

# TROPHIES

(2019)  
LUXURY

*Annotated Lyrics, Impressions, and Fiction*

by  
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*(lyrics in red)*

## **GINSBERG READING 'HOWL'**

There is a collection of poetry called the *Norton Anthology of Poetry, Fourth Edition*. It has 1,998 pages and I purchased it sometime during the 1990's for a college class on poetry. It has a grey cover with a painting by William Blake. I knew it was Blake without having to look it up. There are cherubim with many eyes, and a beast with the head of an eagle and the body of a lion. On page 1,598 there is a selection from Allen Ginsberg's 1956 poem "Howl" and it is dedicated to Carl Solomon. The footnote says that Ginsberg met Solomon while both were patients in the Columbia Psychiatric Institute in 1949. It also says that details in "Howl" come from the "apocryphal history" that Solomon then told him. I like that line fifteen says, "who sank, all night in submarine light of Brickford's floated out and sat through the stale beer afternoon in desolate Fugazzi's, listening to the crack of doom on the hydrogen jukebox." At the moment, I am considering the last piece of cherry pie sitting on the tin plate in the microwave oven. I will eat that this evening, if the Lord allows.

Christopher Smart's "Jubilate Agno" circa 1745. You will see the structure in that poem and much else.

### **Like hearing Ginsberg reading "Howl"**

There is a recording of Allen Ginsberg reading "Howl" for the first time in San Francisco. It is a monumental piece of "Beat" poetry: loud, abrasive, beautiful, tragic, disgusting, melancholy, and primal. There is nothing held back here. The question in my mind is always, "So what?" T.S. Eliot said, "These fragments I have shored against my ruins." Ginsberg only achieves exposure. He concludes that "everything is holy." What about transcendence?

### **Like language found inside your mouth**

There are no such things as “bad words” but after reading words in books or listening to language, you will find that their language and cadence and sometimes their words start to come out of your own mouth. Like when I say “Φρόνιμα” or my wife says “sons-of-bitches” or when you sing a song on the radio that kills you.

### **Like all those words blackened out.**

A reference to censorship and secrecy.

### **Like unread books on all your shelves**

I have not counted the number of books on my shelves. At present there are six “Billy” book cases in the house, all full. I haven’t read many of those. Some are there because they would be nice to read, like Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky or Melville. Or even Jane Austen. But I can’t really stand most Russian writers. The good ones I have come across so far are Solzhenitsyn, Turgenev, and Vodolazkin. All worth reading. Turgenev’s *Fathers and Sons* sits on the shelf that also holds all of my Hemingway, Salinger, Steinbeck, Joyce, Faulkner, Sebald, Camus, Berry, Tolkien, Greene, Bradbury, Chekhov, Woolf, Lawrence, Fitzgerald, Heller, Percy, Hardy, Williams, Voltaire, Lewis, De Saint-Exupery, and O’Connor. There is also a book on Twentieth Century Art and a book on surrealism. And four books on The Smiths. I haven’t read *War and Peace* and could not get through *The Brothers Karamazov*. Oh, and *The Master and Margarita* was also unfinished as was *Beloved*. The book *Moby Dick* was dry. Carl once said to me, “Lee, why don’t you try...” but I stopped listening at that point. Book suggestions don’t go well with me. Retraction: Fr. Alex just recommended M. Somerset Maugham’s book *The Razor’s Edge*. I bought it last weekend after a trip to Hobby Lobby with my boys, after lunch of course. It now is sitting on the top shelf next to W. G. Sebald’s *Vertigo* and next to the screenplays for Wes Anderson’s *The Grand Budapest Hotel* and *The Royal Tenenbaums*. There was not much room left so I had to put them all in front of Hemingway’s paperback editions.

### **Like a television always on**

Some distant place, low on the horizon. It has a stream that catches the light. The light reflects brightly. Low hills further on. And trees. Sycamore trees of every size. Scaly loose brown bark low to the ground and a stripped white trunk higher up. Gloriously huge trees. The stream winds along, slipping between them. And nothing else but silence forever.

### **Like all opinions (every one!)**

All opinions are suspect.

### **Like conversations with the dead**

“Who will save us from this body of death?”

"Come, come, friend. There's no need to be..."

"No need to be what? Hysterical?"

"I didn't mean it like that. I only meant..."

"You only meant that the river has run dry, that the stones have been laid, that they are singing songs...I can still hear them singing songs! And the waves are lapping against the shore. Why did we ever come here?"

"It is where all men come."

"Why do we stay?"

"Because we choose to."

### **Like promises made in bed**

*Sex is the great instigator of promises we never intend to keep.*

His apartment had three rooms and was comfortable for most of the year. In the living room, the couch sat flat against the wall. It was green vinyl and stuck to his skin when he sat on it in the summer. A chair beneath a standing lamp was in a corner and he had a poorly done painting above the long wooden mantle of chrysanthemums. The fireplace was bricked up and painted white. The summers in Toccoa were hot and very humid. Even with the windows open, the breeze only moved the hot air around. The kitchen had several cupboards where he put his white plates and bowls, the four cups he had, and the glass jars he used to store food. A small table from the Salvation Army Thrift Store and two metal chairs were on one side of the room which was divided by a bar. There was also a white refrigerator and a hanging lamp above the table which had a flowered lampshade and a single light bulb.

In the bedroom he had his bed and a short makeshift table in the corner. White sheets and several blankets covered the bed. One blanket was pink and white plaid and the other blue flannel. They were folded and laid on the end. A poster of a woman smoking a cigarette in front of the sea was in one corner. The woman was wearing a white feather hat and had long gloves. He had a few things lying around; several books, pens and paper, spiraled note-books, two flowered throw-pillows, his guitar, and a plastic wreath stolen from the cemetery. It was all pink and white flowers and had short green metal legs.

