

The Jailer

My night sweats grease his breakfast plate.
The same placard of blue fog is wheeled into position
With the same trees and headstones.
Is that all he can come up with,
The rattler of keys?

I have been drugged and raped.
Seven hours knocked out of my right mind
Into a black sack
Where I relax, foetus or cat,
Lever of his wet dreams.

Something is gone.
My sleeping capsule, my red and blue zeppelin
Drops me from a terrible altitude.
Carapace smashed,
I spread to the beaks of birds.

O little gimlets—
What holes this papery day is already full of!
He has been burning me with cigarettes,
Pretending I am a negress with pink paws.
I am myself. That is not enough.

The fever trickles and stiffens in my hair.
My ribs show. What have I eaten?
Lies and smiles.
Surely the sky is not that color,
Surely the grass should be rippling.

All day, gluing my church of burnt matchsticks,
I dream of someone else entirely.
And he, for this subversion,
Hurts me, he
With his armor of fakery,

His high cold masks of amnesia.
How did I get here?
Indeterminate criminal,
I die with variety—
Hung, starved, burned, hooked.

I imagine him
Impotent as distant thunder,
In whose shadow I have eaten my ghost ration.
I wish him dead or away.
That, it seems, is the impossibility.

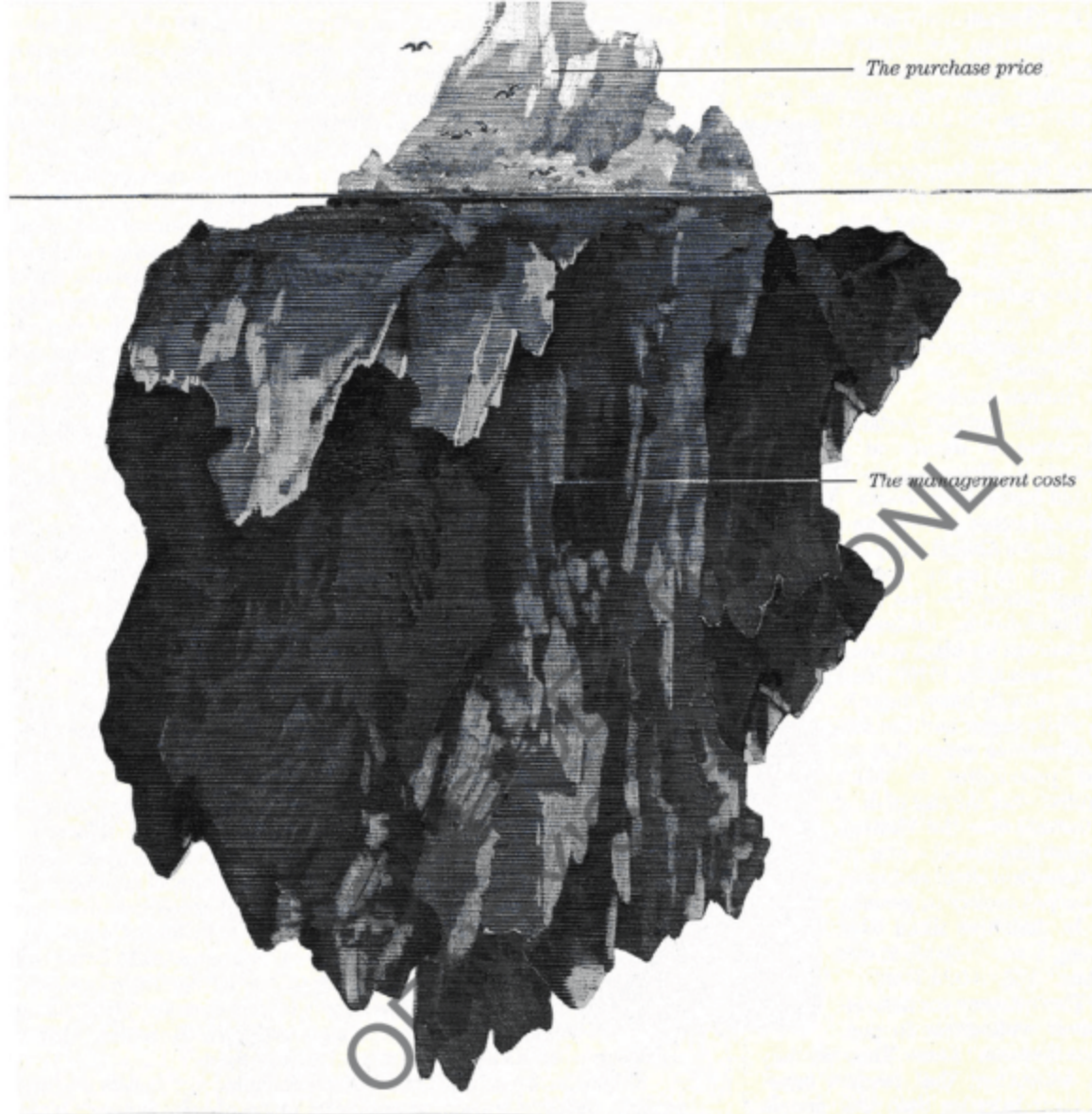
That being free. What would the dark
Do without fevers to eat?
What would the light
Do without eyes to knife, what would he
Do, do, do without me?

