

the words



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Diary of a Ninth Grader

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This is a compilation of writings completed from 1974 until 1984.

Some of the work is poetry, prose, and lyrics, while other pieces are short stories and essays.

During the time when I had written much of these, my father and mother were having a custody battle for rights to my sister and myself. Throughout this time I was given emotional support from Ann Howe, Ph.d., whom I consider to be "real mom". A lot of the work is reflective of a child trying desperately to escape emotional and physical abuse. Some of it is adolescent commentary on the political climate, which proves to be relevant today. Much of these writings surprised me when I found them at the age of twenty-nine.

I had forgotten how fiercely I had felt for my passions: folk music, civil rights, and the homeless. Sometimes I wonder if the logic in these must be that when I was born the Senate passed the Civil Rights Bill of 1964, and on that very same day, three civil rights workers from Mississippi were reported missing during a summer voter registration drive.

Welcome to my time capsule cathartic machine.

autobiography one

7 April 1980

I got a pentel pen for creativity.

You see, I'm bored with a Charlie Brown name. I want to be somebody -- else. I'm not a runaway, no I'm an escapee. Escaped. Going to escape. Give me a minute, I'll get around to it soon. I hope.

I want to be a revolutionary, in the spirit of Dylan, and Guthries, (A and G), where did the folks songs go? poof !! I want to be the folk SONG. hero.

Disco is just fading. Rock is not rock. Rock is "new wave". True folk is rock. But who sings folk? Who writes folk? What the hell is folk? Please bear with me, I'll be sixteen in less than a month.

I'm not your average teen age girl. I'm far from your giggledy goodle girl. Not boy crazy. A bit more mature. Hate cliques, virgin queen. Don't smoke, or drink...okay I swear. Read write and eat.

Not a violent person. Hate violence. But I'd kill anybody if I was. Lucky you. I go really nuts over dark curly hair, light eyed guys, but I'm not boy crazy. Traveling, lakes, ponds, streams, OCEANS. Railroad tracks give me a nice feeling.

I don't take any shit from anyone... that is no one has got the right to decide my attitudes and my future goals. Future goals. One future goal. No support. No future or money. No excuses. No kidding. I want to sing and write songs. I want to meet Arlo Guthrie. I'd like to meet Bob Dylan--adore him. I want to be a leader in an '80's folk scene and goddamit I will.

Speaking of God. I just don't think that religions are necessary. If you hold yourself and your fellow man in the highest line in the hierarchy you don't need special rules to tell you how. So many people have kids and so many other people want them. Adoption. I guess it depends on how you are emotionally, or if you were raped, or incested.

I'm a Woody Guthrie freak. Never heard him sing, to my knowledge. Read "Bound for Glory" and the "Woody Guthrie Songbook". That guy is (was?), absolutely THE American hero. Okay, him and Will Rogers. I like Will Rogers. Will Geer. Buffy Saint-Marie. She's wonderful. I'm in love with Bob Dylan. Yes, I know, teenage infatuation. L'amour l'amour, que sera sera. Harmonica harmonica, have a sip of tonic, sir. Kinda platonica, me and my harmonica. Dumb rhyme.

Yeah, me and the harmonica are getting to be buddies. It's roadable. I'm getting annoyed. Too annoyed. Over the hill in annoyance. every time I get excited about doing something my stomach acts up. My dam math teacher sent me a warning after she told me I was doing okay.

Sometimes I feel I can just pack up and go somewhere. Away. No money. Just me, a song, and a backpack. I had so many escape routes. Maine. Augusta Maine. Dad owns 3 1/2 acres on Torsey Pond. I could bring a few folkies to come up and relax and write and singe and plan new ventures.

I'd like to travel the railroad tracks. I'll probably do both if I stop and act.

Life's a bitch. A storm shooting, shit howling bitch. I hate so many aspects of it all. One minute you're at the top of the world. The next minute it's shit. Take today. I went out today to get an Arlo record and I come back with a Bob Dylan...that's not bad, but the Arlo thing was at another store. Talked to this old guy. The old guy told me he had done all these fabulous things. My sister bitched at me. We got a new Microwave today, and everyone hovered around it.

I get so fed up with things. Telephones. I hate telephones. People are crazy over them, talking for hours and hours on a subject that could be illustrated in one sentence. Or when you are dead asleep, then BBBBRRRRRRRRRRNNNNNGGG!

I hate obnoxious kids. Fifteen year old bodies with five year old minds. My English teacher says, "Polyester people with double knit manners."