She once had taken a photograph of him in the room. He had cut his hair very short. The poster in the background and the lamp hanging from the ceiling were in it as well. They had slept together once in that room before they had been married. It was summer and very hot when it happened. The blankets had been folded and left on the foot of the bed. It was daytime and the shades had been drawn.

"Do you love me?"

"Of course I love you," he said.

"Are you sure that you love me?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"You don't think that this is wrong for us to do?"

He thought for just a moment, but then said, "No, this is not a bad thing."

"Are you sure that you love me?"

"Yes, I love you very much. Are you hungry?"

"A little bit. They should be back soon." She raised the shade on the window. "It's so hot. Can you get a fan for your room?"

"I'll get one tonight if I can borrow your car."

"Maybe we can go swimming after we eat tonight. Or walk up the river and cool down some," she said.

"Maybe," he said.

They never spent much time in his apartment. He only kept it for the year they lived on Andrews Court because they could live cheaply there and he always felt good about himself when he thought about it.

### **Is it just me?**

### **Like every gay bar in the Castro**

A reference to when my wife and I were considering a trip to San Francisco and in one of the guide books there is a section entitled "Every Gay Bar in the Castro." It is a guide to every gay bar in the Castro district of San Francisco. I intended to write a song with that as the title but never did.

### **Like reading Songs of Songs all alone**

When Charles was young he thought about sex often. In school, at home, on his bike, in the woods, with friends, alone. Like the smell of smoke in a house that has burned, it was always there. There was a thought as well in his head that perhaps he could divinize those thoughts. A thought that he could clean them up. And when he found Song of Solomon or Solomon's 'Song of Songs', he smiled to himself. He would read it often after that discovery. "A garden locked is my sister, my bride, a garden locked, a fountain sealed. Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranates with all choicest fruits, henna with nard, nard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes, with all chief spices – a garden fountain, a well of living water, and flowing streams from Lebanon. Awake, O north wind, and come, O south wind! Blow upon my garden; let its fragrance be wafted abroad. Let my beloved come to his garden, and eat its choicest fruits." Charles couldn't wait to eat his choicest fruits.

### **Like Jimmy Paulette in New York City**

There is a photograph called "Misty and Jimmy Paulette in a taxi, NYC" from 1991 by Nan Goldin. They were drag queens and the photograph captures a candid moment the morning after the party. No smiles. Just fatigue and a look of nothingness. I like the way the shirt is torn. You should see it.

### **Like all the smiles on everybody**

People that are always smiling are suspicious.

### **Like all the Resurrection jokes**

I ate the pie I mentioned. The Lord allowed it to be so.

### **Like quotes and quotes and quotes and quotes**

Social media encourages quotes. We live in a world of quotes. Quotes and quotes and quotes. "The ability to quote is a serviceable substitute for wit." – W. Somerset Maugham

### **Like all the speeches made with tears**

Public apologies made with tears are suspicious. Emotions are suspicious.

### **Jug, jug, jug to dirty ears**

"Above the antique mantel was displayed / As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene / The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king / So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale / Filled all the desert with inviolable voice / And still she cried, and still the world pursues, / "Jug Jug" to dirty ears." T. S. Eliot *The Waste Land* (Lines 97-103)

### **Is it just me?**

### **I walked out once more beneath the stars**

From Dante's *Inferno* Canto XXXIV: Dante and Virgil emerge from Hades after ascending a dark path. They emerge once more beneath the stars.

### **Just waiting for the sea to part**

A reference to the children of Israel waiting for God to part the Red Sea through Moses so they can cross over and escape the pursuing Egyptians.

### **I'm taking the wife and taking the kids**

### **Taking them far away from this**

Escape is so simple. That is a line from the Cowboy Junkies from what I remember. It has always stuck with me. Escapism is a great temptation. I read Tolkien or Rowling when the weather turns cool. I play golf. I live as a Christian as well. I am tempted to quote something here.

## PARALLEL LOVE

There is something about the consonance of the title that appealed to me. Almost like it should have been said or written as “Parallelove” and now in fact I wish I had. But some things you just can’t do over in life. But when you see me, say it that way and I will know what you are talking about.

**Remember when we danced this way  
There were times when we could dance all day  
Nowhere to go, no reason to stay  
But there were times when we could dance all day**

Dancing was a regular weekend activity growing up in Florida. There were all-ages clubs at that time with names like DNA, or Collective, and a few others. Jenny and Nick and Virginia and Heather and I would go to one that I can’t remember the name of. Most Saturday nights were spent dancing to Depeche Mode, New Order, Ministry, and Nitzer Ebb. Some kids smoked outside. I remember dancing on one of the pedestals in 1989 in the fake smoke and the lights and hearing New Order’s “Bizarre Love Triangle” and Jenny and Heather dancing on the floor. “Every time I see you falling I get down on my knees and pray...” She held her hands together like St. Therese and looked up at me laughing.

**Warm nights and the flashlights  
We stood along the causeway  
And watched the shores decay**

A reference to being in High School in Dunedin, FL. There were times we would go out to the beach at night with just a flashlight. We’d play croquet on the hard sand or just laugh and run around. And we’d fall in love.

**Yes, there were times when we could dance all day**

**I’m going to fall in love with you  
I’m going to fall**

A line from *My Week With Marilyn* (2011). Matt Hinton’s suggestion.

**Remember when we talked this way  
There were times when we could talk all day**

“Where did you get those flowers?”

“Which ones?”

“The pink wreath.”

