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Poem to T. #5 (to be read in conjunction with poem
to Lester #1)

My bad friend

Like all true

amateur
psychologists

summing simulators

& word runners together

I see through everybody

but myself

but

i don't fear

for i know that i misinterpret everything i see

whether thru

or outside

Let me say noninitially (since this letter already contains 51 words)

i too love people

(especially me) and i scorn them

only insofar as

(they make me unhappy

or mar my joy)

if i leave them alone

its because of either

(1) they leave me alone OR

(2) they're dumb

which i don't hold against them

and furthermore

"MY SUPERIORITY"

IS ONLY MENTAL

WHICH MEANS ITS ALL IN MY MIND

WHICH MEANS I DON'T HAVE TO SHOW IT BECAUSE

ITS SHOWABLE ONLY IN WORDS

WHICH DON'T MEAN ANYTHING ANYWAY

ALSO YOU SAID ONCE BEFORE THAT ARTISTIC PEOPLE ARE THE ONLY ONES WORTH ANYTHING,

OR AGREED WITH ME WHEN I SAID IT

HOWEVER, I LEFT OUT SOMETHING

THAT IS,

THERE IS MORE TO LIFE THAN ART

WHICH I KNOW NOW

BUT DIDN'T THEN.

FORGIVE MY NEVROSIS.

SO YOU CARE WHAT PEOPLE THINK ENOUGH TO LIE YOUR EYES

GOOD

YOU LOOK BETTER THAT WAY.

Y'SEE, CHER —

YOU HAVE JUDGED ME BY WHAT I WRITE

& SAY I THINK I AM

WHICH IS AN UNPARDONABLE ERROR

FOR ALL THAT IS MERELY WISH FULFILLMENT

AS DR. FREUD WILL TELL YOU.

ANOTHER THING: I POINTED OUT NO FAILINGS. I ONLY SAID YOU WERE A HYP-

OCRITE AND THAT WAS NO PUTDOWN CAUSE I AM TOO & SO IS

EVERYBODY ELSE. YOU INTEND TO DO NOTHING ABOUT THEM? A STARTLING REVALUATION? NO, A MEANINGLESS TRAIT. WHO GIVES A DAMN? YOUR PROBLEMS (OR PRETENDED PROBLEMS) ARE