

*On the can, waiting for a sign. If there's one thing seems I've got going for me, it's this. I can do it for hours on end. Hunched over the crossword like a big cat, eyes fixed on it's prey (just kidding...) and after a while it becomes absurd, so I leave. A half hour later, the mark realizes no ones home and shrugs the whole thing off. Paranoia"he says must be some bad shit... Stood still all day for nothing."It's like my mother said, I am waiting for God to show me his face."Snatches of him through the brush, an odd reflection in the water... I imagine God as a beautiful woman with his teeth kicked out. The rose and the prick create a problem, a sort of feed back loop... You can look and look and never learn a thing.*

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