

In the last year of the first breath on the edge of a verse, I give you one thing done on each day of 1999 AD. Of course, the last year of this 20th Century of ours...Completed before every day will be complete in this year of official sponsors, the United States pissing off Yugoslavia, China, Russia, letting the President of the Free World go free on an Impeachment from the House of Representatives for tooling around with a stupid young girl, unnamed earthquakes, loud volcanoes, the sky remaining in the sky and the others with their loud giggles and gurgles that will go without an official sponsor or name.

DAY 1... Shook the clouds away from the covers

DAY 2... Punched an adverb in the back

DAY 3... Played verbal Yatzee without knowing it

DAY 4... Took a close-up picture of a dog's face

DAY 5... Drank so much coffee on a weekday that it began feeling like a Saturday afternoon

DAY 6... Grabbed my lover by the lips and listened to her thighs swoon

DAY 7... Drank a beer in the middle of the dark in the day

DAY 8... Laid together a haphazard tune on the piano that hit an errant pair of ears like silk in the bone chilling cold

DAY 9... Dug my teeth into a cottage cheese sandwich prepared by some nuns

DAY 10... Whistled so loudly my neighbor called the cops on accident

DAY 11... Saw a report of a young couple that set their place on fire purposely for no reason at all

DAY 12... Didn't smoke a cigarette until late in the evening because the regular air tasted better than any cigarette in the best of evening hours

DAY 13... Stayed home from work for the greatest crime would have been to waste that damn day behind someone else's desk while the CEO walked around his office in the fog

DAY 14... Watched a Hollywood film about love committed in the European blue.

DAY 15... Recorded a Jazz tune down onto tape to leave something behind for the kids in the decades that will slip by into a new millenium within which I won't be around.

DAY 16... Spoke to a silent wall about how the human ear looks so fucking crazy with all its indention's, curves and holes.

DAY 17... Woke-up living in the suburbs forgetting that time existed.

DAY 18... Read "Einstein's Dream" for the 7th or 9th time.

DAY 19... Made a point to remember that space doesn't come to an end and the best books going usually do.

DAY 20... Gave a bum on the street a smile for I knew that any other stranger's money would just do him more harm.

DAY 21... Typed some words down into this electronic abyss before me know to cure the beating heart and to tempt the frolic that makes the mystery more than living.

DAY 22... Ate a cuisine at a Middle Eastern restaurant that will never come close to that beautiful American Whopper.

DAY 23... Heard more than one report of unrequited murder, love or incest on the evening news telecast.

DAY 24... Watched Howard Stern fart so loud into a microphone his mother would have to have laughed into tears about.

DAY 25... Changed the clouds in a painting from blue to yellow.

DAY 26... Remembered a woman's image and forgot her name.

DAY 27... Took off my shoes, laid back, closed my eyes and slipped off into an oblivion that made the blinds jealous.

DAY 28... Cussed on accident in front of one of my nieces.

DAY 29... Remembered how good bomb pops used to taste from the ice cream man as a child in the long ago suburbs of a small town lacking any other color but white.

DAY 30... Pushed toothpicks into several hedge apples found on a trail in a state park.

DAY 31... Broke a drumstick trying to play a simple song line.

DAY 32... Sang in the car and smiled at an old woman crossing the road.

DAY 33... Got so wrapped up making love to my lover that we became sex.

DAY 34... Walking around naked I heard the hole in my penis burp.

DAY 35... Realized that the quote "Another day, another dollar" was complete bullshit.

DAY 36... Made a divine tuna sandwich that didn't receive the acclaim it deserved.

DAY 37... Had no idea that I was over 30 days into the new year.

DAY 38... Laughed during a discussion about new year's resolutions for it was my 4th or 6th year in a row without making a resolution at all.

DAY 39... Laughed alone with myself in the apartment at how beautiful Dylan lyrics are.

DAY 40... Watched the moon set on the day as the sun planned its eastern revival for the next day to come before the new millenium.

DAY 41... Saw a brand name shoe clock in a merchandise store of consumer hell count down the days, minutes, seconds, etc. of this final year before 2000.

DAY 42... Silently spat on a video game in a Wal-Mart store.

DAY 43... Snapped a picture of a window in a warehouse building in the old stockyard district here in Kansas City.

DAY 44... Finished a steak that had some fine traces of blood and 3 toothpicks at the end to relish the event.

