

**stop the dime
&
recall the quarter**



I wanna become an elementary school rock-n-roll substitute bubble gum hero teacher, baby.

**

Can anyone learn how to do anything?

**

Reflections of the world in the screen of a computer is the whole reason why the process of prose rhyme and metered paths in untimed duty exist.

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3:20 PM 7/22/2004

if you try hard enough to fail, then perhaps you can. if you dabble in the realm of greatness, perhaps you can. who's definition are you going after other than your own. we spend and dawdle hours of our time through media outlets and other people's mouths evaluating, judging and assessing the worth or value of one's life. not only thier entirety, but the actions, incidents and moments that make up the sum total of one's existence. what if we were to take the big eraser and delete the memory of those actions from one's mind? it's been made into movies - but wouldn't that make everything a whole fucking bunch better? just blot out any expectations. can you imagine what kind of world we would live in if we didn't have any expectations or preconcieved notions? we would probably be closer to a utopia than we are now. the eteranal wiping of the slate clean for the human mind. ultimately we would be reduced and simmered down to our essential parts. an integral piece of the primordial soup that brews beneath our feet. an undefeated way to feel as though there is something to hope for that has never been hoped for before. just pattened behaviors - no highrise expectations. all we need is the air that we breath, the feet that walk, fingers that touch, ears the perceive, eyes that view, tastes that eat and drink and the wastes that we create. the point is that there are so many expecatations that make people churn, run and duck so much throughout a lifetime that it eats into our ultimate enjoyment and understanding of this existence. ever get to the point that you try your asshole off to figure out what all of this means? i'm sure you will never complete this triadic combo in your brain, but if you could rid your head of expectations, downers and the others - wouldn't it make that notion easier. to really probe into the idea of god, human souls and the real of the other/after worlds. isn't this ultimately what already drives most people on this planet. so, let's take that notion - strip it clean and see where we end up. you know, animals in the various kingdoms and phillums on earth don't have wars, rampant disease, drug abuse, errant murder for no reason and malicious evil with which humans unleash. how did we become better and morally and figuratively superior to our animal counterparts, when we are the savages? isn't it the animal world that runs our show and we are merely cogs in their grand machine as the truly innocent decendants of a loving god. this all leads me to question the ultimate whole of human understanding. take away the notion of stem cell research, euthenasia, abortion and all the other moral decisions folks make, and go to the core of what we do as humans. we are walking anomolies. never truly honest with each other. ripping the shit out of things as we see fits our way of life. running fucking nuts to prove points that rarely last long - the longest lasting power point the United States ever really made was storming the beaches of Normandy in a big war and ending the same one with an atomic bomb concocted by one of the most brilliant minds on the planet - ever - to bring ultimate doom to a country about fraction of the State of California. are you getting me, yet? in the whole walk of how we do what we do on earth, we should be ashamed. with all the beauty, laughs, children, creation, free exchange, love and such - there is an unequal amount of tragedy. it lurks. it shadows. it creeps and it's all around us. as much as i try to disregard the notion, as to not get my mind completely shackled by bounds of insanity, there is much that exists that hexes me. i'm by no means perfect. as much as a part of the problem as anyone else, but how do we justify what we do on a daily basis. we have a fuck for a president that destroys everything he touches and how much better are we than he is? i know, there are so many subjectvie matters that go into this. but the point is this .. i know i wouldn't do what Bush is doing if I achieved public office, but what i'm doing as a regular citizen casting a blind eye and being selfish - whether i know it or not - how much difference does that make with me versus him. he has a large scale obligation to Americans and the international community and he is raping, pilandering and aborting much on a daily basis. all in the name of his god.

who is his god? does he really have a god? seems like he is more a part of the underground Yale skull & bones or illuminati groups and perhaps he doesn't believe in anything other than his family and ultimate successorship of his family. he has 2 daughters who can carry his blood line - is that enough for him. not to wane too much off of my point, but I think we all have our levels fucking shit up and we do just that well in our own way.

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10:37 AM 7/28/2004

the following dissertation of words is in relation to a dream i had the evening before. a weaving, winding tale that dug into the marrow of my psychosis - fears and anticipation of my future journey and the welcoming of my son into this world. here's how the dream broke down. i was living in a high rise penthouse with my wife and parents. it was a modern city we were residing in. the building we lived in was a spherical tower. we were a fair distance up the tower. probably about 20 - 30 floors up into the sky. as the story went, my folks went out for the evening. it was a living situation a whole lot like that show Frasier. the parents stayed out of our way and we stayed out of theirs. it was a mutual living existence based on financial need, city exposure and such. it seems as though it was in the 'new' downtown kansas city. but, this building was around a crime riddled area of downtown. even though it was a modern, well-kept building, there was a wealth of homeless and crime was rampant. the setting was a lot like the future as seen in john woo's film 'paycheck'. it was modern, but it was at the same time very futuristic. the dream took place at least 3-5 years in the future, but i didn't feel any older and everyone else in the dream retained their youth. nothing was aged or downtrodden about anyone in the dream. so, back to the dream. as it turned out, my folks were out on the town for the evening. so, carrie and i had friends over for the evening or we were there together with leah and alex. drinking into the late hours of the evening, carrie drifted away off to the sack and told me to go ahead and entertain our guests. she wasn't pregnant, but seemed tired and just wanted me to enjoy the evening. i was apprehensive, wanting to be with my wife, but decided to entertain the guests because it would have been an uncomfortable segway. thus, the drinking continued and we started getting hungry for take out food. as the evening dwindled, i remember alex turned into sort of a ghost or image that existed, but we didn't interact with him. leah asked if i wanted to go with and get food. i looked into my wallet, pulled out a five and said 'mcdonald's'. she agreed and we descended the elevator to her car - or convertible future car. we all climbed in. as i said, alex really wasn't there. as we started backing up, someone i remember from a photo of yore - forgotten his face, but had seen him at some point in my reality. probably someone that lived in the ymca dorms. anyways, as we were pulling out of the lot, he starts waving a gun and from far off is pointing it at my face as leah freaks out and begins accelerating. he's yelling, 'YOU BETTER NOT EVER BRING A GIRL THROUGH THIS LOT LATE AT NIGHT WITHOUT A GUN AROUND ALL THESE BLACKS, ASSHOLE.' the whole time he's weaving, holding the gun far away firm towards my face. i just stare and ready to duck if he fires. as we cart off, he starts yelling weaving and pointing his gun as people scramble. after this, i just remember being back at work the next morning what happened the night before. i'm badly hung over, but well enough to work and wonder what happened after that moment we pulled away. i called my dad and asked him if i woke up at home and he started in on me. 'YOU KNOW, JOE, YOU FELL BACK INTO IT. YOUR A DRUNK AND I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DON'T REMEMBER LAST NIGHT. I plead that i was much better with my drinking and ask him what happened. he was just silent. so, i call leah and she's a laughing nervously as i ask her. she tells me that she dropped me off at my place and that she couldn't believe i didn't remember the evening. since it's the future, she is on a tv phone and shows me with her and alex being a flamboyant at the mcdonald's and another place. i look on like that butterfly effect and wonder how i forgot all of it. then, leah tells me that she forgot something at the gremlin girl's house and had to go by and pick something up there. which again, i don't remember. nothing wierd happens at all throughout the night other than me being very drunk in public and not remembering anything the next day. leah assures me that it was just a drunken evening of laughter and that's that. end of story. but, the feeling today was that i was had that old black out nervousness about not knowing how, when and where i ended up where i ended up.

END.

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11:28 AM 8/2/2004

stacks and stacks of vignettes went through my mind last night as i tried to pull together the pieces of fragmentation that was making up my mind over the evening. at one point, i was at an outdoor show by Coldplay in Chicago and i was trying to help the band get the show going smoother and better. at one point, the band came jumping off into the grass audience area to play this music. they even took off their instruments and gave them to audience fans to play the music. the fans played as well as the group. as suddenly as i was in that dream sequence, i was thrust back into my childhood/teen years at an old friend's house. his name was john storms and I sat around talking about music like i would at one time talk to him about baseball cards. i told him about going to the show in Chicago, which didn't phase him. he was always an asshole, so it was no surprise that he was a complete asshole in the dream. before i left his place, which was his old childhood home, i told him i was having a baby in december. he smirked or didn't respond and went on his way. as i flashed about through the night from one dream sequence to another, I came to a point where i was back in wrigley field. as is the case when i am at various shows, my seat is on the field. i am literally next to the pitcher watching him and inspecting the ball as he pitches it straight for home plate. right there as the crowd roars and right there if that ball comes flying towards my temple to knock me the fuck out. but that was another slice of the evenings events. it's after 4 PM and i have forgotten quite a bit of the pieces, but there was this distinct feeling of tension, both pleasurable and distressful, that had me in the lurch all night long. tossing and turning around like a cat not ready to committ, I connected the dots of things throughout my subconscious last night. laying the track of my once love of sports and current love of music. tied together by a conversation about being turned on and not treated well, I was thinking about John Storms. If there was anyone that wanted to help with one hand and take mightily with the other, it was Storms. Sure, he got me a job at a grocery store - a good job in high school, but later admitted that he stabbed me in the back. he did just that. a behind the back jealousy move and he admitted to it. with all his born again christian intentions and desires to be such a solid human, he could only resort to what was taught to him over the years. fight and survive by any means necessary. storms was like the bush president we have now. if you can't win by the nicer more arduous ways of being civil and nice, bomb the fuck out of them and claim that you are a christian. take out a villiage and bow your head later to make the people forget. i tire of these people with their empty claims of 'GOD BLESS YOU AND AMERICA AND EVERYONE' when they are fucks in their own life and would kill, maim and disregard human decency to further their own agendas. well, storms, you made it back into my thoughts and you remind me of bush. doubtul you want that dub buy if the dubbuya fits, fucking wear it dreamland pansy pal.

