting for a response. For now like always, I say nothing. I'll go along and pretend like I don't notice or care. I don't know how much longer I can hold out. Bide my time right. But my time is running out.

Njl. I think about you, sitting beside the muddy river, watching the flood. I really couldn't help you with the blackouts, not enough. Where you go I don't want to know. Fighting with the Moons, fighting with the Wandering Stars. I'm trying, still following the crumbs. See, I tried to trust you again after Gilah and Havasue. After Havasue, seeing you and the light on the calm and still colorado water, all below the surface, so clear, everybody deserves a second chance. But then Ash told me about you blacking out again at Moab, you're going to get us all killed. I can't trust you the same after seeing you fighting with the repliautomas. I don't care whether you were trying to protect us or not. Don't go around messing around with them. Leave them alone, don't interfere. You know how they're like. Better that way? Don't blame me, I'm trying. But I don't blame you either Njl, I know what

they've done, what they're doing, more and more, faster and faster. So strange, so sad, no one around is outraged, maybe there is no one left.

Maybe we are no different, stuck down here, empty, emptier, surrounded by levee after levees, immersed along with duplicasimulas. I always had my suspicions, you told me enough about your past. And lately, I've been questioning myself too.

Don't try to come near me again. Stay far away. I'm walking on a tightrope. Not a good time right now endmost everywhere. Thrice already after a long long time, after being reminded of you again while visiting the Mirrored Castle with Anin, not again, no more blackouts, no more merry go rounds, no more anger, no more hate. And sure, like you told me all those summers ago on the hill, I may never break free from my ways, less and less likely now that Spooks are on to me, but I'm still trying. Good luck my old friend, we had so much fun together, maybe will meet up again under better circumstances. We'll meet up somewhere better. I'll remember you and wish you well on your way back to the Arkzuthl Mountains.

Are there really any others left? Do other minds really matter anymore where I am right now. Today was so wonderful outside, visiting with my o' friend, so alive, middle of nowhere, still waiting for me to come along, thumb out, still trying to hitchhiking on out of here.

My new friends? Sea, I need them to be real. God only knows, they have already helped me so much to get this far. I have to keep trying to break through to them even thou that may mean leaving Gu2s behind. I don't know what to do, who to trust, myself, others before me, or them. I don't know what I would do if I never see Gu8s again.

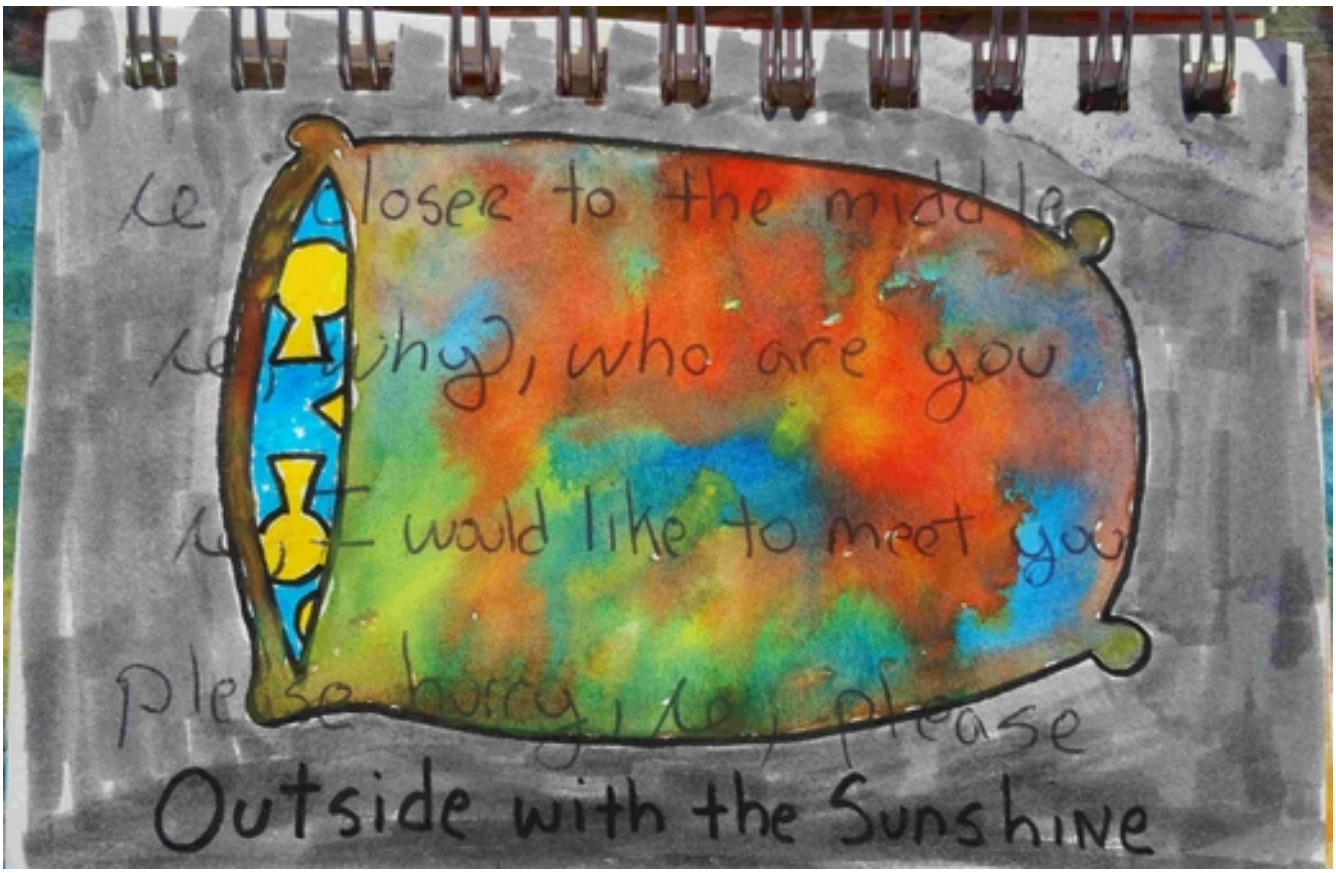
Who else is there left to trust?

Gues turns on the radio ultraviolet. I love watching her dance and smile. She's so ready and so am I. So alive right now. So ready for a change. I want to be good from now on. The sun is still outside, coming thru one of the windows, cracked door, so bright, so alive, so immortal.

Gues is leaving out the door and I don't know whether I'll see her again. I have no idea where she is going. So crazy, so unpredictable, so much fun, so much trouble.

Already so many, less and less likely, survive another another black winter.

I'll try. And hope Gues visits me again for another go, arriving again with the Sun so high.


closer to the middle
why, who are you
I would like to meet you
please hurry, please
Outside with the Sunshine