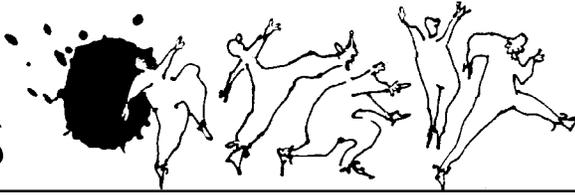


# Deanotations



Issue 91

August 1999

Dear Reader,

“Poor child — abused!” But when will Bill age? And how many internes must he pillage? “Patience! It only takes a village.” But I digress before I’ve begun.

The annual double issue gives me space to include works that don’t fit the usual format. In this issue: “Diary of the Death of Dad”, a collection of poems written in January, 1978 (so no condolences, please), a diary because written, mostly, on the spot (e.g., while waiting for a plane, on the plane home, in the hospital room).

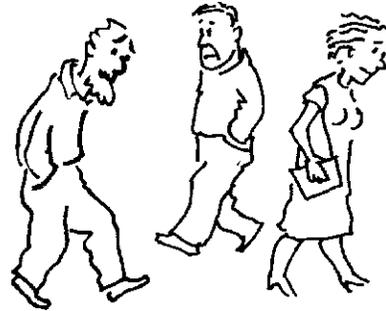
They aren’t very gloomy. After all, death is a poet’s best friend. What I write in this lifetime, I may read in the next. Thus, thanks to death, I can talk to myself without being considered nuts. Also, Dean is only a letter away from Dead: When I die, I won’t even need to change the initial on my luggage. Dad is also only a letter from Dead. Poems, too, survive, letters from the dead. Even, all too often, the poems of living poets. One letter will perfect me, give me the character I lack, make me look like a REAL poet (Inter-resting).

Until then, you will have to be satisfied with the silliness of *Please, Lord, Make Me a Famous Poet or at Least Less Fat*, my 400+ page volume of wit, whimsy and whatever starts with “w”, not a bit funereal, but *fun ere all else*. Order from any bookstore or Amazon or Barnes & Noble on-line. Retail for \$19.95. Or get it autographed from us for \$22.45 (includes postage, handling and ink).

Over 400 pages! So much to read, so little time — that’s why I’ve taught my index finger to read for me. It’s called “Speed Reading”: I simply move my index finger rapidly down the center of the page. The finger takes in all the data for my later assimilation, perhaps as I fall asleep that night. Already I have more knowledge in my index finger than most people have in their whole offensive right arms. When I give someone that finger, he or she will receive a complete liberal education. Fingers have always been educational. For example, with a single finger, one can learn the difference between one’s ass and a hole in the ground — not a (w)hole lot, unless you’re about to plant a tree or bury a corpse.

Which brings us back to death (to the tune of “Doe, a Deer”). Death, some think, is the hole in the ground you end up in if you don’t watch your ass (or if you do). Actually, death is that to which you and I are added to make living. That makes it hard for us to experience death: We have to leave first. Perhaps the closest man can come to experiencing death is to sit through a poetry reading. Here, from Reston, VA, is some RIP (Rest-In Poetry).

Clear cold weather since the rain.  
If you flick a finger against the blue bowl  
of the sky, it pings.



Taking a walk to get over something, I notice some of the people on this street are just passing through my misery. Others are natives, and live here all the time.

—————  
“I’m a human being, but no one ever notices!”  
Perhaps they suspect, but don’t let on  
to spare your feelings.

—————  
I am learning to get furious. I call it keeping  
my temper: A sword never blooded, I hear, loses  
its temper.

—————  
Variations on “‘Shuddup,’ he explained”:  
“Screw you,” he suggested.  
“Hello,” she demanded.  
“Goodbye,” he objected.  
“Well, uh...,” she exclaimed.  
“Oops!” he decided.  
“Oh NO!” she argued.  
“Thank you so very much,” she demurred.  
“I love you,” she asked.  
“I wish I were dead!” he proposed.  
“This is the happiest moment of my life!” she denied.

## From Hungary

Once a lottery-winning old Magyar  
Told his wife, “What a God-awful nag y’ are!”  
Then, as cool as an icicle,  
He gave her his bicycle,  
Zooming off to Páree in his Jaguar.

