

God Aitch or, Ten Sin Sixty

an LP for the M 'n M Ohs

By Robert Wellman Campbell

Louisa Ziemssen turned sobbing away; it was Hans Castorp who bent over the moveless, breathless form, closed the eyes with the tip of his ring-finger, and laid the hands together on the coverlet. Then too he stood and wept, tears ran down his cheeks . . . those clear drops flowing in such bitter abundance every hour of our day all over the world, till in sheer poetic justice we have named the earth we live in after them . . .

---Thomas Mann, *Magic Mountain*, 1924

If any literary work is too long to be read at a single sitting, we must be content to dispense with the immensely important effect derivable from unity of impression-- for, if two sittings be required, the affairs of the world interfere, and every thing like totality is at once destroyed. . . . What we term a long poem is, in fact, merely a succession of brief ones . . .

Holding in view these considerations . . . I reached at once what I conceived the proper *length* for my intended poem-- a length of about one hundred lines. It is, in fact, a hundred and eight.

---Edgar Allen Poe, "Philosophy of Composition," 1846

December 2001

						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

January 2001

1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31					

February 2001

			1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27
28					

Geez another genesis

This is the part of the job I hate. Before there was energy or matter there was only form; the one form was a triangle made of the twenty-seven letters and bounded by the numerals.

You can think of this triangle as either the flat-mass area, the twenty-seven inhabiting it, or as the ten describing it (it was both).

Hell I wondered; you may have wondered too why there are twenty-six letters, not a perfect three-to-three, so pay attention. There were three sides, and three points and angles, because each numeral and each letter existed triply. It was all flat. The numerals were ten same threes, 000, 111, but the letters were nine little triad-tripthong-trinidad families, def, rst. Try it yourself; you'll see it doesn't fit. The gist is in that misfit. Perfection is only a quality of qualities, form in a form, pattern in pattern not in any thing. Back then, though, form was everything, you know, so maybe the imperfection was really conspicuous, I don't know. I just don't know. I think I'm reaching *apophasm. Mmm hm, right there.

Come on, do it-- you didn't do it! Write out the alphabet and parse out the families yourself, however imperfect now. opq and abc of course and xyz and lmn, etc. You can obviously see there yourself the real story, or the end of the story, not having to ask anyone. And you have to, since there is no paper trail documenting what happened then. A genesis an an exege-sis on a nowhere, a bootstrap big Hooooo-o-o-o-dunit, plus a whatwasduntoit and a whyTheydunit. The evidence is sloppy, now-- geez whatever you do don't marshal it. Get why to suffer the sloppy.

March 2001

			1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31		

April 2001

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

May 2001

			1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
27	28	29	30	31			

August 2001

			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

July 2001

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

June 2001

						1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	

My hands are where my dead lie buried
--Crazy Horse, 1877

December 2002

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

January 2002

		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

February 2002

					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

14 September 1999

Most of you morons can't even sing a plain eight in a round, don't even sing it right-- that dreck at the end, embarassment. It's a boom boom chick chick boom boom chick, not some idiotic polka.

abcdefghijklmn opq rst uvw xyz abcdefgh...

Fifty milllion Elvis fans can all be cousins, you know; farmers fence off their buffalo jumps, the plodding along in a flatfooted four. I'm the one who insisted Bonn was not the capital, remember. I hear an hijk I know I've heard a hijack; you teach your children that, you should be ashamed. There should be a resting on one, wherever it's sunset and summer right now, around all the campfires for the souls of the departed. When people on sitcoms say "now let us never speak of that again" they're joking, you jackass-- even the Levite didn't leave a little child.

March 2002

					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

April 2002

		1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	
28	29	30					

November 2002

					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

October 2002

		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

September 2002

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

May 2002

			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

August 2002

				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

July 2002

		1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	
28	29	30	31				

June 2002

						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

December 2003

1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31					

January 2003

1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31					

February 2003

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28				

13 March 1996

My old car has passive vents. The fan has a FLOW setting between OFF and LOW, and the dash also has shuttered holes on the far left and right which can be opened to let some air blow in. I live up north where it's cold. Those old Hondas ran forever.

In the summers, when it's good, I take it passive all around-- side vents open and the fan set to FLOW and VENT, all light on my face. Other times though when it's not so good I need to stay warm, so I shut up the side-vents, heat up the air, and point it away from me, H/DEF suffused at the feet and the windshield and even a little at the sides.

