



THE INCIDENTAL JOURNAL OF IPOD NOTETWEETS.

Subject: What if Jesus was the mailman that put a hopeful note under my cold snowy windshield as he furrowed forward in frigid shorts

Subject: All of us are really in this fucking thing together

Subject: Shove that ole country music straight up yet ass

Subject: Another dr. waiting room just wasting my short life's minutes away

Subject: Oh these odd uncommon lives we all lead with our separate levels of uniqueness and utter indifference to most of it

Subject: The king is really just a small town mayor that won in a squeak as the echo of all the dead Presidents ring on inexact unity.

Subject: Watch closely as the disintegrated rise up again

Subject: Drill ... Drill ... Fuckin drill it

Subject: I hope I'm not letting them down ... Maybe I'm just not good enough to get him to talk Maybe he has heard so much of my talk he doesn't want to get involved.

Subject: Be careful or I'll make you watch me eat a whole plate of podcasts.

Subject: Just drink a crush and get over yourself

Subject: The monsters if yesterday owe me money and chances are I will never collect on it

Subject: Take your swine and flu and hope for another pig to feed those tales to.

Subject: Maybe Obama should just kick Bush's ass to finally be done with that era of the dick/bush effect.

Subject: The raw unbridled and curious and precise and clumsy energy of 3-6 year olds is what saves this planet each year from ending ... and all the rampant creating of them all.

Subject: Figure it out you bastard!

Subject: Is god your personal little astronaut?

Subject: Minor tantara sojourn might just bode my soul well.

Subject: If you have never seen or heard anything like it ... You will need to wait a while to levy that mighty judgment.

Subject: Good-bye until the next accident you nasty bastard friend.

Subject: The death of my old man shoulda got easier by now, but it just fucking hasn't.

Subject: Ooooooooooooooh uh ooooooooooh aaaaaaaaaaaah

Subject: On a train in the middle of the night in Europe One helluva a feeling and not a bad title for a book or album.

Subject: Something about the glasses of water song puts the past into some odd perspective dipped in now and ever cognizant of the future

Subject: The diversification of now could really present a problem tomorrow

Subject: One week into 37 and I'm so fatigued that I feel older than shit

Subject: The isolated pain of being transplanted into the burbs is the growth of our family and the rarity of folks like rocky and nana.

Subject: The clog of now will be the freedom of tomorrow Wecanonlyhope.....

Subject: Sometimes the elegance of an album cover will make me listen to each minute of the song

Subject: The only reason we suffer fools is to have a topic every now and then to debate.

Subject: The piano strangled the tuner in a bizarre massage accident.

Subject: Go on and create yer own hoax.

Subject: The breath of warm fall air is what spring will always fail to offer in the slight summer haze of today.

Subject: The hip 80's glare of cool here in Tan-Tar-A still ripples like a thousand shiny wet opals.

Subject: Ran into a ding dong I work with here at a conference at the front desk cause she locked her room key in her hotel room.

Subject: The silence of the podcasting group in my training was a smidge odd.

Subject: The sight and sound of this artificial Missouri water mass is the nicest natural thing I've heard in a long time.

Subject: All these varied memories of travel assail as I finish this simple trip to the ozarks.

Subject: The only way to keep all the ugly in perspective is to not become ugly yourself.

Subject: Will Tan-Tar-A save you someday?

Subject: We need to get a boat for the boys one day.

Subject: The ever floating and present Milo factor effect.

Subject: Don't forget the fuckin taco

Subject: Is the advent of fresh jazz over forever?

Subject: The left turn of your life could be the only right thing you do.

Subject: How much do you think you can unlearn in one night when Mr. Seagrams doles out a huge hand of dripping 7's?

Subject: The should rename ailing morning after blue balls to flaring devil red nuts.

Subject: The world has turned into a big wet karate chop before my drying eyes.

Subject: I'm certain that each and every fucking one of us can be hugely better.

Subject: In the calm of older age I ponder this 13th day of December a bit differently.

Subject: Following Jon and Kate is just another rotten cavity in the mouth of a denatured American pop media machine.

Subject: How are you gonna get anything back?

Subject: Are you gonna be human enough to turn your back on the great big techno machine one day?

Subject: The poetry and painting well has been sucked dry lately in lieu of my best creation that will last the rest of my days.

Subject: I wonder what it's gonna be like to go alone on a road trip?

Subject: Echo and the Bunnymen's 'The Fountain' is one of the best audible surprises in a long time.

Subject: O had a dream last night I was sharing a drink in a bar with a young Patrick Swayze now wondering if I was actually alive last night?

Subject: It really is all nothing but a simple chicken leg.

Subject: One damn fine day will come when everything is gonna both matter and be insanely funny.

Subject: I can honestly say I would have never imagined what 37 was gonna feel like.

Subject: Little karate kids are gonna save the world someday.

Subject: The FCC and FDA need to team up with a warning for daytime TV saying it's worse than cigarettes, methamphetamines and liquor combined.

Subject: If you aren't careful, pop culture will explode all over your tomorrow.

Subject: The only way out is to not let the world know it's your birthday on the actual day thereof.

Subject: Gotta wonder if Hunter S. Thompson and Elliott Smith are having a boiling strong drink talking about other ways they could have ended their worlds.

Subject: Have you let New Orleans have a chance to rebuild you.

Subject: The hormone of never is the darkness of a Fred Phelps woman.

Subject: Pecking orders are smashing down all around me like big metal bird beaks.

Subject: Are we truly witnessing the death of the mighty CD?

Subject: My decisions are the only things that are uniquely mine.

Subject: Who do you know that has the worst luck going?

Subject: Anxious when just waiting to bring the next child into the world?

Subject: Will I ever be able to hear him speak to me as I tire of hearing my own non-stop strand of words.

Subject: The unique ability for kids to just not listen

Subject: Where have you gone Lawrence, Kansas?

Subject: You should do a film looking at what the world would be like without the Beatles knowing all along that there has been a Beatles.

Subject: The feeling and imagery of the first dream I had as a kid is what I strive to make each day as I remind myself that my dream is indeed mine.

Subject: Down bass to the up drum as the pianist steals the dreaming drummer's last smoke.

Subject: Ooh la Kala oooooohh la laaaaaa ooohhhhh lalalalal oooooohh la.

Subject: Pooh.

Subject: Slightly loud techno music in a gym filled with kids yielding karate weapons and I have not placed a clear exit strategy as of yet.