I wear a cowboy, sherlock, or army hat regularly. I've heard, "Where's Tonto?", "Where's Watson?", and "Over There" so many times, the guinness book is interested. I get called, Butch. Grime. Punk. Street. And I'm a ready advocate for gay rights, although I am not gay. Teachers and neighbors look at you funny when you say this.

I wish school taught the three L's. Live, love and listen. You can have a Ph.d and still be POW. (Put out of work).

Society sucks, it makes life a bitch. Laws and rules are so that a kid like me, over eager to go and work, can't. If you don't wear the "right" clothes, you are laughed at. If you make any money, the IRS takes it away. If you travel by any means other than car then you are a bum. If you don't wear socks and don't shave your arms and legs, then you're a pig. If you don't cut your bangs, you're a liberal, (like that's a bad thing?).

What about highs? Drug induced highs. They are a big part of the U S aren't they? That's why I like my dentist. Laughing gas, first all of your senses go on and off, then everything echoes in a large hum, everything sounds hilarious. I go back next week. I tried pot a few times. It didn't do anything. Nothing. Made me cough.

The of course there is alcohol. Beer makes me pee. I get high off of non drugs. Up at the pond, or a stream, or if I stare at the Ocean, or pond at sunrise and sunset...that is a definite high.

When I was four, my cousin was madly in love with me. He kissed me by the lilac bushes at my ma's house. The boy next door, Carl, brought me maple candy for a kiss. I had a longtime crush on Steven Sullivan, David Nocca and the Ferzoco Twins...who didn't? Paul Shugrue. I really didn't like him, found it amazing that I managed to spend an hour and forty-five minutes on Karen's couch kissing him. Dan was pompous arrogant, and had a nice butt. Tom Anderson. I really liked him. WE spent two hours staring into a campfire. Gary, Gary and Mark. Gary Brunelle. I fell for him every time I saw him. Sweet. Always make me glad that he's around. Joe Cunningham. Went out with him once. Thought he was a brilliant dingbat. Turned out to be a good friend after all. Jeff. Dave West. I went nuts for him. Bob Fulton. eek. A short termed blind stab at affection. But I'm not boy crazy.

My girly crushes were on David Cassidy, Parker Stevenson, Scott Baio... for about a minute, Shaun Cassidy, Bay City Rollers. Queen's Roger Taylor. Leif Garrett, David Naughton, in that order. My presents are Bob Dylan, Arlo, Tom Baker (Dr. Who), the funny guys. Bob Dylan..good ole born again bob, is playing in Worcester, then Portland Maine. Too young for the damned show.

Maybe I can head to NYC for a job at the Woody Guthrie Trust Fund. Here I am, the chick whose folks like to dine in high class spots, shop at bloomies for bloomers, a mother whose idea of going out all day is a trip to the ice cream parlor, a little brother who is destined for an unusual, maybe sad future, and a sister who makes JP Getty look like the farmer in the dell.

I think I was born ten years too late. I mean 10 years ago, I could be a folksinger. Maybe there will be a new 60's. The time's they are a changin', even if we gotta serve somebody.

One Man's Christmas

7 November 1979

I hate Christmas.....everything about it. It never brought me anything but pain, anyway. everybody trying to get all their shopping done before everyone else. It's a commercial rat race.

It couldn't be any earlier than 2:00 in the afternoon. I haven't got a clock, I lost that with the house, my grandson and my daughter three years ago this Christmas. I may as well tell that story since I started it already.

Christmas Eve should have by all means been the best part of my grandson's second Christmas. My son-in-law was coming home from the war. (War and religion never mix well). The three of us picked him up at the depot. All was just dandy. Little Joe had nearly forgotten his daddy, Tom. People stared at my little white daughter kissing and hugging her beloved black husband. You'd think she was sinning or something.

Boston Common was a sight that night. The Mayor was gin hard drunk from the punch. Though everyone was showing brotherly love for the first time all year, I knew our family wasn't ready for this type of prejudice.

We all went home tired and happy from that night, but I knew something terrible was going to happen. There was a chill in my bones, and that always has meaning for a man as old as me.

The next morning, I was the first one up, as was planned. I laid out gifts for the sweet ones. My heart was still feeling uneasy. We ate Sonya's cooking so much that it was easy to fall asleep that night. It was alot easier to wake up.

I heard the scream, "Grandpa, HELP ME!!!" Thoughts, terrible, horrifying ones chased into my mind when I heard those pitiful creams. The smoke was so heavy in my lungs. I was unable to move, and Tome rushed into my room begging for me to help him rescue the family.