17 October 1962

We, your blood family, will do all we can...



Tsn yu w yn t k a a y u l f T r i g i e i h h r e e
o e d o a a a a a e w y o r i e. i k n t m w t s o r n d
S h d l s n w i i g L m a s n d y t f t h s h d l n o v l m n !
c e v e a d a v n A L Y b e t a s o i t e c e v i g f i e e



Tsn yuwyn tkaayul f Tgigieihree
Ocd o a a a a ewy orie. ikn t mwt sornd

Shdl sn wiig L masnd y t f t h shdlnovl mn!
ceuea d avnAL Y beta soitecevigflee

Wswrht. ootnwrht. Kolee hv de
a i o t i n d n a s e t a i n w n r a e e n.

big bevel owa Mvciosn
enalttiy vhts. ikdead

waral hpesn Lnc loco
htely apni FadA. hpyu

dnce me fti wisenrh
otvret a pgentio +2
rest.

Hope you like your banner!
I worked super hard on it jus'
for you! I'm so happy and don't
worry. I won't forget about you
while I'm in California and you
Florida. I mean, who could forget
you! *lol* N-E-Way. It's been
great! Hyl!

July 20, 2000



Beyond Our Town: Where the Wilder Things Are



For all
the Bills
out
there
worrying
about
their
Chelseas.

Harvard.

Even from a
t h o u s a n d
miles away,

old, men and
children.

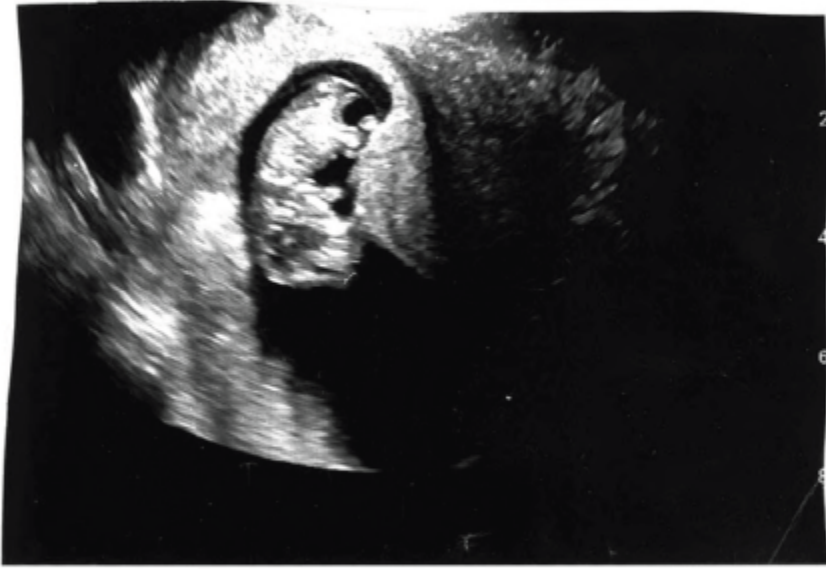
Iden m teh w a a a y u r n m t e h w
t o t a t r o f r w y o a e. o a t r o
g o y u n n t e a e. v n h o d r s d n T e w l g t
o d t i k h y r e e t e l p e i e t. h y i l e