Subject: Love is the split relative denomination of everything you are and do

Subject: Is this the life they thought you would be leading?

Subject: High school heroes turn into macho drunks one damned fine day.

Subject: At least annihilate me with a smile.

Subject: Did robots pick out your wardrobe, hero?

Subject: You punch like a bad web site.

Subject: We really only know what we have experienced on our own.

Subject: I'm thinking John Travolta has seen way too much to be a Scientologist hero warrior type.

Subject: How about a tiny afternoon delight, baby?

Subject: The slow witness lately to seeing summer grind to an end.

Subject: I have way too much wal-mart filth history to be proper any damned more.

Subject: Can I ask you one question?

Subject: Why is the Funny People soundtrack so damn serious?

Subject: Will the day come once again when I won't live my days in a mince of tired and dizzy?

Subject: Will I always continue to drop all kinds of shit.

Subject: I would swim in a pool of pickle soup and gladly hiccup the whole night long.

Subject: Old men own your soul.

Subject: Push ups aiming to liberate the world.

Subject: EXTRA FUCKING GRAVY FOR ALL!

Subject: When you have time for nothing, then there's nothing to spare.

Subject: I'm a real vitamin popper.

Subject: Just don't sweat it on monkey hill.

Subject: I think one day music will save us all

Subject: How many excuses have you fallen for lately?

Subject: If I lived Martha Stewart's daily schedule for a month I would say in glee each day ...
YOU HAVE TO BE FUCKING KIDDING ME!

Subject: How many excuses have you fallen for.

Subject: I would have never imagined that a week shy of 37 that I would be ding it without my old man.

Subject: The solace in tour solstice is just another new ring around Saturn.

Subject: The land of yellow and purple crowd around me in an enormous eye patch all the time.

Subject: Everyone around me mistakenly thinks I ping the drugs.

Subject: Remaking the song is the only way you are going to survive tonight, little kid.

Subject: I can only wait as long as I know I may be enriched and if that doesn't happen, the we just have to acknowledge that everything fucking changes.

Subject: Night filled with parenting, stranger kindergarten dads at the playground and the lucky drinks just before the love begins

Subject: The echoes of the past aren't even audible anymore.

Subject: Calls from Chicago and aerals from Hawaii as night readies to slip into day.

Subject: I used to know time better when all I had was time.

Subject: Wilco sings with the night birds tonight under the October KC cold.

Subject: The beauty of watching a person with virgin ear listening to Jeff Buckley and Elliott Smith for the first time ever is the coolest.

Subject: Generation X hiding behind the glaring train lights as everything sticks in perpetual stillness.

Subject: The too much of it all is really too fucking much.

Subject: I just wouldn't know what to do if I knew what to do all the time.

Subject: Movin out and movin on as if death simply doesn't mean anything anymore.

Subject: The cold simply won't have its way with me tonight.

Subject: Blood always seems like such an odd and chilly strange thing like the actual liquid.

Subject: Everything will eventually emerge from the dark.

Subject: If you could rhyme the maybe I could be understood.

Subject: The end of the nap may have put a muzzle flood of poetic words.

Subject: Where are you Hanna go after you have exceeded you quota?

Subject: Does McCartney still have it?

Subject: Have you been a parent lately?

Subject: Technology is the reason behind your biggest win and largest debt.

Subject: If you find forever, tell it I send my best.

Subject: The soccer kid that never kicked a goal had bigger scores to settle that mere goals.

Subject: Night watchmen keeping the daytime doorway open are the ones to trust.

Subject: I'm thinking that true wisdom comes from living each day making the mist sound decisions possible.

Subject: Ever wonder if you get to reclaim the best of yourself.

Subject: The sound of French talk has always been so comforting and jarring all at the same time.

Subject: Just hope that one day you don't completely grow up.

Subject: Kids throwing bad balls to dad on purpose during practice?

Subject: Is the only accurate resistance review that Muse recessitated king Freddy and the Queen?

Subject: Moonlight as a bucket of sunshine so that each day can be filled with eclipse.

Subject: We will only remember the fools if we are also foolish.

Subject: If no one had to worry about money, would art finally flourish .. Would jazz become relevant again?

Subject: Only rely so and insomuch that you can survive one fine day.

Subject: I will never be what you are.

Subject: The has been way too much death in the last several years as the rampant sound of life twirls around my curious ears.

Subject: The ghost of Liberace will leaf Michael Jackson to the chest of ice cold pepsi.

Subject: Only bet what you never won.

Subject: Echo din of jet sound while the rumor finally dies.

Subject: If the idea is the amoeba, then the cell is the tail wagging into the tiny egg.

Subject: Will you be OK if you don't actually fucking figure it out?

Subject: Have you figured out what happiness is yet?

Subject: The poetry of the future will be silence as the brain imagines what just happened.

Subject: The sound of the passing clouds prevented her tears.

Subject: If the last thing I ever said to you was 'what?' then count yourself lucky.

Subject: Hard pop moog jams stole your dreams from last night and plan on making something a bit better out of them tonight.

Subject: Kids these days don't tweet primarily because the don't have anything interesting to say yet.

Subject: Pay homage to all that left before you and it will be then that you start beginning to understand what human death is all about.

Subject: Is there any hope that the licking vortex will ever stop spinning madly.

Subject: Cutting the mustard competitions coming soon to a town near you.

Subject: Sugar rossi will save you when all the other bands and wines fail you.

Subject: You will eventually outgrow everything you know and hold onto in this life.

Subject: Kids crave the weapons with open abandon and grow to loathe them later on.

Subject: Twitter thumb wars for sale!

Subject: I sustained a somewhat traumatic ball injury while playing bouncy ball a few weeks shy of my 37th birthday.

Subject: Sherman Waxx mat be one of the best book villain names of all time.

Subject: What's your inner Wilco sound like?

Subject: Keep hedging and I'll karate chop yer soul in half.

Subject: If you wanna push, then give us a solid definition for the word 'more.'

Subject: Just cause you can dance doesn't mean you can walk.

Subject: Late night bad asses would never last against the best of morning.

Subject: Rock out as loud and as long as you can.

Subject: Reverberating nouns have tied up all my adverbs. Bastards.

Subject: Obama hatred with their flimsy excuses are the real weak ones.

Subject: Resume your virtual stance, kids.

Subject: Wow I live in Belton fucking Missouri.

Subject: I remember the excitement of telling the neighbors about my first trip to NYC.

Subject: You will probably die when you finally decide to give up.