“From the cemetery.”

"I really like it. I think it goes well with your blankets."  
"Do you want to go somewhere?"  
I just looked at her.

**Nothing was wrong, no one to hate**  
**Yes, there were times when we could talk all day**  
**The consequence of a cheap rent**  
**We'd lie in your room all day**  
**And watch the walls decay**  
**There were times when we could talk all day**

Both my wife and I and several other people we knew had apartments at Andrews' Court Apartments in Toccoa before we married in 1994. Rent was \$150 per month. We were extremely poor but never even thought about it. On Saturdays we would lie there with the fan in the window just up against each other. We smiled a lot. We talked a lot.

**I'm going to fall in love with you**  
**I'm going to fall in love with you**  
**Because I always do**  
**Because I always do**

The following scene from *The Waste Land* is on my mind a lot. It seems to be the outcome of much young love. I look back with nostalgia and gratitude for my youth and all that I experienced and for all that I did not have to endure.

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back 215  
Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits  
Like a taxi throbbing waiting,  
I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,  
Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see  
At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives 220  
Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,  
The typist home at tea-time, clears her breakfast, lights  
Her stove, and lays out food in tins.  
Out of the window perilously spread  
Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays, 225  
On the divan are piled (at night her bed)  
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.  
I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs  
Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—  
I too awaited the expected guest. 230  
He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,  
A small house-agent's clerk, with one bold stare,

One of the low on whom assurance sits  
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.  
The time is now propitious, as he guesses, 235  
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,  
Endeavors to engage her in caresses  
Which still are unreprieved, if undesired.  
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;  
Exploring hands encounter no defense; 240  
His vanity requires no response,  
And makes a welcome of indifference.  
(And I Tiresias have foresuffered all  
Enacted on this same divan or bed;  
I who have sat by Thebes below the wall 245  
And walked among the lowest of the dead.)  
Bestows one final patronizing kiss,  
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit...

She turns and looks a moment in the glass,  
Hardly aware of her departed lover; 250  
Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:  
"Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over."  
When lovely woman stoops to folly and  
Paces about her room again, alone,  
She smooths her hair with automatic hand, 255  
And puts a record on the gramophone.



# TROPHIES

## Take your time when you figure it out I am still here

I liked the title of the Casey Affleck and Joaquin Phoenix film *I'm Still Here*. It is something I actually need to watch someday. I remember seeing an interview on some late-night television show and how strange the whole thing was. It was before everything seemed strange. And I believe most everything people tell me anyways.

## I am your answer to prayer Am I not what you wanted?

What is this habit of praying for particular outcomes? The nature of prayer is that the answer comes from something outside of ourselves and so the very request itself is already made in ignorance of what is actually needed.

## You can still wear your favorite clothes

When I first saw you it was always jean shorts over black leggings and a large t-shirt, probably Depeche Mode. And large boots. Long skirts with pineapples. Men's suits and gauzy dresses. Creepers. It was always fashionable.

## It still means the same thing to me That it did back then It means everything

Youth (yoōth)

*n. pl.* **youths** (yoōths, yoōthz)

1.
  - a. The condition or quality of being young: *Travel while you still have your youth.*
  - b. The time of life between childhood and maturity: *He was rebellious in his youth.*
  - c. An early period of development or existence: *a nation in its youth.*
2.
  - a. A young person, especially a young male in late adolescence.
  - b. (*used with a sing. or pl. verb*) Young people considered as a group.
3. *Geology* The first stage in the erosion cycle.

## The way of all flesh

Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh* (1884)

**No, I won't let this happen to us  
A handful of trophies  
A handful of trophies  
To those who learn love**



**Take your time when you're working it out  
In your head  
On the bed, where you hardly move  
In the afternoon**

"Some of these cases are so romantic. I've read them time and time again."

"What cases?"

"Well, I guess my favorite one is in file 'D.' The Duchess of Devonry and her Alpine guide. It's so sad, and so beautiful."

"Your father almost had a heart attack following them up the Matterhorn."

"How she must have loved him, to give up everything. The duke, the castle, the horses and the hounds.

"And for what? Two weeks of shameless passion."

"Two glorious weeks!

"It was a terrible scandal, and it had to lead to a terrible end."

"But it was worth it. What woman could ask for more than to die together with her lover?

Buried under an avalanche, locked in each other's arms forever."

"Nonsense. They'll thaw out this summer, and that will be it."

"Papa, how can you be so cruel?"

- *Love in the Afternoon* (1957)

**There's no way to undo what you did**

**There's no way to un-live what you lived**

**There's just consequence**

The mind is constantly pulled toward regret or nostalgia, fear or longing. It is the *moment* that only the heart can comprehend that is important.

**There's always a glove that fits**

It had nothing to do with OJ Simpson but it sounds like it should have.

**The way of all flesh**

**I won't let this happen to us**

**A handful of trophies**

**A handful of trophies**

**For those who learn love**

**For those who learn love**

**For those who learn love**

# DON'T FEEL BAD IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER RIGHT AWAY

**Don't feel bad if you don't feel better right away**

**Maybe you never changed**

**Maybe you're still the same**

**No, don't feel bad if you don't feel better someday**

**Keep pulling at the thread**

The "thread" here is what is sometimes referred to as a tchotchke or prayer rope found in many religions. It is also the habit that some people suffering neurosis find themselves doing: pulling at a thread or an eyelash.

**Keep saying what you said you said**

"Listen, I said the hell with it. You're going to go back to your room at whosis-Blue Shutters-and get some rest, that's the important thing," Lane said. He sat a trifle closer to her and bent down and kissed her, briefly. He turned and looked over at the door, then back at Franny. "You're just going to rest this afternoon. That's all you're going to do." He stroked her arm for a moment.