Time was lost in my hesitation. I raced then into Sonya and Tom's room. The scent of burning flesh was too strong for us. It was too late, and we both knew it. Sonya was dead, Tom stayed there stunned. With a chance that I could still reach Joey, I made for his room. I found him and pulled him from his bed, and ran outside. Tom had to be dead by now. Joey wasn't going to make it. Sonya... This old man who had lived his full life was the survivor and it just wasn't right.

The racist bastards didn't even get charged. And here I am in New York City. Christmas Eve and nowhere to go, waiting for a night where I don't wake up.

Afterwards

14 April 1979

welcome home now my son, now you're gone, you are gone

and at now at last you're dead to the world you won

and if you do come back, oh if you do come back

then I guess that once again you'll sing and dance and laugh

Oh young man do I see you with you kids, all your kin

and you're wife knocks at the playroom door, let her in

she helps you write just one more verse, one more note

that the last little piece of music that you wrote, that note

the man who is sitting in the night, what a night

waits only for darkness or the light in sight

he cannot see the people because they cannot see him

he's unsure of his life, can he win and will he win

Will they ever see the love that they all once had?

are they escaping from this world that was once never sad?

when they're dead on this world, when they're not lost in crowds

will they still carry their heads on shoulders quite as proudly

If there's not a reason to go to other worlds in good time

then why are we afraid to die, to die -- or am I?

I've a face with my name but will I when I die

and will anybody cry, when I die when I die when I die

The child in the dark says he's not alone, not alone

no matter where he is he knows that he's at home

his father is there and he's never in fear

maybe he will have the fear in just another year

my mother is afraid that she's old, growing old

and that her history is nothing to be told or sold

but ma, what's ahead of you is a story, sure

of the man who paid a way for you a path that endures.

An Assignment

27 October 1981

I'm glad I didn't start this assignment until after my trip to Haystack. I've enjoyed my few years as an arts dabbler. But at Haystack, I thought, why?

When I go to a play, usually a comedy or musical, the first thing I do is to scour the playbill for the names of make up artists, costume designers, stage managers, then finally the actors. I worked at the Charles Playhouse first as an usher, so I got to meet the faces behind the names in the programs. If the names were familiar enough, I'd go backstage after the shows to either commend or console.

At the Charles I also worked as a Go-fer. I met everyone from Harry Chapin to Dan Frazer. I got tickets to plays for nothing, got an inside look at how to run the money, and learned about management.

In high school I studied all aspects of technical theater. I built sets for Phantom of the Opera, and Broadway. I did make up for minor productions. Then I got to review them in the school paper. I was Arts editor, and prime contributor. I learned about publicity stunts, agents, and producers. I saw movies being shot on locations, met major stars in theater and movies.

Before that I was a spokesperson for the Big Sister Association. But as far as actually performing in front of anyone, that is something I've done for as long as I can remember. First time was a song and dance girl for a Jimmy Fund benefit when I was five. Then there was comedy shows, cabaret, school plays, television extra and now I work with the Boston Youth Theater.

Here at Mass Art I was hoping to take courses in performance and theater. I got into Dean Nimmer's class and started working on a type of production that I never had any experience in before. It was freer. I could be more expressive with movements. This is what we did there at Haystack.

In the summertime I teach a type of theater that kids get interested in rather easily, sort of vaudeville juvenile style. Most of the first hour goes into warm ups that the kids design and the second hour goes to improve, which results in shows every two weeks.

But what the hell gets me geared for all of this? It is a torture to be worn out as much as I get. There are more nights that I am home after midnight than there are in a year. There's embarrassment in dropping a line or doing a reading and finding out that your characterization was all wrong. Then there's being asked to dance when you have nothing planned. Not getting a part you wanted for months can be more depressing than Little House on the Prairie. Getting into a production that you know is going to bomb because of a director, being panned by a critic you have admired for years, ...I mean, why?

Aside from the fact that my energy level is really high, it has crossed my mind that I do perform in front of anyone who seems to be interested. I'm restless and constantly afraid of being boring unless I'm god's gift to Bette Midlerhood. I enjoy making people laugh and having them feel easy about situations. If I give them a taste of my "hang in there spirit", it may make them feel stronger about their own situation. Many of my good friends know that I have gone through it all, literally, and because of this, they know my goofing around keeps my head straight. It insures good advice, too.

I get up on stage to be other people and to experience every emotion of life I haven't gotten to yet. It is wonderful being able to say the right things without worrying because you get to resay it better a next time. In a play that isn't scripted, experimental, all of the tensions that build up in me can be released. People seem to think that I always know what I am doing and can handle all of my problems easily. I don't take drugs and am not into drinking so my escape is the stage.

When I get up there, I don't have to listen to anyone and I can become the people I have listened to. I love signing autographs and being recognized.