Subject: The strength of the German Sheppard mic dog down the street makes me miss having a canine in the house.

Subject: All the lines are stacks of days that equal the sum of our collective memories.

Subject: Sticky extra films over my eyes joyfully hold all the grime I have accumulated throughout the day.

Subject: Sloppy ankle kicks and thinking tomorrow may just not be enough.

Subject: The humiliation of humility is strangely shameful and sobering at the same time.

Subject: What's rattling in the corners of your brain that drag relatively dormant.

Subject: Kid A screams the strange, harmonious and loosely wound echo of Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds on this one and only day.

Subject: When you convince yourself that the unthinkable can happen Then you can just get ready for what you thought wasn't to be.

Subject: You are the only reason for no one. Happy?

Subject: Bartering with the demons by day as the angels prepare my bed for yet another night of semi lurid dreams of things to do and feelings I may feel.

Subject: If you play Enya too loud then good for fucking you.

Subject: Flailing babies and the parachute heroes readying to jump square into tomorrow.

Subject: I know how you could way before I even think to ask it.

Subject: Sore feet mean everything at the end of the day when the stars come out of hiding and tomorrow winks at me.

Subject: Do you wonder who else is wondering around you now?

Subject: Babies and puppies are the reason behind every single sequel you have ever seen.

Subject: Jammed thumbs, the birth of Neptune as the PM coffee simply fails to be ready as I dream of one small nap.

Subject: Robot talk is just alien pillow speak.

Subject: Jumbled masses of instrument and sound for what I wonder about now as the masses run .. run far away.

Subject: Explain radical in a calm tone and at once I may know the key to patience.

Subject: What really ruined the kings?

Subject: Puppies and angels could probably bake a bitchin cake

Subject: Combustible attitudes pop in precise unison ...

Subject: If I errantly ran into the past on a busy street it would take me a while recognize it.

Subject: Parent on drugs and kids borrowing a stranger's placebo effect.

Subject: I know what I know cause I have fucked up enough to know better.

Subject: How much fixin do you have to do each and everyday?

Subject: The only coldplay goin' down on the tired TV is another re-run of a ding dong Kanye interruption.

Subject: Sinners and quitters equally love extra heaping bowls of gravy.

Subject: Twitching eyes advance as we spend another day tried to cure a massive lost of deadly human disease.

Subject: Cold feet conspiring against armies of warm sock.

Subject: How can I possibly be expected to atop a kid from being a kid.

Subject: Light is spilling so fast and hard around me that I doubt I can hustle up enough paper towels to dab it up.

Subject: Maybe Roman Polanski committed the world's first indecent tweet.

Subject: I bet Michael Jackson was the only American to know who really shot JFK.

Subject: All kids look like they fell out of an 80's situational comedy or drama.

Subject: The power of persuasion is the only real deal thing that perpetuates the human masses.

Subject: Skeptics once believed in everything, including you.

Subject: Glad I'm an optimist cause my luck is something fucking else.

Subject: Go head and feel awkward all you want as the hot water is gone and tomorrow looks like lukewarm.

Subject: Every where but now is where you are....

Subject: Fall into the fold and no one may hear you sly pleas for help.

Subject: Fuckin' specs of bug are tearing the bloody hell outta me.....

Subject: Beef grease all over my ruined summer shorts.

Subject: Rambling acts of drum and synth make my now different from your now.

Subject: Tiny dots of light above me eavesdrop on all our alien actions.

Subject: Does The Alamo believe in you?

Subject: Do you only truly materialize as purely digital?

Subject: You are only as good as the last person you got really upset with.

Subject: Broken monoliths and boring pastors levy the most scathing judgment of all us Human subjects.

Subject: Cavities and candy apples are my fall story.

Subject: Dirt grit rock as my late summer frog legs freeze.

Subject: Some folks only truly have the moon.

Subject: Find your true groove and no bastard can rob your gravy.

Subject: Life is really not one long winding road .. Rather it's a shit load of different roads with incoherent maps.

Subject: No matter who or what you are, I doubt the loneliness ever ends.

Subject: Autism spectrum should be renamed: Symphony on Fire

Subject: You don't know shit till you have taught another human potty training.

Subject: Please don't confuse me for the other suburbanites.

Subject: Big kid with skunk stripe hairdo has a purple Dick Clark shirt looking off into confusion as my largest smile spreads.

Subject: Childhood really does go by fast when you watch your own child grow.

Subject: These fatherless children just don't know how to deal with dudes like me.

Subject: Love is the ability to really just let it all go.

Subject: Paris Hilton is nothing more than a hot dog without mustard.

Subject: A well-intentioned artist has the power to erode prevalent human narcissism.

Subject: The death of Area 51 will be the start of the truth behind the JFK conspiracy.

Subject: Punching towards never are what these modern era conservatives are all about as Palin's pouts sinks into day old deer jerky.

Subject: The texting pharmacy girl just didn't care about my drugs as i watched her starch white back.

Subject: Mad soccer coaches should arm wrestle army generals to see just how tough and exasperated the really are.

Subject: Today's major accident could just be next weeks cool moment in the wings.

Subject: Sometimes it doesn't even take a brain to be smart, the burnt fish thought as it fled the languid jellyfish.

Subject: Lurid orange sky of fall on day one are heroic.

Subject: All of your memories are those robbed memories of the professor from the 80's Flash Gordon movie.

Subject: As Radiohead recently said.. 'recording albums are a drag' ... I wonder as a novice how bad it could really be.

Subject: Sex has always been the greatest excuse of all time.

Subject: I wish Bobby Knight had a plumbing company and would come over my way sometime and land a fuckin' cussin' on my pipes.

Subject: I wish my head we more firmly in the clouds as the tiny plane overhead radios to control that he's ready to land.

Subject: I stopped making predictions because the joke ran out on each and every one of them.

Subject: Why aren't swarms of mosquitoes in vampire films with their microscopic blood beaks?

Subject: Isn't there always a wild fire raging in California?

Subject: I've never met a dig that knew how to lie.

Subject: Hope is something people pound on with words when salvation just isn't cutting it.

Subject: All the wooly caterpillars are hiding behind a bonfire tonight hoping to make it with a hairless caterpillar.-

Subject: Don't explain it. 98.5 percent of what you do is plenty explanation.

Subject: Can you for one day be a giant dill pickle seed and work just outside some stuffy, hungry cubicle.

Subject: Silent green leaves all around wait for that one windy day to erupt into a standing ovation.