"Then maybe after a while, if you get any decent rest, I can get upstairs somehow. I think there's a goddam back staircase. I can find out."

Franny didn't say anything. She looked at the ceiling.

"You know how long it's been?" Lane said. "When was that Friday night? Way the hell early last month, wasn't it?" He shook his head. "That's no good. Too goddam long between drinks. To put it crassly." He looked down at Franny more closely. "You really feel better?"

She nodded. She turned her head toward him. "I'm terribly thirsty, that's all. Do you think I could have some water? Would it be too much trouble?"

"Hell, no! Will you be all right if I leave you for a second? You know what I think I'll do?"

Franny shook her head to the second question.

"I'll get somebody to bring you some water. Then I'll get the headwaiter and call off the spirits of ammonia-and, incidentally, [202] pay the check. Then I'll get a cab all ready, so we won't have to hunt all around for one. It may take a few minutes, because most of them will be cruising around for people going out to the game." He let go Franny's hand and got up. "O.K.?" he said.

"Fine."

"O.K., I'll be right back. Don't move." He left the room.

Alone, Franny lay quite still, looking at the ceiling. Her lips began to move, forming soundless words, and they continued to move.

- *Franny* by JD Salinger (1951)

**In the classroom**

**I sat and watched you**

**Never underline a word**  
**Funny unbeliever**

At St. Vladimir's Seminary, some students, at least outwardly, made no effort to take notes. Who can say if they believe anything?

**Don't feel bad if you don't feel better right away**  
**Maybe you never changed**  
**Maybe you're still the same**  
**No, don't feel bad if you don't feel better someday**  
**Keep pulling at the thread**  
**Keep saying what you said you said**

**In the refectory**  
**There's not a thing you eat**  
**That they won't talk about**  
**Good thing you never came out**

Gossip is a common vice of many people. We talk about each other. At seminary it wasn't any more common or uncommon. Maybe we just felt it more. Especially concerning the students that were gay.

**Don't feel bad if you don't feel better right away**  
**Maybe you never changed**  
**Maybe you're still the same**  
**No, don't feel bad if you don't feel better someday**  
**Keep pulling at the thread**  
**Keep saying what you said you said**

A reference to both one's confession of the Baptismal Creed and The Jesus Prayer: "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, a sinner."

**I grow old! I grow old!**

From T.S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" – "I grow old ... I grow old ... I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled" (Line 120-121)

# THE WAR ON WOMEN

**Stayed up late last night  
Once more for Moonrise Kingdom**

Wes Anderson's film *Moonrise Kingdom* is interesting to me because it shows a kid making his way in the world in a romantic but broken way. He seems to find healing in the end.

**Always trying to find  
What I had and when I lost it**

i.e. innocence

**I lost it all at once  
To tan lines and a tacky yacht  
I lost it all at once**

My first exposure to pornography was at the age of twelve. I was not prepared. It did not involve tan lines or yachts but weight-rooms and stationary bicycles.

**Middle America**

Tiffin, Ohio specifically.

**A tomboy for a friend**

I believe her name was Kerri and she was my brother's friend's next-door older neighbor. She had short hair.

**(that's what we called them then)**

It was common to label certain girls "tomboys" at that time. It seemed innocent enough. They were typically more boyish in their mannerisms and interests. It is only a suspicion of mine that she acted on her tomboyism later in life in a sexual way.

**Showed us something I can't forget  
I learned it all alone  
Same as everyone  
I learned it all alone**

He was certain that no one knew his secrets. He learned to be very careful from a very young age. He walked quietly. He used the facilities quietly. He spoke quietly or not at all. But still, he

had an enormous shadow that always followed him, blown up like a balloon. A large red balloon.

### **That there was a war on women**

“The War on Women” in common vernacular refers to the oppression of women in America by men and male-dominated institutions. I use it as a reference to pornography which I would say is the real war.

### **But I was too young to know I was in it**

#### **A television set**

#### **We couldn't count the hours**

My best friend Eric and I had a routine in middle school of watching kinky videos on VHS then playing transformers or riding our bikes. His parents kept them under their bed.

#### **'Cos now the teacher speaks**

#### **From “inside a pornographer's trousers”**

A line from Elvis Costello's song “Satellite”: “In the hot unloving spotlight / With the secrets it arouses / Now they both know what it's like / Inside a pornographer's trousers.”

#### **I grew up far from home**

#### **My father didn't know**

#### **I grew up far from home**

“Hey slick.”

“Hey.”

“I need you to start going through your room and getting rid of anything you don't want. We move in four weeks.”

“I know.”

“There are banana boxes in the garage. And make sure my tools are back where they are supposed to be.”

“Ok.”

“Florida is going to be great. We'll go fishing. And we can play plenty of golf.”

That sounds great.