DAY 45... Coughed over the pungent juices of an after-lunch mint that attacked my throat.

DAY 46... Laughed with a stranger in a bar over a fucking strong mixed drink.

DAY 47... Remembered a line from "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn"

DAY 48... Paid another gas bill that warmed the water spraying hot water on my cold bones in the morning shake down.

DAY 49... Ate a greased patty of meat in a faceless restaurant north of the Mississippi River here in the Midwest.

DAY 50... Received by first official passport in the mail.

DAY 51... Found a book on Venice in a used thrift store away from any coast.

DAY 52... Felt as though every moment inside was under a star outside in the grassy damn ground.

DAY 53... Saw a woman pass by my eyes that had nothing but pure sex written in the paths of her wandering, wandering feet.

DAY 54... Reassured myself that it was more than alright here in the chaos that makes people want to buy pills to cure their depression.

DAY 55... Read a report that diet pills were causing congestive heart failure.

DAY 56... Hear the radioman announce that NATO was trying to work out a deal with the disgruntled Yugoslavs without assuming we would be at war with them some 120 days later here in the same year.

DAY 57... Bought nothing today in this world divided by trading and commerce.

DAY 58... Finished a novel by a Russian novelist.

DAY 59... Laughed at a mirror reflecting nothing but the color brown.

DAY 60... Threw away a piece of paper I would never see again through these young eyes of mine.

DAY 61... Went to the top of another column with all the confidence of a Sumo wrestler.

DAY 62... Played several unsavory lines on a friend's bass guitar.

DAY 63... At a banana more browned than yellow.

DAY 64... Bought a garlic clove at a nameless grocery store.

DAY 65... Conceived of a book idea I inked down briefly into text.

DAY 66... Aimed my finger at the moon and took silent shots.

DAY 67... Woke-up in my bed facing the sunlight coming straight down onto my face.

DAY 68... Rented a video that was once watched by an adulteress in a blank room in his home with that nameless lady friend.

DAY 69... Remembered again that I needed to register to vote.

DAY 70... Saw another billboard shouting that their product should be purchased.

DAY 71... Listened to one too many sounds of the alarm and made it happily into work just on time.

DAY 72... Scooped fresh mustard onto a meat entrée at the end of the day.

DAY 73... Refused to use the spell check in this word processing program for I should know enough about grammar than to have some silent piece of computer technology do it for me.

DAY 74... Thought up another new marketing ploy that I will never promulgate on my own.

DAY 75... Touched the nape of my lover's back and recalled how it felt to lover her for the first time.

DAY 76... Read the obituary for the youngest person that left this world while an older man held up a winning lottery check on the front page of the morning dings.

DAY 77... Listened to more proof at why Thelonius Monk is perhaps one of the biggest bad asses to every tote a jazz line.

DAY 78... Ate a piece of cake against my will.

DAY 79... Saw a hardware store ad announcing items on sale I will never lay my hands on as a paying customer.

DAY 80... Celebrated another day with 3-6 cups of coffee.

DAY 81... Purchased several candles in a cheap outlet store.

DAY 82... Found a murky encyclopedia in a thrift store and realized how we are all but specs in this immaculate march of history that rains down like a parade in autumn.

DAY 83... Thought about how fucking hot a candle really is.

DAY 84... Pointed and clicked in a way my grandparents could never conceive of.

DAY 85... Over a hot dog I wondered how potato chip company can only fill their bags half-way and get away with it for so fucking long.

DAY 86... Heard a bird scream so loud in a tree that it made the loudest bark from a dog sound infantile.

DAY 87... Gave all my blank looks to charity.

DAY 88... Wrote a phantom check for the hell of it and ripped it up over an empty trash canister.

DAY 89... Remembered how nice those cinnamon rolls my MoM bought us as children were

DAY 90... Marveled at the shadows thrown off by a dissipating candle.

DAY 91... Painted a canvass as a worker poured more turpentine into a new tin with a factory down south.

DAY 92... Made a pitcher of tasty strawberry Kool-Aid in a potato salad buck that was cracking around the edges.

DAY 93... Watched my boss tell me that my job was soon becoming extinct.

DAY 94... Shook a co-worker's hand telling him everything was all right as they seethed over my undue dismissal from work.