Ode to the US of A

Undated 1980

If Iran hates America

why the 50 souvenirs?

Hey, Mr. Hoover,

Where you hiding all these years?

Show me the honest man

living on capital hill

If the US needs more gas today,

go to Tony's bar and grill

washington, oh washington

you wouldn't believe this place today

the Lone Ranger can't wear his mask,

it's against the law to be gay

tape recorders hit peak sales in washington today

And I sing, Ode to the US of A

The doctor slaps the baby

the baby hits him back

the doctor sues the baby then

he has a heart attack

momma got her income fixed

wish they'd fix her stove

between farrah and bo derek

you'd roll over in your grave

Washington, george washington

you wouldn't believe this place today

Superman's flying concorde,

it's the american way

atom bomb kits hit peak sales in NYC today

and I sing owed to the US of A

Should our old eagle be forgot

and old glory thrown away

I'll take out my japanese guitar and

sing

Owed to the US of A

Ode to a somewhere man

12 December 1981

Do you want to know a secret, you promise not to tell

John Lennon was shot by the Dacoda Hotel

For a week this guy named Chapman was hanging around

Said, "Mr Lennon?" then shot him down

Once in the back, and twice in the chest

Lennon lies in his early rest.

Oko, oh no, what has that man done?

Stolen the life from idol of your son

oh, no, virgins from a day way back when

When John Could breath and live and stand

I've nothing to wear, for I never wear black

Though thoughts of mourning my mind is attacked

Now people with ideas of some enterprise

may steal the glasses from his glazing eyes

and sell them to children who beg for these

"Ten dollars a pair, no pushing kids, please"

record store mobs, beetle conventions abound

paul is dead, but look what we've found.

Is this the way it all must end

with spies in the white house

and John Lennon dead?

The Battle of '78

February, 1978

As I was walking home from school, the wind was sounding the alarm of the battle between the sun, the clouds, the winds, and the snow. I watched from out my window as the winds made their first move. A gust grabbed a cloud and shook it until it bled a thick white blanket of snow. Wisps grabbed each particle and stomped them to the ground. Most of the grey and black were shaken from all pieces of their insides. I slept through the heartless war, only to awake to see the oceans of white that had engulfed the earth. It seemed that the battle was already won by the powerful Wind, but the fighting was all but

completed. The world was grey. The sky was grey. The waves were grey.

The second day of this civil war was fought with the Oceans. While Winds and Clouds were having it out, Shore and Ocean were on a murderous rampage. Unfortunately, Oceans had the advantage. With Wind to help, Ocean wiped out most of the land of sore Shore. Each wave brought near death, each ocean wave brought fear. I went to sleep wondering when it would end.

The third day was quiet. In the morning, the sun decided it was time for a peace treaty. He organized a meeting but no one would come. He had to take action. He had slain the cold clouds and left their bodies as a reminder to the people that there was light beyond failure.

The remains of the battle were the torments of the citizens. Blackness came to many people's homes. The evil Jack Frost visited those homes and made each life more brutal to its occupants. Houses floated to China. Whole family dreams were crushed along with their homes.

The days ahead were clean up days. Each time a plow came, I cheered. But nothing comes now. Only army tanks or trucks. They don't plow. They just roll along over the corpses of the clouds.

Now it is cold. There is no sun. There is no clouds. Only snow.

Constitution for Equality of All

Citizens in these United States

First Drawn March 24, 1978 A.D.

We, the children, of the United States of America, do hereby take a stand against the former Constitution of the United States for its unfair treatment to the shapers of the future. In this document, our new Constitution, is a list of reasons why we abolished the old, set up a plan for new government, and changed certain bills and amendments.

If it is our duty to see that we shape the country so well as to make our forefathers proud, then, why is not our duty to speak up about the laws to be passed, state and national rights, or the international war and peace affairs? We have been put in a position where by only in school can we discuss our feelings, but have no say in any vote.

A new government must be made to insure the domestic tranquility of all citizens, be they one or one hundred. Suggestions that stand are:

A. Three legislating groups shall be made: One to represent the people from the ages of one to twenty-eight; the second from twenty-nine to forty-five; the third from forty five to the oldest citizen alive. Representatives shall be made up from population groups by geography. Each group will be half women, half men, racially balanced, with a minimum of 25% disabled people. These groups shall be called the Junior, the Middle, and the Advisory board.

B. Requirements for each representative:

1. No religious, racial, economic, or age bias.
2. Must honor and consider all opinions of the public.
3. Must fulfill the following duties:

Support and encourage medical and energy improvements.