#### **Where there was a war on women**

#### **But I was too young to know I was in it**

#### **There was a war on women**

#### **But I was too young to know I was in it**

**There was a war on women  
But I was too young to know I was in it  
There was a war on women  
But I was too young to know I was in it**

*What does the United Nations mean by 'youth'?*

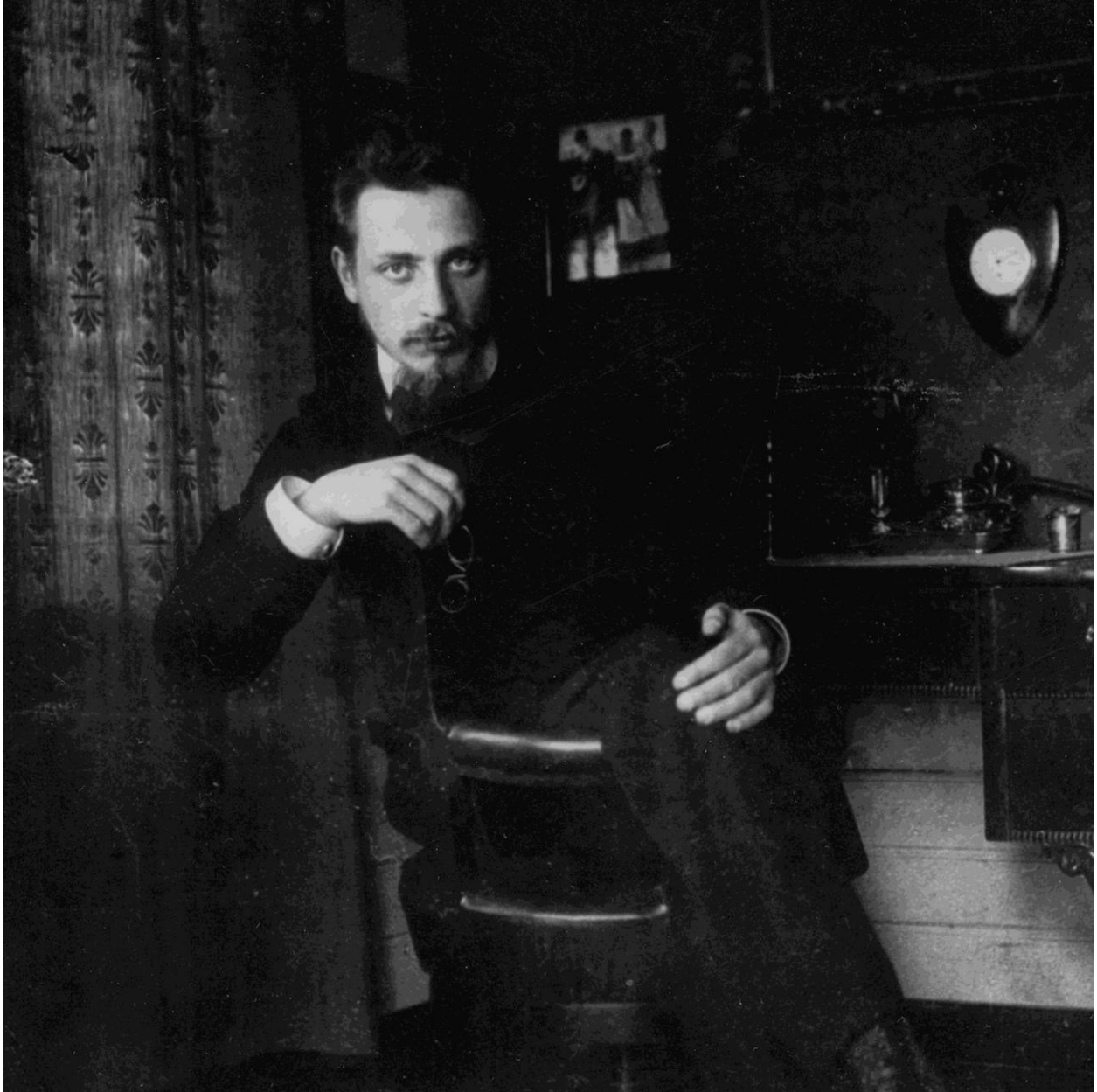
The United Nations, for statistical purposes, defines 'youth', as those persons between the ages of 15 and 24 years, without prejudice to other definitions by Member States. The Secretary-General first referred to the current definition of youth in 1981 in his report to the General Assembly on International Youth Year (A/36/215, para. 8 of the annex) and endorsed it in ensuing reports (A/40/256, para. 19 of the annex). However, in both the reports, the Secretary-General also recognized that, apart from that statistical definition, the meaning of the term 'youth' varies in different societies around the world. When the General Assembly, by its resolution 50/81 in 1995, adopted the World Programme of Action for Youth to the Year 2000 and beyond, it reiterated that the United Nations defined youth as the age cohort of 15-24.

At what point does pornography destroy a person's youth?



# YOU MUST CHANGE YOUR LIFE

Rainer Maria Rilke



“Archaic Torso of Apollo”. See below.

**Since 1987 I've been having the same dream**

I was fifteen years old in 1987.

**Went to find a clairvoyant**

**"It takes some time to figure out what you think,  
when you always believe in everything."**

The gift of clairvoyance is popular in the occult but also a phenomenon known in Christianity as well. I have never met a clairvoyant. Or at least, not one known to me. I do not possess the gift.

**Do I always believe in everything?** (I believe everyone, always.)  
**(I know what I like)**

**Since 1987 I've been wearing the same thing**

I have had essentially the same taste since high school, the same haircut, the same interest in black wing tips. At my desk, as I write this, I am not wearing something I would have worn then. It would have been unimaginable.

**Was a little demonstration**

**Just to see if anybody is looking**

**At the center of the frame**

**I'm always at the center of the frame**

Roddy Frame (born 29 January 1964) is a Scottish singer-songwriter and musician. He was the founder of the 1980s new wave band Aztec Camera and has undertaken a solo career since the dissolution of the band. In November 2013, journalist Brian Donaldson described Frame as: "Aztec Camera wunderkind-turned-elder statesman of intelligent, melodic, wistful Scotpop." I just always liked his name and think of it when this line comes around.