DAY 95... Hopped onto another web site serving he selfish interest of another person out there trying to advertise their ware to potential credit card bearing individuals...preferably below the age of sixteen.

DAY 96... Restored my faith in humanity after having a long talk with a content insane man about a non-pressing world issue.

DAY 97... Began looking for a new job in this world that feeds on the disease and laughs at the host.

DAY 98... Knew that night called itself night for day had first dibs on being called day.

DAY 99... Realized that I have never had a good plate of cooked lamb.

DAY 100... Huddled around the fire of drinks and talk with the insane.

DAY 101... Locked myself out of my car on a downtown city street.

DAY 102... Laughed while waking up realizing that it took the locksmith under 10 seconds to jimmy my car free for a fee of about forty American dollars.

DAY 103... Realized again that David Letterman is the best late night entertainment going.

DAY 104... Failed to completely finish another egg bagel.

DAY 105... Drove straight for over 9 hours and relished in the delirium of it all.

DAY 106... Wrote something new and laughed at something quite old.

DAY 107... Confirmed that the prophecies of lore are merely prophecies.

DAY 108... Listened to a Beatle's song for the 72nd time, yet it again felt like the first time.

DAY 109... Doused a little known entrée with Worsterchire sauce and laughed.

DAY 110... Confirmed that love is something not given...it's earned.

DAY 111... Laughed at another Seinfeld episode I had seen for the 12th time.

DAY 112... Played the piano until my fingertips throbbed with pain and turned into blisters over the following day.

DAY 113... Felt cold spots in the sheet and remembered a good joke I was told some days earlier.

DAY 114... Drove through a drive-in at a fast food restaurant and ordered nothing.

DAY 115... Turned out a light during the brightest part of the day.

DAY 116... Wrote a poem about her as someone knocked on the front door.

DAY 117... Became so delusional from sleep that I couldn't escape the hypnogogic state.

DAY 118... Got a new car that felt a lot like the previous one.

DAY 119... Bumped into a man at the grocery store that believed he knew someone in my family that had the same name.

DAY 120... Smelled a stench that lingered for more than several days.

DAY 121... Wrote a check to a company that had no boss.

DAY 122... Watched a bug crawl up the computer screen in contentment.

DAY 123... Saw time slip past as though it knew my name.

DAY 124... Moved into yet another new home that had an address.

DAY 125... Saw another sticker on a light pole that said "Trust Jesus."

DAY 126... Heard another tale of how the Internet has become the bastard child for breeding crime and bad scenes.

DAY 127... Listened to tales from my father that made me laugh so hard I couldn't touch my toes if I tried.

DAY 128... Felt the mirth of humid air stick between my teeth.

DAY 129... Heard about a Frisbee guru that said if you catch eye contact with a woman three times she wants you badly.

DAY 130... Ate chicken in a Mexican taco that seemed like a bean burrito.

DAY 131... Talked to a saint about the true color of the sky during a thunderstorm.

DAY 132... Walked three miles through a parking garage to find my car and later realized that I fetched a ride to the airport.

DAY 133... Bought a big jawbreaker just for the kicks I used to have when I sucked on them as a kid.

DAY 134... Had a hard time washing sap off my hands after finagling with several pine cones on the ground of a conservation park.

DAY 135... Heard that the President bombed another two regions on another continent in the world most Americans couldn't place geographically.

DAY 136... At so many eggs my belly felt full of medium rare steak.

DAY 137... Talked to a man named Rader and spoke with more vigor that a whole row of regular people on ripe day.

DAY 138... Picked up a penny and slipped it into my left shoe.

DAY 139... Booked a flight to Milwaukee from a representative wearing a Miller Light shirt.

DAY 140... Told her I loved her as the world stood still while MTV went to commercial.

DAY 141... Saw a palm tree growing in a rock garden.

DAY 142... Heard more atrocities of the African Americans getting blasted because of their skin color.

DAY 143... Tasted a lime in a vodka & tonic that seemed too good to be true.

DAY 144... Rode a wild horse across the empty prairie in my mind.

DAY 145... Had more than one conversation with different people I knew I wouldn't remember the next day.

DAY 146... Had one conversation with one person I knew I would remember the next day.

DAY 147... Painted a picture I knew would only make sense after I laid the brushes down.

DAY 148... Listened to an mini avalanche fall on the streets of a small Midwestern town.