Subject: Today's few Herod are the worry free kids on the playground kicking vigorously to get higher in the swing.

Subject: The only things that happen which are newsworthy are the unpublished drafts once considered for the final obituary.

Subject: Curtain slip over the large carcass of sun dusk slivers like a giant pulling a large tattered blanket of the last of him.

Subject: Julian Plenti is a mighty fuckin' skyscraper with his tasty new ensemble of tunes.

Subject: Broken tree limbs dangle around here in the woods like victims in the great broccoli wars.

Subject: Inspiration consists of fiction hatched in childhood that you made into reality.

Subject: Puppies eating cotton candy for the rest of the day

Subject: Just about done with making any fucking predictions at all

Subject: Lost people that were once found are kinda cool

Subject: Just don't forget to pick up the mess tonight?

Subject: Tidbits of today may become you tomorrow

Subject: I wonder sometimes exactly what I inherited from my old man

Subject: How can i constantly parent when I am never patented

Subject: Hot bearing fluorescent lights expose us all for who we truly are

Subject: I only want what I need

Subject: I constantly paint myself into a corner

Subject: My indomitable voice recorder that has fallen into much water lately is still working and just not done listening to my life

Subject: One thing that will never ever change is that publishers will never get anything in on time

Subject: Indie rockers and magicians are saving the sanity of my ear drums

Subject: If most people truly cared, then I could honestly say that I would be utterly and completely surprised

Subject: What role are you going to play in forever?

Subject: The final context is what will always get you in the end

Subject: My salt intake is enough to soak up all the rainy tears of a massive puddle

Subject: Lately I am really understanding what isn't being directly told to me

Subject: I don't get tattoos because all my childhood scars have been tattoo enough

Subject: Make the Lynchian autism spectrum film

Subject: My son's autism spectrum only increases the chasm of confusion I have in this plane of living But my collective sense of love is the only thing I can do ...

Subject: In pictures, grandparents are called to look confused because if they cannot figure out their own kids then how the fuck are they supposed to figure out their kids' kids?

Subject: Are you done thinking about funerals but reading obituaries on Sunday?

Subject: Get ready for Fall and you may never have to get ready for anything again

Subject: The persistence of now is making me feel like I should say as a operator in haste right after my call goes through: 'sir, can I put you on hold'

Subject: Flip the digital page and finally show me the way to everything

Subject: Thanks for music Whomever you are

Subject: What if we are only a bizarre blip in their world of mundane scheduling.

Subject: Life is awfully crunched sometimes

Subject: After all these years I have finally met a real white trash family full of secrets, misery and moments I don't need to waste figuring it out

Subject: Is the only real depressant in liquor when it's gone?

Subject: The only thing that will save you is that you loved it. The notion that you can be saved

Subject: I only ever believe in now

Subject: How many times do I have to remind myself of the same thing over and over again

Subject: If Hell doesn't exist yet, I'm certain some human will come up with something

Subject: Insane neighbors are like TV talk show hiding the innards of your lost shadow or complex alter ego

Subject: The jigsaw puzzle of memories is one of the few things we can lay our head down in peace on. At the end of the day

Subject: It's not hiding behind random comments ... It's flying into now for the sake of forever.

Subject: The happiness of my little Miles boy is usually all I ever really need to see to believe

Subject: The only thing that makes me sad is that we couldn't exist with all our vigor, beauty and tragedy without the existence of sadness

Subject: Books will only save you if you understand how this life works without books.

Subject: Matt Sweeney was my favorite friend as a kid and I know now as an adult why things have turned out the way they have.

Subject: When did politics die for you?

Subject: This cat is chugging so much makeshift shaving cream water against our verbal warnings that we wonder when he will slip into the next life

Subject: Many girls are truly never really happy There is always a complaint

Subject: Should Pete Townshend be considered a guilty pleasure?

Subject: My old man is never coming back.....

Subject: What will ever happen to all the damn painting?

Subject: People with the name Rocky always win in the end

Subject: I have officially exhausted all of my concert stories.

Subject: The older I get the more i realize how fragile people around me have become

Subject: Honking PM cars are like lost geese finding their hobbled way back down south

Subject: Tonight is the last excuse you have.

Subject: Today is the last excuse you have.

Subject: I'm sure I would be quite sad if there was a never ending song much like the movie
the never ending story.

Subject: The eternal button pushing kids of forever.

Subject: The deep heaving nocturnal PM cats have us all beat.

Subject: Downtown is the uptown as midtown wakes the mighty walrus.

Subject: Late night reasons to forget the small stuff in the morning.

Subject: I have ceased to care if it's fucking fair or not.

Subject: All we fucking do is merely practice.

Subject: If you don't want to do it, then just fucking don't.

Subject: Yesterday was likely the missing messiah you had always been looking for.

Subject: The girl with the two dogs flying down the night street

Subject: I wonder sometimes how many different, distinctive lives I have led.

Subject: I want one more time to enter a kids kick ball game and smash the ball so hard into
home run land that all the kids watch to see if I'm serious as I do my Kirk Gibson one
arm down home run trot.

Subject: When will they finally kill the stifle in their lives

Subject: Clever anecdotes and lost robots have become the stranger danger that shuffles past
me

Subject: I'm nothing but merely something

Subject: We are nothing but remakes and remixtures

Subject: The triumph

Subject: Do they have a special spray they squirt into grade schools, because they always smell
the same Maybe I could get some for the home.

Subject: Small babies and the beginning of the only thing that will truly define you

Subject: The bongos won't stop teetering with their persistent lies

Subject: Hipsters in crises are the rest of the world on good dope

Subject: They should make a film called Slow Times at Ridgemont High and show Sean Penn's real life road to divorce.

Subject: Has a Beatle re-mastered you today?

Subject: The bishop who banned the recent Obama education speech is no better than an atheist denying what a whole host of people mustered the faith to believe in.

Subject: Saints are the salt in my tasty dinner of eggs and bacon.

Subject: All these angry tea party bozos are Bush rip offs in Glen Beck masks complaining for the way progressives have to clean their ruined cloth stained by the errant double standards of their own failed political party.

Subject: A friend of the world is a citizen of the future.

Subject: Why do all the soccer people insist on yelling and creating that much more pressure.

Subject: If summer won't let go, none of us will have a reason to fall.

Subject: If God wad a horse, would he still feed you all that sugar?

Subject: As hard as you try, the skies will still cry on you.

Subject: Isolate the loner and you free the world.