**(I know what I am like)**

**You must change your life here**

**You must change your life here**



# *Archaic Torso of Apollo*

Rainer Maria Rilke 1875-1926

We cannot know his legendary head  
with eyes like ripening fruit. And yet his torso  
is still suffused with brilliance from inside,  
like a lamp, in which his gaze, now turned to low,

gleams in all its power. Otherwise  
the curved breast could not dazzle you so, nor could  
a smile run through the placid hips and thighs  
to that dark center where procreation flared.

Otherwise this stone would seem defaced  
beneath the translucent cascade of the shoulders  
and would not glisten like a wild beast's fur:

would not, from all the borders of itself,  
burst like a star: for here there is no place  
that does not see you. You must change your life.

**Since 1997 I've been trying to figure out whom to be  
Hard obsession, expectations  
What am I wearing and what does it mean?**

Sticharion: "My soul shall rejoice in the Lord for he hath clothed with the garment of salvation; He hath clothed me with the robe of gladness; as a bridegroom he hath set a crown on me; and as a bride adorns herself with jewels, so hath he adorned me." (Isaiah Chapter 61, Verse 10)

Epitricheleon: "Blessed is God, Who pours out his grace upon his priests, as myrrh upon the head, that runs down the beard, the beard of Aaron, even to the hem of his garments." (Psalm 133, Verse 2)

Zone: "Blessed is God Who girds me with strength, and makes my way blameless." (Psalm 133, Verse 2)

Right cuff: "Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorified in strength. Thy right hand, O Lord, hast shattered thine enemy. In the greatness of thy majesty hast thou overthrown thine adversaries." (Exodus Chapter 15, Verses 6-7)

Left cuff: "Thy hands have made me and fashioned me; given me understanding, and I will learn thy commandments." (Psalm 119, Verse 73)

Phelonion: "Thy priests shall be clothed with righteousness and they saints shall rejoice with gladness, always, now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen." (Psalm 132, Verse 9)

**It takes a lifetime and a priest**

**It takes a lifetime and a priest**

The sacrament of confession.

**(To know what I am like)**

**You must change your life here**

**You must change your life here**

**You must change your life here**

**You must change your life here**

. for here there is no place  
that does not see you. You must change your life.

# MUSEUMS IN DECLINE

I was inspired directly by the title "A Year in Decline" by my friend Taylor's band Quiet Company. Taylor's song is about the decline of a marriage and the feelings surrounding it.

**Standing in the museum,  
The one between fifth and sixth**

The Museum of Modern Art is an art museum located in Midtown Manhattan, New York City, on 53rd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. MoMA plays a major role in developing and collecting modern art and is often identified as one of the largest and most influential museums of modern art in the world. Address: 11 W 53rd St, New York, NY 10019

**Strange to see the masterpiece  
"The Persistence of Memory"**

1931 painting by artist Salvador Dalí. It has been housed in the MOMA since 1934.

**There's really nothing there at all, at all  
There's really nothing there at all, at all**

Dimensions: 0' 9" x 1' 1"

**That portrait I thought I'd get  
The one that's called Forbidden Fruit**

I have attempted several oil paintings on canvas. It is one of those ideas that I would like to be good at but don't make any effort towards achieving. Naming a painting seems outrageous. Badly naming a painting seems dangerous.

**Stupid name in a gilded frame  
But there was something there, something good  
Sometimes there's nothing there at all, at all  
Sometimes there's nothing there at all, at all**

Some things don't do anything for me.

**The fun collapses every time**

As you get older, the bedroom is transformed from a boudoir into a library.

**Just like life**

### **I read in bed at night!**

On the nightstand, currently reading: *August 1914* by Solzhenitsyn, *Hymns on Paradise* by St. Ephrem the Syrian, *The Hobbit* and *A Tolkien Miscellany* by Tolkien, *Lord of the Flies* by Golding. I read before sleep.

### **The fun collapses every time**

**But it's alright**

### **I hear there's more to life**

("Life's more than being sexy and if you learn that well you learned it from me.")

### **That booklet I thought I'd write**

### **Our long weekend (in Newport) last June**

The inserted phrase (in Newport) was originally in the lyric but it was cut for the purpose of cadence. The wife and I spent three days in Newport, RI and on Block Island toward the end of our years in New York. I took notes to write a short story.

### **Chateau-sur-Mer, the ocean air**

### **Marble House, The Breakers, and you**

Mansions of Newport:

- Belcourt of Newport
- Blithewold Mansion, Gardens
- The Breakers
- Chateau-sur-Mer
- Chepstow
- The Elms.
- Green Animals Topiary Garden
- Hunter House
- Isaac Bell House
- Marble House
- Kingscote
- Linden Place
- Rosecliff
- Rough Point

**The words were there,**

**Then they were not there, at all**

**The words were there,**

**Then they were not there, at all**

"Do many men kill themselves, Daddy?"

"Not very many, Nick."

"Do many women?"

"Hardly ever."

"Don't they ever?"

"Oh yes. They do sometimes."

-from "Indian Camp" by Ernest Hemingway

**The fun collapses every time**

**Just like life**

**I read in bed at night!**

Act I.

Scene 1

The drawing room of the Chamberlayne's London flat. Early evening. EDWARD CHAMBERLAYNE, JULIA SHUTTLETHWAITE, CELIA COPLESTONE, PETER QUILPE, ALEXANDER MACCOLGIE GIBBS, and an UNIDENTIFIED GUEST.

ALEX You've missed the point completely, Julia: There were no tigers. That was the point.

JULIA Then what were you doing, up in a tree: You and the Maharaja?

ALEX My dear Julia! It's perfectly hopeless. You haven't been listening.

PETER You'll have to tell us all over again, Alex.

ALEX I never tell the same story twice.

JULIA But I'm still waiting to know what happened. I know it started as a story about tigers.