DAY 149... Called an old friend to talk about the new times that had gone down.

DAY 150... Went to a professional sports match for the first time in well over a year.

DAY 151... Waved to a little black girl walking down the city street being lightly pulled along by her mother.

DAY 152... Swiftly escaped parenthood again.

DAY 153... Flew up out of bed with a Charlie Horse in my ankle that felt like a volt of electricity I wouldn't wish upon another human being.

DAY 154... Heard confirmed reports that the Year 2K problem is under control.

DAY 155... Learned that Rockefeller was the world's first billionaire, while I watch people and neighbors daily just trying to made due with what they have.

DAY 156... Looked into the eyes of the framed soldier on the wall and wondered if he had any children or if he was indeed real at all.

DAY 157... Noticed that we as a human race are another step closer to one of the most publicized eras in my life.

DAY 158... Waved at a helicopter in the night sky splashing his light on the land of scurrying feet.

DAY 159... Heard the church bells of the morning ring as I faintly woke up and looked at the ceiling with a faint smile under the guise of horridly bad breath.

DAY 160... Sang a tune I forgot who originally sang it.

DAY 161... Went into a record store and failed to find anything in the new music section that would make me purchase it.

DAY 162... Was so tired that my building blocks of basic logic began breaking down.

DAY 163... Recorded the birds of the night squibbing their sounds through the air atop the big trees flanking the shadowless ground.

DAY 164... Wrote a portion of a speech no one in the world would ever recite.

DAY 165... Opened a big tub of cottage cheese and held the container to my nose for a good fucking sniffle of the curdled love.

DAY 166... Had eggs benedict while someone at another table said they were stocking up on dry goods for the Year 2K meltdown just past the inception of the new century.

DAY 167... Played several games of UNO as the bills and booze escaped the landscape.

DAY 168... Looked off the porch at 1811 W. Rd. and smiled as the sun set unfamiliar colors in the sky doing a familiar ritual.

DAY 169... Heard a Betty Carter rendition that would make the toughest heart of stone melt in the microwave of timeless music.

DAY 170... Painted a canvass blue & white, waiting for the texture of another stroke to arrive.

DAY 171... Looked at a pen laying on a table for some minutes wondering what ideas would pour forth from its ink.

DAY 172... Made a waitress laugh as a gas station attendant quit his job thinking he was the next Elvis the world needed.

DAY 173... Had a dream of a red haired cat buried above ground in Shreveport, Louisiana.

DAY 174... Had my first official plate of grits of my life.

DAY 175... Saw a bright light above the horizon I have never seen before.

DAY 176... Ate a peach that tasted like a nectarine.

DAY 177... Received a piece of fan mail for the newest collection of poems to hit the street.

DAY 178... Bought a pack of cigarettes that cost more than three gallons of quality gasoline.

DAY 179... Heard a simple story about a man that loved to grow cilantro and put it into Greek dishes.

DAY 180... Heard a woman telling the gal at the cash register in the grocery store that she was going to buy 365 roses on December 31, 1999 and place them in a vase and see how long they will live into the next century.

DAY 181... At a tin of store bought lasagna that tasted like it was home cooked.

DAY 182... Liked the center out of a jelly donut that had a ring like it was buttered roll.

DAY 183... Felt my heart skip a beat.

DAY 184... Spend several minutes to count that black bricks in a red brick wall.

DAY 185... Watched the top of the trees wave under the pressure of the high revolving winds.

DAY 186... Smelled a perfume from a woman that wasn't half bad or half good.

DAY 187... Put on a pair of glasses and decided I was again ever closer to getting a pair of contacts.

DAY 188... Listened to my dad magically weave together a story from his past that had nothing but intrigue stitched on the underbelly.

DAY 189... Passed over a bridge and wondered if there were any fishes in that river below me.

DAY 190... Watched a couple in matching yellow shirts walking by holding hand in the silence they were creating.

DAY 191... Picked up another great novel from another crazy Russian novelist for my pleasure.

DAY 192... Looked at a used condom wrapper and decided that I wouldn't drink any tap water that day.

DAY 193... Wondered how the term "Cash Cow" came about.

DAY 194... Heard a comedian that sounded like a preacher talking his heart out down south in a Baptist abode.

DAY 195... Put a nickel in the penny tray at a liquor store.