Subject: Sylvester Stallone has to simply stop making sequels ... Then, we could all savor his retirement.

Subject: To my surprise, my little Milo boy said 'bye daddy' and i'm still in a bit of shock over his simple complex string of two words together.

Subject: Vivid memories of grasshoppers and worn bikes via 821 North Ridge

Subject: When kids don't pass to each other They simply don't get it yet.

Subject: Kid laughter echoes through the shadows of my recently paid bills.

Subject: I'd chew my nails if they tasted good.

Subject: Pink soccer balls and all the underdeveloped boys.

Subject: Will it be illegal to tweet one day?

Subject: The fun of watching the geese try to land.

Subject: Rock stars hit the karma wall well before the rest of us.

Subject: Wal-mart stickers in the playground grass as rumors in magazines help you understand your options after a nuclear fall out

Subject: Will-i-everbeontime is my new street name. Word.

Subject: Maybe the brothas wear their pants at half mast as a memorial to all us boring full mast wearing regular kind of people.

Subject: Training failures, the expense of dinner, the swallow of time

Subject: Run away from the raveling and collapsing world

Subject: It's the extremes that will lead us to the needed revelations

Subject: Post holiday weekend dumb dumbers are here to hen peck all of our souls

Subject: Bombs shaped like hearts for the general's wife

Subject: The beetles rise with their darth vader shells and well crafted musical tones

Subject: The crazy fucking station wagon woman on the Sunday highway almost killed us in her idiot speed ways

Subject: The triumph and stifle of modern technology

Subject: Errant late night neighborhood conversations that allude me

Subject: The Obama moon is rising

Subject: I had a dream last night that I woke to a world America where gas was 40 bucks a gallon and there was no longer running water

Subject: My nephew needs to invent the new social networking utility that is simultaneously underground and allows one to have the best social networking site for their lifestyle and preference

Subject: Picking evening scabs to bleeds more than I thought and to remind me of that old familiar smell of blood

Subject: Texting culture is the only reason why kids these days might have a fighting chance at passing keyboarding

Subject: Martian orbs of moon lifting makes tonight all nifty and abjectly realized

Subject: If you believe in love you may just sleep tonight

Subject: Who the he'll is gonna make the chariot work once more?

Subject: 8 pm couch delivers for free as the bugs awake and begin their chorus

Subject: The weeping willow is really taking shape here in the front of our lives

Subject: Rap mobiles rip loudly through our hood faster than federlines fleeting fame

Subject: Drug fries for all!

Subject: The neighbors are in fucking tatters

Subject: Lost books inching towards lost cats while the kid rocket ships cool out back.

Subject: Rocket ship battles in the future should even this whole thing out down here

Subject: I reckon the record will truly never be straight for us all

Subject: Rewrite the writ of habeas corpus

Subject: Yes baby

Subject: Will the excitement fully return

Subject: Offset the offshoot and destroy the melons, baby

Subject: Feel everything this life and world has to offer, but don't blame anything in the end

Subject: Can we all just please fucking forget about money already

Subject: Without speaking a word, I may never stop reminding you

Subject: Karate gyms and loud echoes in the middle of suburbia

Subject: Thanks for never asking

Subject: Woe be the weeble hobbles that cannot stop wobblin'

Subject: Howhenwhetewhyandhow is all I wanna know

Subject: I just never fucking knew

Subject: Tiny molecules of everywhere motherfuckers!

Subject: Sometimes you just never know what you have created until you step back and watch it sometimes

Subject: Commence kids ... Just commence

Subject: Where the hell is chad parks?

Subject: I sometimes miss all the not so safe fucking city nites

Subject: Ph all the toothpaste covered zigs

Subject: I fed my donkey dill seeds today

Subject: Good night, pop, here we go into year two

Subject: Tire your own bile, son

Subject: It's 8 pm and I will never stop talking to my dad

Subject: Wash your sins in bleach and you'll have some strange tasting sugar cookies.

Subject: Old men out taking pictures of tonight ad the dogs pace and evening refuses to show up on time

Subject: I'm faster than that one blood lodged mosquito that just ended in my palm

Subject: The night of sirens won't end

Subject: Happy collective blob of kid brain process the here and now on a cold pre-autumn soccer field

Subject: The reality of a thousand fucking chores

Subject: Millions of grass slivers wait to always dance below our old, tired feet

Subject: The world of mingling minds is constantly screaming out in near deafening unity

Subject: On the soccer fields at the end of chula vista, we may be surrounded by hunks of dilapidated pieces of the end of the world

Subject: One of the easiest, yet most denied character traits is the disability to constantly judge

Subject: Take the shot Just take the shot

Subject: I live at the fuckin wal-mart

Subject: We have to look into issuing sex licenses

Subject: Loud memories keep me up good portions of night

Subject: The rotten stench of wet dusk earth creeps in round us all.....

Subject: Will technology actually save our feeble souls?

Subject: Summer evening pic nic with Milo as the sun descends on the last of one year my father has been gone

Subject: I'm eternally grateful each day at how much my Caroline loves me and how I love her and that we have given love a chance and changed each other and everything we have created

Subject: I wonder over the hundreds of bugs that leap from the grass at the torrent of my gassed and massive motor blades approaching

Subject: The sky looks like a massively huge and comfortable blanket

Subject: Angry sirens slash and scream through the twilight of now

Subject: Welcome to now and good luck with everything

Subject: Kids these days are absolutely horrible at push ups The real collective proof of the strength of a generation

Subject: Will it all finally and eventually end?

Subject: Mosquitoes perpetually ding of my massive blood cocktail of a body

Subject: Small town America makes all the real big decisions in the end

Subject: The sadness and inevitability of estate sales is the backbone of every fucking epic novel

Subject: How much of this world have you really sought out?

Subject: All of it will eventually have to catch up to us

Subject: I have really felt my dad's presence on this 8.31.09

Subject: Sometimes I think way too fucking much like an old man

Subject: Do we ever really get to concisely get to leave the full unabridged version of our life behind

Subject: I love Moby's song 'alone' enough for it to be the last song ever played for me

Subject: I wonder if my dad and Rose have spent some quality time putting this show down here in perspective after it all ends

Subject: Don't puke or cry, ait

Subject: Sometimes I miss that pure release of travelling via airplane

Subject: How will we ever really know if we might have won

Subject: O modern times and the final death of van halen

Subject: If the sensation of music didn't wash over my brain as much as it does, I might just stumble a helluva lot more

Subject: The never ending ballad of Joseph 'rocky' Kleist

Subject: Little girls in soccer tend to always smile more

Subject: The skunk stripe still magnetizes my attention span

Subject: The cost of yesterday is forever

Subject: Don't let your soul fall out, prics!