Take support in necessary peaceful actions against the discrimination of people because of sexual preference, sex, color, religion, or scientific belief.

There will be no political parties as they cause conflict.

C. As the current Bill of Rights has been questioned over and over again by the courts systems, this will be changed to be clear to all.

Article I:

Improvement of Bill of Rights

1. The Right to Speech, Opinions, and Lifestyles

This law is for anyone who feels they should be heard, though no one is listening. It ensures the Freedom to live any religion, custom, and way of life as long as others rights

are respected.

2. Help from Government Agencies

Anyone seeking help may receive if qualified and must receive the assistance in less than eight weeks of the first request.

3. Freedom of Press

Each citizen has the right to know full details of government actions and meetings.

Humpty Dumpty to Hangovers

March 1977

While growing up, I've learned many things. In kindergarten I laughed at the way some other children chewed cookies at snack time. In first grade I needed a lot of attention. I would be "blanked" if I didn't get it. At recess I would go to the nurse. I would complain to the teachers.. Once I even spent an hour crying over a scraped knee. In second grade, I was a big girl because I could watch over the little first graders. That was the time of my first crush, which is a sure sign of growing up. In the third grade I was an accomplished writer by getting a poem printed in the paper.

In fourth grade I was shy, and because this was the year of the busing plan, I was afraid to lose my school. My teacher, Mrs. Costello, was going to have an operation that year. All the time she was gone, my fear of her changing increased. The day before she was to come back I broke down and cried out of nervousness. That was when I found out that people don't turn weird from an appendix operation. In the fifth grade, I was a smart aleck. I played snob. This was the first time I had made friends with black person other than my grandfather. I was a real pest. The girls used to pick on me all of the time. That summer vacation I learned how to be myself and how to feel for other people, and what friendship means. I have been building my life around that ever since.

My home life over the years had my mind in a whirl. My parents were divorced when I was about seven. My sister and I fought constantly. The world seemed dull. After a while my mother used to beat me up because of her ill feelings towards my father. I ran away many times.

I suppose going through my home life I've matured more than some kids my way. February of 1977 brought me legally to my father's house to live. Well, that's an abridged version but through my times I think sometimes I must be fully mature.

Falling In Love

25 September 1979

Unaccustomed to public writing as I am, especially of love as a subject, I shall do my best to introduce you to the subject of falling in love. How do you go about falling in love? Well, usually you find the person of the opposite sex, whatever that sex may be, that interests you most physically and mentally. Upon finding that person, you say to yourself, "hey what a turn on, I think I'll ask him/her/it for a date or two." Now if you and your date decide, "hmm, hot, and sweet", you can't stop thinking about and you can't be without him/her/it you are either in love or a groupie.

the Ideal High School

9 September 1980

To look at an ideal high school is to look almost directly at Madison Park High School, in Boston, Massachusetts. First of all, though the structure itself has many faults, the facilities are very well designed. there are six buildings, each housing classes and or offices. One building is dedicated to physical education, having within it, five different gymnasiums, health rooms, and locker rooms. It also has three different pools. Another building is basically for science. There are electrical units, fully equipped laboratories, and lecture halls. There are two different libraries in the school. One is for general library uses, however the other is oriented towards audio and visual studies. The first has many informative books as well as literature for enjoyment. The latter has a vast spectrum of different audio/visual learning devices that have to be experienced to be fully enjoyed. Classrooms are usually large enough to fit about thirty two students. some have windows, while others don't. Most have wall chalkboards, some are portable. Each room has intercom units. There are many different offices in the school, but I don't know much about them. Finally we come to the bathrooms. If there were mirrors on the walls and toilet paper, it may be more suitable for a large school.

As for classes, there is a wide variety of five main subjects. In English there are poetry, skills, short stories, composition, honors classes, and even theater. Math isn't quite as varied with algebra, geometry, trig, and calculus. The history department teaches U. S. history, world cultures, law, civics,

and honors courses. You may learn almost any sport from baseball to football to swimming. There's an athletics training course. In the science department you can learn about health education, biology, botany, physics, chemistry, and anatomy.

After school there are many sports teams. The most popular of these are swim, football, soccer, softball, baseball, and basketball. There is a drama club. There is also cheerleading. At times there are assembly classes that take place in the auditorium on certain subjects such as stage lighting, how to do S A T's etc.