DAY 196... Watched the steam rise from a coffee mug and thought out those crazy August day that were going to singe the skin off any lucky person taking the plunge.

DAY 197... Saw a "countdown to the new century" time piece in a glass case down in a Baton Rouge airport souvenir shop.

DAY 198... Gave away a pair of shocks and shoes to goodwill as I purchased several books and a shirt at a thrift store.

DAY 199... Bought a pair of corduroys for the coming warm months.

DAY 200... Saw a Midwest palm flapping in the wind off a roof looking over a back alley block resembling a New York neighborhood after the second world war.

DAY 201... Talked to a cabby about Turkey as he laughed about the United States.

DAY 202... Slept naked under a cold collection of warm sheets.

DAY 203... Bought a toothbrush and spoke fondly of that damn tube of toothpaste that outlasted my last brush.

DAY 204... Heard another top 40 song everybody has heard over and over, yet I heard it unknowingly for the first time.

DAY 205... Photographed something most of the working world would think was completely unnecessary.

DAY 206... Walked backward from one room to another to see how good my balance was.

DAY 207... Sent my heart to Southern California while I finished some work here in Kansas City.

DAY 208... Heard someone call me fellow during the morning and pal in the evening.

DAY 209... Saw an old friend for the first time in a year and again reconfirmed the fact that I won't get married for a good while.

DAY 210... Heard a friend tell me that he had a New York connection via a Jewish Chemist to get some good Ecstasy.

DAY 211... Watched a boy and girl twirl a jump rope in the fading day as their fledgling bodies just hopped...hopped..hopped away the remainder of the day.

DAY 212... Heard someone describe their love for their mate as though there wasn't an inkling of hate left in the world.

DAY 213... Smelled my campfire stained boots and realized more time would make them smell plain rotten like my other pairs of shoes.

DAY 214... Made a pitcher of lemonade and laughed at an Elvis refrigerator magnet.

DAY 215... Spelled that one world wrong .again...The reoccurring grammar hex on my fingers leading my mind around.

DAY 216... Took a road called "RR" to the Double T restaurant.

DAY 217... Played with magnets and gravity today as though I had never run a science experiment as a lad in school.

DAY 218... Heard another unconfirmed report that an asteroid could escape from that asteroid belt between the earth and mars and crash toward this planet of ours.

DAY 219... Followed a bird's path over my head that was so quick that after I looked forward again I was a little dizzy.

DAY 220... Felt a faint glow of heat coming from my stereo after some heady time with a fucking nice dose of jazz.

DAY 221... Boiled up my second pot of coffee on this young, yet old day that has met me away from the café.

DAY 222... Lightly rubbed my fingers over hardened wax on my key board with eyes closed – Thought of slight memories that I could have sworn were forgotten a long while ago.

DAY 223... People are still going fucking ape over the release of “Episode I: Star Wars” as the United States continues to piss off the rest of the working world outside of our domestic boundaries.

DAY 224... Heard the rain water rush over my living room window as though waterfalls were of instant creation.

DAY 225... Bumped into a man that said he seemed to remember me from some function in some place several years back – no recollection.

DAY 226... Realized that more than half of this last year before the big new century dance was over with.

DAY 227... Bought a morning paper and read a story about a man who hurt himself badly in an accident with toenail clippers – no other details were offered.

DAY 228... Ran into a woman in the grocery store that was toting flyers in her search for a lost dog named “Henry”.

DAY 229... In the middle of a grocery store, a friend and I dipped our fingers into the creamy top of a coconut cream cake to make sure the purchase would have been worth our while.

DAY 230... Listened to stories of desire from people looking for love in this overcrowding world of lust and beauty.

DAY 231... Received a Japanese translation of “Where to I catch the 4:30 train” from a Mexican man.

DAY 232... Typed madly to an afternoon Jazz set hosted by two women that spoke in delayed reactions and truncated syllogisms.

DAY 233... Did something today that no one but me will know about.

DAY 234... Ate two pounds of crawfish under the guise of “ALFONOS JOSEPH”, Y2K PROBLEM SOLVER.

DAY 235... Bought an “Aloha Girl” without having to lay foot in Hawaii.

DAY 236... Hung an autographed picture of “The Beatles” above my bed.

DAY 237... Looked a stranger in the eye and asked: “How the hell are you today?”