Subject: Joe sr music on golden Italy is relieving

Subject: The lack and poor care of parenting lately agitates me in ways that blow my damned mind

Subject: Welcome to the new, enormous touch screen world, kiddos

Subject: You may never have to grow if you don't redo you view on love and sacrifice

Subject: World record holders all get together and snicker

Subject: Makeshift samples of fiction follow me in my dream state

Subject: I have a real fucking one year kind of thing about things

Subject: 1year ago papa Joe was still with us

Subject: I feel like I'm always parenting And that's OK with me

Subject: The only real solution is to keep kickin arse

Subject: Gas and good nose ointment is taking over my head now

Subject: Soccer balls and moon balls

Subject: Run as fucking far and as good as you can, baby

Subject: I wish these digitized sheets of note would stench like my old journals of a decade or more ago

Subject: The caught bugs in the summer spider web waft of darwins latest memoir

Subject: Kids on the playground without cloud or worry are the real kings and queens amongst us

Subject: Would the moon really take the sun in a good hand wrangling

Subject: The mystery bumps and spots on my body are just a spread cluster of tiny alien pods ready to hatch

Subject: It too my old leather shoes 2 years to air out and now that I wear em again, it took only 2 years to foul them up again

Subject: The iPod is likely the best invention ever

Subject: Soft chairs .. And velvety dreams, baby

Subject: Are you really a Kennedy?

Subject: All of the lost things from my childhood are merely my future

Subject: Everything considered ... Invent a good world for your daily brain and the past won't seem so damn silly and small

Subject: Men in lipstick and women without bras invent tomorrow as today's decent breath settles

Subject: It's hard to really peg those you know or admire that are either going to give up or die on purpose

Subject: Fanatics practice for the end as I doubt our young lives on the timetable are barely a beginning

Subject: Late soccer practices and my dirty hands wrought with onion stench

Subject: Mosquitoes must love whiskey and pickles if they're gonna suck my red blood

Subject: I'm just headin toward forever, baby....

Subject: The only things real anymore lately are the fuckin heavy things

Subject: Somehow I disappeared to my nieces and I hope they do it well

Subject: Most of my friends lately have become friendly ghosts that I may or may not see again in this particular reality

Subject: The odd dream of zen driving miles home from the community center alone at 11 as I looked on in astonishment at the wrecked jeep and safe kids

Subject: Why such haste hell face?

Subject: So you ever really contemplate the ecosystem?

Subject: The ballad of the stunned bird in the middle of the road and turning around to shoo and get it off and flyin

Subject: It's almost been one year and I really feel that my old man is truly gone

Subject: Where are the folks that support really good ideas before the artist goes completely broke

Subject: If I could convert my fingers into temporary batteries I could save shit loads of money

Subject: If the world's such a small place, then at 36, why haven't I seen Asia, Africa, china and the like?

Subject: The final days of summer always sweat the last of my body's warm tears

Subject: I dig how I always call him Milo and that's the first way he refers to his name

Subject: We are trying to heal our little Milo boy

Subject: Intelligence may be boiled down to repetition

Subject: The fatigue of years can accumulate and smash yer ass in one day

Subject: Late soccer night lies

Subject: Who's gonna save superman when the flaming ball hurtling towards us is just too damn hot

Subject: My Hands are always cut and nailed with sores

Subject: A world with no more hangovers

Subject: The world of the tiny online trolls

Subject: The bastards of the inner Kansas city art realm are a flat drag

Subject: The ga ga ground hog day soundtrack of a miles car ride

Subject: Today is yesterday as tomorrow will be some other kind of day

Subject: The willingness to be willing is the key

Subject: Even out your ice cream and meet me in bed

Subject: My love of the one dollar silver shades

Subject: The odd center stripe skunk hairdo of the large soccer playin kid

Subject: The perpetual healing of the children

Subject: The setting sun whispered the word 'yesterday' to me

Subject: Nothin worse than pouty suburban kids....

Subject: Is the world bigger than you and all yer pals?

Subject: My solo caroline poem

Subject: Trust me, it just fucking happens

Subject: Simmering swimming shimmers of summer sun slivers

Subject: Does the house really win in the end

Subject: Deal with the pain. Period.

Subject: Will we ever blend here in belton

Subject: The real contemplation of the cool comfort of summer dusk wind is as relaxing as I can
imagine

Subject: Rocky was my gift from the gods in the first year absence of my father

Subject: Practicing in the trash burning ghetto of belton

Subject: Hard drive little league soccer dad coaches are a lot like cops

Subject: Watching small humans develop into older humans is one of the most fascinating
thing I have ever witnessed

Subject: Are we all righting history each day or just a tiny part of writing it

Subject: Taming the repeat is both looking inside and growing up

Subject: What really is a Kansas city celebrity?

Subject: There are so many things that I will never do again, but I love them all in their own
small magnanimous way

Subject: Fly itching sunset nights

Subject: You spend a childhood laughing and intensely exploring as you keep an eye on
healing for the rest of your days

Subject: Everything alive is constantly reaching for the sun

Subject: I'm starting to really believe in everything in my own very small way

Subject: The ballad of slowly losing grip with the feelings of the past

Subject: We are all mist within the midst

Subject: I wait in the midst of a daze with my fingers crossed Sometimes

Subject: I'm done with dearth for a fuckin while

Subject: Whatever you do Don't fight yourself

Subject: Ooooooh baby will it ever evolve into easier

Subject: Oh we pray for an end to the miles rage

Subject: Dealer tagged mini van with the whole back window saying that the book of Mormon is a lie

Subject: Guys shirt outside the tattoo shop said loudly JESUS IS A CUNT

Subject: The older I get the more I forget all the old memories

Subject: Time is the only thing that will never ever discriminate

Subject: Konstant karate konfusion

Subject: Death is thick in the Hollywood airs.....

