FITS OF NERVES WITH A FIX

It is only the paper moon that brings forth a violet evening sky over the empty broken streets. Will only produce distant wind and dust. Go forth, then, into the streets sunshine that you occupy, the green tunnel of leaves, the blackout falling, the passport 50885 # of social projection screen. Go forth into the high black windows of the dormitory, or into the lowly ponds in vacant lots of 1920 movie. Mix with the roaring sky of broken film or mingle amid the blue arc lights and the streets half buried of quiet deserted suburbs, carrying into whatever ten age future time you fill a passport # D, and you will radiate around you colored projection and light lines 2-5-14, and leave behind you distant 1920 wind of fearful authority fragile and unworthy...

*

Shattered nerves with a fix just as ten age 2-5-14-21 Murphy chosen old time yegg man phrase

Future around paper moon remote diary Sunday
a violet evening sky over empty broken streets
distant wind and dust and I open selections with
streets sunshine an entry reading green tunnel of
leaves blackout falling thawed passport 50885 # form
yesterday an old knock projection screen around gun
rocked far away black windows the dormitory jerky far
away hand and ponds in vacant lots 1920 movie frayed
stars some one had shut sky of broken film like I shut
diary Sept. blue arc lights flickering empty streets
streets half buried in sand deserted suburbs smell of
weeds from ten age future time old Frisco light lines
2-5-14 kid he never returns distant 1920 wind and dust
cancelled authority fragile and unworthy ...

*

Shattered
just as ten age 2-5-14-21 Murphy chosen old time
yegg man phrase :: 'I can not' Ahearn Coyne said
to Future Time 'understand this cotton picking pal'

Ten Future around dim words remote diary Sunday
a flaming September I started in February: ' A soft
knock and a hot bath. Mister you must wake earlier
to keep your entries up to date. You'll never get anywhere
sitting on you cotton picking ass and I open selections with
October 17, 1911 an entry reading 'Old flower smell
of young nights thawed room naked thigh form yesterday old
knock the gun in locker around gun far away not much time
left windy streets jerky far away hand and your ex-
terminator there flares****frayed stars some one had shut
this long ago address like I shut diary Sept. 17, 1899
flickering hand buried in sand from old Westerns smell of
weeds from a broken sky blackout old Frisco falling
shut a bureau drawer on junky fingers dim sepia the Frisco
ticket kid he never returns and voice cracked cancelled
'know who I am'?

*

:: 'I can not' Ahearn Coyne said
to Future Time 'understand this cotton picking pal'

Ten

dim words
a flaming September I started in February: ' A soft
knock and a hot bath. Mister you must wake earlier
to keep your entries up to date you'll never get anywhere
sitting on you cotton picking ass
October 17, 1911 'Old flower smell
of young nights room naked thigh
the gun in locker not much time left
windy streets your exterminator there

flares****frayed stars some one had shut
this long ago address like I shut diary Sept. 17, 1899
flickering hand buried in sand from old Westerns smell of
weeds from a broken sky blackout old Frisco falling
shut a bureau drawer on junky fingers dim sepia the Frisco
ticket kid he never returns and voice cracked cancelled
'know who I am'?
to keep your entries up to date you'll never get anywhere
sitting on you cotton picking ass
October 17, 1911

'Old flower smell
of young nights
the gun in locker
windy streets
flares*****
not much time left
your exterminator there
this long ago address
17, 1899
flaming hand buried
a broken sky blackout
cracking
junky fingers dim sepia
sad voices cracked
ticket

'know who I am?'

WILLIAM BURROUGHS