y u. e h u d a e e n h n i a t h l e G o s. n p a e n
o H s o l h v b e t i k n o c e s a. r s l a i n o
a a h i n i d a t e i e a d. n h i l n i p l p a h
y c t. n y, n c, t h v n y r o t e s a d. n a m e c

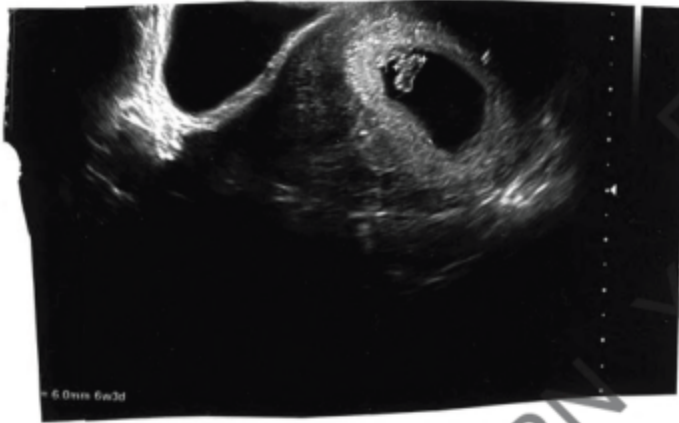
I d e n m t e. p r u t n p g l x A l n o s h w t o d
t o s t a t r. i g s i g i s i e l e D u c e i z n

M c r t e s n e e M l m i l v t o e p c a l v t h s a n i b s o n t
r. a v h r a d v h r s a w i h r y v s e i l l i G i l i e s u y r o
w t y u.
i h o

...& tears



never imagined the
joy and tears
her future held



poured out an ocean of tears.

PAIN

*'I've got
myself a
winner'*

lel rknnehutd.asfcig
teboeadxaseimoukn

trdfhsikntitdae"hts
ieotiscadwse"gm tai

cviguhhscIneoinlan!
asnscpyiaadmtoapi

Victim of His Own

MAYBE
MAYBE SHE'S BORN WITH IT.

INTO

NEVER
TO BE

S E E N &
H E A R D

*One minute I was a
nobody, the next...*

"a stealth closer"

High excitement videos of

A child

A Risky
Power Play

all night

SAD

LUXURY
Lifestyles
of the Rich & Famous

perverse

HE WANTED
SHE WANTED

young Girls A TEEN

blonde
beauty

her childhood back

NO men she trusted

the painful moments

the truth
broke her heart

betrayed

ORNY'S ENTIRE ONLY





Only once is it possible for someone to find
a woman with such unsurpassed beauty.
Every moment in your presence is like experiencing
Heaven on Earth.
The sound of your voice tickling my ears
is like the sound of angels singing.
But when we are apart I feel the agony. I
long just to have you in my arms.
I sit about, longing to be near you, longing
for your sweet soprano to fill the air.
But I rest with the knowledge that I will
see you again soon, another day, another dream...

- Anonymous
(for now)

weeping teenage
girl in the small
dark hours just
before dawn.

Balancing act

BATTLE

Beauty Dies

shattered

No dreams

her tragic end

ATTACK ED

And it was a long,

tragic trail of tears.