You should know right then that something is happening, some point of inflection, the day in the fall when you punch-click that H/DEF the first time. You do it less to feel the air than not to feel the air, negating with hot leaks the cold leaks. My left side-vent whistles in winter. It's annoying. I seal it with duct tape, more to stop the whistle than to change the temperature. I know, and I like to put it off.

But there is a short little time some years, like Indian Summer or the turnover mashes with both frank and beej, when I go with the unheated side vents open AND the heated H/DEF. It's a good way to go while you can, side vents open and the H/DEF FLOW through the engine for whatever warmth it can get. You know it's the same temp that you'd get if you closed them all up, but you get some nice air and some quiet. Pretty soon you seal them up, the side vents, and then you put some noise and machine in the fan, low med or hi even. I never re-C.

March 2003

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

April 2003

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30		

November 2003

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30		

October 2003

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

September 2003

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30		

May 2003

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

August 2003

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

July 2003

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

June 2003

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30		

December 2004

			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

January 2004

				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

February 2004

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29						

[28 July 1996]

Some people know real prayer from what passes, and they know they're informed by what has already always been there, not by some response to their punk little stim sent up in the air from a Harvard Mass., some response of words or little bank errors in their favor. Prayer is a study activity which conforms one's thoughts and actions to the "plan of God," people say, to the big unstubbed and unstunted wide pattern. It's too bad that the iterative, refining process of this biggest-noun statement gets corrupted into a lot of courtly wetting about the majesty and all. Instruction and self-reminding to keep-in-mind is good. Worship is bunk. I was four years old and I couldn't figure out what a man in the sky who made everything would care what I said about his big old formerly-Jewish invisible self. It seemed like just a lot of opening and closing ceremonies. I'm twenty-seven.

[29 July 1996]

(P.S. I wrote that yesterday, 28 July 1996; today 29 July 1996 I had a carbon slip in my mailbox when I got home, and calling Norwest Bank (which I call In Christ Is Neither East (ICINE)) at 1-800-ABC-NORW I found they owe me \$300. Woohoo. The old Jew-in-the-sky is pleased with me now, square and high on my side on this; don't mess with me. This is a true story.)

March 2004

				1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13			
14	15	16	17	18	19	20			
21	22	23	24	25	26	27			
28	29	30	31						

April 2004

					1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	
25	26	27	28	29	30		

May 2004

							1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	
30	31						

August 2004

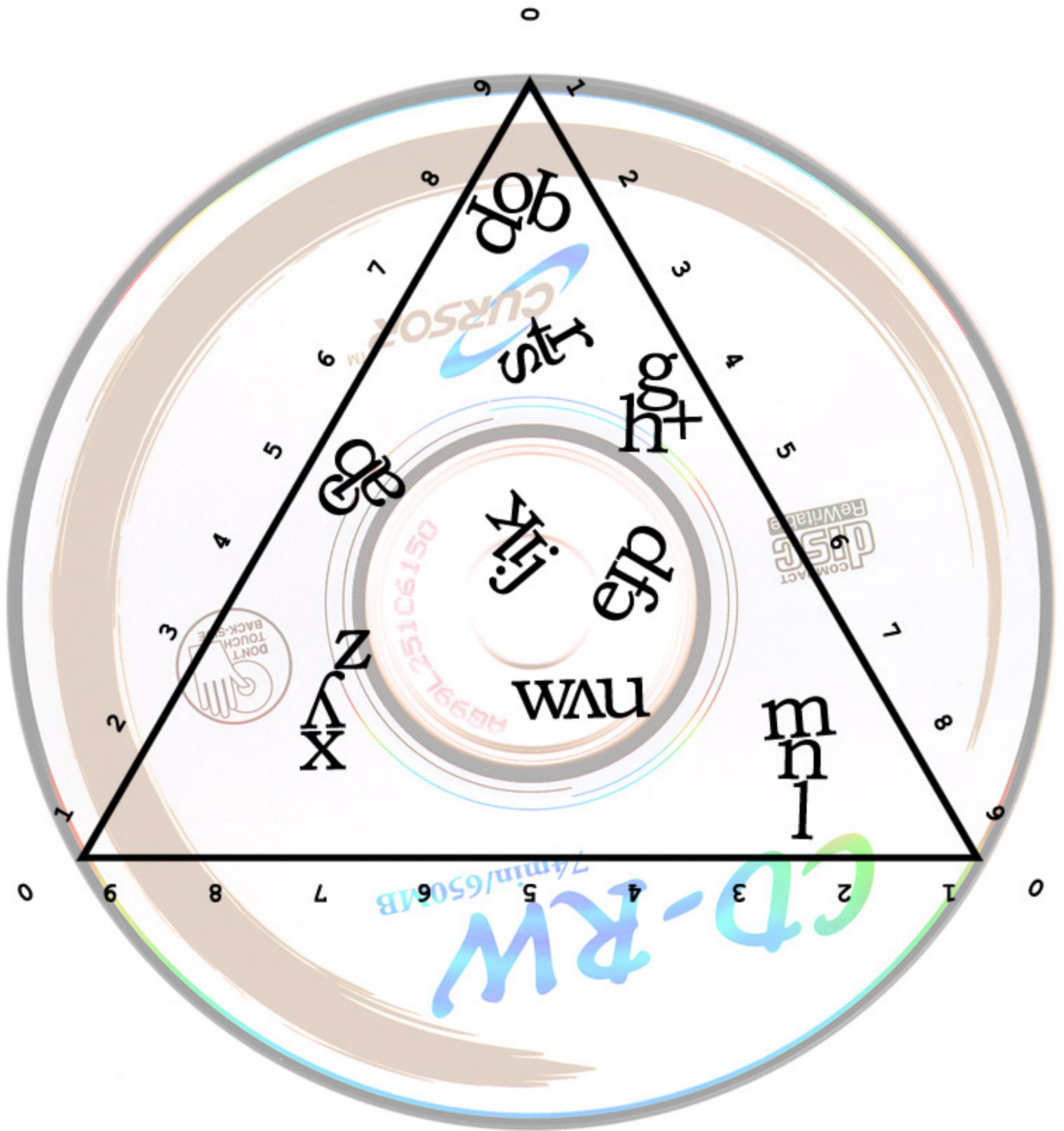
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