DAY 238... Had a taco bell girl give me a wince as I ordered my food and other verbal bullshit as she pronounced she was struggling through a headache.

DAY 239... Put a piece of petrified wood in my window sill.

DAY 240... Ran across Africa in less than an hour.

DAY 241... At an apple that made my teeth cold and my feet warm.

DAY 242... Sketched a big face of a long man.

DAY 243... Found a dollar floating over the ground.

DAY 244... Started my car and looked over the landscape as though I had never seen it before.

DAY 245... Saw enough beautiful women to cure any doubts I would have for that particular day.

DAY 246... Threw away a piece of paper that had explicit instructions on how to cook a pizza in a conventional oven.

DAY 247... Took a roll of photographic slide into a photo mat to get developed and realized I was going to be charged well over the regular fare for my desire to have them developed.

DAY 248... Heard more than one machine gun blast flipping over a bad television show.

DAY 249... Watched 4 people pop Tums into their mouth as though Thanksgiving was being celebrated without my knowing it.

DAY 250... Witnessed the ghost of Bob Dylan jumping off a Minneapolis skyscraper.

DAY 251... Stopped on a downtown sidewalk to read the clock on the tower wall.

DAY 252... Ironed a shirt littered with buttons.

DAY 253... Watched a banana brown before my eyes and heard the Charlie Horses leave as I bit into the beauty.

DAY 254... Drove a friend's 4 x 4 vehicle and let the tires do their dastardly trick .

DAY 255... Looked at a cup of tea and desired that I would some day enjoy its sip.

DAY 256... Decided I would play hop scotch with three Chinese girls behind an abandoned school building.

DAY 257... Thought briefly about Cinco de Mayo for the Mexicans living in my building.

DAY 258... Gave three days during the waning days of 1999 to charity.

DAY 259... Watched the whole day long as it acted as though it was going to rain, yet the sun came steaming down on the people and land right before the sunset.

DAY 260... Heard that the 70's super group was getting back together for a reunion tour.

DAY 261... Saw a pigeon on a ledge six floors up in front of the window at work; he looked at me square in the eye for several seconds.

DAY 262... Shook the hand of a friend I had seem plenty of over the past several weeks.

DAY 263... Took a ride on the back of a motorcycle as the cars just well by in a dull procession.

DAY 264... Paid over ten dollars for a commodity that could easily be worth no amount of currency.

DAY 265... Washed the invisible bugs out of my head as they nibbled on my toes while heading towards the drain hole in the shower.

DAY 266... Watched a black man in downtown park give a sermon few people stopped to listen to and more that wouldn't even look his direction; I stared at him from 6 floors up wondering exactly what he was saying as the echoes choked the spring air.

DAY 267... Instigated an act of peace that failed to get recorded in the book that is reserved for murders and nonsense.

DAY 268... Thought of an old friend probably thinking to himself about things he hasn't remembered for a good long while.

DAY 269... Gave the night a chance while the day flourished.

DAY 270... Fell down to the ground while paying attention to a handful of photos while walking across the parking lot.

DAY 271... Whistled like a bird to a dog as his ears twitched and a cat howled several blocks away into the crushed wind.

DAY 272... Took one ring off a finger on my hand and gave it to someone more deserving of the jewelry.

DAY 273... Didn't make it down from the "top deck" to the first floor to have a discussion with her.

DAY 274... Whispered a secret to the city I knew no one would find out about.

DAY 275... Had my first plate full of bacon in some time.

DAY 276... Went by a field of cows and began thinking about how good warm sunny side eggs and steaming steaks are .

DAY 277... Used some mouth wash in the car driving to the grocery store for some bar soap.

DAY 278... Watched the 80 percent figure balloon to over 119 percent then dip down to 7 percent.

DAY 279... Had a vision of screaming children running away from the visiting weatherwoman trying to explain the atmospheric disturbance a tornado causes.

DAY 280... Received an e-mail reminding me to make some toast for the day the world stops drinking and to buy some Year 2K insurance.

DAY 281... Heard about a fifth century insurrection that turned out to be clever fiction written by a thoroughly insane man.

DAY 282... Thought about the possibility of cooking a big beef brisket for me and 5 other friends with the music of Stevie Wonder playing so loud there would hardly be a chance for us to carry on a civil conversation.