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if deer were given bird instincts, they would never get plowed by cars

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it's april 9 2004, in other words, good friday .. find me a bad friday

**

oh sloppy burger eaters - UNITE - UNITE!

**

teased the billionaire about opening a business for fun that would tank quickly: he proposed selling bottles of skunk fluid

**

conservatives are like that piece of hair stuck in the back of my mouth that you never get out - or it takes hours and it just nags, and nags

**

INVENTION IDEA: just a simple US passport sticker for cars, trucks, etc.

**

A FILM SHORT: dude that looks like christ comes flying down over the lights, clouds onto some Arizona roadway and the satellite shot of the earth shows all the dead animals getting up, healed and back to life after being splattered on the road - this whole time, the christ figure loses weight, pallor and his color - he then collapses, as an errant dog comes over 3 or so days later - licks his face and wakes him - immediately, he rises back into the sky as a dead, old gray pigeon is on the ground where the christ figure laid for the three days

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FILM SHORT: go through the life of a leg - annotated - from the legs perspective - in memory of a leg that was lost to a diabetic.

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GOD'S REVENGE: The drunk couldn't find his car keys after getting good and drunk at the bar, but is it a bartender's trick?

**

DREAM: enormous crowd stacked on top of each other - one falls - jeff boursheski, brian plummer, other kids from high school - at the Air show - the pyramid collapses and one dies

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8:20 AM 8/18/2004

THE DREAM:

i was stuck inside some big, huge 30 screen multi-plex somewhere in the city for a spin off of the Seattle Film Festival in Kansas City. The big build-up was a screening of a new Steven Spielberg film that i figured i would see because i was there anyways. But, the theater i ended up in during the early part of the afternoon was going to show a film with Samuel L. Jackson that was a children's film named '8'. As i figured out that it was a kids film, i got on my feet and hoofed over to catch a new show or find out the screening time of the Spielberg film. Once out, I ran into some indoor casino sound stage and Bob Dylan, current day, comes out to perform some tunes. As he begins his first one, he comes to a halt as he notices myself and all the other people up in the rafters above him. He stops his performance, and announces that we need to evacuate the bleachers above him. We do just that. Then, I find out that Spielberg's film is on later that night. It was then, that i found a marquee that said 'SEATTLE FILM FESTIVAL' and i tried to get back to the Samuel movie, but it was locked up and was concluding. I just couldn't find a reputable film to watch and Dylan wasn't having the fans shit.

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on this day, july 14th, 2004, i was finally pushed to the edge by the family. riddled with questions about my depressed, absolutely devoid sister, i had to rearrange my plans as to not get shit from her in the future. it's not like there is some chapter in our existence that will change, but the last thing i need is my sister ruining anything else on this planet. i swear to everything, joann turns everything she touches to shit, except for her daughters. even at that, her youngest daughter coughs like a hyenna looking for a ventilator because she still selfishly smokes and smokes and smokes and smokes and smokes. but, this is an overall disdain with my immediate family structure three days before i get ready to jump into the new realm of weddingness. i cannot wait to make caroline my wife. i cannot wait to be a husband. it's gleeful. it's bliss. it's eternal and i

cannot be happier. so, today to have my balls questioned by my mother and to have my father make vague accusations that are unfounded has made me not invite one of the closest members of the family, my brother and carol, in lieu of saving my sisters feelings, which i could give a fuck about, in all reality. so, does this make sense? i didn't think so. if you would like additional comments or would like to ask me a question about this matter, please drop it by my newly appointed PO Box.

**

hey baby, it's july 14th and i keep getting more and more excited about the idea of getting married to you. i know you there has been a lot of shit going on - but there is always going to be a whole lot of shit going on in various capacities. it's our life and it's beautiful how we are living it. i know i keep thinking and saying that it's like we are going to get ice cream on our wedding night - but it's so much more than that. we both have wanted to treat this in the highest dose of reality possible, while maintaining our sense of adventure and fantasy. i am elated to have the ring on my finger, complete the ceremony and go on with our lives to the birth of our child. it's a wondrous and delicious process that keeps holding surprises, mysteries and intrigue the whole lot of the way. i don't feel good about making my mother cry this evening, but some things need to be done. it wasn't her fault. it's not my father's fault, but there should be a line in the sand drawn so that this doesn't happen again. i'm not a fan of snooping about in one's life or private matters and this is a private matter. it's money, but it's much more to do this with you and our parents. preferably i would like to do it alone, but it's going to go its course the way the course has been plotted. i love you in every way that exists and know it will only grow deeper as we journey further into each other and how we are. thank you, baby, and one day, without me saying anything or you recognizing it, i will be done with this nugget of anger or bursting within. it's not sarah. it's not the past. it's everything about me that is passionate that will in turn calm me down. life is a process. i have the hot, cold, warm, cold, hot, warm and so on for years. back and forth, but i want to be more even with the outbursts with you. i just feel the older i get that it gets harder. there is nothing more that i would like to do than to break out and let the nay sayers have a bit of my tongue. it's just my way now as a 31 year old man. you prove what you have to prove by words and let the rest of your life prove itself by actions. i believe i have done that, but get jilted when i see that isn't taking place. there is so much for me to be thankful for and you are a big part of that. thus, i know i can relax and hit a cruise control button and laugh, love and melt into you and our life and future child. i love you, baby.

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i have that million dollar in the back wallet idea that could go from KC to Rome in a night. it's rather simple in this era of having to remember every password, screen name, user ID, secret word to get in and out of any piece of technology going. in conjunction with a sharper image kind of joint, i want to come up with a keychain that will remember all the passwords to the various things people belong to. even safely deposit boxes. everything with a passcode. but it would be completely safe. nothing would have the user ID, just the name of the institution - thus Bank of America would simply be Bank of America and when the button is hit for this passcode it would flash. So, the owner would have to remember what their user name or first field is and the keychain would hold their passcode. It may work, like everything else. it may just work.

**

my short film idea for next year's kc jubilee film festival. how about this. knowing how scavenging folks are in midtown kc with things in trash piles, i want to exercise this phenomenon on film. how about laying a fairly nice table, chairs, couch, bed, lamp, books, fish aquarium, book shelves, tv, clothes and an old lawnmower on the corner and let the people pick it apart. there would be several cameras on the porch and one street level to view people coming out of the wood work. there will be mics in the trees, around the trash, in the ground and around to grab the feed of this modern city phenom. how people talk while they take things - what they are going to do with these things - how they load it in - and all the extraneous things that will be discussed and hashed out. it would be classic and would go over very well at a urbane, city film festival. especially in kansas city. folks from the midtown region know exactly how that kind of shit takes place. it would be low rent, low budget, little time and maximum impact for such a short film.

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he's an old war veteran by the name of roscoe. as he tills over his yard and simple tomatoe plants his eyes are acting as the patron saint over this neighborhood. currently, he's battling the mid to late stages of parkinson's disease and assures that all the birds have a home at his house with all of his seeds in their feeders and other nuggets of food strategically placed around the yard for easy viewing for the grandchildren from any room. his flag flies off the side of his house constantly because he can't stand the terrorists and thinks the best place for them on this planet is a casket. he knew the early perils of war. knows how to crack open a beer with style. does't believe in legalizing dope, but doesn't want to get into it with anyone. he sold someone else's products for the entirety of his life and now he is just trying to make his way without anyone know about it. and then we get to the secrets beneath roscoe's eyes. the motivations that make him wake early, sleep early and hide behind the comb of a past that would make this neighborhood hop with anticipation of more stories. he killed me during war and help rescue wounded friends that no one could ever describe. he was quite the ladies man in his early days and was lucky to have stayed married as long as he did. his hero tendencies were only overshadowed by his insatiable thirst for anything that has to do with trains. he collets everything trains and loves to train his mind with their whirling around and around on the ghost track in his basement. the train carries the souls, spirits and translucent images of his past that no longer reside on his planet. in that little gray home with siding across the street - roscoe is looking over the after world. he is the main man of the dead. most people look on and feel sorry for this man with his disease, deceased wife and friends that passed long ago. but they are all live in his basement on an immaculate train track and a whirl of around and around as he gets bits of long conversations as the traina goes around towards it's destination. but, it doesn't have anywhere to go. and roscoe is the king of his environment. he can control any of it at any given time with a flip of the switch and the smell of the train oils peaking. he smiles, waves to his wife, an old cousin, his parents, old friends and even some old pets. down in his dimly lit basement he has traded it all in and conjured up this reality of his own making. now, whether the spirits are real or not is not the question. the real question is how far are you willing to bend your imagination to imagine such a reality. on the other hand, it just doesn't matter. roscoe's soul is at peace and as the patron saint of this fair neighborhood rhyme, that's all that matters. his mind is continually eased by hum of his ghost train even when his car can take him far and his eyes sparkle as he looks up in the sky to see a plane heading straight towards south carolina or florida or anywhere USA.

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take and wod eden up and throw it through my window panes. yea, induce me with your visions of earth through my pain and i may find the way to crack the code of pardadise and get that right back with you with a slip of the envelope under the door. sure, i think we can scrawl this one in spit to make the right connection and easy transfer of needs. so the needle goes down on the record as the wedding in hanover, kansas comes to a stop. the end of the past, a birth of a child, the patch over the bruised nose, the end of the whiskey pint, work on monday, the dog is home, the necklace is found, the bracelet is sanctified and we have been told to get on with our lives. you can bet that this bet was cashed a long, long time ago.