When you talk about people at Madison you know you are speaking of an ideal high school. The students have very few violent conflicts on anything, especially of race and color. Most students are friendly and co-operative. Some tend to stick out of the crowd, but either in intelligence, humor, wit, or friendliness, (rarely obnoxiousness). The teachers in this school are probably the best in the country. They do not work at the students as much as with the students. In this school, kids think of teachers as confidantes, helpful people and friends, not teachers. I think the students learn better from that type of guide. There are also aides in each building. The aides are hall monitors, bathroom openers, "get into your classroom" yellers, and pretty helpful people if you're lost or looking for somebody. In the two main buildings there are assistant headmasters. These people are very concerned with the students well being and try to strive for a good system in the school. The headmaster is usually so busy with school problems, from school buses on up, that it is rare to see him, but upon doing so we're glad that the ex-Patriot is patriotic to the school and its needs.

My ideal high school is Madison.

A Farewell

undated 1977

you left me

before I had the chance

to get to know you

you left us

without seeing things

that life could show you

you left us

before life could give the chance

for you to be your best

you left all

without preparing yourself

for future's test

he took you

for reasons I'll never know

someday I'll understand

you're with him

you're seeing our world

from some promised land

Other Children

undated 1977

I heard so many sad songs,

but none as sad as yours

you grew up in a slum ground,

growing up just made it worse

I heard so many long songs,

took so long for you to open doors

don't know where you belong,

getting old just made it worse

every day you try your best,

put yourself through torture tests

not knowing what you want to be,

not knowing if life is free

I heard so many true songs,

but none as true as yours

you live a life of dignity,

growing up just made it worse

All in A dream

30 September 1979

Life is full of many dreams that are never accomplished, never understood. I once had a dream many years ago that led me to believe that I could accomplish any of my wildest desires. In fact, I sometimes wonder if it was a dream.

I remember finding myself in a vast system of lazer lit tunnels. I was in all of them at once. Then they became one tunnel as I became one being. I felt myself being called into this unknown region. The tunnel was round, blue and white neonic lazars surrounding and pulsating from where I stood to the unknown depths beyond.

I followed the pulses.

The more I walked the more I felt that I was being called by name. The sense grew stronger as the voices grew louder. I stopped for a brief moment. The next step taken, and I plummeted into some sort of endless hole...as if I was Alice in Wonderland.

I fell deeper and deeper, and the well lit walls now turned a dreary black. The voices came back again, my name called again, but this time with an added phrase , "perishing, sardi, perishing". The name and word grew so loud that I had fainted at sonic shock.

It may have been hours before I awoke. Upon doing so I encountered strange beings who seemed human in every respect, although I knew that they were not. I looked above me, no hole. It appeared I was in a small French village. No one paid heed to this body lying on the street corner. But, when I stood, the town grew motionless.

"Sardi!", a man called over from a fruit stand.

"You know me? How so sir?" I replied.

"Hither friend, we have awaited your arrival!", grinned the fruit seller.

I walked through a motionless group of people. They had eyes that seemed not their own. Expressionless, all were affixed to my humanly structure.

"Sir, explain how you know me...how did I get here?" I asked.

Suddenly, a slow motion movie played of these people walking to their villas. But, this one man

laughed all of the while.

"Mr. Sardi, you know perfectly well how you got here, time warp!"

"Oh," I began nervously, "Of course, now where do I go to go back?"

He looked passively, "Isn't your time yet."

"Well where the hell am I?"

"Nowhere."

I grew quite restless, "nowh..."

"And everywhere."

"Have I drunken some sort of tonic? What is this all about?"

To this he just laughed. The laughter grew louder and louder until it seemed to be a thunderous roar. "STOP THAT!!" I yelled, clamping hands to ears, I fell once more into a dead faint.

I woke this time, pinching myself. A small cot in familiar Liverpool. A golden brown darkness glowed in the room. This was not home. No doors. Black walls. The only object to be found was a marking pen.

Having nothing better to do, I drew a door, complete with hinges, a handle, and, of course, a key hole. I drew a window. When I turned after the curtains were completed, I discovered my door had turned into an actual door. I quickly started to see that the window became an actual window. Looking out, I saw a splendid garden.

This garden contained every sort of flower a man could dream of, and more. The horticulture surrounded a crystal blue fountain, a statue of Venus and one of Mars.

I opened the door and found myself in a fine and grand mansion.

"Sardi," began a finely dressed man, "you have forgotten to sign your documents."

Somehow I got the impression that he was not a human. His eyes....

"Are you a human?" I blurted as we walked to a large dining room.

"Human? Humans never existed here, even though *they* say there were."

"Whom are you referring to?"

"Pardon?"

"Who is THEY?" I grew impatient and curious.

"The guides, of course."

"Right, so when do I meet them?"

"When?" He laughed at me as if I was insane. "It's not your time."