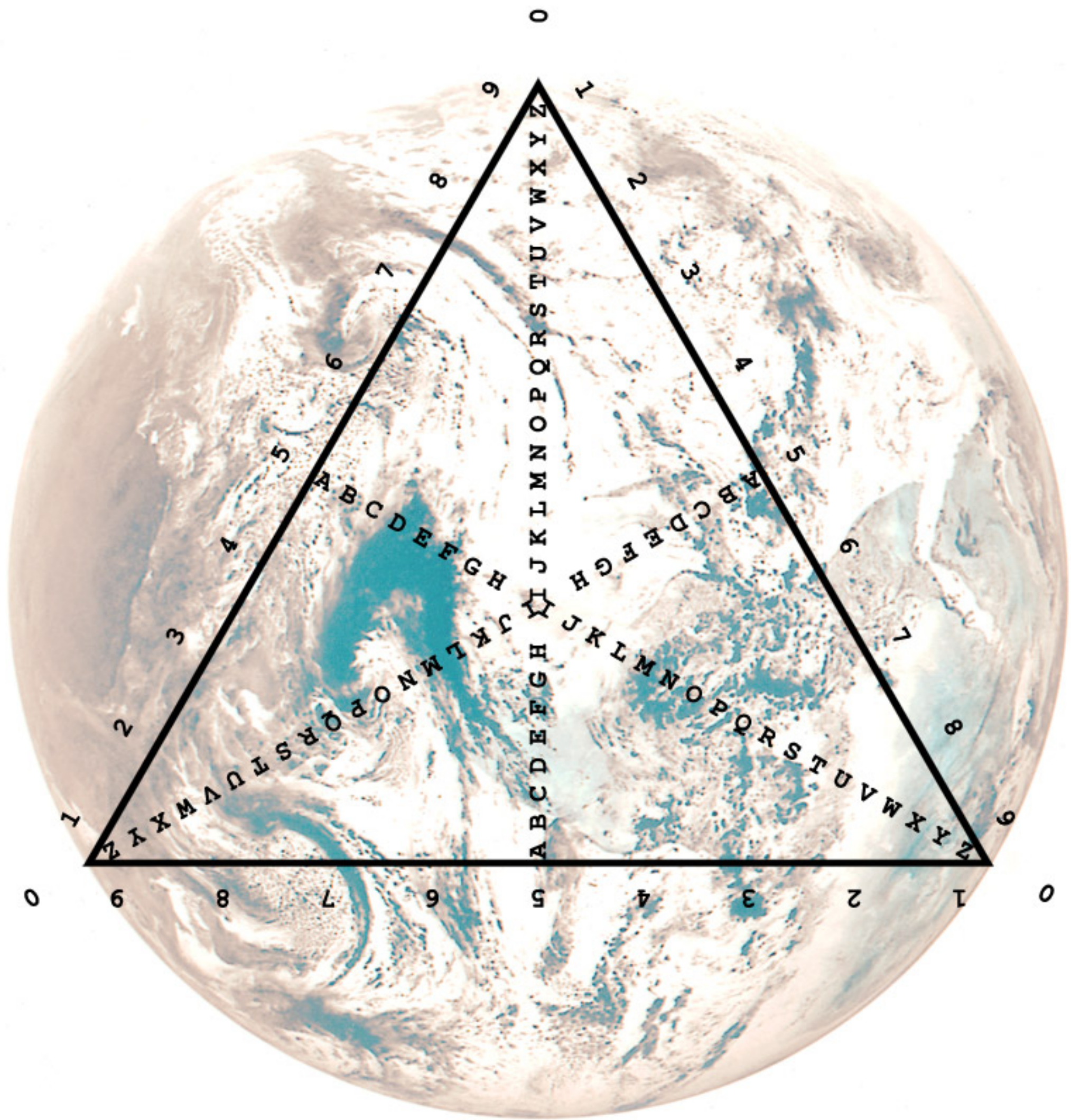
July 2004

				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

June 2004

			1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
27	28	29	30				





December 2005

			1	2	3				
4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
11	12	13	14	15	16	17			
18	19	20	21	22	23	24			
25	26	27	28	29	30	31			

January 2005

							1		
2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
9	10	11	12	13	14	15			
16	17	18	19	20	21	22			
23	24	25	26	27	28	29			
30	31								

February 2005

			1	2	3	4	5		
6	7	8	9	10	11	12			
13	14	15	16	17	18	19			
20	21	22	23	24	25	26			
27	28								

Take as text tennis (6 October 1995)

Aitch is like ouch but it's worse. Ai as in pain, wail, flail, fail, Haiti ain't and aitch.

I remember during boarding-school track-and-field training how the boys over on the tennis courts would yell "Jesus H. Christ on a popsicle stick!" when they'd erred. The popsicle stick is a euphemism for the crucifixion's tree or rough timber, and the aitch is there for the common practice of having a namesake's surname as a "middle" name there to state, for example, that the baby is being named for Martin Luther and not Martin Lawrence or nobody. Now of course there was nobody named Jesus Aitch or Jesus H*. The tennis players' oath satirized the common cliché of parents giving babies extra names for the hell of it, for the vanity of it, as a negotiating sop to a spouse or as a backup in case the child dislikes his first name or likes the pompous sound of "J. Christopher".

The aitch belongs there rather than some other letter because it sounds funnier than most (a queue is sometimes used for weak humor), and because it fills out the story, which was not that Jesus was the annointed one and just went on, you know, forth to his glorious end, but that it all ended it seemed in the whole tortured scene with Jesus crying and saying his aitch of Eli, begging for water. A call and ironic response, X in the river and H on the cross, stand up in Jesus' story as bookends to the body of his life. To call him just Jesus Christ, I think, would be as inappropriate as calling him just Jesus H.