## Manual Training, 1954



### Why I Don't Close My Eyes

“How did I get so ugly?” you say, facing me from the bathroom doorway. But doesn't every woman over 40 look in the bathroom mirror first thing and see Linda Tripp? You don't know how incredibly beautiful you are when we're making love. Maybe if I stood behind the mirror and said the right things, you could see for yourself — but it's better if you don't: If once you saw your beauty, you wouldn't want to put up with my face, no, you'd want to see nothing less lovely during love-making than your own smile. I'd have to wear a mirror on my face. But then, what do I know of my own face when we're making love? — only what I see reflected in yours.

### There are Screws and There are Screws

I like hardware stores, though usually I don't know what I'm looking at, but this just reinforces my faith that there exist people somewhere who know what they're doing, know how things are put together and taken apart.

Did you know that that tiny loose screw that rolls beneath the couch is a machine? Every time you turn that screw driver (fasten goggles!), you're a machine operator. I like to look at a thousand types of screws and a hundred different nails and imagine someone knows what each is for.

In Manual Training (age 12)

I did finish book ends, but never got past the drawings for a lawn chair (they kept running off the page). The first piece I tried to plane to no-daylight-beneath-the-tri-square evenness got close to toothpickhood without attaining the requisite tightness, though I did my leveling best — it would sag in the middle, then at the sides. But I finally got the knack and varnished my at-last-unvarnished “M” shaped bookends (the initial I never use), and the wood slivers (pine) trickling from my plane smelled good.

Sam (AKA Mr.) MacDonald, that was the name of our Manual Training teacher (7th and 8th grade), a stocky, balding, gruff, jolly man whose jollity was as thin and scary as the smile of a Marine drill sergeant, but he was POPULAR, because he said things like “You're as useless as tits on a bull!” (“He said TIT!”) (to whom? Was it to me?), and none of our other, mostly old-womanish spinsterly teachers ever said things like that. They were probably only 40 or 45, and some were married (though that was hard to imagine), but to us they were old spinster ladies, and they didn't even THINK “tit” — or have tits, for that matter, just big blunt baggy bundles of amorphous padding, puffed out by their steel-spined posture like pouter pigeons. But Mac said ANYthing (to someone needing help — me? — “You want me to wipe your ass for you too?”) and let us have an ice cream party where we brought in quarts of the stuff and ate ourselves green (or pistachio) in the face. I guess everyone liked him, except maybe the kid he said those things to, but I can't remember if it was me. I never knew what Manual Training was for. No one explained, it's so you can have the pleasure of making something with your own hands and doing it well. After all, there's little one can make that one can't more easily buy. And “doing it well” — I missed that completely. I was just trying to get by. I did, too, by aceing every test — pure rote, though I remember little now: that a brad is some sort of nail (small?), that screws have pitch and heads and can be countersunk, that sandpaper has grades, and you start with the coarse and finish with the fine (something a poet should know). No one sawed off a finger tip, I got my bookends, it wasn't so bad, but I felt left out by that room full of saw dust, shellac and testosterone. I was never one of the boys, never really wanted to be (that may be a lie). After school we'd play marbles and someone (Steve L.?) might bray that someone (me?) was as useless as tits on a bull. What are they for, anyway, these male tits? Why doesn't some genius discover a use for them besides getting irritated by innertubes? Couldn't a woman's fingertip caress them? (They could teach it in Home Ec.)



"I'm a hair dresser". Must be awfully delicate work, buttoning each hair into its tiny suit, knotting its microscopic tie...

### "Stirred, But Hardly A Buonar" Wrote He, Marbling

[Note: "Buonarroti" is Michelangelo's surname]

There's a "Vision of Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel  
Which some say affords too much vision of the  
crotches of the judged — but it has  
indulgence Papal.

Though few would snigger at the Sistine,  
Who could deny that Mike's angelic David is far  
from pristine?

For in the plaza women come and go, talking of  
Michelangelo

And of the heft and angle of David's dangle which  
turns his fans to fan-Jell-O.

The Pieta is less controversial, but then Jesus  
is not entirely in the buff, is he?

Anyway, having an in with the Pope, Michelangelo  
got Uffizi. [The Uffizi Gallery, Florence]



Fatal Faces

They are probably indistinguishable from anyone's yearbook or wedding or family photos, but we see so many — in newspapers, on TV, photos of the recently SLAIN, all these faces smiling at us out of what seems a distant and formal past (though it may be only days ago), their ignorance of what we know, the way they look right at no one at all, the way they twinkle socially, eager to please those who have always been there and always will, the way what has happened to them (the terror not in their eyes) has flattened them into fading paper people —

it's as if a certain ordinariness dooms them, just as an ancient hairdo or quaint hat or the browned-edges in an album tell us this is someone long gone — so the blandness of these photos (all vivacity leached from them by the tears of loved ones) takes on the flavor of fatality, as if we could ferret through piles of photos and immediately know who was soon to be brutalized, turned into a twisted bloody rag, a pile of evidence left in woods or culvert, but, as I said, probably we all look like that in our photos.