Subject: I have never really had a shit load of help

Subject: Expert rumblings as known missives

Subject: The newness of a young baby as the old man coughs in the tired cafe

Subject: Hello forever..... What did you possibly do to my yesteryears

Subject: Bright hot white lights of never follow a select few

Subject: Permanent dents never leave

Subject: Oh the past can rest

Subject: Sports notes for the ribbet sporks

Subject: Broken fences and the rest of the house of cards tumblin down to the warm grounds

Subject: The neighbors glee over yanni tickets is an odd sort of pure revelry

Subject: Brass lamps and the end of your Chinese methodologies

Subject: The 2 current journalists I a north Korean labor camp makes me fucking I'll

Subject: Clutchy Hopkins rules our world

Subject: Slivers of delicious music redeems things

Subject: Rungorongogprungogogogo.....

Subject: Flute solos are where it's at

Subject: Instant signals are only a collection of miraculous echoes

Subject: Chicken squints on unicycle tires

Subject: The skulls finally wised up and ate all the crossbones

Subject: Instant today's are like elastic yesterdays

Subject: Magazine covers with Einstein and a modern art world creating the same fucking shit

Subject: The taste of never is similar to the taste of forever when I really start thinking it over

Subject: Lazy push ups and fresh, green thunderstorms

Subject: In the end, the Mexicans are gonna win.....

Subject: When will your brain finally become you?

Subject: How many wishes do you have left

Subject: Poor jay bennett as the new wilco screams over my ears

Subject: Time made your gods all sugary

Subject: Bring the walls down and you might finally fuckin see

Subject: Love the music and it will let everything inside you live

Subject: Obama won on a karate night

Subject: The Asian countries are the eldest and most capable while they silently wait and hum
as the west whirls and hums like maniacs about to smash into the proverbial wall

Subject: My past is suffocating, which is why I forget a host of memories and get so nostalgic
about the immediate here and now

Subject: I listen to a lot of stoner music for a drinker

Subject: Even after my father left his life story behind in his words, I still have many questions that will never be answered

Subject: Mysterious cuts on my sobering head have returned

Subject: My unabated and abrupt nap with my miles today was the most relaxing event in recent memory

Subject: I only know that there is still a lot to do

Subject: Is your prayer the tape that bonds the angels wings together

Subject: Accidental words and thoughts tend to save my arse

Subject: Lost huskies and my boys smashing another plastic wiggle ball of today

Subject: Karate masters licking melting ice cream cones

Subject: Out think the jester and you just may have a sliver of a shot in this earthly game we are mired in

Subject: The inventor of wind is your calm pillow of night

Subject: The world will never stop fighting as someone excuses mother nature for sneezing

Subject: A set of haikus hijacked last nights fragile dream

Subject: The excuse lied to the border devil

Subject: Don't ever forget the pictures

Subject: The continual ballad of being totally tired as fuck

Subject: Permanent answers can be dull

Subject: Faded girl power tattoos on my hands

Subject: Screaming infectious miles on the public pool

Subject: Winter swimming nights of redemption

Subject: All the mighty dodge balls in the gum stuck on the lines of air ducts

Subject: If I should ever forget ..joe sr cell: 210-4013

Subject: If I should ever forget ... Austin's cell: 223-2871

Subject: Tuesday night freedom tireds

Subject: I spend my days going thru tiny measures of personal re-invention

Subject: I celebrate the pulsing pain in my sleep

Subject: The ghosts of joe sr mount each day

Subject: I love to say hi to ku

Subject: Smell is the underlying essence of anything pure

Subject: What saint may have saver your ass today?

Subject: Layer after layer stack upon me as I figure its all gotta mean something some day.....

Subject: I can hardly remember the year 2000....

Subject: I may just never forget this particular day.....

Subject: Clown chimes signal the beginning of a possible forever

Subject: Errant whistles spell the possible brilliance in the air of night

Subject: Leo Lapprte is your personal technological pocket Jesus

Subject: I believe that over the tears I have found plenty to believe in

Subject: Everyone is us and no one is you ... Period

Subject: Little miles running bucket of love

Subject: Who really knows what the fuck they are doing all of the time

Subject: The mounting economic pain that is not any of our blue collar faults

Subject: Everything I listen to lately is ambient cause so many other things are loud pointed
noise

Subject: Be first ... Be last.... Just be, man...

Subject: Please put a ban on stating the ducking obvious

Subject: I refuse to make any more predictions

Subject: Everything a joke but no one is laughing

Subject: Merge all those separate lives and talents, little time

Subject: Do we all really need to have the need to be either remembered or redeemed

Subject: McCartney's brain has to be complete and utter mush

Subject: Soft resilient innocent criminals in my small front pocket

Subject: Dance shuffle karate crunch

Subject: Walk as hard as you fucking want No one learned as much from the silent

Subject: I still can't believe I don't have one more conversation with the old man.....

Subject: My old man wrapped in a Carly Simon song makes me feel a bit redeemed this very evening

Subject: Rock forever fuckers

Subject: Zen boy is the original karate master

Subject: When do you think everything is going to end?

Subject: Should you be so quick as to know what it's like to be my son Miles boy

Subject: I want Moby's song Alone to be my very last tune

Subject: I can only make the world as real as it will never be

Subject: Just approximate with me this one time

Subject: Remember the quotient and you forget the quality

Subject: Ahhhh the newness of all is what I crave

Subject: Human motion of bulldozer parts

Subject: I'm shocked at things miles does cause I have done the exact kind of things in my lifers

Subject: 1 times 1 has made us all 1, baby.....

Subject: I liverthemishmashmixofwords

Subject: Wd40 in the Bon fire at night

Subject: My high school years are on life support...at best

Subject: Typing exact poetry in a calculator may just heal the world

Subject: The bold love of tomorrow is here now in my proverbial palm

Subject: Bone cold trailer park at nite

Subject: The snow fallout of a winter tornado alarm

Subject: The unified revelry of Kravitz in the immortal 20's of our 90's.

Subject: 12.12.12 is when the real Mayans will show up

Subject: When the tone comes back we will have won

Subject: My notes accidentally ate your notes...

Subject: High-tech poems might kill your house plants

Subject: Wild bill cooties in your dust pan

Subject: We only have room for you, kiddo.

Subject: We will be better after this current miles phase I hope.

Subject: Muted muffled silence of a forgotten past that is me

Subject: President Obama sure has a nice ring to it, eh.....

Subject: What if all the lost angels get found

Subject: Is Rachel Ray really a real physical human being?

Subject: The best idea sometimes is to re-invent

Subject: There are brief spokes of time that it's hard as fuck to fight as hard as I do

Subject: My wife is the only one that will ever know how I truly live

Subject: Responsible poetry is reckless

Subject: God is crying in Seattle alllllll the time...

Subject: Will all the winners eventually fall?