The third commandment, considered divinely, protected the face and position of the jealous and cruel Old Testament God, and viewed temporally protects the value of words against a call-wolf kind of erosion. The tennis players violated the spirit of this commandment once by aitching with cause only to ouch, and once by using Jesus' name. I think.

March 2005

			1	2	3	4	5		
6	7	8	9	10	11	12			
13	14	15	16	17	18	19			
20	21	22	23	24	25	26			
27	28	29	30	31					

April 2005

							1	2	
3	4	5	6	7	8	9			
10	11	12	13	14	15	16			
17	18	19	20	21	22	23			
24	25	26	27	28	29	30			

May 2005

1	2	3	4	5	6	7			
8	9	10	11	12	13	14			
15	16	17	18	19	20	21			
22	23	24	25	26	27	28			
29	30	31							

August 2005

			1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13			
14	15	16	17	18	19	20			
21	22	23	24	25	26	27			
28	29	30	31						

July 2005

							1	2	
3	4	5	6	7	8	9			
10	11	12	13	14	15	16			
17	18	19	20	21	22	23			
24	25	26	27	28	29	30			
31									

June 2005

			1	2	3	4			
5	6	7	8	9	10	11			
12	13	14	15	16	17	18			
19	20	21	22	23	24	25			
26	27	28	29	30					

December 2006

					1	2	
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
31							

January 2006

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
29	30	31					

February 2006

			1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
26	27	28					

Grammar (ten sin sixty) (twenty-six thirds)

These days the letters and numerals are collapsed, broken together into longer forms we all know. Numerals come in the one- and longer-digit numbers which express quantities, and then they form the more complex, longer equations, with connective symbols making claims about what exists and what (might exist but) doesn't. $10 \sin 60^\circ \neq 26 / 3$.