Family album — those who almost never smiled smiling at me.

Already some people in my life who were supposed to be as permanent as trees and mountains have vanished — and some trees are gone too; and yesterday the dentist told me one of my most loyal teeth will need a new crown. I'm sorry I hugged you so tight — perhaps I mistook you for a mountain.



### Diary of the Death of Dad — Jan., 1978

Christmas. A "massive" heart attack, says the phone. He's a good man. Why does his heart attack him?

Mid-January: Telephone — sound from afar: Dad is dying. Someday these words will be read and judged? Am I human? Warm? Callous? Banal? Hiding shock behind a mask of irony? Irony behind a mask of shock? Numb? Quick, think something interesting, poet — your father's dying.

Long ago I thought what it would be like to hear my Dad's dying, and now I'm supposed to say the real thing's different, but it's not.

Grief? Not yet. Clarity. Regret that my father must work hard now to keep breathing and can hear, but can no longer speak. He drove his car conservatively and had a sure hand at carpentry and could read and understand things. There is much to lose. Sorrow if we think that at death all this is lost. Death? The dying is the loss. Dying is painful and stupid and embarrassing, like taking a shit in public. We should change the rules.

What have we done so painful to recall as to make us prefer this farce of a fancied oblivion?

At the airport — hoping I can visit Dad before he visits me.

Two shaven-head kids in uniform smoking cigarettes. My Dad is dying, but he's a child. Even Dean Blehert is an infant compared to what I become in this hard terminal light. I'm so immortal, I'd be senile if age could wither me.

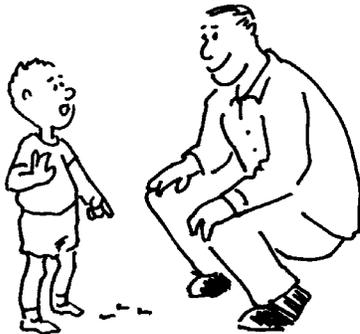
Airport Coffee Shop: So many desserts on this menu are “smothered in whipped cream” — not a pleasant way to die.

Dad’s dying. There goes someone else my becoming a famous poet will be too late to prove anything to.

What I must not think of is that I have only a week off, so that it will be a problem if my father doesn’t die quickly.

Mom had been half-crazy with pain for years when she died. Cancer creeps on in almost endless nagging soap-box-opera installments. Dad always preferred sarcastic dignity, falling, like a good Roman, upon the sword in his heart.

In his last letter, he had a future, having just finished a course in Tax Accounting (always in demand, we can always depend on taxes) and was about to earn extra income. Has he some other future, not lost with his name? Behind the public preparations for Henry Blehert, were vaster secret projects underway? Shortly before his heart failed, he wrote me that he felt trapped, at work, at home. He’s escaped! The best laid plans of men and gods oft go the way we forgot we intended.

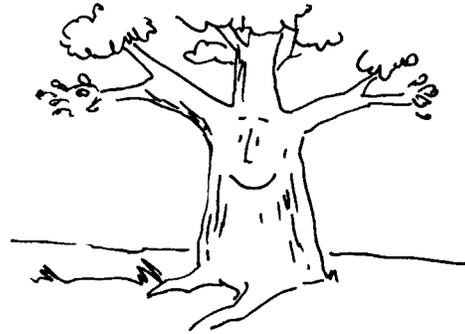


He put up with my going my own way. He even likes (loves?) me, but said only that as a child I thought it cruel to step on ants, which made him think me a good, if dreamy, kid. I still spare ants, though I’ve learned to crush cockroaches, and my first wife was afraid of something she thinks I am. But I was and am a good kid. I’m a TERRIFIC kid. I’m brilliant, hardworking, affectionate, honest — someday maybe even considerate. It’s too bad it’s not ME that’s dying so my Dad could realize what a good kid I’ve been. My Dad was probably a good kid too. He’s probably being a good kid now, being “good about it”, conservative about the pain, frustration and shame of being unable to control his body. (I used to marvel when he’d swim, how far beyond us each easy stroke would carry him).