"Well, then, what time is it?" I was quite exhausted "Did my wife drug me into this? Okay, you can have her, I'll get that divorce."

"Sir?"

"yes"

"shut up"

"pardon?"

"please sir, you're ranting."

I don't know what happened then, but when I awoke this time, I did not mind the scenery one bit. I was dressed as Ali Babba, centered in a harem. Women were fighting for my attention. I was beginning to enjoy this Time Warp business, but alas, I fell to sleep. When I awoke I found myself in a group of lepers learning how to steal jewelry.

"Who's time is it now?" one ragged old man asked.

"Gee, it's Sardi's tomorrow at seven." peered another.

"wonderful, "I cried, " Morning I hope."

The others seemed uneasy at my glee. All eyes still black and blank. They shoved me away, laughing in wicked laughter, I fainted yet once again.

"where am I?" I asked of a man in a great white archway.

"You are at the house of the Guides, Human Sardi" he admitted as he walked me down a large white marble corridor which seemed endless. I couldn't understand how he learned his way around. A strong smell of lilacs smothered me as I walked. The air was getting colder. I heard a slight ticking, not unlike the click of a swaying pendulum. We arrived at the end of the hallway, and were surrounded by four white walls.

I looked around me, and found I was in a grassy meadow. Starry sky rose above my head. Then I saw, was it God?

"You are Carl Sardi, a chosen one."

"Chosen to be driven insane?" I sighed.

"You did not enjoy the village?" he asked.

"I did not. And then a vacant room, then a mansion..."

"I take it you did not enjoy this either?"

"I did not. then there was the harem.."

"You did enjoy that."

"Yes, but not for a long enough time. Then I was back in London, plotting a heist."

"From there you were placed in Time Chamber."

"Yes" I mustered gathering breath and flopping down in disbelief of it all.

"Well, Sardi, what is your life usually like?"

"Well, " I sighed again, " I work in the art school in the morning and at a restaurant in the evenings."

"This with the fact that your grandfather and father were both wealthy men."

"I didn't want their money. They both cheated people to get where they were."

"And, Sardi, you gave those people that were cheated their money back."

"What is my purpose here, Sir, what exactly am I doing here?" I begged.

"You should not be happy with your life. Your wife is cheating on you. Yet you still seem happy... You stay married for the sake of your son." He continued with facts regarding my life, ups and downs. Then, " You truly are the chosen one." I figured that maybe I would be going to one last journey, before I went home.

First I was to find a new lifestyle. I thought of the village. "My son and I could live in such a place."

"That is up to you." He waved, and I found myself back in front of the fruit seller. Children were now dressed in colors, and playing. A young girl tugged at my jacket, asking me to jump rope with her. I played with the children, until a boy came up to me and asked for me to go to the town hall.

I was led by a parade of youths, the leader was named as my son, Josef. We arrived to a cheering crowd.

Day trip

5 May 1979

Comprehension of mother's love

realized on my 15th birthday

(for the umpteenth time)

so bizarre

knock on the door, Mother dear

my birthday -- get your backpack

we're gong to spend the day on a

picnic up in -- MAINE

Thoreau-ly to enjoy, I hoped

I could trust

placed harmonica in mouth

hat on head

Bob Dylan'd my way for

a two hour drive

mom's no driver

VW bus driven by her high-school

chum. Three other kids

First stop, I bought

Walk Across America

inspiration

First request, "hey kid

you gotta five?"

four hours on the road

we arrive in

a three house

two moose

one outhouse

town

I took a walk while the

"adults" set up

my surprise birthday

I met a thirteen year old girl with invisible

color

eyes

Her bones wore her skin out

she had aged too quickly

she was married

to her step father

or was it her father

she was walking a shetland pony

she wanted to play

but she had to breast feed

her baby

the second one

Dad came by to introduce himself

maine accent was as thick

as a West Virginia Summer Air

He wore a mechanics jumpsuit

had one or two teeth

Thirty five years old

He had married most of the

women here

sired most of the daughters

married his own to keep

the line pure

he chewed on a nail

or maybe it was a screw

My stomach ruled me

bubbles from within

shook me hard

when the couple went inside

their shack, painted yellow

ventilated

snow still on the ground from

a late April Squawl

I turned to the cabin

Van parked out front

I left my backpack to

rest from the drive

the house was shaped like a

milk carton stacked by

an egg crate

water was pumped by hand

from the stream below

where the town bathed

and the outhouses

seeped

if it were ten years later it would

have been this writer's

walden

The stream flowed with melting mountain ice

the smell of spring overpowered the

poison of the sewage

afternoon dampened by fog

rain too tired to land in entire drops

coldness shaking my head by the ears

The choice to enter the shack

this birthday becoming a clear

mis-day

something obviously wrong

Two states away from "home"