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welcome to la la falluja 2004 - the new and devolved vietnam war!

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HAND MAN - 'the superhero writer with a never ending pool of ink'

**

animals need no aritificially made entertainment or environments and they are rarely ever upset - what does that say about us?

**

BEHOLD:

the broadway stage production: LESBIANS - It's a one act play of a
20-minute long line of women going by 1 by 1 smashing down the lids of toilet seats.
THANK YOU.

**

were like 2 cars merging into the same painted lane at 90 mph

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don't
let
the
paris
parish
perish,
please!

**

kurt cobain 10 year anniversary as i drain myself on the toilet,

**

just
watch
it,
fuck,
or
i'll
photoshop
you!!

**

for
today,
can
we
go
back
to
simpler
neighborhood
kid
times
of
'HEY,
YOU
WANNA
MEET
AND
PLAY?'

**

A STORY IDEA: everyone is the same - sects and groups of people acting the same with similar looks, personality quirks - faces, ticks, actions, clothes, wallets, gaits, overall demeanor

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letting
your
guard
down
is like
pushing out
your thick,
funny gut

**

mark
my
words,
kids,
i'm
gonna
fuckin'
caulk
that
caulker
up.

**

let's
just pass
a law
that requires
everyone to be a
leftie and arrest
the righties.

it's the american way,
huh?

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9:25 AM 8/25/2004

DREAM LAST NIGHT:

I was trying to finish up a big painting for a show at my dentist's office in a couple of weeks. So, as it happened, I finished the painting and leaned it up against a wall to get a better look at it. While it was leaning, I was skeptical of it's look and feel. Then, it suddenly hit me that I really dug the piece. At that moment, Mark and Jen were in the room backing me up on it. They were lauding me about how much they like it. After looking for a minute, they left the room and went into the room right next to it. As I continued sitting there looking at the piece,

Sam the huge black lab came in and sniffed, then began licking the piece. As I went up to stop him, the piece, which was about 6 feet tall by 5 feet wide came careening down towards me. It was wet oil paint and my hands smeared the key pieces of the painting as it came crashing down upon me. Finally, the painting had me pinned to the ground. I was screaming, but it was in that dream muffled scream for Mark and Jen to help me. No response. Nothing. So, I continued to try to herald their attention, but to no avail. Soon thereafter, I ambled on my own to my two feet and leaned the ravished painting against the wall. I couldn't fucking believe it. I was covered with wet paint. It was even coating my eye lashes. The painting looked completely different. As I looked over it, I muttered a 'shit motherfucker' as Mark and Jen came back into the room and asked what was going on. Furthermore, they wanted to know what happened to the painting. I asked them calmly if they heard me screaming in the other room. They said there was silence. Not a sound came from my room. I just peered into the painting and thought, 'THIS IS GONNA HAVTA WORK FOR 'EM.' I'll count this one as accidental collaboration between dog and man.

The next quadrant of the dream had to do with Bush in DC. For some reason, I was working for Bush, but I felt like I was also a spy. So, one of the President's secretaries comes and tells me that some guy who just called needed a file off the president's computer. He needed it quickly and wanted me to call so he could lead me to the file on the President's system. I knew his password to his computer and he was out of town and apparently trusted me with the keys to his technological vehicle. My bones wanted to e-mail a smear tactic to nail him, but I knew it would do little good and they would catch me easily. The punishment for such an 'inside' offense just wouldn't be worth the lack of real damage I could inflict against the fucker called Bush. So, I called the dude back. Originally, the secretary said the man's name was like 'GUY SMITH'. When I called him he said his name was like 'RAY MAN' and I asked who he worked for. He said, 'Be'. I asked if 'Be' like the honeycomb or like the individual. He ignored the question and went on ahead and tried to prod me into finding his file. Immediately, I ended the conversation and sought to reach the president. The secretary patched me through to the president and I told him the story. He didn't seem surprised and acted rater moute about it. Little response as the secretary told me that I will get fined for interrupting the president during his vacation. I quickly ended the silent phone call to idiot Bush.

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i don't know exactly what i'm gonna write about, but it's gonna be a lot better than writing about nothing, as the sea gull flies farther, and farther away from this small honeymoon/hollywood suite i am sharing with my wife. as i sit here with the sounds of kc's own charlie parker going through my two ear drums the sound of jets in a jacuzzi and my wife reading a book is the most comfort i may have had the chance to feel up to this point in my life. so, there i have hit why i am writing, and where i am writing, and possibly when, but that would require me to start commenting on the state of the world and perhaps politics, which can be a sorely sour topic to begin touching on in this infancy before the actual election of either bush or kerry for the highest seat or slouch sack of corruption in this nation .. it has gotten to that Excalibur point that it really doesn't matter, but it does .. you know, the amount of fraud and bullshit i see both parties masturbating over is enough for me to stay home with my wife one extra does of minutes versus having to endure the same electoral college raping that existed in 2000 - so, you get the idea that i'm writing in 2004 and the air quality is all but essential in this hollywood suite right now as c. parker takes a break for the piano player to lay down some serious ivory on the situation as the drink before me is completely watered down and i try to make up my mind if it's worth continuing my work here with the beverage, or if i should

continue looking and paying attention to this screen of mine before me as though it's a tv that is a friend and will somehow, and someday become my closest ally in a fight that i will inevitably have to take up .. now on the verge of a son, and the new demands of a dad, and being a grown up i am perpetually under the assumption that there is a non stop, never ending string of things that not only i have to do, but i have to learn as well .. and that is completely cool with me .. it's just different because of the fact that it's not just i that relies on i anymore, there is and will be multiple relying on i .. so, as i write here with this sack of wet feet below me, i know that the only responsibility that i truly have is to satisfy one person in this world, so if this bag of words or my honest attempt at letting you know what is going on doesn't work, then i gave it a shot, now if i didn't give it a shot, wouldn't you be worried a bit? sure, none of you would, unless you had a vested interest in me or my writing, but since you don't have a vested interest because you don't know me, and you likely have never read my stuff before, here i go taking a shot at either satiating my own soul, a couple other minds and trying to coax many others out there that i will likely ever meet .. so, as the hands of time go winding around your neck like octopus claws, i wanna offer my fire to scare off those tentacles and to let you know that it's cheaper to ride the train that it is to but a subaru, and it's much easier to ride the bus than a bitch who's likely to give you a headache anyways .. and c. parker goes into the crescendo of another song as the flicker of the tv set goes - blip - blip - and i think back to how my day began .. it was the most extreme of the pendulum swing .. first, i burn up a metal tea kettle in the microwave, having to put a fire out while running away from a pot of shit i laid as the house immediately gets filled with smoke, and the boy wonders what happened as the flicker of cartoons goes by and he gives a half attuned idea of attention as i clean up the mess, open the windows and hope the smell and aura of disaster escapes my sleeping, pregnant wife in the next room trying to get her extra minutes of sleep while i get the boy ready for school .. so, she finds out because of the boy hugging her before leaving and the smell of his hair that something happened as we quickly leave the house and start my car to head up the street .. as the car glumps and glocks out of the driveway, it dies .. done .. right there in the middle of the street as i try to start 'er up and a car comes by offering to take my wife's boy, zen, to school as i refuse .. instead, i hop out and take the other car and get the boy to school safe and sound .. only to come back to a broken down car for the second day in a row .. facing another botched and humiliating 50 dollar tow, i opt to call the mechanic and find out where the choke is and what to do .. he tells me .. i go out and get the fucker started, averting potential disaster .. so, as i flew down the highway talking to my wife about the accounts of the morning with a fresh cup of 7-11 coffee in my hands, i would have only hoped that right now i would be typing shirtless in a hotel suite in northern missouri while my wife bathes after a good session of water sex as c. parker hits his next upswing and my son swims in the sack of my wife's womb and i become more aware as each day passes how cool it is to have the two most important in this world right here in this room, in this anonymous country setting while the silent mouths of america try to convince me and everyone else that everything is gonna be ok and to play as much as we possibly can before the walls and chambers of decision come raining down on us .. and i figure in the realm of everything that is supposed to be and should be important, the few things that strike me are toe nails that grow, eyes that sing, hair that curls, lips that have creases and the potatoes that taste like starch, so in the hidden bowels of a train going and veering towards the front pages of your morning newspaper, i know what to tell you, but you would probably accuse me of being either a heretic or a liar, so i will instead tell you that i went into writing something that i just wasn't sure where it was gonna go .. still don't know and that is more than fine with me as invisible knocks come rapping at the country door of this little rented bungalow as i know that the only way to tame the heart of a lion is to become the heart of a bigger, and greater tiger with dull teeth and a fierce sense of self ..

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From: Carrie Dimino
To: Joe Dimino
Sent: Wednesday, August 04, 2004 3:41 PM
Subject: Re: baby

Hello sweetjoe, the gym was delicious and I love to be back in the exercise groove. The movie was cool and the ending quite a surprise...shall I tell you all about it? I am sitting in the silence of our home...getting ready to continue getting the books ready...just watched the cats

eat that poor bird...baby...I forgot it was out there...Z will cry, I might cry...My Mom asked us to stop by to pick up some stuff before we run errands. I love you so much~sorry for my supreme grumpiness. I do love having Miles in the belly, just sometimes it is hard baby. I promise to be more upbeat and happy with miles of smiles. Love CCCCCCCCC

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote: poor little girl sex spray -

let's go to weston on sat. we won't be rushed - we'll tool about and come back at our leisure - it won't take all day - staying there would - but a visit is swift and nice - we'll pick a color out wed. night and get the gallon that night at the depot on the way to invites - we'll paint it sunday or sometime in the next week - going to the folks on sunday is OK - i'll smash your whole-cunt tonight, little licoriche stick -
bybye pretty bybye ..