PICTURE
PERFECT

giggly, natural, soft,
kindhearted

CUTE SHY GIRL

intelligence

simplicity

born humble

small

generous

little

traits

Jeffrey Loves

For the person

who has everything

ONLY
ENTIRETY
Y'S EYE
ORN

The Fearful

This man makes a pseudonym
And crawls behind it like a worm.

This woman on the telephone
Says she is a man, not a woman.

The mask increases, eats the worm,
Stripes for mouth and eyes and nose,

The voice of the woman hollows—
More and more like a dead one,

Worms in the glottal stops.
She hates

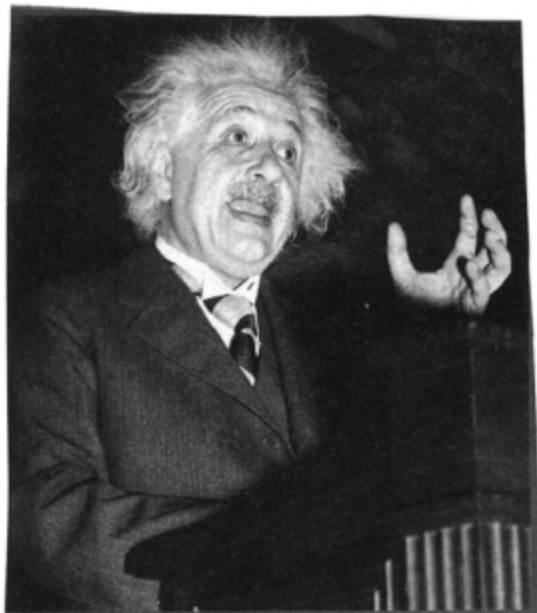
The thought of a baby—
Stealer of cells, stealer of beauty—

She would rather be dead than fat,
Dead and perfect, like Nefertit,

Hearing the fierce mask magnify
The silver limbo of each eye

Where the child can never swim,
Where there is only him and him.

16 November 1962



Teeishclteslesatntlaot
hspgwaoahmevsmradakbu

Uradcwrehnnm! hvae bdaeo
avratostaaiaas Temkaanmfr
aias:stuknsc Msukatrusrntc
nmijufcigik! r.aerukasadh

Mrinisvrgosuletotforfr
atamkarsbtflsrospyon

Nwc.Hwssnofralamlyeuesholdz
gakeaau cmotbese. vlagscosor
ntgasatrod.temmr!k+ah!
oevimrogiseseoers

**PLEASE BEHAVE LIKE THE EVOLVED HOMO SAPIEN YOU ARE
AND KINDLY REFRAIN FROM LICKING.**

ycvuteenhu
ukbthyaateae.

what if

you didn't have to worry about

horror

Mystical island, Photos

the unexpected visit from

teigsigrtly'fnoevralmtneblaanwlismnn
hdsutrmSae,aynecciseikrelgililioeyid.

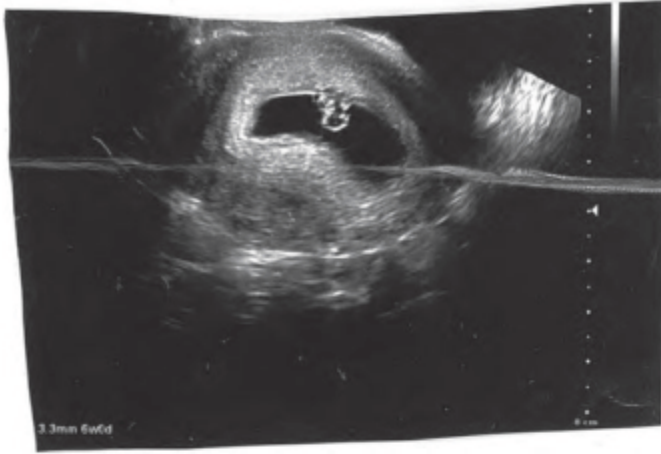
Hlfbodmrsnamfohsetntoat
eetioyakoysrmibladhuñ