No heat-- a stove of coal

no coal

Climb to the attic where the mattresses were

discovered the thirty dollars I'd stashed

were gone

Mother's dear friend

"I needed money for milk"

musta bought the cow

No time to sleep

all aboard the VW bus

night fall means a trip to the ski lodge

the road wound through the trees

sunset completing a deep blanket of

black

my god, we saw a moose

the two mommies whispering

perhaps this was the

birthday plot

A brautwurst and kraut

two women drinking non stop

cackling secrets as they did as girls

a laugh that seared the skin

with acid

bubble in a froth of unreason

dementia justified by Jack Daniels

The ride back to the cabin auschwitz

became a male vivisection

I went from being the nice daughter

who "lends" mommy money

to the stupid brat who doesn't

know she belongs to mother dear

the twenty minute trek that

felt like four hours

I honestly go blank when I

think About where, how, or

when I fell asleep that night

but, I do remember being a

slave to the cold

when attempting to relieve

an agitated colon in

the outhouse in the

dark

the stench of nerves

being spilled from my body

perhaps I slept in that

dark damp wooden hole

The next real memory was of

hazy grey naval vessel sky

skin clinging to the inside of

clothes like a

clam to its shell

the conversation decidedly short

the lesson in hangover

I don't even remember my

little brother-- it he was

there or not....funny

I don't remember sleep

or my brother...torture denies ease

The revelation began

No I was not going back home

no I was not going back to school

there was no phone

no way to call for help

too young to drive

defiant against mother

I grabbed my pack, threw

on my hat, zipped my coat

--a letterman's jacket--

in navy blue

marched towards the

direction of out there

It began with the scream of

"you come back here, I'm your mother"

followed by the friend saying

"don't worry she won't get far"

twilight zone

with walk across america in my pack, I left

Within ten minutes,

a farm truck came by

diary of a ninth grader

thin man, thinner hair

"wheya gowun?"

I couldn't remember the city

so I just said

town

I hopped in

noted that this man had

two or three teeth

He slowed down and

informed me

that he'd drive me

all the way to Boston

if I'd just..

Oh look, my stop

thanked the pervert and

hobbled along

rain imminent made it

ten miles in less than two hours

the rain sitting all around

waiting to bite me

within moments a young

college type

honked, pulled over

said, "Hey, I'd hitch too, if I didn't have a car"

This was safer

He drove me all the way to the city

gave me a sign

said, "Boston"

gave me tips on how to hike

dropped me off at the exit on I 95

Within minutes a white work truck driver

said, "Hey, I can drop you ten miles up."

Bangor? Ok

It's been four hours

I've walked for three

the rain got worse

I began thinking

I sang Arlo Guthrie songs

cars passed me

splashing

as if to try to wake me up

the dark grabbed the rain

I walk by towns

thinking of calling "home"

but I worried that the police

would bring me to "mother dear"

I began to notice that I was

smelling like

a teenager who hadn't showered in

two days

I walked

another two hours

I read Walden in my mind

I sat to rest

It's been hours and I hadn't seen

a single police car

something was right here

Arriving at a location by

an industrial park

I was gratefully greeting

a white toyota

with massachusetts license plates

the scotsman driving was a

LL Bean dresser

white hair and beard

he had already picked up

a road scholar, apparently a

rich young man

escaping college

The scotsman was very kind

let me tell a tale

and continued his conversation

with the younger man about boats

yachts

yawls

all I knew was sunfish and sailfish

not able to enter the talk

the scotsman spotted my exhaustion

He told me we were driving to

Harvard Square

I supposed he was a lit professor

I fell asleep as the two talked on

I awoke when our male passenger

jumped off in Arlington

the scotsman drove me tot he

central square t-station

gave me a hug, and wished me well

I think he knew what my life was

the empathy in his eyes told all

he gave me money for the subway

The station was crowded with people

diary of a ninth grader

didn't pay me any mind

in a daze one last hour

It was 9:30 pm I had begun the

journey at 7am

My dad opened the door

he had the look on his face that said

I knew you'd make it home

he said that the mother called the state troupers,

I asked , to report a kidnapping?

a long bath later

mother dear called six or seven times

I heard dad say

I was home and sleeping

mom doesn't remember this at all

I don't trust anyone because of it.

thanks

to the scotsman

ann

walden

guthrie et al

dylan

freddie, kate, elton, and pete

rebecca, joanie, christine mc carthy, joe vinnie mary, bari hari, pixie, shirley lewis

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