----- Original Message -----

From: Carrie Dimino

To: Joe Dimino

Sent: Tuesday, August 03, 2004 11:29 AM

Subject: Re: baby

Hey sweetjoe, well it is officially the second day of my vacation and I am going crazy. I mean there are so many things to do but the need to be done with you...I am getting ready to go to the library to order those books and am going to either work on Zen's room or the kitchen shelf. I have not decided. I suppose I'll do some laundry as well. I told my mom that you would be by on Thursday to work on her computer and after that I want to go to Walmart and PetSmart, OK? Tomorrow we can go get the stuff for wedding announcements and do whatever else. Sat. the temp is only supposed to be 82 but we are supposed to go to Erin's to get baby stuff, can we do Weston on Sunday? or should I tell Erin we will be buy her place on Sunday instead of SAT.? I think that would be better because then we would not have to rush. Chit...we are going to the folks on sun....well hell I'll figure it out. Ask dan if we can pick up the crib on Sunday since we'll be up that way. Can we paint Z and Miles room? If so when? Okay baby not more of all this gibberish when you are at work babylove...how is the protein infusion? My pants hurt bad...baby Im bored and lonely. Soon, your caroliness

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote:

From: Carrie Dimino

To: Joe Dimino

Sent: Thursday, August 05, 2004 9:57 AM

Subject: Re: follow this link

Good morning sweetjoeboy, Today is Thursday...which means tomorrow is Friday which means whiskey and staying up late and getting to kiss your neck bone as much as I want...baby. I miss you so much already. I really wish I understood my feeling this week. I just need to be with you...find comfort in simple touches, listen to your stories...I suppose it is just love...but it is a bit odd and unrelenting this week. My pants smell like your pants and it is disturbing. Can we shower this week? I miss love in the h2o. Are there still things that you need to do before you feel complete? Do we ever feel complete..I mean like we've done all

we need to do? There are so many things I still want to do. First and foremost is to write the book. I dreamed/thought this am about applying for the Hallmark gig and just saying I wouldn't be available until Fall 05...just to see what happens, you know? At the very least get into the files...I am pondering it. The app. is very lengthy... But what do I have to lose? Just some wasted time I suppose and even then I think I feel like not letting this opportunity float away without at least trying. Chit baby what do you think? It is so fucking beautiful out side right now I can't hardly breathe. Sometimes deep in the night it hits me that I have found you and I wake up and curl into you and I can't believe it baby. I'll get to the store today and get you some coffee and cook up something for dinner. We can walk up to the park and play some ball? I love you, Caroline

From: Carrie Dimino
To: Joe Dimino
Sent: Tuesday, August 10, 2004 4:00 PM
Subject: Re: baby dumplin' soup

Pretty, pretty joeboy, Where is my mean message? I am most certainly NOT mean in a ny way shape or form...it is merely that your ego superceded your actual prick size, brain size, and sex appeal size...Did I miss anything baby? You and your pretty little self...I swear. I am feeling soooooo overwhelmed today. EVEN though I am getting stuff done I feel like I am mired in sand and water. I have got so much to do before the semester starts baby! I know It will get done and all that but shit! I can't even figure out how to make it to 2 meeting next week...Oh hell...do really need to be there? Probably not, huh? K I gotta go I am still working on Z's and M's room baby. I love you so much, Caroline

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote: baby hands .. have you been outside today?

if you're reading this and haven't - CLOSE AND RUN.

sorry about your pretty, freckled lavender scented princess hand.

i know an eye for an eye will make the world blind, but i think you should do the same to my silly digit holder.

you're such a pretty little marvel baby.

why do you resist?

or do you?

wanna get on a swing set sometime?

maybe i can take you behind the bowling alley and reach into your panties.

ever pet an elephant before - ?

do you like hotel soaps or do you prefer shampoos?

i cannot tell you this enough - BUT ONCE EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN A BIT

MORE - WE'LL GO AHEAD AND GET MARRIED - AFTER THAT, WE'LL HAVE A KID IN A COUPLE OF YEARS, OK, BABY?

you're my little cold girl popcicle stick.

talk to you soon.

i love you.

(don't let the cats kill anymore birds).

(go outside and play with your pants.)

it's
fun

bab

Y.b

From: Carrie Dimino
To: Joe Dimino
Sent: Wednesday, August 11, 2004 4:05 PM
Subject: my lovely sweet joeboy

What a sweet little Joe letter. I love you so much. I, sometimes, think also that this is the only time we will ever do this and I want it to slow down want us to slow down feel the belly more often, love each other in this kind way that is different than any other. You know? Remember when I was very first pregnant, it was like week 2 and we came to your house and I looked at the sofa and I blushed so hard? I just knew that is where it happened...maybe not the meeting of sperm and egg but I knew that is where it all started...that is how I feel all the time when we love, touch and just commune together. It is just a different feeling that we won't likely have again. It is tender and gentle. I love the way you care for me now. I don't know if I want you to stop joking...I love your jokes. I think that I falsely assume that there is some truth to them or maybe am more sensitive to some of your jokes than other. I do feel a bit odd about all the sex I demand of you. I just feel strange about it...not proper or ladylike or some dumb shit like that. So when you tease me about it I get silly. As to the other...about you helping me that has always been hard for me and I don't like to ask. So that one may just be what it is. I want you to be just the way you are sweetjoe. I could use more back rubs tho...and I do love your cooking...and sex anytime you like it is fine of course. I just love you. I am amazed everyday (I am being totally serious here) that I wake up loving you more. You are doing everything right baby. Being pregnant with you is wonderful, just being with you is wonderful. My tummy is rumbly today so I think I am going to go sit in the tub for a while. I do love the tub espically with my new pillow. Love you, Caro

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote: hi baby ..

i haven't written to you in long format like this on the e-mail for a while - so, i'm gonna do that now .. today, between sweetwood and i - i have been trying to figure out a problem on my computer - which, made

me call the dell company that made it - some mumbler girl got me to delete a folder i shouldn't have and scurried off the phone - i restore my system and everything is cool now, but i was expecting the worse .. we have some little things of working that have been going on lately .. i just want to let you know several things:

- i will love you forever
- don't worry anymore about me leaving you - it won't happen
- don't be nervous to tell me things - no matter what response you think i'm gonna have

and i'm gonna do the following -

- study thoroughly to be the best informed and there for you husband during this birth
- knock off the excessive joking
- rub your back more or your feet or whatever hurts -

when i think about this being our first and likely our only child together - i want to concentrate and focus on it more .. and like with the birth of miles - our love of this magnitude is our first and i want to make sure that it's as right as it can be - so, tell me what you want me to do - i joke with you about having me do multiple things - if i couldn't do it or haven't done it in the past, you would never have asked me to do those things - so, it's all fine ..

rest your pelvic bone.

eat some fiber - and carbohydrates more towards the end of the pregnancy.

i want to see your list of needs as we ready to go to the labor in the coming months - music, movies, curling irons, blankets - i need to start making a scrolling list -

(what a lovely fart, today, baby)

i love you.

From: Carrie Klok

To: Joe Dimino

Sent: Friday, June 04, 2004 2:13 PM

Subject: Re: new love

Hey prettypants, I am doing a bit of school work. Not too jazzed about the work thing...the grape (crawfish just doesn't work for me...plum?) wants me to nap, alas...the basement calls and sleep is so damn boring. I was thinking a while back that we all spend our lives looking for some small measure of peace. Most of us think that it comes from love. I believed that it is probably different for everyone, could come from sport, any type of art, a job, whatever and that we were consistently confused because we thought it came only from love...I thought that for a small few love was what provided this peace but that I was not one of those...that I would get peace from so many other things but mainly from my love for Z and of being outside and just thinking about the way the earth turns, how the moon rises, the seasons change... but I realized today that people hardly ever find peace, from their craft or family or lovers or any of that but for some amazing reason I have found peace

with you. Thanks for finding me, Joe, for waiting for me. Love you,
Caroline

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote: hey baby ..
this is my new email address .. i'm writing all this with both my right
and left hands .. there are both getting along so well .. my damn 'b'
button keeps sticking .. have any suggestions .. see you soon .. love
you, baby .. joe

From: Carrie Klok
To: Joe Dimino
Sent: Monday, June 07, 2004 11:11 AM
Subject: you

Hey Stud, you had it tough yesterday...I'm thinking of you today. I
hope I didn't bust your balls too much...That whole fruition thing came
out way wrong and the sick thing as well...who the hell doesn't feel
shitty when they feel shitty, ya know? We have such hi expectations of
ourselves sometimes it blurs over to our loves...I still wouldn't change a
thing about you baby. That is so amazing to me being as I'm kind of
picky and all. I love everything, everything about you...I love how good
you make me feel, how much you love Zen, how you take care of all of us,
how you are letting me grow this baby surrounded by peace, how you
look, how you write and paint and create, how you laugh, how you grumble,
how you are touched by angry librarains who just need to be fucked, how
you bring all our babycats in at night just for me and take the spiders
out...The list is just too long sweetjoe. You are loved so much
baby...please feel better, K? Im going to make Lasagna today for your dinner,
and maybe a small salad. We won't be home until 6:45 cause we got a
game but come home and take a little napo, I'll feed you when I get back.
I'll call you this afternoon. Hope lunch is ok? Lovelust, evermore,
Caroline

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote: loveyoubaBY.