Letters of course form words which represent some part of the world we have noticed as some discrete thing. Nouns.

Or sometimes interjections, what we don't call ejaculations much anymore, probably just as well, what we should call exclamations, when we eff it on out or emote or express our reactions. These are the two basic parts of speech.

People jizz and'll quip and they'll yammer about their little verblings and predicates, but you and I know that

March 2006

			1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
26	27	28	29	30	31		

November 2006

			1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
26	27	28	29	30			

October 2006

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
29	30	31					

mmm baby

is a basic simplest sentence. People tell you otherwise; don't believe everything you read, if you believe my mother. See Dick run my butt. Only the practical limitation in our noun/name vocabulary necessitates most of the ad-hoc little formulations, the clauses. When you find yourself saying

you know we have a word for that now it's boyfriend

(or reflux or dawn or raise or a salesman, whatever) it means you've caught someone lazing inside that limit. Your conversant is reinventing one of those things that runs on axles. See, as dependents always told us, clauses fill in as noun or name emulations. Come on.

Also, rarely, letters stand as letters, alone or in concats, and we do not say their sounds but rather their names. This is called rebus. Great big omnibus and poor little rebus out in a boat; all the rest fell out and who's left.

April 2006

						1	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	
30							

September 2006

					1	2	
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	

May 2006

			1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13		
14	15	16	17	18	19	20		
21	22	23	24	25	26	27		
28	29	30	31					

August 2006

			1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
27	28	29	30	31			

July 2006

							1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	
30	31						

June 2006

			1	2	3		
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	
25	26	27	28	29	30		

December 2007

						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

January 2007

1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31					

February 2007

			1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27
28					

8 October 1995

Listen now, the telephone families come on every telephone, two-tone or pulse, and they're all wrong we all know though we're missing our etymon standard. Wrong from the way we want them to be and know they were.

I am just told my numbers still, when I move, dictated them in old-school Ma Bell fiat; I always just hope for no ones and no zeroes. Do the math yourself; I reckon it four to one against you. It used to be against you every time in the area code, limiting your word-mnemonics to the last seven digits. Ones and zeroes have no letters; queues and zees have no numbers. Widows and orphans, and as in pagination I can never remember which is which one. Or maybe it's not so hemanocentric; maybe it's old maids and hemen wall-flowering themselves away together, 1 holding out for a full-three-letter consignment and ending with nothing, 0 covering and hiding and settling and keeping busy and making-do with its holed-open life and its oper, usually lacking even its little Swedish center-serif. I don't know. It is a disappointment I know I'll have to live with till I move again, whenever I get a bad number, something like "I am R0bb" or "This yellow grapefruit has 0 animal nutrients" for a while. Unsatisfactory. A buss and a rebuss and we're out in a boat and I work it over now in my memory and I don't see how it'd ever end any differently. I go home where I wait for that dial tone and I write down the wrong little families on paper, a line of little stacks, and I see what kind of zig-zagging backronym mnemonic comes up. abc def ghi jkl mno prs tuv wxy ("and +qz", I always think).

Any novice pooter-coder could crunch you up such permutations, even filtered through a list of known words if you want. /usr/dict/words maybe. But that would be bad. Most things aren't utility-means to something and so aren't better the faster or more systematized you make them. There is no benefit in alphabetizing a closet, or taxonomically sorting computer files away into little folders of one. Don't fold socks. Don't do small dumb things. That's what killed that one, why it's gone. Here it is.

November 2007

		1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28
29	30			

October 2007

	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

September 2007

						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

March 2007

			1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31		

April 2007

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

May 2007

			1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
27	28	29	30	31			

August 2007

			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

July 2007

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

June 2007

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

December 2008						
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

January 2008					
	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31				

February 2008								
					1	2		
3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
10	11	12	13	14	15	16		
17	18	19	20	21	22	23		
24	25	26	27	28	29			

Gen as GIS (10 August 1991 - 18 January 2002)

The letters existed all swim and in triphong in families, I told you, freelating flu- and spontaneously. The numerals had order spaced even in cycle around them, 0 at 1 and 9. Then as if for no reason the letters resolved to line up too, families in order and letters in family. Each family being triple they formed what we'd see as three lines across the triangle, z in the corners and a at the middles. Each family scrunched in to a numeral's width, and there was a creaking.