This hurts him — he will go with a groan, return squalling. It will be weeks before he smiles again, hardly knowing who he is, certainly no one’s father. This is a touching game, but more silly

than touching. But I must play along. May we one day learn again, from far above, like gulls to crack a hard-shelled savory, simply to drop our worn-out shells, Plop!

My brother mentioned that doctors said his life COULD be prolonged, but he’d be like a “vegetable”. Doctors and patients have a strange frightening view of what it’s like to be a vegetable. Some of my best friends are trees. I don’t think I’d want to be a turnip, but I wouldn’t mind a spell of elming or birching or pining — or being a vine bent with ripe tomatoes. I don’t think the doctors can do that for my father now. At best a sickly exotic root-white flower in the hothouse of an intensive care unit. “We could keep him in his body, but he’d be like a human.” Our vegetable love would grow mindless as bureaucracy and as slow.



Hard to foresee him in a drugged trance — I still picture him as him, not a withered cocoon of him, with, somewhere in the room, transparent, vague, the emergent butterfly, blind and numb from its long sleep, mooning about, stumbling over its wings, not yet realizing it can spread them and fly.

There’s no denying it: We’re all sitting in the same airline terminal waiting for planes — I write this, others read, etc. There’s something here there’s no denying — something about being in it together, all in the same boat (terminal cases?), etc. I guess I can deny it: I can sit here and deny it while others sit here and, for example, read the sports page.

There are bad movies where, after writing this, I’d die in a plane crash. But I would never be guilty of such crude foreshadowing. Thus my good taste secures our flight.

Awaiting takeoff. He wasn’t SUPPOSED to die yet.

Nothing was ever supposed to go wrong. It was all supposed to be fun. Whee.

We’ll all wear party hats and blow those things you blow at New Years parties and gather round the deathbed. Blehert’s Book of the Dead.

You wait in line for a ticket, wait for boarding, wait for takeoff, wait to deplane, you write thankyou notes, you go to weddings and funerals, you go to school and go to work and go to bed, you die. I am following all the rules for your dying, Dad, even writing poems about it. (Don't tell anyone what I'm really trying to do!)

How do they make airplanes so much bigger on the inside than on the outside? ...and lives?

I'm flying home. Earphones: Jazz or classics? Dad stuck to the classics — the simple ones — unless he could tune in the blasting bassos of the Don Cossacks. He and I meet at Mozart and Beethoven. There our ways part, mine to Bach, Bartok, and Beatles, his slightly toward 101 Strings; but I too love to hear the cossacks bellow — as long as they're not slashing and sabering through MY town.

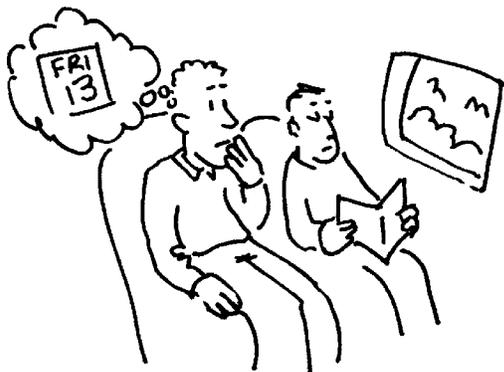
My father (soon) dead, my children not born — biologically I am spread flat out on present time, a place on an airplane where music passes through me and never sounds the same again.

Now it's Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. They gave me some champagne. (I'm on an airplane.) (Whee.) Dad is about to end his unfinished life. I end my poems by deciding they're done. The poet dies a thousand deaths. It's good practice.

Maybe my Dad just died. He could wait to see me, but he could also die now while I'm listening to that main theme from Schubert's Unfinished — the theme that HAS to be unfinished because it keeps ending with its beginning...Maybe...

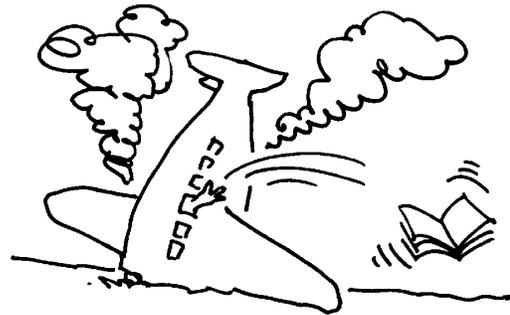
You don't have to wait for me, Dad. We're 2000 miles apart, but as close as we'll ever get to saying goodbye or even hello.