hndhngtcalclthneagerabgs
eateintCimtawehnsassia

Dma.solnvclehmhtneun.
ubi hudaeadiditair

"yueenvrvr
ovbeaey.cy

Naughty Girl



ihni mont bek'hwudhy
tika gigoraw yote

alwreni witi ln wyoh
lo mlossath sog'hwude

bigfin adue vdo'asboe
rnared nmkaie l morkn

adh poeuea spifln bodloe
nter cdrws oanua dioalvr

tehes. c. pati "gm a yoe.
hset l a t yhs a e" nmri

hvtakhsan frep. fnoea
easgilieohl layncn

mkisoi wudee? hwsocrd
aettpolbhrse assae

bcueatoiknwsunnwtfvr
easlosscadabrigpinee
seumifeznclsee latohs!
nptenreigodhwr!cndti

A LOT OF COLD SHOWERS

Blood on Their Hands

MRisnNE
r.aledr.

btoosefead
usdeJfryn

MJBboMena
r.adosn, rowy

nVaebradil
r.rdnegnbis.

ALfhmhdcn
Lotewootae
iti hpes!
rns apn

No doctor

TALK TO NO
DOCTOR

damage.

dead

"If you don't know,
you can't help!"

ORNT
SEY
ONLY

Perfectly functional.

Even if they aren't.

that's good
performance

Looking for help?

The solution is

DEATH



emergency

Play games
with the whole world?

In a
spontaneous
outpouring of
grief

THE ART OF PERFORMANCE: THE MAKING OF A

more powerful

And I
Am the arrow,
The dew that flies
Suicidal, at one with the drive
Into the red
Eye, the cauldron of morning.
—from *Ariel*, by Sylvia Plath

A DEEP, DEEP SLEEP

family.

loneliness

control

power and

until she *cried*

one little child.

young

KIDS



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STAY ALERT

WE LIVE WHERE YOU LIVE™

Tacmavosttrckd,
htopndenpoetis.

revetoids'ntege
hysitfnua dhyr

eyhr lant'sae!
vrwee! cnoecp

Fatal Attraction to
just little You

Genes

in his **little plan**

DO NOT YOU KNOW.
YOU HAVE A CHOICE.

Tzactpebtoia x lnhv lintaeoo
hgm sopdunt nwy togt. ddrhvtg

wtayne cpl frynnven Gilierfgtn
inhnoe xetefead o hat hsanacini9

bcueanwvroekwt aayepcransiad
easlmooezwesinhbbwaeetihsnl

hdoooh Bhmsieh's n froeesno lnabe
atgtteaalkti Adosmraonpansen

mdbcveeostat poeven seosnl meti
aeashdenwnarcdra andeada cran
tiitmciia bth yot fihig! dnwnt bte
hssier telatewn ofgt n! otat seid

tlf yoteet fvie! l yntein
o ffrhrsom ifp aighpa

Wlnt gcracttikoenhsod
zls o aodesnohns moe ago

gns rhudaebb waat hsan
e eosol hvaav! htbugiliz?

Imoyugn hitol wysondia
atoonadesood! hinoeon

ayhn! otnsad! dnwnti! ot
ntig! andatn! otat h's. dn

wnaohranupoeue wlotat h's!
atntepiflncdrbtdnwnti

DARED
TO SEARCH
FOR
MEANING.

The
anti-war
plane.

‘I understand.
how they feel,
what they’re
going through
because I’ve
gone through
it too’



WITHOUT
MARTIN LUTHER KING
2003
WOULD LOOK A LOT LIKE
1963

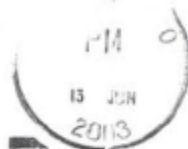
I'll fight to the end

‘I want to make
people’s lives better &
change the world’

To A Dear Granddaughter
On Your Graduation Day



CONFIDENTIAL
ATTORNEY'S EYES ONLY



For Graduation,



I wanted



to give



you something



I was



absolutely sure

you didn't

have....