DAY 283... Saw a steamy romance novel in a grocery store while I reached for a big bag of red hots next to the best seller – I just wanted to feel all of those little candies behind that clear bag swishing and jostling between my fingers.

DAY 284... Bought a voodoo doll for my lover and whistled a tune over Memphis for the children.

DAY 285... Bought a chocolate rabbit with large ears for my nieces during the Easter candy clearance at the drug store down the street.

DAY 286... Heard a country music superstar signing her song on a sound speaker I had no control over and again realized what is indeed wrong with the recording industry.

DAY 287... Finished a science fiction novel and realized later that the light from lost stars will never hit our gaze – Will we care.

DAY 288... Very fucking close to that Times Square ball dropping incident.

DAY 289... A healthy baby was born with 10 fingers, 10 toes and a slowly developing genius intellect that will astound his colleagues.

DAY 290... Hear a Gershwin song that was so beautiful, that to catalog it with words would be injustice.

DAY 291... Poured tomato juice over my chest and laughed so loud the neighbors pounded on my wall for a little peace and quiet on their side of the world

DAY 292... Saw several lesbian couple in a hipster little town walking, touching, groping, kissing, etc. in the eternal sunlight that had the foresight to visit us.

DAY 293... Heard the screaming laughter of kids playing fort behind my apartment building as I

though about the initial Star Wars moving and poured another glass of wine in the company of my lover and her lost friends.

DAY 294... Played the piano for a crowd of one and looked up to see a humming bird picking the mind of Stalin in a painting above the piano.

DAY 295... Gave every day of 1999 the same attention I gave 1998, 1997, 1996....

DAY 296... Spent an afternoon in Denver, saw a mountain, and listened to a ping pong ball bouncing madly in the center of the black vacuum.

DAY 297... Raised a plant to be a man.

DAY 298... Raised a second plant to be a beautiful woman.

DAY 299... Bought five pieces of canvass board having any idea what I was going to paint on any of them.

DAY 300... Had a half jar of pickles in the morning to smell the pickle fumes raising from my fingertips for the remainder of the day.

DAY 301... Planned very little...did more than a lot.

DAY 302... Watched a black beetle walking over a gutter in the road and wondered how the hell John Lennon did some of the most he did.

DAY 303... Gave foresight some aforementioned ex POs facto time.

DAY 304... Saw an old Ford steel bodied truck from the Seventies fly up the street and remembered a cool black man I used to work with as a youth counselor at a group home in Midtown.

DAY 305... Made tomorrow today and gave next week to yesterday.

DAY 306... I answered the phone in silence and hung up the receiver talking.

DAY 307... Opened the window before my computer and heeded the WARNING: "Screen will not stop child from falling out of window."

DAY 308... Painted a clay piece I made a year ago and laughed at the colors that strangled the white pieces.

DAY 309... Watched an empty beer can from a mysterious source his a Swiss guy sitting next to me on a roof with 4 other people enjoying some Saturday night beers.

DAY 310... Gave the thumbs up to a man crossing the street with a tuba in his left hand.

DAY 311... Heard an old gal in a bar playing the piano and singing the rest of her heart out to a group of maybe eight people in downtown Phoenix, Arizona.

DAY 312... Poooped for the 3rd time in 2 hours.

DAY 313... Watched the unmonitored time walk away without committing a crime to be spoken of.

DAY 314... Looked at all the pieces of glass I passed in one day and saw her face reflected in the mirror in my bathroom.

DAY 315... Passed a magician in the hall and later rode the elevator down 7 floors and heard him tell me "go to hell" as I got off on the second floor.

DAY 316... Passed over the miracle for the reality that was right before me.

DAY 317... Listened to the album from a group of friends that just signed a large record deal that will make them known in more the 9 million households one year from now in the new century that has fully settled into the world.

DAY 318... Changed out an old battery in an old smoke detector in this old building I call home.

DAY 319... Bought a pump of lotion that had a 70% Satisfaction guarantee on the back label.

DAY 320... Entered the home of a couple that didn't believe in gambling, yet their home had no windows and no clocks.

DAY 321... Walked past three legends today without even knowing I was walking past such a sort.

DAY 322... Didn't answer any phone calls in honor of the new year that was 44 days away.

DAY 323... Gave two pounds of coffee to my neighbor in exchange for 2 packets of fresh sugar cane.

DAY 324... Saw the days that have gone by stacked like an old deck of cards in a beautiful woman's hand.