From: Carrie Klok
To: Joe Dimino
Sent: Monday, June 07, 2004 1:34 PM
Subject: Re: fried okra wires

Yes, Baby, it is his game at Center but I really don't want you to
come. Even if you are feeling better you need to stay out of the heat...so
that you feel even better tomorrow, okay? Please? Come home and rest a
bit in the silent house, baby, please. I'll fix us some food when I get
home. Love, C

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote: baby ..
i'm feeling better .. tide of tired, throat and such is fading .. not
sure if it's just the medicine or what .. getting ready to eat your
lunch .. thanks for everything, as well .. i'm ecstatically pleased and
happy with everything and all of it .. i feel good - if i do later, maybe
i can swing by the game .. is it zen's baseball game at the center
field? bybybabybybye ..

From: Carrie Klok
To: Joe Dimino

Sent: Tuesday, June 08, 2004 8:50 AM
Subject: Re: fried okra wires

It looks very pretty baby. It is also quite funny. I really hope you feel better. Once you get up and around sometimes it helps drain your face. I'm glad you're coming back so I can take care of you. You can stay at your place later in the week for a couple days if you like but it's better for you to be here when you are sick sweetjoe. I'll get you medicine and run you a steam bath, K? Take it slow today baby...Love, C.

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote: great, baby .. oh, click on this link .. look what's brand NEW ..

<http://www.daybirds.com/joefiles/stick%20folly/stickfollyMAIN.html>

----- Original Message -----

From: Carrie Klok

To: Joe Dimino

Sent: Monday, June 07, 2004 1:34 PM

Subject: Re: fried okra wires

Yes, Baby, it is his game at Center but I really don't want you to come. Even if you are feeling better you need to stay out of the heat...so that you feel even better tomorrow, okay? Please? Come home and rest a bit in the silent house, baby, please. I'll fix us some food when I get home. Love, C

From: Carrie Klok

To: Joe Dimino

Sent: Wednesday, June 09, 2004 9:17 AM

Hey sweetjoe, This a.m. was so sweet. You make me feel so good, a thank you seems appropriate but silly...you know how I feel. I hope you feel as good in me as i feel with you in me. Sex is just odd, but there are times when it brings us so together and it feels just right. It is nice and simple and just the way it should be. I had bad dreams again. I suppose the mind works in strange ways but I had the dream you had night before last. We were at a birthday party for me and you got angry at me and wouldn't talk to me all night...I couldn't find you anywhere and I kept looking for you and couldn't find you. It sucked. It is funny though that we are dreaming scenarios that would never happen. I mean we are both fucking terrified of a good solid fight that will most likely never happen. Annoyance is wonderful as far as I am concerned...I'll let the rage reside with others. I love you so much starfishboy, Call me later? C.

From: Carrie Klok

To: Joe Dimino

Sent: Thursday, June 10, 2004 1:54 PM

Subject: Re: several birds in a cage

I was thinking about the book today also...Sketching out a viable layout. It rained all night. The Z man has got to start feeling better as I can't lose any more sleep. I do love sleeping with my little guy...just

not with the little guy and the big guy and all our little babycat guys and the doggy. Poor me, poor me, maybe we do need to keep the king size bed...Been thinking about it a lot this week. This class is a complete anomaly...well maybe not it is all Bushed out. They freaked over the Moore article almost the entire class. I was stunned into silence...couldn't even respond with wit or irony...just sat there with a vague smile on my face with not a thing to say. Oh well that's the way it happens. Oddly enough the people who "support" B are students I respect, smart, older, seem to know what they are doing...I just don't get it sometimes...We'll see how many minds I can change over the course of this summer semester. Poetry is not going to work baby. Let me take care of it...You know I'm only 32 plenty of time to be big and famous. Geo got the job in LA...So Chicago is out of the picture for now...He wants to know if we are still coming but I said LA may be a bit far for an extended weekend. Money, also...Having Rob would be great. We also invited Leah for Tuesday or Wed. so let me know after you talk to Rob. I am also looking forward to Sunday. Wish we could go down a little earlier but the play will be fun and we'll still be in the city by 5 or so. Today on the way to the docs we heard a story about a croc. loose in Hong Kong. Z only heard the words "loose croc in city" and said Mom did you hear that? I hope it's not loose in Joe's city. Pretty funny how kids think? The rain is nice I am so happy to be home with all my boys with one great exception...Been a long day, have some fun tonight but remember you are still sick. Tell the Kato I said hi, we have to be at Jill's at 5 or 6...if we can do his thing before that I'm all for it. Later, all my love, Caroline

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote: hey baby .. wish i had more time to talk today .. i'll call later and talk to the boy and see how he's doing .. try to scare away the rest of that class - write the book and i'll flop into an early retirement .. it's the only way .. or i try and publish my stuff and see if poetry is actual a valid market - i mean, both of us could publish our wares and make poetry marketable and cool again .. did it rain all night or was i flopping quite a bit in my sleep? i did hear at one point a loud, angry cat howl over and over again about 4 or 5 in the morning and went to the back door to see pepper flying at me .. but it wasn't him .. sure it was bouma .. he was probably lamenting that bite he inflicted on me .. or he is hurt and needs a whole body treatment of neosporin .. i'm taking full fucking advantage of this break .. there's a lot of new shit coming at me, but i like throwing my brain into overhaul .. my damn car roof won't stop leaking .. gonna goop that motherfucker up this weekend and you'll like this .. i'm just gonna strip all of that asbestos of my ceiling and either keep it as a metal roof or drape something over it .. what else is there to be done? so, i'll call rob tomorrow and schedule a time in the evening next week for him to meet us .. i think he is in s. kc like us .. maybe we could invite him over for dinner some night next week and discuss it more .. maybe tues. or weds. around 6 PM .. i'll call him tomorrow .. need to remind myself .. ok baby? all of me .. love, joe

From: Carrie Klok
To: Joe Dimino
Sent: Friday, June 11, 2004 10:44 AM
Subject: Re: fingernail soup

Hey Baby, I don't even know how to respond to this missive. The Z

thing is so fucking odd. I mean I don't think he really remembers much and if he does it certainly wouldn't be something like that? Ya know? Sounds more like something his Grandpa would say...Sometimes he talks about you and head and asks me which of you is his real dad and I always say you. He looks contemplative usually and wonders where his "other dad" his. I swear sometimes I just don't know what to do with that whole situation. I know he is hurting, I know he wants a better explanation. I just don't know what to say. Ya know? That idiot is the biggest fucking coward low life on the face of the earth. You are so sososososososo sweet with Z and have been better to him in 5 months than his "real" father was in 5 years. Thank you for that. He deserves it you know...he is such a good kid and so deserves at least a fair shot at this life. I am sorry about the apathy of midtown. I am glad you won't miss it much. I am going to miss your place and wish we could keep it. It's too bad we can't rent just the writing room from Diane. Or something similar, but I know we'll make our own space here and when we move we'll make our own space there and the cool thing is that we'll always be together to make cool spaces. Last night when I was asking you if we'd be together forever I just wanted to hear you say of course...not because I doubted it and never have. I'm getting to the point where I can't imagine you not in my life. I don't mean for spaces of time I mean I could live without you for at least a year if I had to, I mean more that I can't imagine not feeling your presence. I don't think I am explaining it well but I think you know what I mean. Anyway I was surprised and happy to have you in bed yesterday evening. I can't wait to get back to my own vivacious energetic self. But on the other hand this baby tiredness is so beautiful and I'll probably not get to taste it again so I am enjoying it on lots of levels. There is a distinct calmness that comes with pregnancy that you don't ever feel again...a sense of importance and purpose. I gotta rouse myself to get working in the basement baby. All my love to you sweetjoe, Caroline

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote:

good morning, baby ..

you feel ok today? it was a good sleep last night .. while i was getting zenon food and drink this morning he said the following: 'YOU KNOW WHAT MY REAL DAD WHO LIVES IN THE UKRAINE SAID,' I asked, 'WHAT?' he said, 'HE DATED 100 WOMEN ONE TIME. HE REALLY LIKES GIRLS, HUH?' i said, 'OH YEA.' you know how bad i wanted to say something to him? i wanted to say, oh yea, he loves beating, stalking, berating, demoralizing, and degrading females .. that just gave him the pick of the litter if there was 100 .. i would never say anything about him unless you want me to have a talk later on .. but, hearing him talk an enlightened streak about this dude is disheartening .. would be like if i had a son and you heard him say, 'MY MOM DATES A WHOLE LOT OF WOMEN, OH, I MEAN DUDES.' that would give you full reign to say, 'YEA, SHE'S CONFUSED. VERY CONFUSED. SHE LIKES TO DATE BOTH, SO THAT SHE FEELS LIKE BOTH SEXES HAVE TO BE SUBJECTED TO HER STENCH.'

i was driving down the highway to work and thought about a couple of things .. what if there was a person out there that had a phobia that there were horseshoe clouds that perpetually formed above them and they never left the house because of it .. the thought of leaving and the fact that the sky could fall would bring an eternal load of bad luck, they

would think .. then, i was thinking about a cool morning, rush hour news story that would break out over the traffic news airwaves .. how about a truck with the moniker: 'DIRT AND EXCAVATION CO.' that had a faulty latch on the truck bed and it flopped open and a shit load of plastic gargoyles came tumbling out .. we'll talk soon .. bybybabybyeby .. and, i had a gas listening to the stone roses while driving all day yesterday .. listening to the 'reality bites' soundtrack and it reminds me .. i wanted to talk to you about how my disdain for the midtown apathy is escalating .. maybe it always did .. and i never confronted the image in the mirror .. but the scene, if you can call it that, is old .. and as we talked about before .. i have never fit into a scene .. just select groups .. such as close friends .. which is completely cool .. i don't feel like i'm leaving anything behind in the city but friends i will visit and a writing/painting nook that will be replaced by a better one surrounded by family, flush trees, neighborhood antics and the slice of peace of mind knowing a cracked out whore/pimp isn't gonna bust into my fucking car or steal my girl's favorite ring .. on a final - pop/sub culture note - you know the only reason why lisa loeb made it on the 'reality bites' soundtrack? she was dating ethan chickenhawk. lovebaby, joe