God up-started alarmed, hurried to slam the world to RGB, then HSV, cursing and railing as only God can, the three-part line still disintegrating so he dropped it right into lat-long-el, dumped it to hard copy, and that's how the world got its start. Son of a bitch only 26 letters came stumbling out bang to existence, blinking and slamming to majuscule forms, G and H gasping as if falling backwards.

Just, when really pertaining, is a word of God-only, why Moses died on the mountain, why the kid was going to die, an Old Testament Just God exactly. First you learn that no one deduces from nothing, rather axiom-to-something, and you're fifteen and it seems sort of lessening. Later you learn that the axes are not all prescriptive but some are just facts, just the acts themselves. They crammed up and killed the poor runt, just because, because nothing, but nothing.

So God gored screeds in the sky at the 5-1/2 little conts of his soft spot, irredent in torch song, cursing and nuke-torching planets and gasses so far they're out halfway to hell. Even the spooks have a level of recon past sparrows that fall (NIIRS 9), barbs on a fence and the grain heads on barley, so think of the data the big guy hoards to proffer us everything backward: redemption, restoration, reconciliation, the whole way back to the way that it was.

You recite your letters you say a prayer, a simple sentence, God know it hurts that it's gone now. Correction-lines in every turn of text, tumors of omission in every head-and-body, a warp of bereavement dyed-in-the-wool. Down in the atom. God always knew it was gone and it hurt.

March 2008

								1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
9	10	11	12	13	14	15		
16	17	18	19	20	21	22		
23	24	25	26	27	28	29		
30	31							

April 2008

			1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
27	28	29	30				

May 2008

					1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

November 2008

							1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	
30							

October 2008

			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

September 2008

	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

August 2008

						1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
31							

July 2008

			1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
27	28	29	30	31			

June 2008

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
29	30						

December 2009

	1	2	3	4	5	
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

January 2009

		1	2	3		
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

February 2009

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Prayer in the alpha, prayer in the qwerty (29 April 1996)

We don't know how the triphong families sounded before the incident, but judging by gee and aitch now, it seems the hurt of the loss of their third transformed them.

The wise man avoids the bad ahead while the cowards elide it at hand, they say; gee and aitch bereaving sure as hell do get this low-mean treatment. The same people with the cowardice to say *woyer have the weakness to say *strenth and the inhumanity to say *yuman-chickenshit even to acknowledge the gluey-soft gee and desiccated aitch there, less-than-they-were as they are now. Typical fucking Samaritans.

But it's built in the lang that the widows get crapped on. Gee does, when not getting guttered down hard (my dictionary egees gag) it gets floofed off into the lulusphere, clumped up with aitch and ignored like some kind of bad-nursing home warehousing, often with tee pulling a kind of male-nursing duty, hoisting them through the bed-chair-shower-to-bed lifts. And sometimes (sigh) gee and aitch just float by themselves out into nowhere on not much of a word at all.

Look where they lie; not exactly the strawberries and sunshine, are they. Bright? Yeah, the sight light bright set, high's great and night's nice, but come on and tell me a drudger word than thorough. There's a kind of dusty enervation to all the pastified forms; seek buy teach and think sound kind of zingy bouncy cheeky spanky, but sought bought taught and thought just sound dowdy. Better brave than doughty, oh, and

God help 'em too in the valley of the shadow of the words they lead off, gee and aitch. It's about a third of the way through a dictionary; go ahead and read it off. Here the theme is clear: ghastly gherkin ghetto ghost (+dance) ghoul, plus some propers and a fictionary word or two. All these said as gag, gee in a three-legged race with a corpse. Really no di-pthongin' harmony at all, these two. They don't have it in them. Synergy of two dead fish on a shore. Sad.

So we go along with cold organs, as it were, this dead non-functioning weight, the two letters who can't regain. And see we've been doing this since the first moment. There wasn't a time of pristinity, the way people imagine the halcyon salad and sunshine. Such periods are in our heads, but in the text Adam names Woman (the name didn't take), and now the serpent was subtle, right away. The only happy gap in there was that they were naked and not ashamed. Woo hoo, non-shame, rock on. Remember this in spondee: There was no paradise. There was never claimed to be any paradise. Paradise is cross-talk only.

November 2009

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

March 2009

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

October 2009

		1	2	3		
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

April 2009

			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

September 2009

	1	2	3	4	5	
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

May 2009

				1	2	
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

August 2009

						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

July 2009

	1	2	3	4		
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

June 2009

	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				