Now I feel like crying. The fucking music. Schubert wasn't supposed to die either. Or maybe it's just sad music and I'm just sad.



Good grief! I just realized it's Friday the 13th. (It was certainly easy to reserve this flight.) I'm not superstitious, and even if I were, I don't

scare. And if I did get scared, it would amuse me. (Maybe I'll be able to throw this notebook safely clear of the burning wreckage.)



My brothers and sisters are under stress — impatient pacing papas waiting for my laboring father to give birth to himself.

Now they're playing a Bach Choral Prelude; Timelessness adorns itself in the hard-earned illusion of mortality. Now Ella Fitzgerald's singing. She's sad too. Life is basically a pathetic fallacy.

Now Mozart — he's weeping, the tears simple and luminous, but he's weeping, fluent, carefree tears. Harp solo: I've bound myself to these strings — pluck me, life, as you will.

It's been said one dies alone. Is that what we're doing — dying alone together?

We die and die and die. My friends, can't we just decide to say hello to one another without depending on the excuses of grand exits and entrances.

Mozart's melodies start like someone patiently explaining something to a child. Then the child catches on, and the melody gets playful, shows off for the child, balancing grace-notes on the tip of its nose, playing peek-a-boo with the major key, and juggling arpeggios. (It seems I never caught on, Dad, so you never got to play.)

For all my matter-of-factness, I just pictured my Dad standing there, as usual, to meet me (puffing on his pipe, ruddy face, grey hair, eyes from which a gleam of recognition meets its like in my eyes, little to say, cursory hug) at the airport, and he's not.

We wait in the hospital room. It's not an it yet, nor is he a him. He keeps it going (like a runner nearing the tape); It keeps him going. I think it doesn't make sense to him yet that one should lose hold of so many ties because of a bum ticker. When it makes sense to him or when he decides it's SUPPOSED to be senseless or when he realizes he doesn't HAVE to lose the ties, he'll let go of his battered tin-can receiver. He looks more like

himself than I'd expected, except the mustache, a new vanity, begun just before the noon swim, the locker-room pang that started to tell him about vanity. But he doesn't respond, maybe can't hear me; his shoulder is cold, moist, white marble; he's hooked up to glistening tubes like an experiment, and his sheeted chest heaves up and down all by itself, cautiously, as if it shouldn't be doing that — someone might notice and be embarrassed: "Gracious! It's alive!"

Dad, your body's a mess. I don't think you can hear a word I'm thinking. You're almost dead. You should take better care of yourself, dammit!



You're nearly dead. I keep thinking, "Dammit! I told you so! I tried to tell you..." — tell you what? What did I ever try to tell you that would alter this? You made seven children, suffered (at least scowled much, said little) through two marriages, went to an office every weekday I knew you, and did things there, Lord knows what, did them competently, and liked to sit in a rowboat in the middle of a reedy Minnesota lake, big in your red-check flannel shirt, puffing on your pipe and watching the floater bob. When I was a child, yours was the second kiss goodnight, the one that gently scratched my cheek. Your death is white-garbed people coming and going in the room quietly, charts, whispers, and wondering what to say to one another, and culminates nothing, except that my brothers and sisters and I begin to look longer at each other and wonder who we each are and what to each other, which I remember, once on a walk, I tried to tell you, but you kept being my cautious, irritable father, a decent sort, but no one one could say "I love you" to, damn you, you're deaf and dying, and I tried to tell you.

It's the next day. He had only a few hours to live. He used them up and then, somewhere, found a few more, used them up too, and now he's decided to have a few more, and he's looking pinker, and my sister-the-doctor says he's been handled all wrong and actually has a tiny chance (to live forever?), and the intravenous is back on and all systems go (though drugged and wobbly). Maker of all time, how did it come to this — tossing you leftover scraps of eternity to be gnawed at under the table.