ALEX I said there were no tigers.

CELIA Oh do stop wrangling, Both of you. It's your turn, Julia. Do tell us that story you told the other day, about Lady Klootz and the wedding cake.

PETER And how the butler found her in the pantry, rinsing her mouth out with champagne. I like that story.

CELIA I love that story.

ALEX I'm never tired of hearing that story.

JULIA Well, you all seem to know it.

CELIA Do we all know it? But we're never tired of hearing you tell it. I don't believe everyone here knows it.

[To the UNIDENTIFIED GUEST] You don't know it, do you?

*-The Cocktail Party T.S. Eliot (1949)*

**The fun collapses every time**

**But it's alright**

**I read between the lines**

This should be the last line but I forgot to change it while recording. The intention was to create a little sexual inuendo. A little nudge, nudge, wink, wink.



## **WORDS OF MOUTH**

“Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.” (Psalm 19:14)

### **Found a way to Shangri La**

The Shangri-La Motel

2 Stars

805 N Dixie Freeway, New Smyrna Beach, FL 32168 (386) 424-1277

**Across the street**

**Along the wall**

**I cut the sleeves from your favorite coat**

**To leave a note:**

**“I wrote you these words to be a light.**

**Change your life.”**

# COURAGE, COURAGE

*Octoechos (Dogmatikon, Tone 1)*

Let us praise the Virgin Mary!  
The gate of heaven, the glory of the world!  
The song of the angels, the beauty of the faithful!  
She was born of man yet gave birth to God!  
She was revealed as the heaven, as the temple of the Godhead!  
She destroyed the wall of enimity!  
She commenced the peace, she opened the Kingdom!  
Since she is our foundation of faith,  
our defender is the Lord whom she bore!  
Courage! Courage! O people of God!  
For Christ will destroy our enemies //  
since He is all powerful.

**Who is in those houses?**

**The lights are always on**

**Who painted all those ugly pictures hanging on the walls?**

\*See "Museums in Decline"

**It says I did, I don't remember it**

**It says I did, I don't remember it**

**What are all these pages**

**With the corners always folded?**

**Cursive looks familiar written out in pen**

These lines, as well as the preceding lines, refer to actions I have taken in life which have led to my current circumstance: the places I have lived, the things I have done, words I have written. These are the fragments that Eliot mentions which he has "shored against my ruins."

**I can't read it, it makes no sense**

**I can't read it, it makes no sense**

The fragments of life are difficult to read.

**I need courage, I need courage now**

I found this concerning Eliot's "What the Thunder Said" portion V of *The Waste Land*: Eliot turns to the Fisher King himself, still on the shore fishing. The possibility of regeneration for the 'arid plain' of society has been long ago discarded. Instead, the king will do his best to put in order what remains of his kingdom, and he will then surrender, although he still fails to understand

the true significance of the coming void (as implied by the phrase “peace which passeth understanding”). The burst of allusions at the end can be read as either a final attempt at coherence or as a final dissolution into a world of fragments and rubbish. The king offers some consolation: “These fragments I have shored against my ruins,” he says, suggesting that it will be possible to continue on despite the failed redemption. It will still be possible for him, and for Eliot, to “fit you,” to create art in the face of madness. It is important that the last words of the poem are in a non-Western language: Although the meaning of the words themselves communicates resignation (“peace which passeth understanding”), they invoke an alternative set of paradigms to those of the Western world; they offer a glimpse into a culture and a value system new to us—and, thus, offer some hope for an alternative to our own dead world.

i.e. The Orthodox Church

**Who are all these faces and bodies?  
And lights on the walls like it's some kind of party**

Reference to:

### ***More Than a Party***

<b><i>Song by Depeche Mode</i></b>	
<b><i>Album</i></b>	<i>Construction Time Again</i>
<b><i>Publication</i></b>	August 22 , 1983
<b><i>Recording</i></b>	1983
<b><i>Genre</i></b>	Synth pop Industrial music
<b><i>Duration</i></b>	4:45
<b><i>Record label</i></b>	Mute Records
<b><i>Writer (s)</i></b>	Martin Gore
<b><i>Producer (s)</i></b>	Daniel Miller

**I saw those films with the title in yellow**

Most Wes Anderson films but specifically *The Life Aquatic*, *Darjeeling Limited*, *Moonrise Kingdom*. These titles are written in yellow.

**Now I'm locked in the tower of my mind till I'm able  
To admit what this means for someone like me  
They laid hands on my head  
To complete what was lacking**

From the ordination of a priest (Greek Archdiocese):

**Clergy:** Hear us, you martyred Saints who have fought the good fight and received crowns, entreat the Lord, to have mercy on our souls.

Glory to you, Christ our God, the Apostles' boast and pride, the Martyrs' fervent joy whose preaching is the consubstantial Trinity.

O Isaiah dance with joy, for the Virgin is indeed with child and brought forth a son, Emmanuel. Who came both as God and man, Day-at-the-Dawn is his name, and by magnifying him, we call the Virgin blessed.

*They bring the candidate to the bishop, who makes the sign of the cross three times over his head. The deacon kneels before the altar placing his hands on the altar and his head upon his hands. After the 1st deacon proclaims, "Let us be attentive!" the bishop places his hand on the head of the deacon and recites the prayer, "The Divine grace ..."*

**Deacon:** Let us be attentive.

**Bishop:** The divine grace, which always heals that which is infirm and completes that which is lacking, ordains the most devout Deacon (name) to the office of Priest. Let us, therefore, pray for him, that the grace of the All-Holy Spirit may come upon him.