From: Carrie Klok
To: Joe Dimino
Sent: Monday, June 14, 2004 1:27 PM
Subject: today

Hey love of my life, How goes it? Did I tell you today that you are the cutest boy I know? Actually, you are the cutest boy ever and I have thought about you every minute of this day so far...you've not left my mind. Your mileage possibly is 255 although I can't find an exact number so I went through and added up the numbers you have scattered throughout your book...there must be a smater way of doing this...Today in class the students decided that M Moore is an entertainer just like Howard Stern. Smart kids, huh? For crying out loud. I can't beleive that I did not greade this weekend...now I am just plowed and I am going to have to forgo laundry for another day. I am going to go to the store and then grade, I'd like to workout but that is slowly fading from the options list. I hope your chest is good and you are good. I'll see you soon. Take your medecine. Love, C

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote: good morning, baby .. you feel ok today? it was a good sleep last night .. while i was getting zenon food and drink this morning he said the following: 'YOU KNOW WHAT MY REAL DAD WHO LIVES IN THE URKRAINE SAID,' I asked, 'WHAT?' he said, 'HE DATED 100 WOMEN ONE TIME. HE REALLY LIKES GIRLS, HUH?' i said, 'OH YEA.' you know how bad i wanted to say something to him? i wanted to say, oh yea, he loves beating, stalking, berating, demoralizing, and degrading females .. that just gave him the pick of the litter if there was 100 .. i would never say anything about him unless you want me to have a talk later on .. but, hearing him talk an enlightened streak about this dude is disheartening .. would be like if i had a son and you heard him say, 'MY MOM DATES A WHOLE LOT OF WOMEN, OH, I MEAN DUDES.' that would give you full reign to say, 'YEA, SHE'S CONFUSED. VERY CONFUSED. SHE LIKES TO DATE BOTH, SO THAT SHE FEELS LIKE BOTH SEXES HAVE TO BE SUBJECTED TO HER STENCH.'

i was driving down the highway to work and thought about a couple of things .. what if there was a person out there that had a phobia that there were horseshoe clouds that perpetually formed above them and they never left the house because of it .. the thought of leaving and the fact that the sky could fall would bring an eternal load of bad luck, they would think .. then, i was thinking about a cool morning, rush hour news story that would break out over the traffic news airwaves .. how about a truck with the moniker: 'DIRT AND EXCAVATION CO.' that had a faulty latch on the truck bed and it flopped open and a shit load of plastic gargoyles came tumbling out .. we'll talk soon .. bybybabybyeby .. and, i had a gas listening to the stone roses while driving all day yesterday .. listening to the 'reality bites' soundtrack and it reminds me .. i wanted to talk to you about how my disdain for the midtown apathy is escalating .. maybe it always did .. and i never confronted the image in the mirror .. but the scene, if you can call it that, is old .. and as we talked about before .. i have never fit into a scene .. just select groups .. such as close friends .. which is completely cool .. i don't feel like i'm leaving anything behind in the city but friends i will visit and a writing/painting nook that will be replaced by a better one surrounded by family, flush trees, neighborhood antics and the slice of peace of mind knowing a cracked out whore/pimp isn't gonna bust into my fucking car or steal my girl's favorite ring .. on a final - pop/sub culture note - you know the only reason why lisa loeb made it on the 'reality bites' soundtrack? she was dating ethan chickenhawk. lovebaby, joe

From: Carrie Klok
To: Joe Dimino
Sent: Monday, June 14, 2004 1:28 PM
Subject: today

Hey love of my life, How goes it? Did I tell you today that you are the cutest boy I know? Actually, you are the cutest boy ever and I have thought about you every minute of this day so far...you've not left my mind. Your mileage possibly is 255 although I can't find an exact number so I went through and added up the numbers you have scattered throughout your book...there must be a smater way of doing this...Today in class the students decided that M Moore is an entertainer just like Howard Stern. Smart kids, huh? For crying out loud. I can't beleive that I did not greade this weekend...now I am just plowed and I am going to have to forgo laundry for another day. I am going to go to the store and then grade, I'd like to workout but that is slowly fading from the options list. I hope your chest is good and you are good. I'll see you soon. Take your medecine. Love, C

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heard him say, 'MY MOM DATES A WHOLE LOT OF WOMEN, OH, I MEAN DUDES.' that would give you full reign to say, 'YEA, SHE'S CONFUSED. VERY CONFUSED. SHE LIKES TO DATE BOTH, SO THAT SHE FEELS LIKE BOTH SEXES HAVE TO BE SUBJECTED TO HER STENCH.'

i was driving down the highway to work and thought about a couple of things .. what if there was a person out there that had a phobia that there were horseshoe clouds that perpetually formed above them and they never left the house because of it .. the thought of leaving and the fact that the sky could fall would bring an eternal load of bad luck, they would think .. then, i was thinking about a cool morning, rush hour news story that would break out over the traffic news airwaves .. how about a truck with the moniker: 'DIRT AND EXCAVATION CO.' that had a faulty latch on the truck bed and it flopped open and a shit load of plastic gargoyles came tumbling out .. we'll talk soon .. bybybabybyby .. and, i had a gas listening to the stone roses while driving all day yesterday .. listening to the 'reality bites' soundtrack and it reminds me .. i wanted to talk to you about how my disdain for the midtown apathy is escalating .. maybe it always did .. and i never confronted the image in the mirror .. but the scene, if you can call it that, is old .. and as we talked about before .. i have never fit into a scene .. just select groups .. such as close friends .. which is completely cool .. i don't feel like i'm leaving anything behind in the city but friends i will visit and a writing/painting nook that will be replaced by a better one surrounded by family, flush trees, neighborhood antics and the slice of peace of mind knowing a cracked out whore/pimp isn't gonna bust into my fucking car or steal my girl's favorite ring .. on a final - pop/sub culture note - you know the only reason why lisa loeb made it on the 'reality bites' soundtrack? she was dating ethan chickenhawk. lovebaby, joe

From: Carrie Klok
To: Joe Dimino
Sent: Thursday, June 17, 2004 9:55 AM
Subject: Re: last nite & today

SweetJoe, Thanks for all those sweet words. I am struggleing so hard to find the words to express my emotion these last couple of days. I also felt really good to hear from someone else that what we have is good. Silly that it matters but it is nice. I can't help but think about the last marriage and wish that somehow I could still have Zen and not the experience with the HEAD. I know that I made mistakes and I am terrified that I'll make them again. It's got me in a twist. I want to be so perefect for you. I think mostly though that I just need to let it all go. Our situation is nothing like that situation and I really am not worried. I am and have been tense though and it has been coming out in not plesant ways. I'm sorry for that. I just want everything to be perfect. I love you so much and I am so happy with everything...I just want it to be perfect.

I didn't mean to make you feel like you don't touch me enough. It is how I am soothed and consoled in times of distress so when I am feeling out of sorts I need it more and when I see you less I need it more, you know what I mean? I think that touch may be different for you than it is for me and that is fine as long as I let you know where I am coming from, that's all.

I am fine with whatever you want to do for the J wedding just let me

know how long Judy needs to watch the Z man. Also, do you want to stay at a hotel the night we gt married? Should I ask mom to watch Z all night? I ws thinking probably you might want a dinner and sleepover but let me know. Also did we decide that we want to ask C and Anth to come for sure? I can't think of anyone I want to be there from my side. If George was here, maybe...but I am comfortable with you and yours. I like the starkness that comes from starting this new life with only us (your bro does not count cause he is sort of you...know what I mean) I mean when we start this new life together we get to let lots of stuff go. I am having a hard time explaining this but I thnk you get what I am saying. It's new, it's us, and I like just us being there.

SAt we can go over and move stuff and I can clean. We are moving right along and it is so nice how sweetly your stuff just fits right in to our place. It's all working out nice. We only have like 2 weeks left in this month right? July will be here soon. We need to find a weekend to go camping sometime! I love you so much Joe I can't even stand it. I hope you feel better baby. I'll get you some good cough stuff today. Love,
C

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote:

hey baby ..

i'm in the middle of this meeting and unbeknownst to the crowd, as they speak of their things, i am now able to divulge my thoughts to you .. first, i'm getting excited to get married and i hope you are going to be as comfortable with rob as i am .. it's going to be fuckin' awesome .. it's so nice to see someone from the outside lookin' in observe good vibes between us .. i never questioned that, but it's exceptionally encouraging that he wants to marry us as he does .. it's gonna be cool .. and don't worry about getting wierd last night .. we both have our moments and they come and go .. it's how we deal with these that characterize how we are together and how we can deal with these kinds of things as they come up and i like the way we deal with these things .. there are going to be hiccups with our relations and it's all good .. and i'm glad you are so honest about telling me i don't do certain things like touch you enough .. i don't completely agree, but i don't think there is a point where i would touch you too much .. but you are beautiful and i would never waver on that .. in so many ways you are sparkling and i wouldn't trade a look - emotion or otherwise away from you or us ...

the whole world is getting married and we are joining them .. we'll have to think and contemplate on cool ways to get the knot tied together .. i think it will be a refreshing, cathartic, completely relieaving step towards our lifetime toghether, our child and entire family unit ... it's gonna be cool .. i'm looking forward to it ..

remind me to talk to you about the arrangements to jeremy's wedding .. it's 75 bucks for the tux and he wants us to take that friday off before .. july 27 - not sure how that is gonna work ... it's in hanover, ks and its about 3 hours away ..

i wanna finish moving all the 'pertinent shit' over from 3644 this weekend and place everything out by the trash and be ready to roll and roll and roll forward ..

i love you baby ..