DAY 325... Took off my glasses because it was much easier to see it blurry that with clear, clean vision.

DAY 326... Bought a feather comforter for all those cold, cold days and for the lover that feels like home.

DAY 327... Had hot tea under sizzling conversation.

DAY 328... Made the red line green and the yellow one extinct.

DAY 329... Traveled half the country without seeing more than a handful of kids.

DAY 330... Laughed because my old high school cannot and likely will not ever notch down my address to send me mail that will get ignored

DAY 331... Called my bank today to tell them "Thanks a million".

DAY 332... Played tic-tac-toe in the middle of the street with my niece holding up traffic while we exchanged fat pieces of chalk under repeated laughter.

DAY 333...Bent over backwards for a little change of pace.

DAY 334... Plugged another electrical cord into the wall and wondered what all the electricians do at their annual pic nic.

DAY 335... Used a specific frame of reference while hanging a fallen screen on the window of my lover's home.

DAY 336... Painted my kitchen walls mauve to forget all the dull conversations I had over the past year.

DAY 337... Laughed at a story my mother told me about a man the went head and shoulders into the asshole of an elephant that was going to sit down on some "Amazing Videos" show on network television.

DAY 338... Heard Prince's (or the Artist known as nothing but an unknown name) do a club mix rendition of "Party like it's 1999" while a siren wailed in the background behind the house I was at.

DAY 339... Gave doubt a small benefit.

DAY 340... Bought a silly coffee mug in a New York airport that said, "I survived the Year 2K hype".

DAY 341... Bought a one pound package of black eyed peas and put them in the freezer for later.

DAY 342... Put a live slug into an empty one-pint bottle of vodka just for the glory of the metaphor – "Would anyone like a slug of vodka?"

DAY 343... Drove doorless in Dan's jeep in the dead of winter laughing as the cold wind cursed our skin.

DAY 344... Hummed The Beatles song "eight days a week" while in the shower today.

DAY 345... Gave chance no way to escape on this particular day.

DAY 346... Heard a flute player toss notes out into the wind as though we all would never die and death was some sort of strange dream we have been miffed into believing all this time.

DAY 347... Bottled a portion of a strong wind in a jar and brought it inside for a little inspiration while I waited for her to arrive.

DAY 348... Said the time 5:05 over and over again – knowing that whatever way I said it that it was going to be right.

DAY 349... Met a person by a name of Richard that refused to be called a dick.

DAY 350... Saw one person tease another for no other reason than to pass the time.

DAY 351... Logged onto a web site that was planning to end their existence on the last fair day this year AD 1999.

DAY 352... Talked to a co-worker that bought a tape of Dick Clark merely counting "10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1" over the span of 25years during his New Year's Eve telecasts – Nothing more than 25 different snippets of him counting down the numbers to the ball dropping. It is in the billboards Top 10 albums spot now.

DAY 353... Saw several flashes splash before me in such a fashion as to make me assume that birds or small minnows were flopping and flying through my mind.

DAY 354... Gave a lamp to a friend and bought a four pack of light bulbs as back-ups in case a light should go out any time here in the near future.

DAY 355... Heard a debate on the amount of Year 2K insurance people were purchasing and how the silo industry was making a killing during the second half of this fond year that is coming to a close.

DAY 356... Ate a steak in honor of how the animal world will feel during the first year of the year 2000.

DAY 357... Made peace chance and gave war to the pigeons.

DAY 358... Put a little mustard in a bloody Mary mix and threw out an old bottle of ketchup I haven't used for some time.

DAY 359... Thought about the bombed and destitute Yugoslavia and forgot about the United States for several hours today.

DAY 360... Bought a packet of dry ice for that cool rock show effect: FUCK YEA!

DAY 361... Broke an ashtray on accident and gave up smoking for two days.

DAY 362... Heard about some crazy cat in Iowa that drove around a small parking lot for 365 times in front of a team of cameras and media for a publicity stunt ushering out the old and bringing in the new.

DAY 363... It snows big white a blue flakes two days before the "Year 2K" will unravel.

DAY 364... Computer sales slump badly while the internet freezes up for 6 hours due to unbelievable usage; 1 in 2 households are online.

DAY 365... I wake up at 3:00PM in the afternoon and begin writing a short story called: "What, when, where, why and how in 1980".