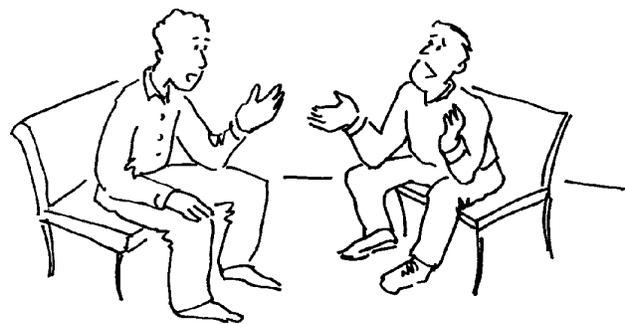
The doctor pops in and out, being solicitous, but all the action is in the barely stirring mound on the bed, charted and cardiogrammed and conferred on like a foregone election (a landslide) or the last inning of the last game of the World Series with the home team hopelessly behind and the stadium nearly empty, but the ponderous machinery of compilation and commentary, being all set up, what the hell?, goes on elaborating our long waiting for almost nothing, so little is left now for death to do. Death is the Doctor, the rest of us only patient.

Why doesn't someone tell the body that my Dad left a long time ago — it can stop now?

Waiting for the funeral.  
Dad is dead; long live Dad.  
I'm not happy; I'm not sad.  
As a dad, he wasn't bad.  
He's the only one I had.

My family knows me better than anyone else does. At least they know SOMETHING better than anyone else does, and when I'm with them, they hold it in front of me, and it's covered with sticky love and sometimes I stick to it.

I know a man who is really a jigsaw puzzle of 100 separate pieces, but appears to be all of a piece, because his pieces are all glued side by side, not to each other, but to his family. No wonder I sit in the living room with my brothers and sisters, and Dad is alive. It's true that my father's death was very much like a worn-out body running down. It's also true that the worn-out body running down was very much like the death of my father.



My brother-in-law talks long into the night, tells to me in myriad ways why his life is impossible and all wrong, and 2 plus 2 keeps coming out 3. I try to indicate areas that need looking at, but he explains how things are actually the way they have to be and, in fact, should be, and 2 plus 2 comes out 5. But from time to time I notice 4 talking to me, eyes downcast as if to whisper: "Don't let on to him that I let you see me!"

We bury “my father” today. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and life to life. If I say what I know about death here, someone will refer respectfully or not to my “beliefs”. My tongue will stumble, responses numbed by tiredness, and I will think, here we are, talking — I know we are talking. (And yet none of them believe Dad is in there and none of them believe he’s gone. But no one has provided them an excuse to know what they know. What hurts them so much is not the loss, but the lie of the loss.) (And losing touch—that too.)

The funeral: Our little parade of cars pauses; we see ahead a longer serpent winding toward a neighboring cemetery—Hubert Humphrey’s. Dad said he talked too much, but voted for him. He was always running for something. He made it. Him and Dad, the same day—even Vice Presidents aren’t islands.

Some delay dropping the first spadeful — I said something aside which my sister heard; she laughed. The Rabbi said “What?” She repeated it to him. He chuckled. Then after a bit more fussing about in the gray, foot-weary snow, we left your body, Dad, and I can’t remember what it was I said.



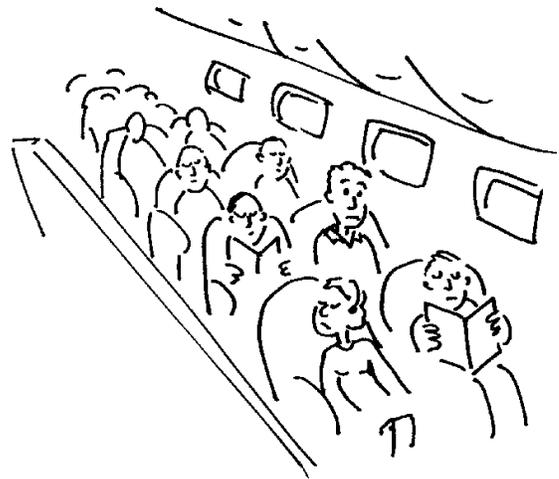
Ah, my brothers, my sisters, we exchange jokes, for no one is willing to be the straightman, to take the chance of saying something that would burn with the heat of unexpected tears (not since my brother, in the hushed hospital room, said “He was a good man...”). This is not blood between us. We chose each other long before blood uniformed us in Blehert flesh, our excuse to know one another. I love you all, but I only begin to understand what you are for, a monstrous resource. The lines of my heart go taut, seized by deep-sea possibilities only beginning to glimmer into dream-view, massive, trailing silver foam. We are not the Marx Brothers, nor even the “Blehert kids.” I feel as though we have been all our lives using a Stradivarius as a fly-swatter. Now I begin to see (do you see?) its use, and am amazed to find it undamaged by the abuse — and there is still time for us to learn to play it.