Subject: Roll on sugar pills

Subject: Sure is fun herein Fantasyland

Subject: Can Jay Bennett be your personal hero?

Subject: It's very likely that Mickey Rourke fucked your girlfriend already

Subject: Karate chops steaks for everyone!!

Subject: For instance

Subject: A Obama the new messiah

Subject: Bad bad bad belton snoozing drivers

Subject: The past tends to always make it's way back in

Subject: I accidentally stole f. Scott fitzgeralds best story idea

Subject: Shit sue do you own a schitzu?

Subject: There's not many folks that could stage the folks in the belton wal-mart

Subject: The big dude in shorts on the coldest night of the winter

Subject: I think I know what's wrong with me and I may not be able to save you

Subject: Will it get any easier as I get older

Subject: Will an American miracle save you

Subject: I wonder if anyone real close in the city group of pals will ever have a child

Subject: I still cannot believe how much has happened in 4 years since 2004.....

Subject: Where is Kato in chi town as the sigur ros rambles in my ears here in KC?

Subject: Oh & how it really can turn out if you decide not to change

Subject: I'm so glad I got my heart broken back in college

Subject: Will anything ever really come back.

Subject: Satan may have stole your stew !!!!!

Subject: Instincts are a huuuuuge key

Subject: America will soon finally have a president we deserve

Subject: Please don't eat Gilbert Grape

Subject: I love who is putting my Milo to bed

Subject: Hot searing sickles of truth may become you

Subject: Is insanity really a good alibi

Subject: Is America finally falling? Should we really be scared?

Subject: My kids will be better than us

Subject: I found myself in some bloody knuckles created by housework

Subject: Conversations with my father via his camera.

Subject: Keep .. Keep .. Keep

Subject: The tiny water towers trees waving flags and such sit silent below the honking geese
plowing due south

Subject: The collective reasoning of your accumulated karma is really going to be the meaning
behind the way your life turns out

Subject: Who owns your world

Subject: How much do we always leave behind?

Subject: I want to walk my family down the streets of Rome

Subject: Can you ever be done with anything that lasted over a year or so

Subject: I'm fucking tired of the old belton Wal-Mart

Subject: I'm beginning to start looking old .. It was simply supposed to happen.

Subject: I think I used to muse in grade school that I was gonna marry a Carrie cause of the
Carrie I first kissed as a kid.

Subject: I fell in love with the most perfect, beautiful person

Subject: Sometimes I wish for less and less shit

Subject: Reinvigorate my tomorrow, baby.

Subject: Don't punch my soup!

Subject: I dug '08!

Subject: Arch your lurching past away from my cold cup of ice water

Subject: My miles got to see a future president Obama in real life

Subject: Oh holy indignation in everything that will eventually kill you

Subject: PMS realistically hurts each and every single one of us

Subject: I might just meet my dad again someday, if I believe it. Or, he could be a
manifestation of all the good friends I will ever have

Subject: If you say u don't have time to vote ... Then you just ducking lose

Subject: Health is gonna eventually be a matter of the brain

Subject: What if Jesus is really a Muslim?

Subject: Wanna cry together sometime?

Subject: How much shit has happened in the last four years is utterly staggering

Subject: The insane shroud of bernie & jackie

Subject: Here have a delicious long-lasting sin sucker

Subject: Is anyone really doing anything?

Subject: Will I ever get over the 80's?

Subject: The birth of death is the beginning of a good story

Subject: Karate kids running to pee!

Subject: Why should I stop...? Really...?

Subject: Welcome to the Santa sucker punch

Subject: Does profundity exhaust you?

Subject: I believe in every day I have lived

Subject: Polka fries in my Italian dreams

Subject: Will there ever be a cure for everything

Subject: Fictional broken arm of kim simmons

Subject: We start getting wise when we forget the trivialities of the past

Subject: Petty intrigues of pt

Subject: When was love never it?

Subject: Peel my soul back, you bastards!

Subject: Don't complicate my soup

Subject: Wish until your face falls off your head and you have no need to make another face again

Subject: Play your final move, punk!

Subject: Hohohoho hum naked hula hoopin

Subject: Is help really on the way?

Subject: Fluffy parallels win!

Subject: The day is running away from me..... STOP!

Subject: Cans of prize

Subject: Daytime TV will kill you!

Subject: Peel back your soul and live

Subject: The karma of Mayor Mark Funkhouser is unimaginable.

Subject: Grass stained winter shoes will save you

Subject: The constant echo of joe sr slams around me

Subject: If you really want to learn about folk, hang out in a waiting room or two at a doctors office

Subject: Why are some old men so pissed at everyone

Subject: Torture for me is more than one traditional irish song getting shoved down my ears in one setting

Subject: Art and my Caroline have saved me

Subject: The victorious ballad of publicly sawing logs

Subject: I fukkin love luv

Subject: Tired old men snoring in the waiting room

Subject: Our grasp of god and theology is so limited that my brain swims in the endless myriad of possible possibilities

Subject: Let's just say I have no interest in your version of this reality

Subject: Obama will rule your newly found hope world

Subject: I don't nap no more and I have fallen madly in love with sweet fatigue

Subject: Pop culture has exploded So run fee your fuckin lives

Subject: Take yet pals to he'll with you....OK

Subject: Why do the local IRS commercials have to be so fuckin creepy?!

Subject: Go on with your face, lady

Subject: I may just have too much

Subject: Maybe the world we know will last forever?

Subject: Why does sheer volume have to be a big deal to me

Subject: My guts just sit here & languish in lurid joy

Subject: Does every damn story have to collapse into an ending

Subject: I will not let technology win

Subject: Light synthesizers litter all my thoughts

Subject: 1 year ago today I was featured on national tv again

Subject: My own sand ole hobby are these words & letters

Subject: Can we name next year a parakeet

Subject: The only thing left is today

Subject: Aunts & uncles may save u some fine fuckin day

Subject: Angry old man in the cataract clinic....

Subject: Everything is gonna be air.

Subject: What if everything indeed doesn't poop?

Subject: I dig dream pop!!!

Subject: My Caroline is my only sweetheart

Subject: I never had a clue that any of this was gonna happen

Subject: I still can't believe papa joe is gone

Subject: My little miles schoolboy

Subject: I never want to be what I used to be.

Subject: The boogeyman always loses in the end

Subject: Electronic transmitters have stolen my pulp

Subject: Luvinthemornomg

Subject: Susieyeballs

Subject: Holes

Subject: Papa joe dreams