From: Carrie Klok
To: Joe Dimino
Sent: Thursday, June 17, 2004 9:59 AM
Subject: Re: baby

Were you annoyed? I miss you so much and I don't even understand why. How can it seem that I see you less now that we live together than I did before. Is it my imagination? I sat down to e-mail you yesterday and just got disgusted and annoyed. I wanted to call you and go get coffee not write a silly missive telling you how much I love you. I just wanted to hold your hand for a bit, look at your eyes and see you half smile. I am not whining here baby I am lamenting and I know it won't always be like this blah, blah, blah. I have to go baby. I must get ready for work, I've been communing with you with these words for over an hour and I was supposed to be grading papers. Soon, C

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote: i drafted a whole list of emails to have in my outbox to send when i got back and they were all eaten up .. my email to you was to tell you how good you are and we are and the most important part out of all the words was ..

i love you ..

so there ..

bybybabybyeby .. joe

From: Carrie Klok
To: Joe Dimino
Sent: Friday, June 18, 2004 12:03 PM
Subject: rain

Hey sweet potatoe, All of our tasks were cancelled for today...no soccer, no swimming so I am going to do house work. I think I may wait to do the grocery shopping until you come home...I am sort of almost out of money. Well not completely but it might be good for you to get groceries this time maybe if you want? I could however get something for your bro, dad, and aj if you want to let me know what to pick up? I slept so nice last night, did you? Zen actually held out a long while in the storm and was snuggly instead of kicky this am...it was so sossosso nice to sleep in a bit. I have to get up tomorrow morning and am awefully annoyed about it so this makes up for it. I told my folks we'd be at their place after your folks place so around five or so if that is okay? We'll just have wine there not food. Do you know where we have to go to get the tux? I have to have Z at soccer camp at 9 so we'd have from 9 until 1200 to do some running around if you like. We have to be at Mel and Bob's at 630...it won't be too bad. Z will have a blast and you can have a couple of wines...I'll feel you up under the table.

I love you Joe. I am getting used to the new schedule we'll live and am dropping the annoyance. I am thankful for every minute that we have together and cannot lament those that we do not. You have to remember that everything about my body and mind are so strained right now. I worry every minute about the baby, I don't feel too great and I am sickningly tired...by the time you get home I am just worn out...even if I have

not done much my mind and body are working overtime. I just don't want you to look too much into my annoyance please baby. It is just part of the whole beautiful process. You made me feel so sweetly good last night...you gotta be tired of the lovin baby...thanks for always thinking of my poor pants...thanks for thanking of me. I never got your mails :*...that is the sideways face...lovelovelove, C

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote:
REMIND ME TO GET MY TUX THIS WEEKEND ..

----- Original Message -----

From: Carrie Klok

To: Joe Dimino

Sent: Thursday, June 17, 2004 9:59 AM

Subject: Re: baby

Were you annoyed? I miss you so much and I don't even understand why. How can it seem that I see you less now that we live together than I did before. Is it my imagination? I sat down to e-mail you yesterday and just got disgusted and annoyed. I wanted to call you and go get coffee not write a silly missive telling you how much I love you. I just wanted to hold your hand for a bit, look at your eyes and see you half smile. I am not whining here baby I am lamenting and I know it won't always be like this blah, blah, blah. I have to go baby. I must get ready for work, I've been communing with you with these words for over an hour and I was supposed to be grading papers. Soon, C

From: Carrie Klok

To: Joe Dimino

Sent: Friday, June 18, 2004 1:50 PM

Subject: Re: rain

Yes, baby you are big on the pace ease let it flow thing and I am big on the put it in a frame and control it thing...I have worked so hard all my life to learn to just let it flow and I think I finally did learn how to do that some years back but when I get into a tight spot I revert to what comes easiest for me...that pretty gold gilded frame and for some reason this week I've just been on edge and "off." SO please don't worry your pretty facial haired head I already feel better, more like myself, less inclined to climb the walls and pull my eyeballs out. Have a nice rest of the work day. I can't wait until the couple of months pass! Love, CAroline
PS. Jill called this am and thinks she might be pregnant. Wouldn't that be fun!

Joe Dimino <jdimino@southviewhomecare.com> wrote:

hopefully this one goes through .. i'll get the groceries later .. we'll watch the film and everything will be swell .. last nite was nice .. we'll do it again in a couple of months, ok .. tomorrow morning we'll finish and do things up just nice .. baby .. everything is gonna be ok .. i know your body and mind is going over a lot .. i am trying to process too .. i know it's different, but i understand .. we're both a lot

alike mentally, so you have to understand that i know .. that is why i ask you to tell me what's wrong or if i need to do something, tell me or suggest to me .. i'm pretty good about retention, it's the not knowing that gets me .. i pick up on cues well at times, then i flop back into my own little world that helps make me sane, so i need a chain wagging .. but, we are always gonna have work on how we are, the way we communicate and how we pick up on each other's vibes .. all of that is gonna get easier over time .. that is what i have been saying about not forcing anything ... and i'm not saying you are .. but, it doesn't hurt to relax, lean back and know that a pace will have to continue to be refined .. you hear me say a whole lot about 'pace', 'easing' and such and that's the way i work .. it tends to work out well .. sweetheadedgirlsock .. love, me

**

glickoffpal: hi baby

pinkladayy: hey!

pinkladayy: z wants to talk...can he call you?

glickoffpal: sure ..

pinkladayy: how did u sleep?

glickoffpal: real good .. got up at my annointed time - it's 8 here and I dont' have to be anywhere till 10 .. already showered, cup of coffee, just writing .. soaking in the mountain view .. gonna walk a bit and discover downtown ..

glickoffpal: i had some crazy heartburn last night .. tequila and mexican food, along with everything else .. had a good poop, much better

pinkladayy: I stayed up till 1 reading...I dont kow why..after jen called I couldnt get back to sleep..I cant beleive how soothing it is just to have you next to me

pinkladayy: poor tummy

pinkladayy: go out I bet it is realy pretty in the morning

pinkladayy: fresh and crisp

glickoffpal: it's nice lookin'

pinkladayy: its cooler in the night out there than here most likely and it is probably very nice

pinkladayy: we just woke up

glickoffpal: yea .. it was colder last night .. that desert air ..

glickoffpal: good ..

pinkladayy: did you stay up l ate and play?

glickoffpal: so, is jen just gonna leave without telling jon?

glickoffpal: i didn't stay up too late ..

glickoffpal: wrote a little ..

glickoffpal: read some buddha literature ..

glickoffpal: it's all over here in the west ..

pinkladayy: that was the plan...not very nice but there u have it

glickoffpal: last time i went on a trip with ed to east hollywood they had the book of buddha in rooms ..

pinkladayy: hmm

glickoffpal: yea .. she's fucked up ..

glickoffpal: i don't like that ..

pinkladayy: in santa fe tons of budda stuff

glickoffpal: if you're gonna axe a realtionship, be straight up ..

pinkladayy: I wonder if it it a lot like af

glickoffpal: sounds like something, again, that jackface would do

pinkladayy: it is not very nice

pinkladayy: But she may have changed her mind altogether. I wish you would talk to him...

glickoffpal: i will ..

pinkladayy: maybe u guys can have a cup when you get back

glickoffpal: yea ..

glickoffpal: by the by ..
glickoffpal: ed's getting a solid dose of anti-bush rhetoric from all of us ..
glickoffpal: he's mum about his decision, but listens well
pinkladayy: all the animals are waiting fo u to feed them
pinkladayy: thats good
glickoffpal: i'll get em
pinkladayy: k baby Im going to let Z call you now cause I gotta take care of these animals..okay?
glickoffpal: ok ..
pinkladayy: lovnness
glickoffpal: loveu

**

pinkladayy: u there baby?
pinkladayy: sweet dreams sweet joe...
pinkladayy is idle at 8:58:02 PM.
glickoffpal: baby
glickoffpal: sweet dreams two u
glickoffpal: iluvU