Some people are dearer to me than others. So much for sainthood.

Reception: Many elms are missing. Our old house looks naked. I EXPECTED my father to die. The absence of the elms alarms me. What will be left to remember us when we’re gone? I must have mistaken them for part of the sky.

I LIKE the custom of remembering good things about the dead. I like my family, maybe love my brothers and sisters. I like my home town. It seems important to say such things. Someday I will say them.

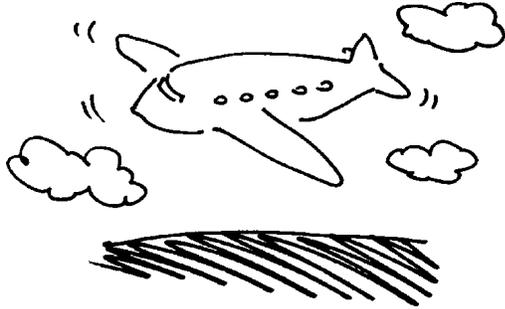
“Good to see you again—sorry it had to be on such a sad occasion.” Good people HAVE to say such things to me — or just “I’m sorry” — somehow my presence condemns them to say such things. What SHOULD they say? Probably people shouldn’t say what they SHOULD say. “But we can’t all be poets....” In that case, only poets are alive, and for the rest, I’m sorry.



On another plane: Polite strangers who don’t notice me — a simplicity like convalescence after the shock of so much raw exchange of love and loss among siblings, so much polite attentiveness to people I hardly knew (like a celebrity among excited autograph seekers) who wanted to share their tears with my father’s oldest son.

Vivid images of my father, alive, looming over my childhood, should be flashing into my view, swallowing up my tear-distorted vision. Maybe later. Now I remember nothing, except very clearly something my sister described, laughing, how once he got furious at a mischievous puppy, started to swat, changed his mind and couldn’t stop the swing and broke his thumb against his hip (“Damn pooch!”). Served him right: When we riled him enough, he’d slap out at the back seat and usually hit the one who’d been sitting quietly. I remember he liked to say “No, I don’t know,” if a child ended an earnest sentence with “...you know?” And he called Little Black Sambo “Little Slack Bambo and the TigGERR” (“Say it RIGHT, Daddy!”) and would stand in a doorway, all huge, staid in his little tight smile, but eyes merry as if about to say something clever, and give his ghost of a gambol, a little chuck-under-time’s-chin jump: kerTHUMP.

I'm wearing Dad's shirt—still a bit large for me (which is comforting). I miss him. He ejaculated in my mom's body. About that act has accumulated much significance, which we help create — out of love. I think highly of my Dad — more so, likely, than he ever thought of me. That's fine. I can think highly of him AND of myself.



The plane is “encountering a slight turbulence.” FASTEN SEATBELTS — secure yourself to a piece of metal wobbling through the sky.

We descend. Los Angeles will leap up at me warmly out of the icy Minnesota night like an old dog.

We are being whipped by snow and hail — over the San Gabriel mountains. These elements seem almost indecent near Los Angeles, as if, in Minnesota, it were snowing in the kitchen.

It comes to this: Both L.A. and St. Paul have streets, houses, and buildings, but if all the houses in St. Paul were to disappear, the people would die. If the houses in L.A. were to vanish, the people would be mildly inconvenienced.

The body is like a house in L.A. When it disappears, we are mildly inconvenienced. Dad, I've lost your address, and I was about to write.

L.A. lights appear — spotty. We are undercast, so L.A. must be overcast.

We are over Los Angeles. In any direction the horizon tells the same story.

I left my heart in Minnesota, but like a faithful dog, it will come scratching at my Hollywood door.



Forgive me, my fellow passengers, for my foul farts, whose origin, I hope, you will never determine.

I have left out a great deal. I tune in on Dean Blehert's experiences long after they have become Dean Blehert. Only bodies die. For that matter, only bodies have fathers. I am no body. I am more like a poem. And still more like a poet. Death is a lie. But one lie can lie that it has lost another. Lies can lie they hurt. I will suffer this lie, this loss, for, looking at each other without words, I saw the truth who made the love to suffer the loss; Father, as you lay dying, I caught us in the act.



“In the end you know you're alone.” That's because when you decide you're alone, that's the end of you.

Are we, then, nothing? Let us make a big thing out of nothing.

The crime: Communicating. The sentence: Life.

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