*The clergy in the Holy of Holies say:*

**Clergy:** Lord have mercy. Lord have mercy. Lord have mercy.

**There were hands on my body  
(when no one was looking)**

The sins of my youth.

**"Oh, Lee, raise up your mind! I have shown you the meaning!"  
I know you did and I remember it**

**I know you did and I remember it**

This internal dialogue continues. "Does the body rule the mind, or does the mind rule the body."

I know.

**I need courage, I need courage now**

**I need courage, I need courage now**

## **THE GATES OF PARADISE (GIVE PRAISE WHERE PRAISE IS DUE)**

After the singing of the opening Psalm at Great Vespers, the Royal Doors are closed and the lights dimmed, reflecting man's fall into sin and the closing of Paradise to man. The Priest comes before the closed Royal Doors to intone the Great Litany. He faces east, representing fallen Adam who cries out to God in his distress after being expelled from the gates of Paradise.

**The piano won't play  
And I was tired of the other place  
It's time to move again now anyway**

Platonic thought considers stillness to be perfection. But from the very beginning, mankind has been given the task of movement. "God blessed them; and God said to them, "Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth, and subdue it; and rule over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the sky and over every living thing that moves on the earth." (Genesis 1:28)

**This, this is an endless parade  
Yes, this is an endless parade**

There is an infinite distance between God and humanity. For all of eternity, we can grow infinitely closer to him while at the same time, he will remain entirely "other".

**The half-life is strange  
Here, there is constant decay**

As of this writing, 47 years. "Things fall apart."

**"Give praise where praise is due" I still say**

A line from the play "A Taste of Honey" by Shelagh Delaney

**Do I feel love where I used to feel hate?  
Do I feel love where I used to feel hate?**

Isn't that the purpose of life? To transcend?

**The harmonium won't play  
It just sits there all day  
Just waiting on this side of Paradise**

**COLLINS' 2/6 NOVELS**

*Crimes &c*

TALES OF LIFE AND ADVENTURE H. G. Wells  
 THE LYTTLETON CASE H. G. Wells  
 THE ROMANTIC R. A. V. Martin  
 THE BURNING GLASS May Sinclair  
 THE SETTLER OF SILVER CREEK H. Whitaker  
 IN DEEP AYSYH George Chest  
 THE RESEARCH MAGNETIC H. Whitaker  
 THE OWL TAXI Robert Frazier  
 THE PRISONERS OF HARTLING H. G. Wells  
 THE COUNCILORSKYVEN J.C. Seath  
 THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN J. D. Bennett  
 WOMAN'S WAY F. Scott Fitzgerald  
 THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON H. G. Wells  
 THE SKILLETON KEY Bernard Capes  
 THE POLISH LOVERS H. G. Wells  
 THE CHEATS St. John Ervine  
 THE SKELETON KEY Bernard Capes  
 THIS SIDE OF PARADISE F. Scott Fitzgerald  
 THE PLANTER H. Whitaker  
 THE HALL AND THE GRANGE Archibald Marshall  
 THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS H. G. Wells  
 THE DARK TOWER F. Scott Fitzgerald  
 TALES OF THE UNEXPECTED H. G. Wells  
 MADE TO MEASURE Mrs. Henry Dunsay  
 THE CLUB OF QUIER TRADERS R. Chesterton  
 THE RED KNIGHT F. Scott Fitzgerald  
 THE DEATH OF SOCIETY Robert Wilson  
 THE SUBSTITUTE MILLIONAIRE Robert Frazier  
 POTTERISM Ross Macnab  
 THE BEACK DIAMOND F. Scott Fitzgerald  
 THE POISON CAKE F. Scott Fitzgerald  
 DANGEROUS AGES Ross Macnab  
 KIMONO Charles W. Johnson  
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## When you close your eyes, do you ever pray?

The Sunday of Adam's Exile from Paradise; cheese-fare.

<Adam's Lament> Kontakion, tone 6

Teacher of wisdom and Giver of prudent counsel, / Instructor of the unwise and Defender of the poor, / make firm my heart, O Master, and grant it understanding. / Give me a word, O Word of the Father, / for I shall not stop my lips from crying out to Thee: O Merciful Lord, have mercy on me who is fallen.

Ikos

1. Banished from the joys of Paradise, Adam sat outside and wept and beating his hands upon his face he said: O Merciful Lord:
2. When Adam saw the angel drive him out and shut the door of the Divine garden, he groaned aloud and said: O Merciful Lord:
3. O Paradise, share in the sorrow of thy master who is brought to poverty, and with the sound of thy leaves pray to the Creator that He may not keep thy gate closed for ever: O Merciful Lord:
4. Make thy trees bow down and beseech Him Who holds the keys to keep thee open for the one who cries: O Merciful Lord: etc.

'Cos unbelievers are strange  
 I loved a few, I remember their names

I mean, really.

**And you still think if they just had a taste**

An obvious reference to the Eucharist. "O taste and see that the Lord is good! Happy is the man who takes refuge in him!" (Psalm 34:9)

**But they won't**

**I think**

**But they won't**

**I think**

Anthropologist Didier Fassin distinguishes between denial, defined as "the empirical observation that reality and truth are being denied", and denialism, which he defines as "an ideological position whereby one systematically reacts by refusing reality and truth".

**The summer was great**

**The city, it pleased us with a shower of rain**

**And we stopped and we stood in the colonnade**

- from Eliot's *The Waste Land* Part I "The Burial of the Dead" Lines 8-11

Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee  
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,  
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,  
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.

**For a while everything was okay**

**For a while everything was okay**

**For a while everything was okay**

**For a while everything was okay**

**For a while everything was okay**

**For a while everything was okay**