**

10-24-04

Hey baby .. I know why you write me notes .. I do understand .. guess what movie i just finished .. Kate and Leopold .. why didn't she at least dangle off the girder before jumping into the Brooklyn bridge .. she was already gonna exhibit her prowess with the water below her .. why not dangle over traffic of the brooklyn bridge .. also, she was introduced at the end as Kate of Bablyon .. which is a burb of long island and my infinite infinity to New York .. i love it so and watched it with intent because i miss your face .. but luckily get to see it on my lapper as it flips with many photos .. so, it's 12:04 your time and i'm slihly adjusting to your time .. i woke you earlier tonight, and i'm glad that you are fast asleep again .. i now love the mornings and love to write in the mornings and i'll talk to you in the morning .. i'm listening in to yo la tengo's summer sun that we bought in tennessee and love it .. so, tonight we had a big steak dinner in a swanky phoenix restaurant .. it was actually very fun .. nice adult style fun .. the woman i used to work with who we went to dinner with is named Lynn .. she's a lesbian .. everyone i know is a lesbian except for you .. and she showed us pictures of her wedding .. guess where she lives .. Portland, OR .. and guess what? after showing 3 good friends and colleagues .. i was the first one to congratulate her and toast to her new love of her life .. how about that .. she's a cool gal .. and i love the cactus out here .. they're so big .. i'm such an idiot .. i had the window open since earlier this afternoon and it's so nice .. i love the desert air .. i love the way the lights dance in the distnace on the horizon .. and you know, i love you so much baby.. i love it that we are having miles .. i love you beyond my wildest imagination of deciphering love .. i love you as a mom .. and i love how much closer we are gonna become as parents, you know? i know you have thought about this .. it seems there is a bit of ambiguity .. but i know how much i'm gonna love you .. so, today in downtown phoenix .. it seemed like KC with the ghostown feel .. also, there are a decent number of homeless/drifters that can get under your skin and preen your eyeballs a bit .. the biggest dose of excitement on the tourist trail was a teenage girl throwing a disposable camera at her mom in front of the basketball arena as her old man yelled and the big brother walked away with a his hat in his hand and scratching his thighs .. so, i keep getting superb reviews on you .. now, selene talked about being a step parent .. she talked about herself and her husband .. and it was nice .. sometimes we dont' talk a whole lot about how i feel as a step-parent and i sometimes feel alone, but not at all because of you .. it's an odd place to be in .. and i'm not sure if i can let you know this as accurately as i would like .. such as you being an actual biological parent .. i love the hell out of zen and i think i'm doing the best i can .. like you said on the way to the airport about being the best parent possible .. i know i think frequently about being a better parent to him and it will happen with miles .. but, it's always an uphill battle if you want to do the best you can .. anyways, after my first full day in the AZ airs I'm glad i didn't move here .. all i can think about is you, miles and us .. this town isn't capivating me as i thought a year ago .. my feet are hurting and have a nice blister .. you know what i really love looking at in a town like this at night .. the street signs on stop

sign posts .. they are all lit up .. they are like that in most big US cities .. why not KC .. i don't get it, but i love it .. do i love it because i don't see it or because i want it .. baby, i love you so to my damned bones .. your my beautiful pile of potato sugar .. i wanna take you by the wings and walk fast .. i wanna swim with your arms while you sit on a bench and marvel at an easy childbirth .. i wanna be your breath when it's toughest but it would hold you back from being stronger and that's what i love about you .. you are the vegetable i love the most, wrapped around a good dressing .. you are delicious .. you are my love, baby .. do you know that? there are so many things to love in this life and i love you the most .. i have spent my adult life trying to and creating shit .. and i have created the most wondrous thing in this universe because i loved you so much .. i wish this computer clock didn't say 12:23 because i would forget about the time lapse ... but, i know that with this life, us, and how things flow time doesn't mean shit .. so, i dedicate this night solely to you to craft a letter you will enjoy, and love .. it is my desire .. i don't wanna sit here crafting together terms and words that you will read later, but that relates directly to you .. i took a picture of something tonight that i loved .. and wanna show you .. it was an act of pure genius .. i'm gonna make you feel the way, possibly, that you make me feel as a guy describing women things sometimes .. while i was urinating in this steak place tonight .. there was ice in the urinal .. pure genius .. fun while pissing .. melting ice while throwing hot urine around like a kid .. i loved it .. the flash of lights on the horizon remind me of little jewels and it makes me think of you .. of all the things in this life that we will share together .. and even if you don't think we have shared this trip together, you're wrong .. we are completely interconnected and you are here in ways that you could never imagine .. i love you so much i taste it in this air .. and rub it on my cheeks like lotion when i need some inspiration .. i saw a picture of you flash on this screen at one random point of screen saverness earlier today and it brightened my face .. i love it .. meaning .. meaning .. i find in my 30's and advancing age meaning .. so, as we were eating tonight the ladies asked about our story of meeting and they joked about not getting settled and moving into marriage and childbirth and i described love for 7 seconds and they nodded in unison and said there is no time like now .. we are making up for present time, lost time, our time, miles time the time that is nothing like now because we love each other so much .. i am so glad we are having miles and am so glad that we are completely tied biologically inextricably to this existence and i also wonder when we are gonna meet in the later existence .. i always wanna be around you and wish it was now ... you are everywhere .. baby .. we are everywhere .. life is so damn fun, isn't it .. ? so, the chiefs won today? who knew .. and the red sox .. it's wierd to think their gonna win it all .. if they do .. hopefully .. your dad will smile .. he's been a bostonian his whole life without a victory, that has to be wierd .. i had to delete so many 'd's' in this message that i'm tired .. ok .. baby, i love you madly and we'll talk soon .. good night you sweet soft little lovely lover .. joe

**

glickoffpal: baby pants
pinkladayy: hi!!
glickoffpal: hi baby
glickoffpal: i wrote you my longest email to date last night ..
pinkladayy: whatcha doin?
pinkladayy: im excited!
pinkladayy: very
glickoffpal: havin' some coffee .. gettin' ready to go out to breakfast and start the convention thing ..
pinkladayy: Did you get the im I left this morning?
glickoffpal: ended the day well yesterday .. had a nice prime rib at a cool, swanky restaurant .. i got your IM this morning .. i wasn't up all night ..
glickoffpal: up till midnight .. my only writing was to you .. every word was to you .. i explained it in my email .. so you have an idea how long it is ..
pinkladayy: the clock thingy said u u signed on at 342...so I thought u were up all night playing
pinkladayy: You are supposed to be doing stuff not about me remember, silly?
glickoffpal: no .. unless i woke and typed more in the middle of the night ..
pinkladayy: writing, reading, drinking whiskey clearing your mind of wifely things..
glickoffpal: i've been waking early and writing then ..
glickoffpal: naw .. i have time for all of it ..
glickoffpal: you havin' a good day ..
pinkladayy: I absolutely hate, despise, revile this weather...

pinkladayy: other than that it is okay
glickoffpal: what is it ..
glickoffpal: shitty ..
glickoffpal: or hot .. ?
pinkladayy: I was annoyed this morning when I woke up without you
pinkladayy: yesterday was okay but today sucks
pinkladayy: It is perfect
glickoffpal: i know .. me 2
pinkladayy: 75 sunny
glickoffpal: perfect ..
pinkladayy: I want cold wind sleet or snow amybe even a good sloid dreary rainy day
glickoffpal: it'll happen when i get back ..
pinkladayy: its going to be like 75 on Halloween...not right at all
glickoffpal: i woke to the sound of a sax player on the street this morning .. it was quite cool ..
pinkladayy: umm city livin is good
glickoffpal: then, the mountain range ..
glickoffpal: kinda cool .. wish we coulda heard it together ..
pinkladayy: STOOOOP
glickoffpal: we'll have it some day ..
pinkladayy: Im getting ready to do papers so I should go...do you have to get ready?
glickoffpal: yea .. i'm gonna get ready now .. and go .. but, i'll call during breaks and shit .. keep the phone with you ..
pinkladayy: I tried to call you a few inutes ago but all the circuits were busy
pinkladayy: Rex left a message for you
pinkladayy: Ill be here the rest of the day except around time to get Z we might go for a walk
glickoffpal: i think i mention it in the email .. but, last night was pretty fuckin' fun .. we were raucous as shit .. folks were getting drunk .. i have never seen ed have some much fun ..
glickoffpal: good .. i'll call rex when i get back and you have a nice day baby ..
glickoffpal: and we only have 2 more days .. ok .. baby ..
pinkladayy: Im glad you had so much fun...its cool to see that side of people that you work with...
pinkladayy: did you need a sport jacket?
glickoffpal: yea .. it is .. a nice realxer, you know .. it's cool being an adult and all, sometimes ..
pinkladayy: I know its only 2 days Im just irritable
glickoffpal: i don't need a sport coat, he doesn't even have one ..
glickoffpal: he's was shitting us ..
pinkladayy: o
pinkladayy: jerk
glickoffpal: yea .. it's a side of him ..
pinkladayy: im excited to read the mail...shall I write you back?
glickoffpal: please ..
glickoffpal: and we'll talk ..
glickoffpal: i'm so happy with you baby .. you know that, right?
pinkladayy: yes, I hope so
glickoffpal: always ..
pinkladayy: I mean I really hope I am good enough for you and that I do make you happy
glickoffpal: you're the best, baby
pinkladayy: that I make you even a fraction as happy as you make me
glickoffpal: we have found our nexus ..
pinkladayy: it is amazing, huh?
glickoffpal: yea .. i never knew it would be like this ..
glickoffpal: but, i'm gonna go iron and get walking .. got a lot of shots for you to look at .. and video ..
glickoffpal: i told you i saw bob dole yesterday ..
pinkladayy: I would never even have imagined that it could be...CAnt wait to see al lthe pics and stuff...yes u told me
glickoffpal: ok .. love u baby .. soon ..
pinkladayy: I love you...Have fun today and I'll talk to you soon.

glickoffpal: by baby
pinkladayy: bye sweet joe...soon...

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pinkladayy: u there baby?
pinkladayy: sure do love u...
pinkladayy is idle at 7:10:03 PM.
glickoffpal: i love u
pinkladayy is no longer idle at 8:13:47 PM.
pinkladayy: darling...im tired of the baby think Ill switch to darling for a while. I am beat...going to go to bed early. I think I'll try to dream of you tonight..join me? Talk to you tomorrow. O, I did want to say that all the animals are crazy without you...dog under my feet...again all three cats inside wandering around looking for you...odd indeed. I guess I am not the only one feeling lost without the sun we orbit.
sweetdreams, all my love. C
pinkladayy is idle at 8:36:47 PM.